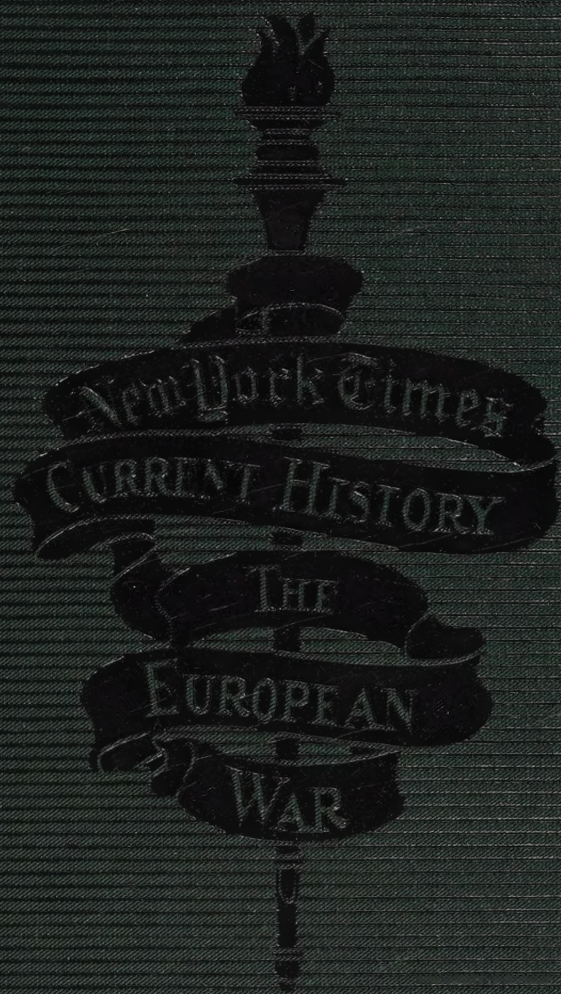





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1073-1199.



THE EUROPEAN WAR

Period January, 1915—March, 1915

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## INTRODUCTION

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*This preface does not attempt to present a history of the war from Sept. 1, 1914, to Jan. 1, 1915, but the writer seeks to give under appropriate headings such an intelligible recital of the chief events of this period as may help the reader to arrange and understand the valuable collection of documents and essays bearing upon those events, which he will find in this volume.—P. V.*

### *Military Affairs—The Western Front*

THE 1st of September saw the German arms in the west apparently in the full tide of sweeping and overwhelming success. The allied armies, driven out of their advanced position beyond the northern border of France by the pressure of overwhelming masses of German troops, had fallen back in ten days of continuous retreating until they held an indented curved line running in a northeasterly direction whose northern limit rested upon Verdun and whose southern end rested upon Paris. So rapid had been the French retreat and so striking the German victories that it is little to be wondered at that Berlin expected the anniversary of Sedan to bring them news of a more terrible Sedan—the destruction of the French Army and the complete collapse of the French defense. But the French Army and the small expeditionary force of England, probably not over one-tenth of the total number of troops in line, felt differently. In spite of the terrible strain of their long retreat, even the men in the ranks were confident that General Joffre, the Commander in Chief, was only falling back to find the best place to fight.

Across the line of this rapid advance two sluggish rivers wind in slow meanders from east to west, the Marne and the Aisne, and each of them in this month of September was to give its name to a battle greater than any that history had known before. General Joffre had determined to make his great fight along the line of the Marne. There ten days before he had ordered his reserves to muster, and in the beginning of September, with his plans perfectly worked out and his army in entire order, he stood watching for the chance to strike his foe.

It came in the early days of September when the German right wing, neglecting Paris, which they would hardly have cared to assault in the presence of the French Army, moved in toward their own left and attempted to cut the French Army in two at the centre, swing the right half of it back against Switzerland, and force it to surrender. This dangerous manoeuvre of the invader exposed his right flank to the English Army, which he despised because he thought it too beaten to be dangerous. It also compelled him to defend a part of his rear against the new army which had been



mustered in Paris and was now sent north to attack the German right. Therefore, on the morning of the 6th of September, Joffre ordered the whole French line to advance to the attack in a battle which the Generals on both sides described in their addresses to the men as the turning point of the war. In the next three days the right flank of the German Army was heavily defeated, the joints of their line were pierced on the flanks of their next two armies toward the northeast, and on the 10th of September the whole German line was driven backward in a rapid retreat which was only saved from becoming a rout by the discipline of the men and the skill of the commanders.

They fell back to the line of the Aisne, which flows parallel to the Marne at a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, according to the meanderings of the stream. On the northern bank, about two miles back from the river, the Germans made their stand in trenches, prepared during their advance, extending along a line of hills which rises to the height of from 200 to 400 feet above the valley.

When the allied armies caught up they forced the passage of the Aisne and made a desperate attempt, which lasted for nearly a week, to drive the German Army from its position. The successful defensive battle of the Aisne was the German answer to the successful offensive battle of the Marne.

Even while this was going on, in the middle of September, General Joffre had planned to shift his attack by extending his left wing and outflanking the Germans in the direction of the English Channel and the North Sea. This movement developed into the third battle, or, rather, great series of battles, which also has taken the name of a river, the Yser.

So far as this plan included the hope of freeing Flanders from the German invaders, it broke down when, on Oct. 9, Antwerp surrendered after eleven days' bombardment. A remnant of the Belgian Army marched out of the city to the west and reached the allied lines, of which they held the extreme end resting upon the sea. The German line swung round

its right wing behind them and conquered almost without resistance nearly all of Belgium.

It was now the Allies' turn, having failed in an attempt to outflank the German line and so compel its retirement, to stand and resist an assault which the Germans made with great masses of troops in an attempt to break through the extreme left flank of the allied line. The menaced portion of the line extended almost due north and south from the banks of the River Somme, near Albert, to Nieuport at the mouth of the River Yser on the North Sea. This line is something like eighty miles long and runs through a flat country the centre of which is occupied by a very thick manufacturing and mining population, and the northern part runs out into marshy fens, cut by numberless canals, ending in broad sand dunes.

The Germans could not hope to outflank this line, for it rested on the sea. Apparently their object was to force it back far enough to capture Calais, which is only twenty miles from the English coast, bring up batteries of great guns and establish there an armed harbor defended by mine fields from which they could the more easily attack and harass England. There is no space even to suggest in detail the long and complicated series of battles in which, from Oct. 17 to Nov. 17, the Germans strove to break the line from the Somme to the sea in several places. It suffices to say that, although they several times indented the allied line and drove back the troops defending it, they were never able to break through in such numbers as to hold their gain; still less to attack the broken line on the flanks and so compel a general retirement.

On the northern end, the Belgians in the early part of the contest driven back from their bank of the Yser, clung with desperate courage to a railroad embankment which ran across the flats, dammed the mouth of the river, opened the canals, and flooded the country they had been forced to yield. The Germans, when the water rose above the muzzles of their field guns, were forced to retreat.

But the most desperate of all these assaults on the line from the Somme to the sea was the attempt to drive in the bulge of the line toward the east of Ypres, (pronounced Wipers by the British soldier.) Here the British Army, aided from time to time by French reinforcements, struggled desperately for a month against overwhelming numbers, suffering and inflicting terrible slaughter in what may prove to be the most sanguinary battle recorded in the pages of military history.

The time between the end of November and the Winter weather, which suspended general operations, was passed by the two armies in preparing and consolidating their great trench fortresses and in sporadic attempts to break each other's line less desperate than the great struggles of the Marne and the Aisne in September or the sustained effort of the Germans to break through to Calais in October and November.

### *Military Affairs—Eastern Front*

One who attempts to give a summary account of the fighting on the eastern front finds difficulties which he does not meet in discussing the western campaign. The line is enormously longer, over 1,000 miles compared to 260, and, in addition, it is not so continuous that it moves as a unit. When the French centre and left flank went back at the beginning of the war the entire line from Verdun had to swing with it. When von Kluck's army on the right flank was defeated on the south bank of the Marne the entire German line had to swing back, and could make no attempt at a final stand until it reached the north bank of the Aisne. But in the east we find one part of the line driven back in defeat for many miles, while another section of the line is triumphantly advancing.

Sept. 1 saw the right flank of the Russian Army falling back after the terrible disaster of Tannenberg, while further to the south, sweeping the Austrians before them in a rapid advance, they began on Sept. 1 the great battle which won for them the City of Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, and a very large number of prisoners and material of war. A week later

the invading Austrians were almost entirely driven out of Poland and compelled to take refuge in their great fortress of Przemyśl.

This success encouraged the Russians to march upon Cracow, the chief city of Russian Poland, and a strategic point for an advance either upon Vienna or Berlin. But before they reached it the whole Teutonic line was reorganized. General von Hindenburg, the brilliant victor in the battle of Tannenberg, was appointed to the supreme command of the joint Austrian and German army. His strategic disposition threatened the communication of the advancing Russians, and they were compelled to fall back into Russian Poland about the beginning of October.

It was now the turn of the Germans to advance. Von Hindenburg determined to strike for Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, which has in the last fifty years grown to be a city of nearly a million inhabitants. The Russians fell back before him to the line of the great River Vistula, on which the city is situated, and on Oct. 16 the fight for Warsaw was joined. It lasted for three days and ended with the retreat of the Germans, not because they were beaten in the battle but because Russian movements on their right and left flanks threatened the whole German line in Poland with disaster. By the end of October von Hindenburg was in full retreat, destroying all roads and railroads behind him as he fell back.

Once more the Russians attempted to advance the southern part of their line and strike at Cracow. Early in December a portion of their forces reached the outskirts of the city. South of Cracow runs the line of the Carpathian Mountains, extending in a general east and west direction and separating Hungary from the Province of Galicia. Although not very high, they are impassable by an army except through certain passes, and in Winter not passable by a large army at all over many miles of their extent. Across this range of hills, whose passes had not been held in sufficient strength by the Russians as they marched by them, the Austrian Army moved up from the south, threatening to come down into



the plain on the Russian left flank and even in their rear. By Christmas, therefore, the Russian Army had withdrawn to a point that no longer immediately threatened Cracow and was holding in force the openings of those passes on the northern side of the Carpathians.

Meantime, to the north, von Hindenburg was again striking at Warsaw. The Russians once more fell back before him as he advanced, abandoning to him in the beginning of December the great City of Lodz with 500,000 inhabitants. The Russians dug their trenches and made their final stand on the line of a little river running from south to north into the Vistula, called in its northern stretches the Rawka and in the southern part the Bzura. Against these trenches, dug just outside of Warsaw, the Germans hurled themselves for six days in vain, and by Christmas it was evident that they were not strong enough to force them. Both sides settled down to holding their trenches and worrying the enemy.

### *Military Affairs—The Danubian Front*

We must not forget the heroic achievements of the Serbians; surely among the most remarkable recorded in the annals of fighting man. The failure of the first Austrian invasion, which was driven back with heavy losses, was followed on the part of the Serbians by an actual invasion of Austria, in the early part of September, which silenced the hostile batteries which had been bombarding Belgrade from the other side of the Danube. This was followed by an attempt with moderate Austrian forces to invade Serbia across the Bosnian border, which was driven back or checked. It was the end of October before Austria was really ready to deal with Serbia, and then she poured about 300,000 men across the boundary. The Serbians, who were outnumbered, did not dare to face this force in the lowlands, but fell back to the hills. As the Austrians advanced to attack them the Serbian Army attacked in its turn and drove them down the slope in a two days' fight. On Dec. 6 the Austrian line broke in hopeless rout, which became a disaster as complete and crush-

ing as that inflicted upon the Russians at Tannenberg. By Dec. 15 old fighting King Peter was back in the capital of Belgrade and Serbian soil was freed from the foot of the invader.

### *Naval Operations*

During the first months of the war German merchant ships were either swept from the seas or interned in neutral ports, while the German fleet, outnumbered more than two to one by the English battle fleet, was unable to do anything to help them. It was not until the middle of September that Germany was able to strike back on the sea. She possessed in the Pacific, in the neighborhood of her Chinese colony of Kiaochau, a squadron consisting of two armored cruisers of 11,000 tons each and five swift light cruisers of about 3,000 tons each. The Admiral sent one of these light cruisers, the Emden, to the Indian Ocean and the other, the Karlsruhe, to the South Atlantic Ocean to prey upon commerce, while the other five ships of his squadron steamed to the western coast of South America. The boldness and skill of the Emden's commander brought her remarkable success, for in the two months of her career she captured seventeen merchantmen, and, sailing into the harbor of Penang, torpedoed a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer at their anchorage. On Nov. 9 the cruiser Sydney of the Australian Navy found her at the Direction Islands, where she was destroying the cable station, and after an hour and forty minutes of unequal running fight drove her ashore in flames.

An English squadron consisting of a battleship, two armed cruisers, a swift light cruiser, and an armed merchantman reached the western coast of South America in the end of October looking for the German squadron. The English fleet, steaming in advance of its battleships, met the Germans and at once attacked them. The two larger English ships were sunk within an hour without inflicting any particular damage upon the Germans, and their two smaller ships escaped only by flight.

A squadron consisting of two power-

ful battle cruisers, three armored cruisers, and two light cruisers was then sent in search of the Germans. The British ships waited for them in the Falkland Islands, and when they appeared on Dec. 8 sunk three of them, the light cruiser, the Dresden, escaping for a few months.

One of the most unusual and interesting naval operations of this period was the assistance given to the Belgians by the British fleet in the battle of the Yser. At the outbreak of the war there were in England three vessels which had been completed for the Brazilian Government for use on the waters of the Amazon. They were heavily armored and carried good guns, but they drew only about four and a half feet of water. The British Government had bought these ships and they were able to sail into the shoal water off the Belgian coast and effectively bombard the German line during the battle, while larger battleships, mounting heavier guns, fired from a greater distance off shore. Submarines could not operate in the shallow water, and the extreme left of the British defenses was held by the British fleet.

### *Submarine Activity*

Some suggestion of the important part which submarines were to play in the great struggle was given in the latter part of September. Lieutenant Weddigen of the U-9 sighted three British cruisers on a clear day with a smooth sea. He submerged and sank the first one at close range, and when the other two approached to help and pick up the crew he sank both of them and returned safely to the Kiel Canal.

A still more remarkable feat was accomplished in the month of December by the English submarine B-11, which dived under five lines of mines in the Dardanelles, sunk a Turkish battleship, and escaped without injury. The effectiveness of the submarine, however, against ships of war has not proved as great as the imagination of the public, excited by these early instances of its successful use, has expected.

### *Aerial Operations*

Many years ago the poet Tennyson prophesied that in some future war there would be "aerial navies grappling in the central blue," and the German people had expected great things from their Zeppelins or huge dirigible balloons. No other nation had reposed very great confidence in these monstrous airships, and Germany was the only one of the belligerents which was planning to make any very extensive use of them.

From the very beginning, however, all the belligerent nations perceived the enormous importance of the heavier-than-air flying machine. In his very first report, sent home on Sept. 7, Sir John French emphasizes "the admirable work done by the Royal Flying Corps. Their skill, energy, and perseverance have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information, which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations." The important change in the German direction of march on Sept. 3, which gave General Joffre his chance to strike, was reported by the airmen. They proved themselves of the utmost importance also in directing the fire of the artillery, particularly the larger field pieces, in which the Germans were at this stage of the war superior. This duty of acting as the eyes of the army was to prove the real function of the airmen, and in carrying it out the pilots of both sides were to show a reckless courage in combat among the clouds which makes the reader wish to forget the slaughter which has followed their dropping of bombs upon helpless cities.

### *Defensive Measures and Domestic Conditions*

One of the defensive measures in which the public took the greatest interest was the means taken to frustrate espionage. So far as the writer can judge from the various countries which he visited at the beginning of the war, the terrors which at first chiefly obsessed the average civilian were not at all the terrors of the ordinary risks of war, for he saw Paris under the bombs



of the German airplanes aroused not only to anger, but rather a mysterious anxiety from some unknown danger that might come from the operations of countless spies. The official action taken by Germany and France to meet this danger and relieve this fear has not been described for us, but we have in the communication of the British Home Office on Oct. 9, (printed on Page 790,) an interesting account of what the English Government did. It describes the means taken before the war to ascertain the existing German spy system in England and the means taken since to break it up and prevent the establishment of a new one. These ultimately included the registration of all aliens, restrictions upon the possession of wireless apparatus or carrier pigeons, extension of the powers of the police in all cases of suspected espionage, and the extension of the postal and cable censorship to correspondence with neutrals. There is good reason to accept the conclusion of this document that the amount of actual damage which has been done to the English operations of war by German spies has been vastly exaggerated in the public mind.

One of the most terrible of the domestic conditions of this war is the intense and bitter hatred which has sprung up between the peoples engaged in it. This hatred is far deeper and bitterer than that which marked the last European war in 1870, and, indeed, it is doubtful if any war of modern times has been marked for centuries by such a depth and intensity of hatred. This hatred was principally the product of the first four months of the war. It certainly has not increased since, and there are some things to indicate that it may have somewhat declined in intensity. On the side of the Allies it is chiefly the result of the reports of the conduct of the German armies in the invasion of Belgium and France, of which a specimen may be found in this volume, while discussions of the evidence in the case may be found from both sides in later volumes.

One of the most remarkable examples of this passion is the hatred which appeared in Germany during these months

against England. It is difficult for an outsider to put his finger exactly upon the cause of this, but it seems to be that the Germans, believing that they were attacked in this war, consider England the cause of the attack. This feeling became incarnate in Ernst Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," which the reader will find on Page 984.

### *Economic and Social*

The most marked economic effect of the war upon the world during these four months was, perhaps, the progressive and all but complete destruction of the export trade of the Teutonic Empire; for, although it was possible for Austria and Germany to trade with each other, and for Germany to trade by land with Switzerland and by sea with the Scandinavian countries, the paths of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean were sealed to both of them, and the great port of Hamburg, by the end of 1914, had gone far toward that condition of affairs which today makes her streets almost as dead as those of Pompeii. This has artificially produced a sort of laboratory experiment in political economy on a huge scale; a great nation shut up within an economic ring and reduced to trading with itself, which presents to the professors of that science an extraordinary opportunity for observation and deduction.

In France, where the coalfields and great manufacturing districts of the north fell into the hands of the invader almost immediately, the dislocation of industrial life was enormous. During these months of which we are writing most of the factory chimneys were cold and the spindles still. It was not until the year 1915 that France behind the trenches began, by the use of her women and the reorganization of all her remaining industrial forces, to resume somewhat a normal economic life. In Russia, also, as indicated by the document on Page 834, the war brought an enormous dislocation of industrial life. Poland, with its great manufacturing cities, suffered terribly from the passing and re-passing of the Austrian, German, and Russian armies. And in other parts of the empire the lack of fuel, the lack of

transportation, the lack of capital, the lack of raw material, the shutting off of the Austrian and German markets wrought terrible havoc.

One enormous blessing, however, which was both economic and social did come to Russia with the war. A great curse of the Russian people had been the habit of drinking vodka, a fiery spirit whose sale was a monopoly of the Government. The sale of vodka was abolished by imperial decree, and this meant not only the saving of a thousand millions a year, but the prevention of an unmeasurable flood of wasted energy. A similar work was accomplished in France, though on a much smaller scale, by the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of absinthe, a poison disguised as a beverage, of which enormous quantities were consumed by some portions of the French people.

The nation whose economic and social life was the least disturbed, during the months we are now considering, was undoubtedly England. A fleet kept the paths of the sea open to her commerce and relieved her of all fear of invasion, so that she had leisure to prepare for the task before her.

While the Emden and two or three other German commerce raiders still kept the seas, insurance rates rose in England, but after the destruction of these ships rates fell to a very little above the normal level. This low rate was maintained by the action of the Government, which agreed to assume 80 per cent. of the risk which might arise from the acts of the public enemy. An insurance association announced that during a six months' period it had received in premiums over \$7,500,000 and paid out in losses only a little over half that sum.

Paralysis of banking, which was one of the immediate results of the war throughout the entire European world, was, therefore, very brief in England, and in September she was about the only country in Europe where it was possible to present a check at a bank and obtain gold for it. Indeed, in France not only gold but also silver disappeared entirely. As France had no paper smaller than the value of a \$10 bill, the result was an inconceivable degree of inconvenience in

the small business of life, which was only alleviated by the issuance from the Government of the equivalent of \$1 bills and of a local fractional currency like the old American shinplasters, by all sorts of financial authorities in all parts of France. Never did Gresham's law that, when there are two sorts of money, the bad money will always drive out the good, work so instantaneously as in the early months of the war in France.

The member of the Entente Alliance whose internal condition was most seriously affected by the early months of the war was Belgium. During the period we are considering, all of Belgium, except a little strip in the northwest, was conquered by the Germans, and the resulting condition of the Belgians has been of enormous meaning, not only for the Belgians themselves, but for all the rest of the world. Indeed, whatever view one may choose to adopt as to the causes of the condition of Belgium in German hands, it still remains evident that the devastation of Belgium has produced upon the world in general the most important psychological reaction of the entire war.

Although the Belgians fought with desperate courage, they were unable to do more than delay for a short time the overwhelming armies of Germany. Their once powerful fortresses, built before the latest developments in projectile warfare had begun, proved, before the heavy artillery of the invaders, little more than death traps for their defenders. This was a surprise to the man in the street, but no surprise to the military experts on either side. But the devastation of Belgium has not seemed to the greater part of the outside world simply the devastation incident to the terrible nature of modern weapons. Millions of Belgians fled from their country during August, September, and October, (more than a million into Holland alone,) and they brought with them tales of plundering, burning, and killing of noncombatants. Some suggestion of what the facts of the case are may be gained from the unimpeachable testimony of Cardinal Mercier, a Belgian prelate whose character put his intention to be truthful beyond



suspicion. He was absent from the Diocese of Malines, of which he is Archbishop, while the German armies were completing their conquest of Belgium, but on his return he issued on Christmas a pastoral letter in which he makes some suggestions in regard to the condition of his country. He gives a list of thirty-nine towns and villages in his diocese which he has visited, and says: "The ruins I beheld were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined." He gives examples of what he means by this general statement: "At Werchter Wackerzeel, 130 houses left standing out of 380; at Bucken, 20 houses out of 100 left standing; at Schaffen, only 11 houses out of 200 left standing." He reports also that thousands of prisoners have been deported to Germany, 3,100 from one town alone. "Hundreds of innocent victims were shot, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness; 91 shot at Aerschot and 176 in the villages around Louvain," and he gives the names of 36 priests whom he knows to have been executed by the Germans.

Germany was not slow to make answer to these accusations of cruelties and violations of the laws of war established by the common consent of all nations in The Hague Convention. Her apologies stated, in the first place, that these stories of devastation and cruelty were enormously exaggerated, and, in the second place, that they had never shot civilians and burned their villages unless they or their friends and neighbors had fired upon the German troops. To this charge, that the executed non-combatants in Belgium had been killed as assassins who had fought when they had no right to fight, the Belgians made replies of which the following paragraph, taken from the pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier, may be considered as a favorable specimen:

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity to which I gladly render homage

has since set at liberty. While I affirm upon my honor, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic who had once incited the civilians to bear arms against the enemy, all have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed. The answer of the German authorities to this and similar statements was that noncombatants who had not fired upon the German troops were also shot as hostages, in order that the threat to shoot similar hostages might prevent German soldiers from being fired upon in other villages.

### *Political*

The striking changes in the methods of government of constitutional countries like England, France, and Italy, which were to be forced upon them by the needs of the situation, did not yet appear in the early months of the war which we are considering. From the days of the Roman Republic until now a democracy engaged in a desperate war has found it necessary to lodge dictatorial powers somewhere. This has finally been brought about in the three countries named by the creation of a small Ministerial committee which is practically told to do anything it thinks necessary to be done.

Germany is so admirably organized for war, and public opinion was so prepared for a complete centralization of authority in the hands of the military authorities in the event of war, that no changes were needed.

In this early period only two things need to be pointed out in regard to the political effects of the war in England and France. First, complete suspension in France of the liberty of the press. This may be looked at on two sides: First, the suppression of all military information on the ground that it might prove of value to the enemy, and, second, suppression of all criticism of the action of the Government. Both of these things were at the beginning carried to

the most exaggerated pitch. All France was kept in absolute ignorance of the great Russian defeat at Tannenberg on the 31st of August, and we in Paris knew nothing of the retreat of the French line before the battle of the Marne until the Germans were at the very gate of Paris and the Government was removing to Bordeaux. Twice during the early days of the war the censor made an effort to prevent the sale of *The London Times* in Paris, because of editorials in it which seemed to reflect upon the joint action of the French and English Governments. This extreme severity has since been somewhat relaxed, but the liberty of the press remains as much suspended in France as it is in Germany.

In England, on the contrary, the liberty of the press was not suspended. The publication of military information which might be of service to the enemy was, indeed, forbidden, although the public were told very much more about military operations than they were told in France. But to an astonishing degree the expression of opinion remained free. During the months we are considering, a storm of bitter criticism upon the action of the Government and the conduct of the war was appearing in many of the English papers. Even those who advocated an immediate peace and opposed the recruiting of volunteers were granted an astonishing degree of freedom, which they could not have had anywhere else. One day in October I stood in a recruiting meeting in Trafalgar Square. One of the crowd, with the evident intention of discouraging volunteering, disputed the statement of the officer who was addressing the meeting. He said he was himself an ex-officer of the English Army. There was, however, in my mind and in the minds of most of those standing around him a strong suspicion that he was not telling the truth, and he refused to produce his card or other means of identification. A big policeman stood placidly by, and no attempt was made by the crowd to prevent the man from asking his questions. It was a scene which could not be witnessed in war time in any other country in the world, including America.

Although in France and England before the end of 1914 the Government was not reorganized to meet the conditions of war, the Defense of the Realm act conferred upon the English Government many extra legal powers, and in France the commander of the army was given an entirely free hand by the civil authorities. There is no evidence to suggest that General Joffre had to take into consideration anything but the advice of his fellow-Generals in forming his strategical plans. If it had not been so, it is difficult to see how France could have escaped a second Sedan in the Fall of 1914. From the start he began a very drastic reorganization of the higher ranks of the French Army. A General who showed incompetence was unhesitatingly removed, no matter what his political connections might be, and able Colonels or Brigadiers rose rapidly to the command of armies. In September France was filled with a scandal which the strict censorship kept entirely out of the public press. It was repeated everywhere, with infinite variation, (whether truly or not I do not know,) that the surrender of one of the great French fortresses, as well as the defeat and rapid retreat of the left and centre of the allied line, were due to the incompetence or the treachery of one of the French Generals. Universal rumor was quite sure that he was either in prison or had been executed by court-martial. The truth will not be known nor can justice be done to the accused man until after the war, but the entire suppression of a scandal about which there was such intense and widespread wrath is an astonishing proof of the strictness of the French censorship.

The financial expedients for carrying the enormous debt which would be rendered necessary by the war were hardly completed in a final form during the months under consideration, but in November Great Britain issued a loan of £350,000,000 with interest at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and sold it for 95, a prophecy of the astonishing way in which English credit and exchange were to be maintained during the war. But she did not yet begin the policy of heavily increasing taxation



which finally has come to provide 27 per cent. of her annual expense and the interest charges.

Germany also made a highly successful issue in these early months of ten-year 5 per cent. bonds at 97½, and sold \$824,000,000 worth. And the Finance Minister announced they would not raise the expenses of war by heavy increases in taxation. France, during this early period, borrowed the money she needed from the Bank of France. The smaller nations, like Belgium and Serbia, borrowed from France and England.

It was not very long before most Governments of Europe, including neutrals, began to prohibit the free export of gold and even began to call for gold from their citizens. Germany began this appeal to patriotism through the pocket-book, and during a part of our period citizens turned over to the Imperial Government about \$20,000,000 a week.

### *Neutrals*

When the declarations of war between the seven belligerent nations were finished, there were four neutrals in Europe who felt that they might easily be involved in the great conflict. Two of these felt they might become involved in it because they would ultimately take sides in the conflict, and two of them feared they might be compelled to fight in order to keep out of the conflict.

Switzerland, fearing that her valleys might become the highroads for invading armies, at once mobilized her entire fighting force, in the neighborhood of 400,000 men, rushed it to her borders, and has kept it there ever since. The conclusion is forced upon every dispassionate observer that nothing but the existence of this well-drilled and well-equipped citizen army, able instantly to take the field, has saved Switzerland from either being absorbed by conquerors, like Luxemburg, or subjected to the worst horrors of the conflict, like Belgium.

Holland also at once sprang to arms and put on a war footing the comparatively large army which her system of universal military training gave her. The Dutch also prepared by cutting the dikes which defend more than one-third

of her soil from inundation, to call the ocean to their defense as their ancestors had done against Spain and France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Almost from the beginning the new Government of Turkey, the Young Turks, made it evident that their sympathies in the struggle were strongly with Germany. The war was a foregone conclusion long before it was declared in November. The French and English at once blockaded the entrance to the Dardanelles and early in November conducted a rather harmless bombardment of the Turkish forts. With the exception of the single submarine venture previously mentioned, no attack was made upon Turkey for the rest of the year.

The position of Italy during these months was a doubtful one. For many years she had been bound by treaty with Austria and Germany in what was known as the Triple Alliance. No one knew anything definite about this treaty, except its existence, for its terms had never been published. The Italian Parliament had never considered the question whether Italy's fate ought to be put in the same boat with that of Austria and Germany; the alliance was in many ways simply a dynastic one, and among large factions of the Italian population exceedingly unpopular. The German and Austrian Emperors evidently expected Italy to join them in this war because of the existence of the Triple Alliance, but, even if the Government had wished to do so, popular feeling was so strongly against joining Italy's hereditary foe, Austria, in an attack upon her friends, France and England, that it could have been done only with grave risk of a revolution.

Though Italian popular opinion seems to have been entirely against fighting on the side of Germany and Austria, it seems to have been decidedly unready to fight against them. But, as time went on, the papers began to be filled more and more with suggestions that the hour had come for Italy to recover those Italians who were still living under Austrian dominion and to secure her Adriatic littoral, which, from the lack of good harbors, is particularly exposed to attacks from across

the sea. When the Parliament met in December one phrase of the Premier's speech, that "the time has come for Italy to realize her national aspirations," was applauded to the echo. The final action of the Parliament, though somewhat vague, was equivalent to giving orders to the Ministry to spend a thousand million of lire in arming Italy by land and sea, and the commission to act as in its judgment seemed best in order to realize her national aspirations. This permission was plainly extended by implication to action which might possibly be equivalent to an ultimatum to Austria. The Italian Government immediately began secret negotiations with the Austrian Government of which the people had no authentic word until the following May.

The most immediate concern of the United States Government on the outbreak of hostilities was to relieve her citizens who were stranded in various belligerent countries. Paralysis of the banking system of the world left them without sufficient money, and the needs of mobilization suspended for many of them the ordinary means of railroad travel. In addition the great transatlantic passenger fleets of Germany were shut up either in New York or the German harbors, a number of the French and German steamers were taken by the Governments for naval service, and almost everybody wanted to come home at once. The pressure upon the means of ocean transportation was tremendous. By September, however, the embassies and legations throughout Europe had mastered the problem, and before the middle of the month almost all the tourists were out of Switzerland and France and rapidly leaving England, Holland, and Italy.

Almost immediately huge orders for food and munitions of war began to be placed in America by the Entente Allies. So far as these orders related to munitions of war they could not be filled at once because the factories to make them had to be built. In fact, with the single exception of powder, which we were already prepared to make on a large scale, no very large shipments of fighting material were made from America for a year after the first orders were given.

Late in the Fall of 1915 we had scarcely begun to ship any of the large number of rifles which we had agreed to make for the English Army. But when the war began we were just harvesting the biggest wheat crop in our history. There was a shortage in the European crops, and the entire export stock of Russian wheat was sealed up in Russia. By January, 1915, therefore, the value of our grain export had more than made up the decreases in other exports, so that the month's total was greater than that of the preceding year.

During these early months of the war people expected a large amount of poverty and suffering in America, and it was not clearly foreseen that the enormous rise in the price of all farm products, the huge expansion of our manufactures and export trade, the demand for labor almost entirely wiping out the curse of unemployment, would rapidly lead us into an era of wealth, extravagance, and luxury, in the most terrible contrast with the suffering of Europe.

One part of that suffering of Europe, however, appealed very strongly from the first to the imagination of a portion of the American people. And it was in these months that the American Commission for the Relief of Belgium was formed. Belgium is a very thickly populated country which lives by mining and manufacturing. The stoppage of its food supplies and the cutting off of its raw material exposed millions of its people to starvation. Germany agreed that food might be imported to help the Belgians, and the Allies agreed that food might be sent into the German line for that purpose, provided some neutral nation would see that it was eaten by the Belgians and not by the Germans. The handling of the large sums of money loaned and given for the purpose of Belgian relief and the purchase, transportation, and proper distribution of the food bought with it was put into the hands of the American Commission.

In addition to this work of Belgian relief, American citizens of German birth or descent or sympathies began to form organizations for the aid of the German wounded and destitute. Movements were



also begun which have since established American hospitals for the care of the French wounded, and sent large numbers of American young men abroad to drive the motor ambulances that bring the wounded back from the immediate vicinity of the battle line.

### *Diplomatic*

In the first part of our period there is little to remark. It was quite an ordinary thing that we should take over, as we did, the diplomatic interests of the various belligerents in hostile countries; for example, the interests of England in Berlin and the interests of Germany in London. The position of Minister Whitlock in Belgium was, indeed, a novel one. Although accredited to a conquered country, he was allowed, by the courtesy of the Germans, to remain in Brussels, which put him in a position to be of enormous service to the relief of the Belgian population. At the end of December we addressed to England a formal protest, "with a friendly frankness against interference with our commerce, which seemed to us neither in accord with international law nor necessary for England's self-defense." We pointed out, first, that England had stopped copper on the way to Italy, though Italy had prohibited its export; second, that England had taken ships into port to be searched for contraband; third, that our trade with neutral countries was suffering so much that it threatened the friendly feeling between America and England; fourth, that foodstuffs had been seized on the mere suspicion that they were intended for the use of the German Army.

To this England replied in ten days, concurring cordially "in the principle enunciated by the United States that a belligerent should not interfere with neutral trade any more than necessary to protect the belligerent's national safety." The note pointed out first the enormous increase in our exports of copper and the suspicion that the surplus was intended not for neutral countries, but for Germany. Second, they took ships to port because they could not search them at sea, especially since copper and

rubber had been concealed in bales of cotton. In addition, the United States had done the same thing during the civil war. Third, American trade had not suffered, because the total exports from the United States stood at a higher figure than at the corresponding date the year before. So far as foodstuffs designed for neutral points were concerned, England pointed out that in the year 1913 we had exported to Denmark no bacon, no canned beef, and no pickled pork, but during September and October of 1914 we had exported to Denmark more than 24,000,000 pounds of these articles so admirably adapted for army rations; besides, when the whole population was in arms it was hard to distinguish between the army and the civil population.

### *American Finance*

The closing of European Stock Exchanges soon after the beginning of the war had rendered it imperative to close the New York Stock Exchange. Steps were at once taken by leading financiers to maintain the credit of the United States abroad. About \$80,000,000 of New York City bonds were about to fall due in London and Paris. How could the gold be provided? The New York banks undertook the task, subscribing for \$100,000,000 new bonds of the city. The money was forwarded mainly through the Bank of England's branch in Ottawa.

In the middle of September a loan pool was established in New York, to which banks all over the United States subscribed in the ratio of their cash to make the sum of \$100,000,000. These expedients enabled the bankers of the United States to send more than \$100,000,000 of gold, through Canada, during the closing months of 1914, to pay the maturing debts of the United States in Europe.

In the end of November it was deemed safe to reopen the New York Stock Exchange for bonds and two weeks later for stocks under certain restrictions. It soon became evident that restrictions were unnecessary, and the United States began to enter upon a period of enormous commercial manufacturing and banking expansion.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN WAR KIT

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)





FIELD MARSHAL PAUL VON HINDENBURG,  
Commander of the German Armies in the East.

*(Photo from Brown Bros.)*



FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

From a Photograph Taken on His Eighty-second Birthday

(Photo by L. N. A.)



ARCHDUKE FREDERICK





ADMIRAL SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK  
Who Went Down with His Flagship, the Good Hope, in the Naval  
Battle of Coronel, Off the Coast of Chile



ADMIRAL COUNT VON SPEE

Who Went Down with His Flagship, the Scharnhorst, in the Battle  
with the British Squadron Off the South American Coast



**VICE ADMIRAL FREDERICK STURDEE**

Commander of the British Squadron Which Destroyed the German Fleet  
Off the Falkland Islands

*(Photo © by American Press Assn.)*





**ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER**

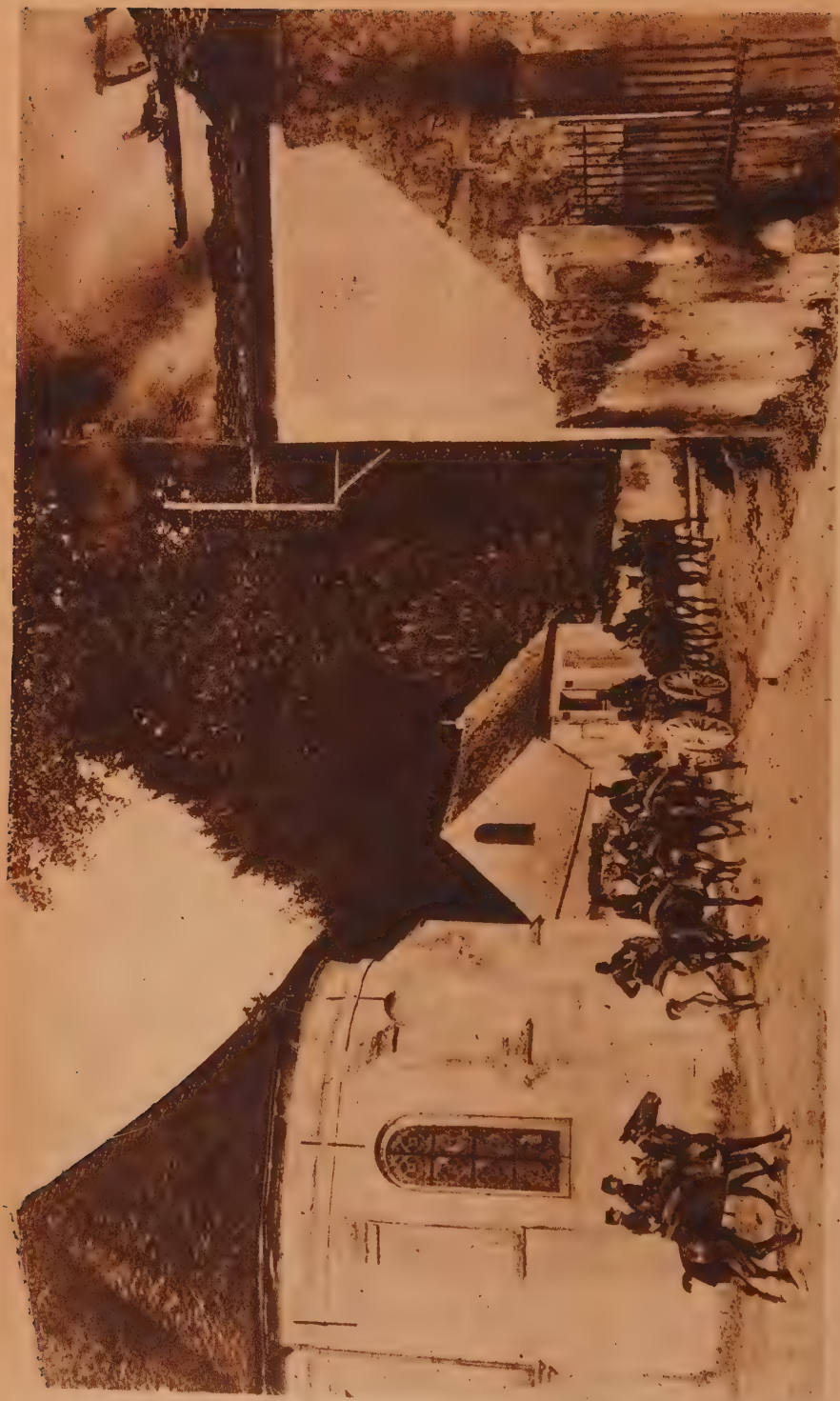
First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Who Holds the Guardianship of  
the English Coast

*(Photo from Underwood & Underwood)*



Ruins of the Cathedral at Louvain (to the left) After the German Destruction of the City. In the Background is the Hotel de Ville, Which Was but Slightly Damaged.

*(Photo © International News Service.)*



French Artillery Advancing Through Chauconier, Near Meaux, on the Marne. One of the Houses on the Right  
Is Still Burning as a Result of the Bombardment  
(Photo by Paul Thompson)





"Bridge of the Arches" Over the Meuse at Liege, Blown Up by the Belgians to Hamper the Enemy  
(Photo by Boon, Holland)



Interior of the Famous Library at Louvain  
(Photo by N. J. Boon, Holland)





Cupola of a Maubeuge Fort Shattered by the German 42-Centimeter Siege Gun  
*(Photo from Paul Thompson)*





Trenches Dug in Paris in Preparation for Street Fighting  
(Photo—Sports & General.)



Battery of Searchlights from the Place de la Concorde Sweeping the Sky Over Paris by Night for German Airships  
(Photo © *International News Service*.)





German Soldiers Examining One of the Belgian Army's Concealed Forts Near Brussels  
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)





Sunken Belgian Battery Replying to German Siege Guns Near Antwerp  
(*Photo—Sports & General*)



Belgian Armored Train in Action During the Attack on Antwerp  
(Photo © International News Service.)



Belgian Soldier in Armored Car Watching the Bursting of a German Shell at the Attack on Antwerp  
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood)





Sinking of the German Cruiser Mainz in the Naval Battle Off Heligoland. The Photograph, Taken from the Deck of a British Warship, Shows the Cruiser in Flames and Settling in the Water  
(Photo © International News Service.)

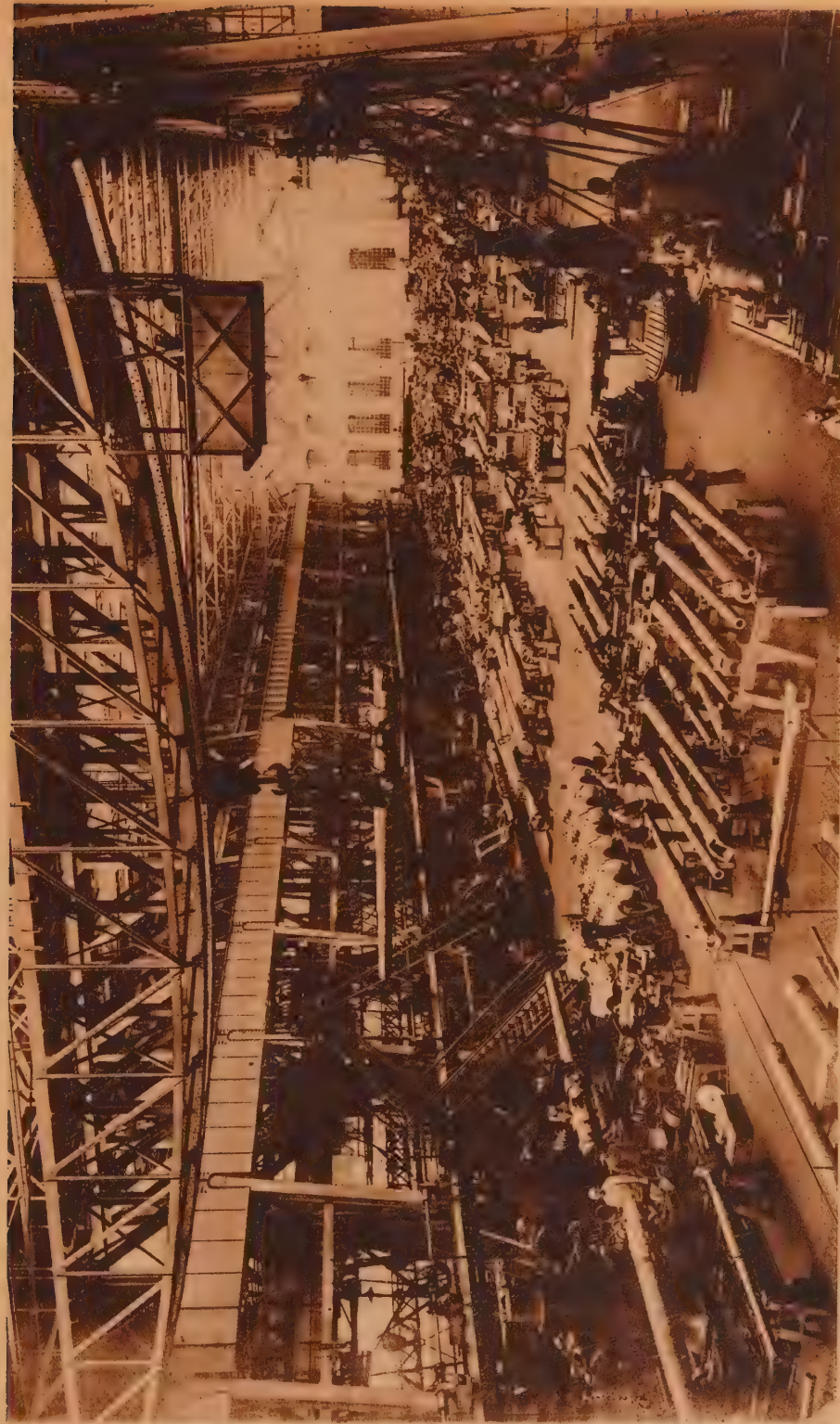


Belgian Men, Women, and Children Sleeping on Straw at Rosendaal, Holland  
(Photo © *International News Service*.)



Striking Photograph of the Destroyed Shoe-Market Section of Antwerp, Looking Toward the Cathedral





Scene in the Krupp Gun Works, Where Germany's Army and Navy Guns Are Manufactured  
(Photo from Brown Bros.)



Zeppelin Dirigible, One of the Great Fleet of Airships Which Germany Is Using in the War.  
(Photo © International News Service.)





ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, GERMAN NAVAL MINISTER  
As Head of the Naval Administration He Is Second in Authority to the  
Major Admiral in Chief, the Kaiser

(Photo © by Brown Bros.)





PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA  
In Supreme Command of the German Battleship Fleet  
*(Photo from Bain)*



ENGLAND'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR  
FIELD MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER

*(From the Painting by Angelo.)*



GEN. VON BISSING,

Recently Made Military Governor of Belgium to Succeed Field Marshal  
von der Goltz.

(Photo from *Ruschin*.)





GENERAL LIMAN VON SANDERS PASHA

Commander in Chief of the Turkish Army

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



GENERAL KAMIO

Commander in Chief of the Japanese Tsing-Tau Expedition  
*(Photo from Paul Thompson)*



Gen. Belin, Who is Gen. Joffre's Right-Hand Man and an Important Factor in the Control of the French Forces

*(Photo © International News Service.)*





A Belgian Outpost in Action on the Battle Line Near the Franco-Belgian Frontier  
(Photo © International News Service.)



GÉNÉRAL 'CASTELNAU

One of the Most Conspicuous of the French Commanders.



GENERAL DUBAIL

Commanding the French Forces Operating Around Verdun  
*(Photo © International News Service)*





**AVIATOR-COMMANDANT MARCONNAY**

One of the Oldest and Best Known French Military Aviator Killed  
During a Reconnoissance.

*(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)*



**GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG**

Commanding the First British Army, One of the Six Armies  
Recently Incorporated.

*(Photo © American Press Association.)*



COUNT LADISLAUS STADNICKI  
Founder of the Polish Legion of the German Army.  
*(Photo from Engelbrecht.)*





GENERAL VON KROBATKIN  
Chief of the Austrian General Staff.  
*(Photo from Paul Thompson.)*



DJEMAL PASHA

The Turkish Minister of Marine, Who Shares with Enver Pasha the  
Control of Turkish Affairs

*(Photo © International News Service)*



EMIR ALI PASHA

Vice President of the Turkish Parliament, Who Was Sent to Berlin to Take  
Back to Turkey Mohammedan Prisoners Captured from the Allies

*(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)*





The Kaiser (at the extreme left) Witnessing the Parade of a Saxon Landsturm Regiment  
(Photo © International News Service.)



King George and King Albert Reviewing the Belgian Troops in Flanders. Immediately Behind the Sovereigns Are the Prince of Wales and His Highness Pertab Singh.

(Photo © International News Service.)





Constantinople Crowds Gathered at the Mosque of Faith While Sheikh Ul-Islam Proclaims the Declaration of War  
Against the Allies

(Photo © *International News Service.*)





King George V., Queen Mary, and Lord Kitchener Cheered by Canadian Highlanders at Salisbury, England  
(Photo © American Press Assn.)



German Motor Convoy Destroyed in the Forest Near Villers-Cotteret, France





The Defenders of Tsing-Tau Moving to the Outer Defenses During the Siege  
(Photo © International News Service.)





Gen. von Heeringen, "the Victor of Saarburg," on the Right, Talking with  
Gen. von Emmich, Who Commanded Before Liege  
(Photo. by R. Sennecke)



Bringing a Suspected Spy Through the French Lines to Headquarters After Enveloping His Head to Prevent His Seeing Anything of Military Value

(Photo © American Press Assn.)



A Remarkable Photograph Taken on the Firing Line at Ernecourt. One Man Lies Dead, Another Is Being Tended by a Red Cross Surgeon, and the Second Soldier from the Left Has Just Been Hit

(Photo © International News Service)





Belgian Girls Distributing Walnuts to the Soldiers Behind Antwerp's Now Ruined Defenses  
(Photo by Underwood & Underwood)



Belgian Guns in Action During the Defense of Antwerp





King Albert of Belgium Talking to One of the French General Staff in the Square at Furnes During a Review of French Reinforcements.  
(Photo © International News Service.)





A Red Cross Nurse Taking Down the Last Message of a Dying British Soldier on the Battlefield  
(Photo by Paul Thompson.)



French Artillery Assembled in a Square at Stenay, Just Before the Town Was Captured by the Germans  
(Photo by Paul Thompson)





Belgian Sharpshooters Attacking from an Armored Train in  
the Vicinity of Ypres.

(Photo © International News Service.)





German Crown Prince and the King of Saxony Witnessing a Parade of the Ninety-eighth Regiment of Infantry Before  
the Crown Prince's Headquarters



H. R. H. PRINCESS MARIE JOSE  
Only Daughter of the King of the Belgians.  
*(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)*



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL MERCIER  
Archbishop of Mechlin, Primate of Belgium.





### A YOUTHFUL BELGIAN HERO

Joseph Lessen, a Boy Scout, 18 Years of Age, Who So Distinguished Himself That He Was Decorated on the Field by King Albert.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF BELGIUM

H. R. H. Prince Leopold, Eldest Son of the King of the Belgians.

*(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)*



MR. AND MRS. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL  
A Recent Photograph of the Head of the British Admiralty.





QUARTERMASTER GENERAL VON STEIN

Germany's Official War News Is Issued Through the Office of the  
Quartermaster General

*(Photo from Brown Bros.)*



**H. I. M. AUGUSTA VICTORIA**  
The Most Recent Photograph of the German Empress.  
*(Photo from American Press Association.)*



## A WAR-TIME PICTURE OF THE KAISER

The Effects of the Stress of War Are Noticeable in This Photograph of the War Lord, Taken in His Winter Campaign Uniform.

*(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)*



## PERIOD IV.

The British Retreat from Mons—Fall of Antwerp—Battles of the Marne and the Aisne—The Devastation of Belgium—On the French Firing Line—The Slaughter in Alsace—Attack on Tsing-tao—The Heligoland Fight—Sinking of the Cressy, Hogue, and Aboukir—Paris in October—Helpless Victims—The Emden's Last Fight.

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# Sir John French's Own Story

The Famous Dispatches of the British Commander in Chief  
to Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War

### I.

## First Report from the Front

7th September, 1914.

**M**Y LORD: I have the honor to report the proceedings of the field force under my command up to the time of rendering this dispatch.

1. The transport of the troops from England both by sea and by rail was effected in the best order and without a check. Each unit arrived at its destination in this country well within the scheduled time.

The concentration was practically complete on the evening of Friday, the 21st ultimo, and I was able to make dispositions to move the force during Saturday, the 22d, to positions I considered most favorable from which to commence operations which the French Commander in Chief, Gen. Joffre, requested me to undertake in pursuance of his plans in prosecution of the campaign.

The line taken up extended along the line of the canal from Condé on the west,

through Mons and Binche on the east. This line was taken up as follows:

From Condé to Mons inclusive was assigned to the Second Corps, and to the right of the Second Corps from Mons the First Corps was posted. The Fifth Cavalry Brigade was placed at Binche.

In the absence of my Third Army Corps I desired to keep the cavalry division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank, or move in support of any threatened part of the line. The forward reconnoissance was intrusted to Brig. Gen. Sir Philip Chetwode with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, but I directed Gen. Allenby to send forward a few squadrons to assist in this work.

During the 22d and 23d these advanced squadrons did some excellent work, some of them penetrating as far as Soignies, and several encounters took place in which our troops showed to great advantage.

2. At 6 A. M. on Aug. 23 I assembled

the commanders of the First and Second Corps and cavalry division at a point close to the position and explained the general situation of the Allies, and what I understood to be Gen. Joffre's plan. I discussed with them at some length the immediate situation in front of us.

From information I received from French Headquarters I understood that little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps, with perhaps one cavalry division, were in front of my position; and I was aware of no attempted outflanking movement by the enemy. I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that my patrols encountered no undue opposition in their reconnoitring operations. The observations of my aeroplanes seemed also to bear out this estimate.

About 3 P. M. on Sunday, the 23d, reports began coming in to the effect that the enemy was commencing an attack on the Mons line, apparently in some strength, but that the right of the position from Mons and Bray was being particularly threatened.

The commander of the First Corps had pushed his flank back to some high ground south of Bray, and the Fifth Cavalry Brigade evacuated Binche, moving slightly south; the enemy thereupon occupied Binche.

The right of the Third Division, under Gen. Hamilton, was at Mons, which formed a somewhat dangerous salient; and I directed the commander of the Second Corps to be careful not to keep the troops on this salient too long, but, if threatened seriously, to draw back the centre behind Mons. This was done before dark. In the meantime, about 5 P. M., I received a most unexpected message from Gen. Joffre by telegraph, telling me that at least three German corps, viz., a reserve corps, the Fourth Corps and the Ninth Corps, were moving on my position in front, and that the Second Corps was engaged in a turning movement from the direction of Tournay. He also informed me that the two reserve French divisions and the Fifth French Army on my right were retiring, the Germans having on the pre-

vious day gained possession of the passages of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur.

3. In view of the possibility of my being driven from the Mons position, I had previously ordered a position in rear to be reconnoitred. This position rested on the fortress of Maubeuge on the right and extended west to Jenlain, southeast of Valenciennes, on the left. The position was reported difficult to hold, because standing crops and buildings made the siting of trenches very difficult and limited the field of fire in many important localities. It nevertheless afforded a few good artillery positions.

When the news of the retirement of the French and the heavy German threatening on my front reached me, I endeavored to confirm it by aeroplane reconnoissance; and as a result of this I determined to effect a retirement to the Maubeuge position at daybreak on the 24th.

A certain amount of fighting continued along the whole line throughout the night and at daybreak on the 24th the Second Division from the neighborhood of Harmignies made a powerful demonstration as if to retake Binche. This was supported by the artillery of both the First and Second Divisions, while the First Division took up a supporting position in the neighborhood of Peissant. Under cover of this demonstration the Second Corps retired on the line Dour-Quarouble-Frameries. The Third Division on the right of the corps suffered considerable loss in this operation from the enemy, who had retaken Mons.

The Second Corps halted on this line, where they partially intrenched themselves, enabling Sir Douglas Haig with the First Corps gradually to withdraw to the new position; and he effected this without much further loss, reaching the line Bavai-Maubeuge about 7 P. M. Toward midday the enemy appeared to be directing his principal effort against our left.

I had previously ordered Gen. Allenby with the cavalry to act vigorously in advance of my left front and endeavor to take the pressure off.

About 7.30 A. M. Gen. Allenby received a message from Sir Charles Fergusson, commanding the Fifth Division, saying that he was very hard pressed and in urgent need of support. On receipt of this message Gen. Allenby drew in the cavalry and endeavored to bring direct support to the Fifth Division.

During the course of this operation Gen. De Lisle, of the Second Cavalry Brigade, thought he saw a good opportunity to paralyze the further advance of the enemy's infantry by making a mounted attack on his flank. He formed up and advanced for this purpose, but was held up by wire about 500 yards from his objective, and the Ninth Lancers and the Eighteenth Hussars suffered severely in the retirement of the brigade.

The Nineteenth Infantry Brigade, which had been guarding the line of communications, was brought up by rail to Valenciennes on the 22d and 23d. On the morning of the 24th they were moved out to a position south of Quarouble to support the left flank of the Second Corps.

With the assistance of the cavalry Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was enabled to effect his retreat to a new position; although, having two corps of the enemy on his front and one threatening his flank, he suffered great losses in doing so.

At nightfall the position was occupied by the Second Corps to the west of Bavai, the First Corps to the right. The right was protected by the Fortress of Maubeuge, the left by the Nineteenth Brigade in position between Jenlain and Bry, and the cavalry on the outer flank.

4. The French were still retiring, and I had no support except such as was afforded by the Fortress of Maubeuge; and the determined attempts of the enemy to get around my left flank assured me that it was his intention to hem me against that place and surround me. I felt that not a moment must be lost in retiring to another position.

I had every reason to believe that the enemy's forces were somewhat exhausted and I knew that they had suffered heavy losses. I hoped, therefore, that his pur-

suit would not be so vigorous as to prevent me effecting my object.

The operation, however, was full of danger and difficulty, not only owing to the very superior force in my front, but also to the exhaustion of the troops.

The retirement was recommenced in the early morning of the 25th to a position in the neighborhood of Le Cateau, and rearguards were ordered to be clear of the Maubeuge-Bavai-Eth Road by 5.30 A. M.

Two cavalry brigades, with the divisional cavalry of the Second Corps, covered the movement of the Second Corps. The remainder of the cavalry division, with the Nineteenth Brigade, the whole under the command of Gen. Allenby, covered the west flank.

The Fourth Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday, the 23d, and by the morning of the 25th eleven battalions and a brigade of artillery with divisional staff were available for service.

I ordered Gen. Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau Road south of La Chaprie. In this position the division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps to the new position.

Although the troops had been ordered to occupy the Cambrai-Le Cateau-Landreies position, and the ground had, during the 25th, been partially prepared and intrenched, I had grave doubts—owing to the information I had received as to the accumulating strength of the enemy against me—as to the wisdom of standing there to fight.

Having regard to the continued retirement of the French on my right, my exposed left flank, the tendency of the enemy's western corps (II.) to envelop me, and, more than all, the exhausted condition of the troops, I determined to make a great effort to continue the retreat till I could put some substantial obstacle, such as the Somme or the Oise, between my troops and the enemy, and afford the former some opportunity of rest and reorganization. Orders were,



therefore, sent to the corps commanders to continue their retreat as soon as they possibly could toward the general line Vermand-St. Quentin-Ribemont.

The cavalry, under Gen. Allenby, were ordered to cover the retirement.

Throughout the 25th and far into the evening, the First Corps continued its march on Landrecies, following the road along the eastern border of the Forêt de Mormal, and arrived at Landrecies about 10 o'clock. I had intended that the corps should come further west so as to fill up the gap between Le Cateau and Landrecies, but the men were exhausted and could not get further in without rest.

The enemy, however, would not allow them this rest, and about 9:30 P. M. a report was received that the Fourth Guards Brigade in Landrecies was heavily attacked by troops of the Ninth German Army Corps, who were coming through the forest on the north of the town. This brigade fought most gallantly, and caused the enemy to suffer tremendous loss in issuing from the forest into the narrow streets of the town. This loss has been estimated from reliable sources at from 700 to 1,000. At the same time information reached me from Sir Douglas Haig that his First Division was also heavily engaged south and east of Maroilles. I sent urgent messages to the commander of the two French reserve divisions on my right to come up to the assistance of the First Corps, which they eventually did. Partly owing to this assistance, but mainly to the skillful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night, they were able at dawn to resume their march south toward Wassigny on Guise.

By about 6 P. M. the Second Corps had got into position with their right on Le Cateau, their left in the neighborhood of Caudry, and the line of defense was continued thence by the Fourth Division toward Seranvillers, the left being thrown back.

During the fighting on the 24th and 25th the cavalry became a good deal scattered, but by the early morning of the 26th Gen. Allenby had succeeded in

concentrating two brigades to the south of Cambrai.

The Fourth Division was placed under the orders of the general officer commanding the Second Army Corps.

On the 24th the French cavalry corps, consisting of three divisions under Gen. Sordêt, had been in billets north of Avesnes. On my way back from Bayai, which was my "Poste de Commandement" during the fighting of the 23d and 24th, I visited Gen. Sordêt, and earnestly requested his co-operation and support. He promised to obtain sanction from his army commander to act on my left flank, but said that his horses were too tired to move before the next day. Although he rendered me valuable assistance later on in the course of the retirement, he was unable for the reasons given to afford me any support on the most critical day of all, viz., the 26th.

At daybreak it became apparent that the enemy was throwing the bulk of his strength against the left of the position occupied by the Second Corps and the Fourth Division.

At this time the guns of four German army corps were in position against them, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien reported to me that he judged it impossible to continue his retirement at daybreak (as ordered) in face of such an attack.

I sent him orders to use his utmost endeavors to break off the action and retire at the earliest possible moment, as it was impossible for me to send him any support, the First Corps being at the moment incapable of movement.

The French cavalry corps, under Gen. Sordêt, was coming up on our left rear early in the morning, and I sent an urgent message to him to do his utmost to come up and support the retirement of my left flank; but owing to the fatigue of his horses he found himself unable to intervene in any way.

There had been no time to intrench the position properly; but the troops showed a magnificent front to the terrible fire which confronted them.

The artillery, although outmatched by at least four to one, made a splendid



Map 1.—Showing the early stages of the retreat from Mons, Aug. 22 to Sept. 1.

fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents.

At length it became apparent that, if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted; and the order was given to commence it about 3:30 P. M. The movement was covered with the most devoted intrepidity and determination by the artillery, which had itself suffered heavily, and the fine work done by the cavalry in the further retreat from the position assisted materially in the final completion of this most difficult and dangerous operation.

Fortunately the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit.

I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.

The retreat was continued far into the night of the 26th and through the 27th and 28th, on which date the troops halted on the line Noyon-Chauny-La Fère, having then thrown off the weight of the enemy's pursuit.

On the 27th and 28th I was much indebted to Gen. Sordêt and the French cavalry division which he commands for materially assisting my retirement and successfully driving back some of the enemy on Cambrai.

Gen. D'Amade also, with the Sixty-first and Sixty-second French Reserve Divisions, moved down from the neighborhood of Arras on the enemy's right flank and took much pressure off the rear of the British forces.

This closes the period covering the heavy fighting which commenced at Mons on Sunday afternoon, 23d August, and which really constituted a four days' battle.

At this point, therefore, I propose to close the present dispatch.

I deeply deplore the very serious losses which the British forces have suffered in this great battle; but they were inevitable in view of the fact that the British Army—only two days after a concentration by rail—was called upon to withstand a vigorous attack of five German army corps.

It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two general officers commanding army corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their staffs; the direction of the troops by divisional, brigade, and regimental leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers; and the magnificent fighting spirit displayed by noncommissioned officers and men.

I wish particularly to bring to your Lordship's notice the admirable work done by the Royal Flying Corps under Sir David Henderson. Their skill, energy, and perseverance have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information, which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Fired at constantly both by friend and foe, and not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have remained undaunted throughout.

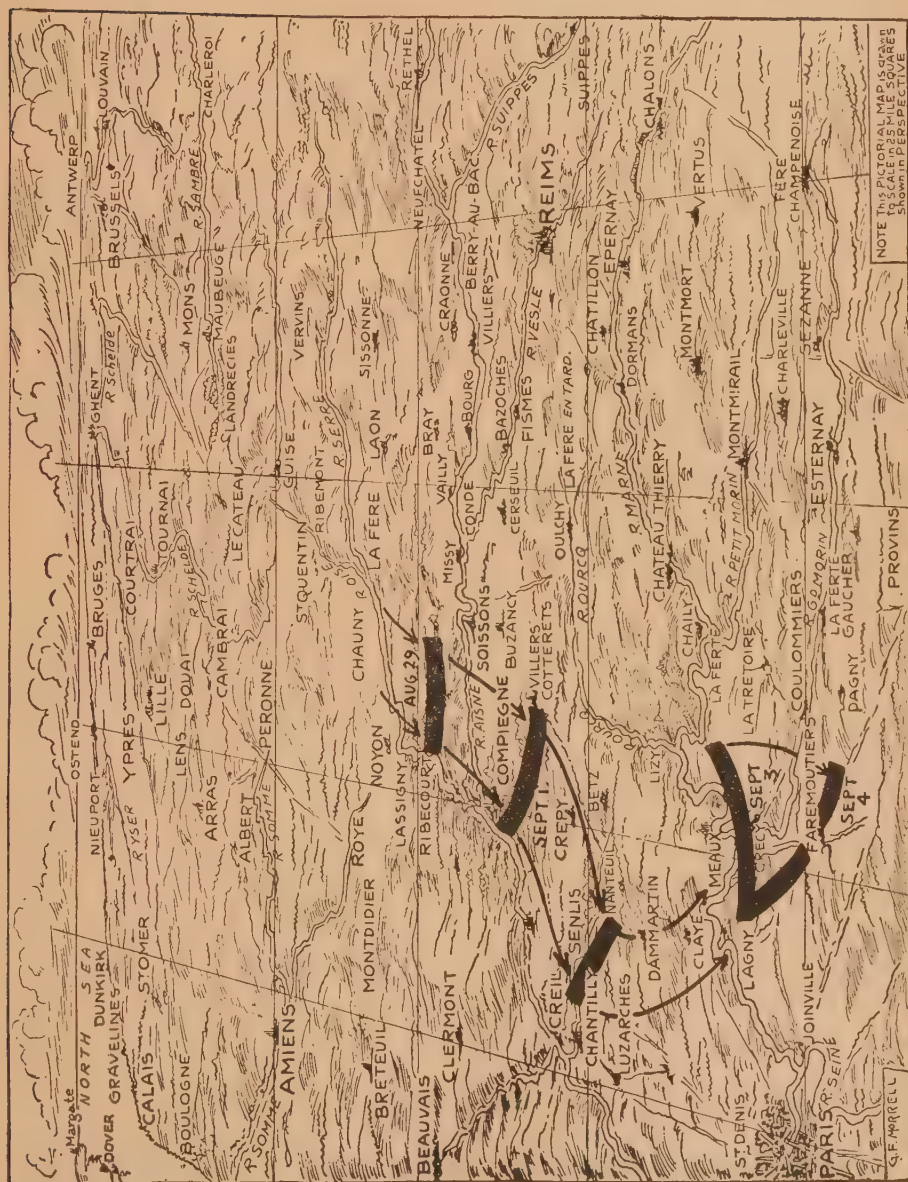
Further, by actually fighting in the air, they have succeeded in destroying five of the enemy's machines.

I wish to acknowledge with deep gratitude the incalculable assistance I received from the General and Personal Staffs at Headquarters during this trying period.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Archibald Murray, Chief of the General Staff; Major Gen. Wilson, Sub-Chief of the General Staff; and all under them have worked day and night unceasingly with the utmost skill, self-sacrifice, and devotion; and the same acknowledgment is due by me to Brig. Gen. Hon. W. Lambton, my Military Secretary, and the personal Staff.

In such operations as I have described the work of the Quartermaster General is of an extremely onerous nature. Major Gen. Sir William Robertson has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his character-





Map 2.—The retreat continued. From Compiègne, Sept. 1, to the new position south of Meaux, Sept. 3 and 4.



istic energy, skill and determination; and it is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater.

Major Gen. Sir Nevil Macready, the Adjutant General, has also been confronted with most onerous and difficult tasks in connection with disciplinary arrangements and the preparation of casualty lists. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to meet the difficult situations which arose.

I have not yet been able to complete the list of officers whose names I desire to bring to your Lordship's notice for services rendered during the period under review; and, as I understand it is of importance that this dispatch should no longer be delayed, I propose to forward this list, separately, as soon as I can. I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,  
(Signed) J. D. P. FRENCH,  
Field Marshal,  
Commander in Chief, British Forces in the Field.

## II.

### The Battle of the Marne

17th September, 1914.

**M**Y LORD: In continuation of my dispatch of Sept. 7, I have the honor to report the further progress of the operations of the forces under my command from Aug. 28.

On that evening the retirement of the force was followed closely by two of the enemy's cavalry columns, moving south-east from St. Quentin.

The retreat in this part of the field was being covered by the Third and Fifth Cavalry Brigades. South of the Somme Gen. Gough, with the Third Cavalry Brigade, threw back the Uhlans of the Guard with considerable loss.

Gen. Chetwode, with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, encountered the eastern column near Cerizy, moving south. The brigade attacked and routed the column,

the leading German regiment suffering very severe casualties and being almost broken up.

The Seventh French Army Corps was now in course of being railed up from the south to the east of Amiens. On the 29th it nearly completed its detrainment, and the French Sixth Army got into position on my left, its right resting on Roye.

The Fifth French Army was behind the line of the Oise, between La Fère and Guise.

The pursuit of the enemy was very vigorous; some five or six German corps were on the Somme, facing the Fifth Army on the Oise. At least two corps were advancing toward my front, and were crossing the Somme east and west of Ham. Three or four more German corps were opposing the Sixth French Army on my left.

This was the situation at 1 o'clock on the 29th, when I received a visit from Gen. Joffre at my headquarters.

I strongly represented my position to the French Commander in Chief, who was most kind, cordial, and sympathetic, as he has always been. He told me that he had directed the Fifth French Army on the Oise to move forward and attack the Germans on the Somme, with a view to checking pursuit. He also told me of the formation of the Sixth French Army on my left flank, composed of the Seventh Army Corps, four reserve divisions, and Sordêt's corps of cavalry.

I finally arranged with Gen. Joffre to effect a further short retirement toward the line Compiègne-Soissons, promising him, however, to do my utmost to keep always within a day's march of him.

In pursuance of this arrangement the British forces retired to a position a few miles north of the line Compiègne-Soissons on the 29th.

The right flank of the German Army was now reaching a point which appeared seriously to endanger my line of communications with Havre. I had already evacuated Amiens, into which place a German reserve division was reported to have moved.





Map 4.—Sept. 6 (Sunday), evening. First advance toward the line of the Grand Morin.

Orders were given to change the base to St. Nazaire, and establish an advance base at Le Mans. This operation was well carried out by the Inspector General of Communications.

In spite of a severe defeat inflicted upon the Guard Tenth and Guard Reserve Corps of the German Army by the First and Third French Corps on the right of the Fifth Army, it was not part of Gen. Joffre's plan to pursue this advantage; and a general retirement to the line of the Marne was ordered, to which the French forces in the more eastern theatre were directed to conform.

A new Army (the Ninth) had been formed from three corps in the south by Gen. Joffre, and moved into the space between the right of the Fifth and left of the Fourth Armies.

While closely adhering to his strategic conception to draw the enemy on at all points until a favorable situation was created from which to assume the offensive, Gen. Joffre found it necessary to modify from day to day the methods by which he sought to attain this object, owing to the development of the enemy's plans and changes in the general situation.

In conformity with the movements of the French forces, my retirement continued practically from day to day. Although we were not severely pressed by the enemy, rearguard actions took place continually.

On the 1st September, when retiring from the thickly wooded country to the south of Compiègne, the First Cavalry Brigade was overtaken by some German cavalry. They momentarily lost a horse artillery battery, and several officers and men were killed and wounded. With the help, however, of some detachments from the Third Corps operating on their left, they not only recovered their own guns, but succeeded in capturing twelve of the enemy's.

Similarly, to the eastward, the First Corps, retiring south, also got into some very difficult forest country, and a somewhat severe rearguard action ensued at Villers-Cotterets, in which the Fourth Guards Brigade suffered considerably.

On Sept. 3 the British forces were in position south of the Marne between Lagny and Signy-Signets. Up to this time I had been requested by Gen. Joffre to defend the passages of the river as long as possible, and to blow up the bridges in my front. After I had made the necessary dispositions, and the destruction of the bridges had been effected, I was asked by the French Commander in Chief to continue my retirement to a point some twelve miles in rear of the position I then occupied, with a view to taking up a second position behind the Seine. This retirement was duly carried out. In the meantime the enemy had thrown bridges and crossed the Marne in considerable force, and was threatening the Allies all along the line of the British forces and the Fifth and Ninth French Armies. Consequently several small outpost actions took place.

On Saturday, Sept. 5, I met the French Commander in Chief at his request, and he informed me of his intention to take the offensive forthwith, as he considered conditions very favorable to success.

Gen. Joffre announced to me his intention of wheeling up the left flank of the Sixth Army, pivoting on the Marne and directing it to move on the Ourcq; cross and attack the flank of the First German Army, which was then moving in a southeasterly direction east of that river.

He requested me to effect change of front to my right—my left resting on the Marne and my right on the Fifth Army—to fill the gap between that army and the Sixth. I was then to advance against the enemy in my front and join in the general offensive movement.

These combined movements practically commenced on Sunday, Sept. 6, at sunrise; and on that day it may be said that a great battle opened on a front extending from Ermenonville, which was just in front of the left flank of the Sixth French Army, through Lizy on the Marne, Mauperthuis, which was about the British centre, Courtecon, which was on the left of the Fifth French Army, to Esternay and Charleville, the left of the Ninth Army under Gen. Foch,



Map 5.—Sept. 8. Battle of the Marne.

The great advance to the Petit Morin and the Marne, where important captures were made by the British.



and so along the front of the Ninth, Fourth, and Third French Armies to a point north of the fortress of Verdun.

This battle, in so far as the Sixth French Army, the British Army, the Fifth French Army, and the Ninth French Army were concerned, may be said to have concluded on the evening of Sept. 10, by which time the Germans had been driven back to the line Soissons-Rheims, with a loss of thousands of prisoners, many guns, and enormous masses of transport.

About Sept. 3 the enemy appears to have changed his plans and to have determined to stop his advance south direct upon Paris, for on Sept. 4 air reconnoissances showed that his main columns were moving in a southeasterly direction generally east of a line drawn through Nanteuil and Lizy on the Ourcq.

On Sept. 5 several of these columns were observed to have crossed the Marne, while German troops, which were observed moving southeast up the left flank of the Ourcq on the 4th, were now reported to be halted and facing that river. Heads of the enemy's columns were seen crossing at Changis, La Ferté, Nogent, Château-Thierry, and Mezy.

Considerable German columns of all arms were seen to be converging on Montmirail, while before sunset large bivouacs of the enemy were located in the neighborhood of Coulommiers, south of Rebais, La Ferté-Gauchier, and Dagny.

I should conceive it to have been about noon on Sept. 6, after the British forces had changed their front to the right and occupied the line Jouy-Le Chatel-Faremoutiers-Villeneuve Le Comte, and the advance of the Sixth French Army north of the Marne toward the Ourcq became apparent, that the enemy realized the powerful threat that was being made against the flank of his columns moving southeast, and began the great retreat which opened the battle above referred to.

On the evening of Sept. 6, therefore, the fronts and positions of the opposing armies were roughly as follows:

#### Allies

*Sixth French Army.*—Right on the Marne at Meux, left toward Betz.

*British Forces.*—On the line Dagny-Coulommiers-Maison.

*Fifth French Army.*—At Courtagon, right on Esternay.

*Conneau's Cavalry Corps.*—Between the right of the British and the left of the French Fifth Army.

#### Germans

*Fourth Reserve and Second Corps.*—East of the Ourcq and facing that river.

*Ninth Cavalry Division.*—West of Crecy.

*Second Cavalry Division.*—North of Coulommiers.

*Fourth Corps.*—Rebais.

*Third and Seventh Corps.*—Southwest of Montmirail.

All these troops constituted the First German Army, which was directed against the French Sixth Army on the Ourcq, and the British forces, and the left of the Fifth French Army south of the Marne.

The Second German Army (IX., X., X.R., and Guard) was moving against the centre and right of the Fifth French Army and the Ninth French Army.

On Sept. 7 both the Fifth and Sixth French Armies were heavily engaged on our flank. The Second and Fourth Reserve German Corps on the Ourcq vigorously opposed the advance of the French toward that river, but did not prevent the Sixth Army from gaining some headway, the Germans themselves suffering serious losses. The French Fifth Army threw the enemy back to the line of the Petit Morin River after inflicting severe losses upon them, especially about Montceaux, which was carried at the point of the bayonet.

The enemy retreated before our advance, covered by his Second and Ninth and Guard Cavalry Divisions, which suffered severely.

Our cavalry acted with great vigor, especially Gen. De Lisle's brigade, with the Ninth Lancers and Eighteenth Hussars.

On Sept. 8 the enemy continued his retreat northward, and our army was successfully engaged during the day with strong rearguards of all arms on the



Map 6.—Sept. 9. Forcing the passage of the Marne. This day the German retreat degenerated into a rout, and many captures were made.

Petit Morin River, thereby materially assisting the progress of the French armies on our right and left, against whom the enemy was making his greatest efforts. On both sides the enemy was thrown back with very heavy loss. The First Army Corps encountered stubborn resistance at La Trétoire, (north of Rabais.) The enemy occupied a strong position with infantry and guns on the northern bank of the Petit Morin River; they were dislodged with considerable loss. Several machine guns and many prisoners were captured, and upward of 200 German dead were left on the ground.

The forcing of the Petit Morin at this point was much assisted by the cavalry and the First Division, which crossed higher up the stream.

Later in the day a counterattack by the enemy was well repulsed by the First Army Corps, a great many prisoners and some guns again falling into our hands.

On this day (Sept. 8) the Second Army Corps encountered considerable opposition, but drove back the enemy at all points with great loss, making considerable captures.

The Third Army Corps also drove back considerable bodies of the enemy's infantry and made some captures.

On Sept. 9 the First and Second Army Corps forced the passage of the Marne and advanced some miles to the north of it. The Third Corps encountered considerable opposition, as the bridge at La Ferté was destroyed and the enemy held the town on the opposite bank in some strength, and thence persistently obstructed the construction of a bridge; so the passage was not effected until after nightfall.

During the day's pursuit the enemy suffered heavy loss in killed and wounded, some hundreds of prisoners fell into our hands, and a battery of eight machine guns was captured by the Second Division.

On this day the Sixth French Army was heavily engaged west of the River Ourcq. The enemy had largely increased his force opposing them; and very heavy fighting ensued, in which the French were successful throughout.

The left of the Fifth French Army

reached the neighborhood of Château-Thierry after the most severe fighting, having driven the enemy completely north of the river with great loss.

The fighting of this army in the neighborhood of Montmirail was very severe.

The advance was resumed at daybreak on the 10th up to the line of the Ourcq, opposed by strong rearguards of all arms. The First and Second Corps, assisted by the cavalry divisions on the right, the Third and Fifth Cavalry Brigades on the left, drove the enemy northward. Thirteen guns, seven machine guns, about 2,000 prisoners, and quantities of transport fell into our hands. The enemy left many dead on the field. On this day the French Fifth and Sixth Armies had little opposition.

As the First and Second German Armies were now in full retreat, this evening marks the end of the battle which practically commenced on the morning of the 6th inst.; and it is at this point in the operations that I am concluding the present dispatch.

Although I deeply regret to have had to report heavy losses in killed and wounded throughout these operations, I do not think they have been excessive in view of the magnitude of the great fight, the outlines of which I have only been able very briefly to describe, and the demoralization and loss in killed and wounded which are known to have been caused to the enemy by the vigor and severity of the pursuit.

In concluding this dispatch I must call your Lordship's special attention to the fact that from Sunday, Aug. 23, up to the present date, (Sept. 17,) from Mons back almost to the Seine, and from the Seine to the Aisne, the army under my command has been ceaselessly engaged without one single day's halt or rest of any kind.

Since the date to which in this dispatch I have limited my report of the operations, a great battle on the Aisne has been proceeding. A full report of this battle will be made in an early further dispatch.

It will, however, be of interest to say here that, in spite of a very determined resistance on the part of the enemy,





Map 7.—Sept. 10 (evening). End of the battle of the Marne.  
The Germans were driven over the Ourcq and retreated to the Aisne.

who is holding in strength and great tenacity a position peculiarly favorable to defense, the battle which commenced on the evening of the 12th inst. has, so far, forced the enemy back from his first position, secured the passage of the river, and inflicted great loss upon him, including the capture of over 2,000 prisoners and several guns. I have the honor to be your Lordship's most obedient servant,

(Signed) J. D. P. FRENCH,  
Field Marshal,

Commanding in Chief, the British forces  
in the field.

### III.

## The Battle of the Aisne

8th October, 1914.

**M**Y LORD: I have the honor to report the operations in which the British forces in France have been engaged since the evening of Sept. 10:

1. In the early morning of the 11th the further pursuit of the enemy was commenced, and the three corps crossed the Ourcq practically unopposed, the cavalry reaching the line of the Aisne River, the Third and Fifth Brigades south of Soissons, the First, Second and the Fourth on the high ground at Couvrelles and Cerseuil.

On the afternoon of the 12th, from the opposition encountered by the Sixth French Army to the west of Soissons, by the Third Corps southeast of that place, by the Second Corps south of Missy and Vailly, and certain indications all along the line, I formed the opinion that the enemy had, for the moment at any rate, arrested his retreat and was preparing to dispute the passage of the Aisne with some vigor.

South of Soissons the Germans were holding Mont de Paris against the attack of the right of the French Sixth Army when the Third Corps reached the neighborhood of Buzancy, southeast of that place. With the assistance of the artillery of the Third Corps the French drove them back across the river at Soissons, where they destroyed the bridges.

The heavy artillery fire which was visible for several miles in a westerly direction in the valley of the Aisne showed that the Sixth French Army was meeting with strong opposition all along the line.

On this day the cavalry under Gen. Allenby reached the neighborhood of Braine and did good work in clearing the town and the high ground beyond it of strong hostile detachments. The Queen's Bays are particularly mentioned by the General as having assisted greatly in the success of this operation. They were well supported by the Third Division, which on this night bivouacked at Brenelle, south of the river.

The Fifth Division approached Missy, but were unable to make headway.

The First Army Corps reached the neighborhood of Vauxcéré without much opposition.

In this manner the battle of the Aisne commenced.

2. The Aisne Valley runs generally east and west, and consists of a flat-bottomed depression of width varying from half a mile to two miles, down which the river follows a winding course to the west, at some points near the southern slopes of the valley and at others near the northern. The high ground both on the north and south of the river is approximately 400 feet above the bottom of the valley, and is very similar in character, as are both slopes of the valley itself, which are broken into numerous rounded spurs and re-entrants. The most prominent of the former are the Chivre spur on the right bank and Sermoise spur on the left. Near the latter place the general plateau on the south is divided by a subsidiary valley of much the same character, down which the small River Vesle flows to the main stream near Sermoise. The slopes of the plateau overlooking the Aisne on the north and south are of varying steepness, and are covered with numerous patches of wood, which also stretch upward and backward over the edge on to the top of the high ground. There are several villages and small towns dotted about in the valley itself and

along its sides, the chief of which is the town of Soissons.

The Aisne is a sluggish stream of some 170 feet in breadth, but, being 15 feet deep in the centre, it is unfordable. Between Soissons on the west and Villiers on the east (the part of the river attacked and secured by the British forces) there are eleven road bridges across it. On the north bank a narrow-gauge railway runs from Soissons to Vailly, where it crosses the river and continues eastward along the south bank. From Soissons to Sermoise a double line of railway runs along the south bank, turning at the latter place up the Vesle Valley toward Bazoches.

The position held by the enemy is a very strong one, either for delaying action or for a defensive battle. One of its chief military characteristics is that from the high ground on neither side can the top of the plateau on the other side be seen, except for small stretches. This is chiefly due to the woods on the edges of the slopes. Another important point is that all the bridges are under direct or high-angle artillery fire.

The tract of country above described, which lies north of the Aisne, is well adapted to concealment, and was so skillfully turned to account by the enemy as to render it impossible to judge the real nature of his opposition to our passage of the river or accurately to gauge his strength; but I have every reason to conclude that strong rearguards of at least three army corps were holding the passages on the early morning of the 13th.

3. On that morning I ordered the British forces to advance and make good the Aisne.

The First Corps and the cavalry advanced on the river. The First Division was directed on Chamouille via the canal bridge at Bourg, and the Second Division on Courtegon and Presles via Pont-Arcy, and on the canal to the north of Bray via Chavonne. On the right the cavalry and First Division met with slight opposition and found a passage by means of the canal, which crosses the river by an aqueduct. The division was therefore able to press on, supported by the cav-

alry division on its outer flank, driving back the enemy in front of it.

On the left the leading troops of the Second Division reached the river by 9 o'clock. The Fifth Infantry Brigade were only enabled to cross, in single file and under considerable shellfire, by means of the broken girder of the bridge, which was not entirely submerged in the river. The construction of a pontoon bridge was at once undertaken, and was completed by 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

On the extreme left the Fourth Guards Brigade met with severe opposition at Chavonne, and it was only late in the afternoon that it was able to establish a foothold on the northern bank of the river by ferrying one battalion across in boats.

By nightfall the First Division occupied the area of Moulins-Paissy-Geny, with posts at the village of Vendresse.

The Second Division bivouacked as a whole on the southern bank of the river, leaving only the Fifth Brigade on the north bank to establish a bridgehead.

The Second Corps found all the bridges in front of them destroyed except that of Condé, which was in possession of the enemy, and remained so until the end of the battle.

In the approach to Missy, where the Fifth Division eventually crossed, there is some open ground which was swept by a heavy fire from the opposite bank. The Thirteenth Brigade was therefore unable to advance; but the Fourteenth, which was directed to the east of Venizel at a less exposed point, was rafted across, and by night established itself with its left at St. Marguerite. They were followed by the Fifteenth Brigade; and later on both the Fourteenth and Fifteenth supported the Fourth Division on their left in repelling a heavy counterattack on the Third Corps.

On the morning of the 13th the Third Corps found the enemy had established himself in strength on the Vregny plateau. The road bridge at Venizel was repaired during the morning, and a reconnaissance was made with a view to throwing a pontoon bridge at Soissons.

The Twelfth Infantry Brigade crossed at Venizel, and was assembled at Bucy



le Long by 1 P. M., but the bridge was so far damaged that artillery could only be manhandled across it. Meanwhile the construction of a bridge was commenced close to the road bridge at Venizel.

At 2 P. M. the Twelfth Infantry Brigade attacked in the direction of Chivres and Vregny with the object of securing the high ground east of Chivres, as a necessary preliminary to a further advance northward. This attack made good progress, but at 5:30 P. M. the enemy's artillery and machine-gun fire from the direction of Vregny became so severe that no further advance could be made. The positions reached were held till dark.

The pontoon bridge at Venizel was completed at 5:30 P. M., when the Tenth Infantry Brigade crossed the river and moved to Bucy le Long.

The Nineteenth Infantry Brigade moved to Billy-sur-Aisne, and before dark all the artillery of the division had crossed the river, with the exception of the heavy battery and one brigade of field artillery.

During the night the positions gained by the Twelfth Infantry Brigade to the east of the stream running through Chivres were handed over to the Fifth Division.

The section of the bridging train allotted to the Third Corps began to arrive in the neighborhood of Soissons late in the afternoon, when an attempt to throw a heavy pontoon bridge at Soissons had to be abandoned, owing to the fire of the enemy's heavy howitzers.

In the evening the enemy retired at all points and intrenched himself on the high ground about two miles north of the river, along which runs the Chemin-des-Dames. Detachments of infantry, however, strongly intrenched in commanding points down slopes of the various spurs, were left in front of all three corps with powerful artillery in support of them.

During the night of the 13th and on the 14th and following days the field companies were incessantly at work night and day. Eight pontoon bridges and one foot bridge were thrown across

the river under generally very heavy artillery fire, which was incessantly kept up on to most of the crossings after completion. Three of the road bridges, i. e., Venizel, Missy, and Vailly, and the railway bridge east of Vailly, were temporarily repaired so as to take foot traffic, and the Villiers Bridge made fit to carry weights up to six tons.

Preparations were also made for the repair of the Missy, Vailly, and Bourg bridges so as to take mechanical transport.

The weather was very wet and added to the difficulties by cutting up the already indifferent approaches, entailing a large amount of work to repair and improve.

The operations of the field companies during this most trying time are worthy of the best traditions of the Royal Engineers.

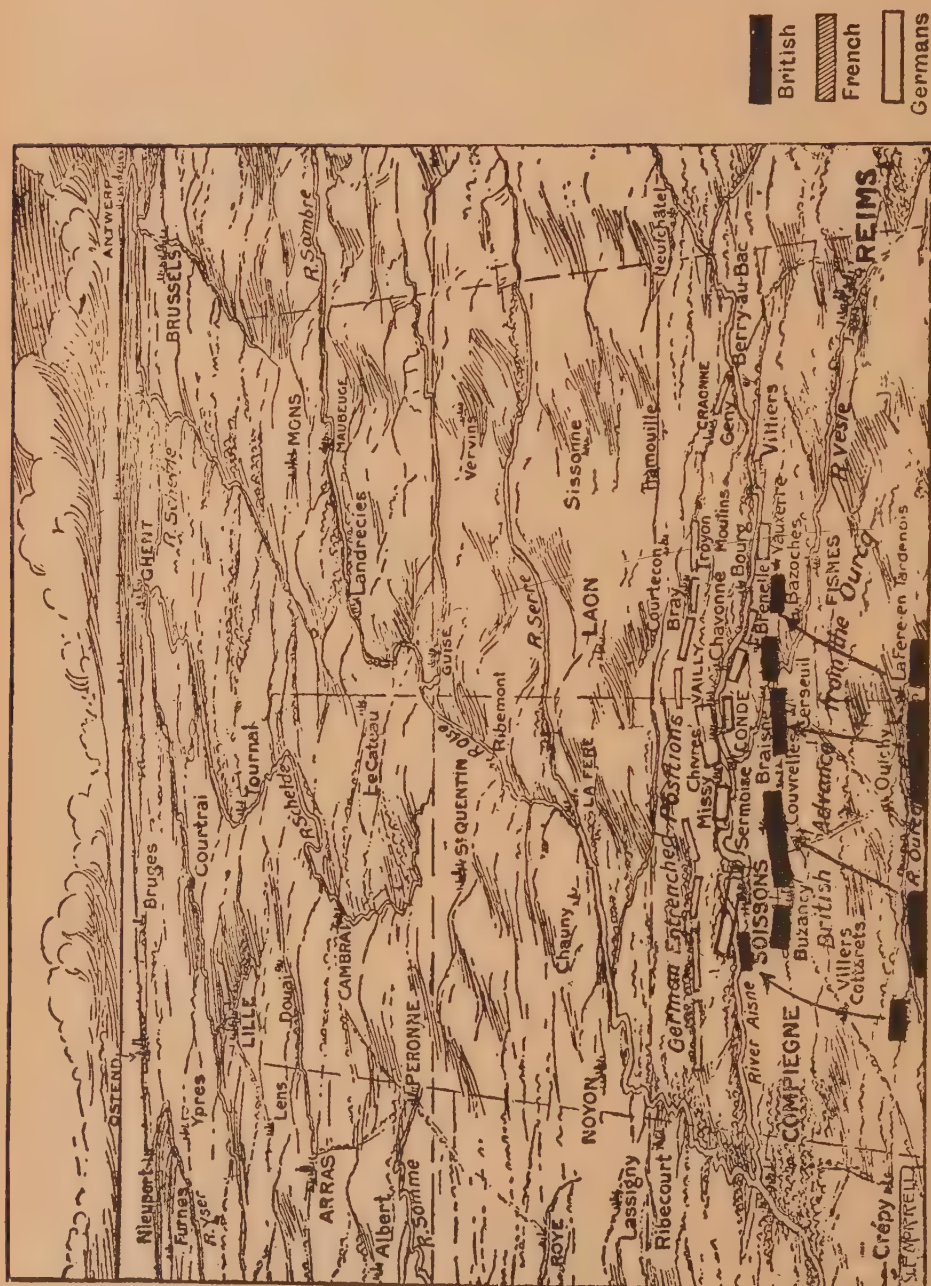
4. On the evening of the 14th it was still impossible to decide whether the enemy was only making a temporary halt, covered by rearguards, or whether he intended to stand and defend the position.

With a view to clearing up the situation I ordered a general advance.

The action of the First Corps on this day under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig was of so skillful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river.

The corps was directed to cross the line Moulins-Moussy by 7 A. M.

On the right the General Officer commanding the First Division directed the Second Infantry Brigade (which was in billets and bivouacked about Moulins), and the Twenty-fifth Artillery Brigade (less one battery), under Gen. Bulfin, to move forward before daybreak, in order to protect the advance of the division sent up the valley to Vendresse. An officer's patrol sent out by this brigade reported a considerable force of the enemy near the factory north of Troyon, and the Brigadier accordingly directed two regiments (the King's Royal Rifles and



Map 8.—Sept. 10 to 12. Showing the Germans' headlong retreat to their entrenched positions beyond the Aisne.

the Royal Sussex Regiment) to move at 3 A. M. The Northamptonshire Regiment was ordered to move at 4 A. M. to occupy the spur east of Troyon. The remaining regiment of the brigade (the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment) moved at 5:30 A. M. to the village of Vendresse. The factory was found to be held in considerable strength by the enemy, and the Brigadier ordered the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment to support the King's Royal Rifles and the Sussex Regiment. Even with this support the force was unable to make headway, and on the arrival of the First Brigade the Coldstream Guards were moved up to support the right of the leading brigade (the Second) while the remainder of the First Brigade supported its left.

About noon the situation was, roughly, that the whole of these two brigades were extended along a line running east and west, north of the line Troyon and south of the Chemin-des-Dames. A party of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment had seized and were holding the factory. The enemy had a line of intrenchments north and east of the factory in considerable strength, and every effort to advance against this line was driven back by heavy shell and machine-gun fire. The morning was wet and a heavy mist hung over the hills, so that the Twenty-fifth Artillery Brigade and the divisional artillery were unable to render effective support to the advanced troops until about 9 o'clock.

By 10 o'clock the Third Infantry Brigade had reached a point one mile south of Vendresse, and from there it was ordered to continue the line of the First Brigade and to connect with and help the right of the Second Division. A strong hostile column was found to be advancing, and by a vigorous counterstroke with two of his battalions the Brigadier checked the advance of this column and relieved the pressure on the Second Division. From this period until late in the afternoon the fighting consisted of a series of attacks and counterattacks. The counterstrokes by the enemy were delivered at first with great

vigor, but later on they decreased in strength, and all were driven off with heavy loss.

On the left the Sixth Infantry Brigade had been ordered to cross the river and to pass through the line held during the preceding night by the Fifth Infantry Brigade and occupy the Courteçon Ridge, while a detached force, consisting of the Fourth Guards Brigade and the Thirty-sixth Brigade Royal Field Artillery, under Brig. Gen. Percival, were ordered to proceed to a point east of the village of Ostel.

The Sixth Infantry Brigade crossed the river at Pont-Arcy, moved up the valley toward Braye, and at 9 A. M. had reached the line Tilleul-La Buvelle. On the line they came under heavy artillery and rifle fire, and were unable to advance until supported by the Thirty-fourth Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, and the Forty-fourth Howitzer Brigade and the Heavy Artillery.

The Fourth Guards Brigade crossed the river at 10 A. M. and met with very heavy opposition. It had to pass through dense woods; field artillery support was difficult to obtain; but one section of a field battery pushed up to and within the firing line. At 1 P. M. the left of the brigade was south of the Ostel Ridge.

At this period of the action the enemy obtained a footing between the First and Second Corps, and threatened to cut the communications of the latter.

Sir Douglas Haig was very hardly pressed and had no reserve in hand. I placed the cavalry division at his disposal, part of which he skillfully used to prolong and secure the left flank of the Guards Brigade. Some heavy fighting ensued, which resulted in the enemy being driven back with heavy loss.

About 4 o'clock the weakening of the counterattacks by the enemy and other indications tended to show that his resistance was decreasing, and a general advance was ordered by the army corps commander. Although meeting with considerable opposition and coming under very heavy artillery and rifle fire, the position of the corps at the end of





the day's operations extended from the Chemin-des-Dames on the right, through Chivy, to Le Cour de Soupir, with the First Cavalry Brigade extending to the Chavonne-Soissons road.

On the right the corps was in close touch with the French Moroccan troops of the Eighteenth Corps, which were intrenched in echelon to its right rear. During the night they intrenched this position.

Throughout the battle of the Aisne this advanced and commanding position was maintained, and I cannot speak too highly of the valuable services rendered by Sir Douglas Haig and the army corps under his command. Day after day and night after night the enemy's infantry has been hurled against him in violent counterattack, which has never on any one occasion succeeded, while the trenches all over his position have been under continuous heavy artillery fire.

The operations of the First Corps on this day resulted in the capture of several hundred prisoners, some field pieces and machine guns.

The casualties were very severe, one brigade alone losing three of its four Colonels.

The Third Division commenced a further advance, and had nearly reached the plateau of Aizy when they were driven back by a powerful counterattack supported by heavy artillery. The division, however, fell back in the best order, and finally intrenched itself about a mile north of Vailly Bridge, effectively covering the passage.

The Fourth and Fifth Divisions were unable to do more than maintain their ground.

5. On the morning of the 15th, after close examination of the position, it became clear to me that the enemy was making a determined stand; and this view was confirmed by reports which reached me from the French armies fighting on my right and left, which clearly showed that a strongly intrenched line of defense was being taken up from the north of Compiègne, eastward and southeastward, along the whole Valley of the Aisne up to and beyond Rheims.

A few days previously the Fortress

of Maubeuge fell, and a considerable quantity of siege artillery was brought down from that place to strengthen the enemy's position in front of us.

During the 15th shells fell in our position which have been judged by experts to be thrown by eight-inch siege guns with a range of 10,000 yards. Throughout the whole course of the battle our troops have suffered very heavily from this fire, although its effect latterly was largely mitigated by more efficient and thorough intrenching, the necessity for which I impressed strongly upon army corps commanders. In order to assist them in this work all villages within the area of our occupation were searched for heavy intrenching tools, a large number of which were collected.

In view of the peculiar formation of the ground on the north side of the river between Missy and Soissons, and its extraordinary adaptability to a force on the defensive, the Fifth Division found it impossible to maintain its position on the southern edge of the Chivres Plateau, as the enemy in possession of the Village of Vregny to the west was able to bring a flank fire to bear upon it. The division had, therefore, to retire to a line the left of which was at the village of Marguërite, and thence ran by the north edge of Missy back to the river to the east of that place.

With great skill and tenacity Sir Charles Fergusson maintained this position throughout the whole battle, although his trenches were necessarily on lower ground than that occupied by the enemy on the southern edge of the plateau, which was only 400 yards away.

Gen. Hamilton with the Third Division vigorously attacked to the north, and regained all the ground he had lost on the 15th, which throughout the battle has formed a most powerful and effective bridgehead.

6. On the 16th the Sixth Division came up into line.

It had been my intention to direct the First Corps to attack and seize the enemy's position on the Chemin-des-Dames, supporting it with this new reinforcement. I hoped, from the position thus gained, to bring effective fire

to bear across the front of the Third Division, which, by securing the advance of the latter, would also take the pressure off the Fifth Division and the Third Corps.

But any further advance of the First Corps would have dangerously exposed my right flank. And, further, I learned from the French Commander in Chief that he was strongly reinforcing the Sixth French Army on my left, with the intention of bringing up the allied left to attack the enemy's flank, and thus compel his retirement. I therefore sent the Sixth Division to join the Third Corps, with orders to keep it on the south side of the river, as it might be available in general reserve.

On the 17th, 18th, and 19th the whole of our line was heavily bombarded, and the First Corps was constantly and heavily engaged. On the afternoon of the 17th the right flank of the First Division was seriously threatened. A counter-attack was made by the Northamptonshire Regiment in combination with the Queen's, and one battalion of the Divisional Reserve was moved up in support. The Northamptonshire Regiment, under cover of mist, crept up to within a hundred yards of the enemy's trenches and charged with the bayonet, driving them out of the trenches and up the hill. A very strong force of hostile infantry was then disclosed on the crest line. This new line was enfiladed by part of the Queen's and the King's Royal Rifles, which wheeled to their left on the extreme right of our infantry line, and were supported by a squadron of cavalry on their outer flank. The enemy's attack was ultimately driven back with heavy loss.

On the 18th, during the night, the Gloucestershire Regiment advanced from their position near Chivy, filled in the enemy's trenches, and captured two Maxim guns.

On the extreme right the Queen's were heavily attacked, but the enemy was repulsed with great loss. About midnight the attack was renewed on the First Division, supported by artillery fire, but was again repulsed.

Shortly after midnight an attack was

made on the left of the Second Division with considerable force, which was also thrown back.

At about 1 P. M. on the 19th the Second Division drove back a heavy infantry attack strongly supported by artillery fire. At dusk the attack was renewed and again repulsed.

On the 18th I discussed with the General Officer commanding the Second Army Corps and his divisional commanders the possibility of driving the enemy out of Condé, which lay between his two divisions, and seizing the bridge, which has remained throughout in his possession.

As, however, I found that the bridge was closely commanded from all points on the south side, and that satisfactory arrangements were made to prevent any issue from it by the enemy by day or night, I decided that it was not necessary to incur the losses which an attack would entail, as, in view of the position of the Second and Third Corps, the enemy could make no use of Condé, and would be automatically forced out of it by any advance which might become possible for us.

7. On this day information reached me from Gen. Joffre that he had found it necessary to make a new plan and to attack and envelop the German right flank.

It was now evident to me that the battle in which we had been engaged since the 12th inst. must last some days longer, until the effect of this new flank movement could be felt and a way opened to drive the enemy from his positions.

It thus became essential to establish some system of regular relief in the trenches, and I have used the infantry of the Sixth Division for this purpose with good results. The relieved brigades were brought back alternately south of the river and, with the artillery of the Sixth Division, formed a general reserve on which I could rely in case of necessity.

The cavalry have rendered most efficient and ready help in the trenches, and have done all they possibly could to lighten the arduous and trying task



which has of necessity fallen to the lot of the infantry.

On the evening of the 19th and throughout the 20th the enemy again commenced to show considerable activity. On the former night a severe counter-attack on the Third Division was repulsed with considerable loss, and from early on Sunday morning various hostile attempts were made on the trenches of the First Division. During the day the enemy suffered another severe repulse in front of the Second Division, losing heavily in the attempt. In the course of the afternoon the enemy made desperate attempts against the trenches all along the front of the First Corps, but with similar results.

After dark the enemy again attacked the Second Division, only to be again driven back.

Our losses on these two days were considerable, but the number, as obtained, of the enemy's killed and wounded vastly exceeded them.

As the troops of the First Army Corps were much exhausted by this continual fighting, I reinforced Sir Douglas Haig with a brigade from the reserve, and called upon the First Cavalry Division to assist them.

On the night of the 21st another violent counterattack was repulsed by the Third Division, the enemy losing heavily.

On the 23d the four 6-inch howitzer batteries, which I had asked to be sent from home, arrived. Two batteries were handed over to the Second Corps and two to the First Corps. They were brought into action on the 24th with very good results.

Our experiences in this campaign seem to point to the employment of more heavy guns of a larger calibre in great battles which last for several days, during which time powerful intrenching work on both sides can be carried out. These batteries were used with considerable effect on the 24th and the following days.

8. On the 23d the action of Gen. de Castelnau's army on the allied left developed considerably, and apparently withdrew considerable forces of the enemy away from the centre and east.

I am not aware whether it was due to this cause or not, but until the 26th it appeared as though the enemy's opposition in our front was weakening. On that day, however, a very marked renewal of activity commenced. A constant and vigorous artillery bombardment was maintained all day, and the Germans in front of the First Division were observed to be "sapping" up to our lines and trying to establish new trenches. Renewed counterattacks were delivered and beaten off during the course of the day, and in the afternoon a well-timed attack by the First Division stopped the enemy's intrenching work.

During the night of the 27th-28th the enemy again made the most determined attempts to capture the trenches of the First Division, but without the slightest success.

Similar attacks were reported during these three days all along the line of the allied front, and it is certain that the enemy then made one last great effort to establish ascendancy. He was, however, unsuccessful everywhere, and is reported to have suffered heavy losses. The same futile attempts were made all along our front up to the evening of the 28th, when they died away, and have not since been renewed.

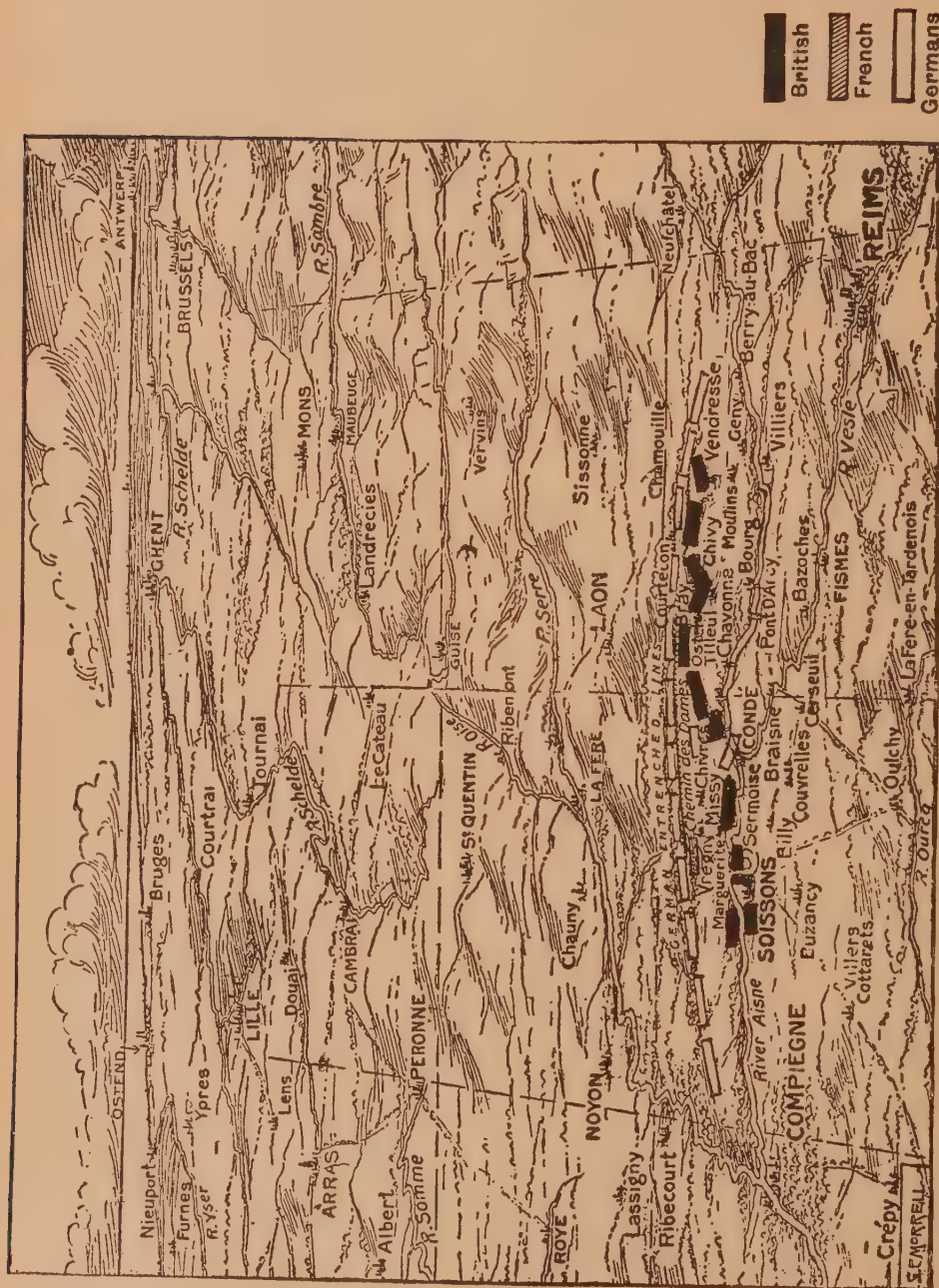
On former occasions I have brought to your Lordship's notice the valuable services performed during this campaign by the Royal Artillery.

Throughout the battle of the Aisne they have displayed the same skill, endurance, and tenacity, and I deeply appreciate the work they have done.

Sir David Henderson and the Royal Flying Corps under his command have again proved their incalculable value. Great strides have been made in the development of the use of aircraft in the tactical sphere by establishing effective communication between aircraft and units in action.

It is difficult to describe adequately and accurately the great strain to which officers and men were subjected almost every hour of the day and night throughout this battle.

I have described above the severe character of the artillery fire which was



Map 10.—Sept. 15 to 28. This map shows the entrenched positions of the Germans, many of which the Allies took with great loss to the Germans

directed from morning till night not only upon the trenches, but over the whole surface of the ground occupied by our forces. It was not until a few days before the position was evacuated that the heavy guns were removed and the fire slackened. Attack and counterattack occurred at all hours of the night and day throughout the whole position, demanding extreme vigilance, and permitting only a minimum of rest.

The fact that from Sept. 12 to the date of this dispatch the total numbers of killed, wounded, and missing reached the figures amounting to 561 officers and 12,980 men proves the severity of the struggle.

The tax on the endurance of the troops was further increased by the heavy rain and cold which prevailed for some ten or twelve days of this trying time.

The battle of the Aisne has once more demonstrated the splendid spirit, gallantry, and devotion which animates the officers and men of his Majesty's forces.

With reference to the last paragraph of my dispatch of Sept. 7, I append the names of officers, noncommissioned officers, and men brought forward for special mention by army corps commanders and heads of departments for services rendered from the commencement of the campaign up to the present date.

I entirely agree with these recommendations and beg to submit them for your Lordship's consideration.

I further wish to bring forward the names of the following officers who have rendered valuable service: Gen. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Lieut. Gen. Sir Douglas Haig (commanding First and Second Corps, respectively) I have already mentioned in the present and former dispatches for particularly marked and distinguished service in critical situations.

Since the commencement of the campaign they have carried out all my orders and instructions with the utmost ability.

Lieut. Gen. W. P. Pulteney took over the command of the Third Corps just before the commencement of the battle of the Marne. Throughout the subsequent operations he showed himself to be a

most capable commander in the field, and has rendered very valuable services.

Major Gen. E. H. H. Allenby and Major Gen. H. De La P. Gough have proved themselves to be cavalry leaders of a high order, and I am deeply indebted to them. The undoubted moral superiority which our cavalry has obtained over that of the enemy has been due to the skill with which they have turned to the best account the qualities inherent in the splendid troops they command.

In my dispatch of the 7th September I mentioned the name of Brig. Gen. Sir David Henderson and his valuable work in command of the Royal Flying Corps; and I have once more to express my deep appreciation of the help he has since rendered me.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Archibald Murray has continued to render me invaluable help as Chief of the Staff; and in his arduous and responsible duties he has been ably assisted by Major Gen. Henry Wilson, Sub-Chief.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Nevil Macready and Lieut. Gen. Sir William Robertson have continued to perform excellent service as Adjutant General and Quartermaster General, respectively.

The Director of Army Signals, Lieut. Col. J. S. Fowler, has materially assisted the operations by the skill and energy which he has displayed in the working of the important department over which he presides.

My Military Secretary, Brig. Gen. the Hon. W. Lambton, has performed his arduous and difficult duties with much zeal and great efficiency.

I am anxious also to bring to your Lordship's notice the following names of officers of my personal staff, who throughout these arduous operations have shown untiring zeal and energy in the performance of their duties:

*Aides de Camp.*

Lieut. Col. Stanley Barry.

Lieut. Col. Lord Brooke.

Major Fitzgerald Watt.

*Extra Aide de Camp.*

Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest.

*Private Secretary.*

Lieut. Col. Brindsley Fitzgerald.

—Major his Royal Highness Prince Ar-



thur of Connaught, K. G., joined my staff as Aide de Camp on the 14th September.

His Royal Highness's intimate knowledge of languages enabled me to employ him with great advantage on confidential missions of some importance, and his services have proved of considerable value.

I cannot close this dispatch without informing your Lordship of the valuable services rendered by the Chief of the French Military Mission at my headquarters, Col. Victor Huguet of the French Artillery. He has displayed tact and judgment of a high order in many difficult situations, and has rendered conspicuous service to the allied cause. I have the honor to be, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

J. D. P. FRENCH, Field Marshal,  
*Commander in Chief the British Army  
in the Field.*

#### IV.

### The Battle in Flanders

[Official Abstract of Report for The Associated Press]

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1914.—A report from Field Marshal Sir John French covering the period of the battle in Flanders and the days immediately preceding it, issued today by the Official Press Bureau, shows that this battle was brought about, first, by the Allies' attempts to outflank the Germans, who countered, and then by the Allies' plans to move to the northeast to Ghent and Bruges, which also failed. After this the German offensive began, with the French coast ports as the objective, but this movement, like those of the Allies, met with failure.

The Field Marshal, doubtless in response to the demands of the British public, tells what the various units of the expeditionary force have been doing—those that failed and were cut off and those who against superior numbers held the trenches for a month. He gives it as his opinion that the German losses have been thrice as great as those of

the Allies, and speaks optimistically of the future.

The report covers in a general way the activities of the British troops from Oct. 11 to Nov. 20.

Summing up the situation in concluding his report, the Field Marshal says:

"As I close this dispatch, signs are in evidence that we are possibly in the last stages of the battle from Ypres to Armentières. For several days past the artillery fire of the enemy has slackened considerably, and his infantry attacks have practically ceased."

Discussing the general military situation of the Allies, as it appears to him at the time of writing, Sir John says:

"It does not seem to be clearly understood that the operations in which we have been engaged embrace nearly all of the central part of the Continent of Europe, from the east to the west. The combined French, Belgian, and British Armies in the west and the Russian Army in the east are opposed to the united forces of Germany and Austria, acting as combined armies between us.

"Our enemies elected at the commencement of the war to throw the weight of their forces against our armies in the west and to detach only a comparatively weak force, composed of very few of the first line troops and several corps of second and third line troops, to stem the Russian advance until the western forces could be defeated and overwhelmed. Their strength enabled them from the outset to throw greatly superior forces against us in the west. This precludes the possibility of our taking vigorous offensive action except when miscalculations and mistakes are made by their commanders, opening up special opportunities for successful attacks and pursuit.

"The battle of the Marne was an example of this, as was also our advance from St. Omer and Hazebrouck to the line of the River Lys at the commencement of this battle. The rôle which our armies in the west have consequently been called upon to fulfill has been to occupy strong defensive positions, holding ground gained and inviting the enemy's attack, and to throw back these

attacks, causing the enemy heavy losses in his retreat and following him up with powerful and successful counterattacks to complete his discomfiture.

"The value and significance of operations of this nature since the commencement of hostilities by the Allies' forces in the west lie in the fact that at the moment when the eastern provinces of Germany are in imminent danger of being overrun by the numerous and powerful armies of Russia, nearly the whole active army of Germany is tied down to a line of trenches extending from Verdun, on the Alsatian frontier, to the sea at Nieuport, east of Dunkirk, a distance of 260 miles, where they are held, with much reduced numbers and impaired morale, by the successful action of our troops in the west.

"I cannot speak too highly of the services rendered by the Royal Artillery throughout the battle. In spite of the fact that the enemy brought up in support of his attacks guns of great range and shell power, our men have succeeded throughout in preventing the enemy from establishing anything in the nature of superiority in artillery. The skill, courage, and energy displayed by the commanders of the Royal Artillery have been very marked. The Royal Engineers have been indefatigable in their efforts to assist the infantry in field, fortification, and trench work.

"I deeply regret the heavy casualties which we have suffered, but the nature of the fighting has been very desperate, and we have been assailed by vastly superior numbers. I have every reason to know that throughout the course of the battle we have placed at least three times as many of the enemy hors de combat in dead, wounded, and prisoners.

"Throughout these operations, Gen. Foch has strained his resources to the utmost to afford me all the support he could. An expression of my warm gratitude is also due to Gen. Dubail, commanding the Eighth French Army Corps on my left, and to Gen. de Maud'huy, commanding the Tenth Army Corps on my right."

Discussing the details of the engage-

ment from Ypres to Armentières, Field Marshal Sir John French explains that he was impressed early in October with the necessity of giving the greatest possible support to the northern flank of the Allies in the effort to outflank the Germans and compel them to evacuate their positions. He says that the situation on the Aisne warranted the withdrawal of British troops from positions they held there, as the enemy had been weakened by continual attacks and the fortifications of the Allies much improved.

The Field Marshal made known his view to Gen. Joffre, who agreed with it. The French General Staff arranged for the withdrawal of the British, which began on Oct. 3 and was completed on Oct. 19, when the First Army Corps, under Gen. Sir Douglas Haig, detrained at St. Omer.

The general plan, as arranged by Field Marshal French and Gen. Foch, commanding the French troops to the north of Noyon, was that the English should pivot on the French at Bethune, attacking the Germans on their flank and forcing their way north. In the event that the British forced the Germans out of their positions, making possible a forward movement of the Allies, the French and British were to march east, with Lille as the dividing line between the two armies, the English right being directed on Lille.

The battle which forms the chief feature of Gen. French's report really began on Oct. 11, when Major Gen. Gough of the Second British Cavalry Brigade first came in contact with German cavalry in the woods along the Bethune-Aire Canal. The English cavalry moved toward Hazebrouck, clearing the way for two army corps, which advanced rapidly in a northeasterly direction. For several days the progress of the British was only slightly interrupted, except at La Bassée, a high position, which Field Marshal French mentions as having stubbornly resisted.

Field Marshal French says the Second Corps, under Gen. Smith-Dorrien, was opposed by overpowering forces of Ger-

mans, but nevertheless advanced until Oct. 18, when the German opposition compelled a reinforcement. Six days later the Lahore Division of the Indian army was sent to support the Second Corps.

On Oct. 16 Sir Henry Rawlinson, who had covered the retreat of the Belgian army from Antwerp with two divisions of English cavalry and two divisions of French infantry, was stationed on the line east of Ypres under orders to operate over a wide front and to keep possession of all the ground held by the Allies until the First Army Corps could reach Ypres.

Gen. Rawlinson was opposed by superior forces and was unable to prevent the Germans from getting large reinforcements. With four army corps holding a much wider front than their size justified, Field Marshal French says he faced a stubborn situation. The enemy was massed from the Lys, and there was imperative need for a strengthened line.

However, the Field Marshal decided to send the First Corps north of Ypres to stop the reinforcements which might enable the Germans to flank the Allies. The shattered Belgian army and the wearied French troops' endeavors to check the German reinforcements were powerless, so the British commander sent fresh troops to prevent the Germans from executing movements which would have given them access to Channel ports.

Sir Douglas Haig, with the First Army Corps, was sent Oct. 19 to capture Bruges and drive the enemy back toward Ghent, if possible. Meantime the Belgians intrenched themselves along the Ypres Canal. Sir John French commends the valor of the Belgians, who, he says, exhausted by weeks of constant fighting, maintained these positions gallantly.

Because of the overwhelming numbers of the Germans opposing them, he says he enjoined a defensive rôle upon the three army corps located south of Ypres. While Gen. Haig made a slight advance, Sir John says it was wonderful that he was able to advance at all, owing to the

bad roads and the overwhelming number of Germans, which made it impossible to carry out the original plan of moving to Bruges.

The fighting gradually developed into bayonet charges. Field Marshal French says that Oct. 21 brought forth the hardest attack, made on the First Corps at Ypres, in the checking of which the Worcestershire Regiment displayed great gallantry. This day marked the most critical period in the great battle, according to the Commander in Chief, who says the recapture of the village of Gheluvelt through a rally of the Worcestershires was fraught with much consequence to the Allies.

After referring to some of the battles in which the Indian troops took part, Field Marshal French says:

"Since their arrival in this country and their occupation of the line allotted to them I have been much impressed by the initiative and resource displayed by the Indian troops. Some of the ruses they have employed to deceive the enemy have been attended with the best results and have doubtless kept the superior forces in front of them at bay. Our Indian sappers and miners have long enjoyed a high reputation for skill and resource. Without going into detail I can confidently assert that throughout their work in this campaign they have fully justified that reputation.

"The general officer commanding the Indian army describes the conduct and bearing of these troops in strange and new surroundings to have been highly satisfactory, and I am enabled from my own observations to fully corroborate this statement."

Sir John French goes on to say that, while the whole line continued to be heavily pressed, the Germans' efforts from Nov. 1 have been concentrated upon breaking through the line held by the First British and the Ninth French Corps and thus gaining possession of the town of Ypres. Three Bavarian and one German corps, in addition to other troops, were all directed against this northern line.

About Nov. 10, after several units of these corps had been completely shat-



tered in futile attacks, the Field Marshal continues, a division of the Prussian Guard, which had been operating in the vicinity of Arras, was moved up to this area with great speed and secrecy. Documents found on dead officers, the report says, proved that the Guard received the German Emperor's special command to break through and succeed where their comrades of the line had failed. They took the leading part in the vigorous attacks made against the centre on the 11th and 12th, says Field Marshal French, but, like their comrades, were repulsed with enormous casualties.

He pays high tribute to Sir Douglas Haig and his divisional and brigade commanders, who, he says, "held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage." The Field Marshal predicts that "their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our time."

High praise is also given the Third Cavalry Division under Major Gen. Julian Byng, whose troops "were repeatedly

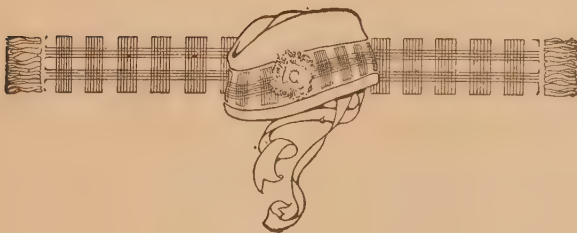
called upon to restore situations at critical points and fill gaps in the line caused by the tremendous losses which occurred."

The Commander in Chief makes special mention of Col. Gordon Chesney Wilson of the Royal Horse Guards, Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay of the Second Life Guards, and Brig. Gen. FitzClarence of the Irish Guards, who were killed, and of Brig. Gen. the Earl of Cavan, who "on many occasions was conspicuous for the skill, coolness, and courage with which he led his troops."

Of the Flying Corps the report says:

"Every day new methods of employing them, both strategically and tactically, are discovered and put into practice."

Concerning the Territorials who have been employed, the Field Marshal says the conduct and bearing of these units under fire and the efficient manner in which they have carried out the duties assigned to them "has imbued me with the highest hope as to the value and the help of the Territorial troops generally."



# Story of the "Eye-Witness"

By Col. E. D. Swinton of the Intelligence Department of the  
British General Staff

*From the beginning of the war world-wide attention has been attracted to the reports issued from time to time as coming from "an eye-witness at British General Headquarters." At first these reports were erroneously ascribed to Marshal French himself, and resulted in much admiring comment on his vivid and graphic way of reporting. Later it became known that they were the work of Col. Swinton, who was attached to Gen. French's headquarters in the capacity of "official observer."*

## I.

### The Battle of the Aisne Begins

[By the "Official Observer," Col. E. D. Swinton.]

General Headquarters,  
Sept. 18, 1914.

SEPT. 14, the Germans were making a determined resistance along the River Aisne. Opposition, which it was at first thought might possibly be of a rear-guard nature, not entailing material delay to our progress, has developed and has proved to be more serious than was anticipated.

The action, now being fought by the Germans along their line, may, it is true, have been undertaken in order to gain time for some strategic operation or move, and may not be their main stand. But, if this is so, the fighting is naturally on a scale which as to extent of ground covered and duration of resistance makes it undistinguishable in its progress from what is known as a "pitched battle," though the enemy certainly showed signs of considerable disorganization during the earlier days of their retirement phase.

Whether it was originally intended by them to defend the position they took up as strenuously as they have done, or whether the delay, gained for them during the 12th and 13th by their artillery, has enabled them to develop their resistance and force their line to an extent

not originally contemplated cannot yet be said.

So far as we are concerned the action still being contested is the battle of the Aisne. The foe we are fighting is just across the river along the whole of our front to the east and west. The struggle is not confined to the valley of that river, though it will probably bear its name.

The progress of our operations and the French armies nearest us for the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th will now be described:

On Monday, the 14th, those of our troops which had on the previous day crossed the Aisne, after driving in the German rear guards on that evening, found portions of the enemy's forces in prepared defensive positions on the right bank and could do little more than secure a footing north of the river. This, however, they maintained in spite of two counterattacks delivered at dusk and 10 P. M., in which the fighting was severe.

During the 14th, strong reinforcements of our troops were passed to the north bank, the troops crossing by ferry, by pontoon bridges, and by the remains of permanent bridges. Close co-operation with the French forces was maintained and the general progress made was good,

although the opposition was vigorous and the state of the roads, after the heavy rains, made movements slow. One division alone failed to secure the ground it expected to.

The First Army Corps, after repulsing repeated attacks, captured 600 prisoners and twelve guns. The cavalry also took a number of prisoners. Many of the Germans taken belong to the reserve and Landwehr formations, which fact appears to indicate that the enemy is compelled to draw on other classes of soldiers to fill the gaps in his ranks.

There was a heavy rain throughout the night of Sept. 14-15, and during the 15th. The situation of the British forces underwent no essential change. But it became more and more evident that the defensive preparations made by the enemy were more extensive than was at first apparent.

In order to counterbalance these, measures were taken by us to economize our troops and to secure protection from the hostile artillery fire, which was very fierce, and our men continued to improve their own intrenchments. The Germans bombarded our lines nearly all day, using heavy guns, brought, no doubt, from before Maubeuge, as well as those with the corps.

All their counterattacks, however, failed, although in some places they were repeated six times. One made on the Fourth Guards Brigade was repulsed with heavy slaughter.

An attempt to advance slightly, made by part of our line, was unsuccessful as regards gain of ground, but led to the withdrawal of part of the enemy's infantry and artillery.

Further counterattacks made during the night were beaten off. Rain came on toward evening and continued intermittently until 9 A. M. on the 16th. Besides adding to the discomfort of the soldiers holding the line, the wet weather to some extent hampered the motor transport service, which was also hindered by broken bridges.

On Wednesday, the 16th, there was little change in the situation opposite the British. The efforts made by the enemy

were less active than on the previous day, although their bombardment continued throughout the morning and evening. Our artillery fire drove the defenders off one of the salients of their position, but they returned in the evening. Forty prisoners were taken by the Third Division.

On Thursday, the 17th, the situation still remained unchanged in its essentials. The German heavy artillery fire was more active than on the previous day. The only infantry attacks made by the enemy were on the extreme right of our position, and, as had happened before, were repulsed with heavy loss, chiefly, on this occasion, by our field artillery.

In order to convey some idea of the nature of the fighting it may be said that along the greater part of our front the Germans have been driven back from the forward slopes on the north of the river. Their infantry are holding strong lines of trenches among and along the edge of the numerous woods which crown the slopes. These trenches are elaborately constructed and cleverly concealed. In many places there are wire entanglements and lengths of rabbit fencing.

Both woods and open are carefully aligned, so that they can be swept by rifle fire and machine guns, which are invisible from our side of the valley. The ground in front of the infantry trenches is also, as a rule, under crossfire from the field artillery placed on neighboring features and under high-angle fire from pieces placed well back behind the woods on top of the plateau.

A feature of this action, as of the previous fighting, is the use by the enemy of their numerous heavy howitzers, with which they are able to direct long-range fire all over the valley and right across it. Upon these they evidently place great reliance.

Where our men are holding the forked edges of the high ground on the north side they are now strongly intrenched. They are well fed, and in spite of the wet weather of the last week are cheerful and confident.

The bombardment by both sides has



been very heavy, and on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday was practically continuous. Nevertheless, in spite of the general din caused by the reports of the immense number of heavy guns in action along our front on Wednesday, the arrival of the French force acting against the German right flank was at once announced on the east of our front, some miles away, by the continuous roar of their quick-firing artillery, with which their attack was opened.

So far as the British are concerned, the greater part of this week has been passed in bombardment, in gaining ground by degrees, and in beating back severe counterattacks with heavy slaughter. Our casualties have been severe, but it is probable that those of the enemy are heavier.

The rain has caused a great drop in the temperature, and there is more than a distinct feeling of Autumn in the air, especially in the early mornings.

On our right and left the French have been fighting fiercely and have also been gradually gaining ground. Our village has already during this battle been captured and re-captured twice by each side, and at the time of writing remains in the hands of the Germans.

The fighting has been at close quarters and of the most desperate nature, and the streets of the village are filled with dead on both sides.

As an example of the spirit which is inspiring our allies, the following translation of an *ordre du jour*, published on Sept. 9 after the battle of Montmirail by the commander of the French Fifth Army, is given:

Soldiers: Upon the memorable fields of Montmirail, of Vauchamps, of Champaubert, which a century ago witnessed the victories of our ancestors over Blucher's Prussians, your vigorous offensive has triumphed over the resistance of the Germans. Held on his flanks, his centre broken, the enemy is now retreating toward the east and north by forced marches. The most renowned army corps of old Prussia, the contingents of Westphalia, of Hanover, of Brandenburg, have retired in haste before you.

This first success is no more than the prelude. The enemy is shaken, but no

yet decisively beaten. You have still to undergo severe hardships, to make long marches, to fight hard battles.

May the image of our country, soiled by barbarians, always remain before your eyes. Never was it more necessary to sacrifice all for her.

Saluting the heroes who have fallen in the fighting of the last few days, my thoughts turn toward you, the victors in the next battle. Forward, soldiers, for France! FRANCHET D'ESPEREY, General Commanding the Fifth Army, Montmirail, Sept. 9, 1914.

The Germans are a formidable enemy, well trained, long prepared, and brave. Their soldiers are carrying on the contest with skill and valor. Nevertheless they are fighting to win anyhow, regardless of all the rules of fair play, and there is evidence that they do not hesitate at anything in order to gain victory.

A large number of the tales of their misbehaviors are exaggeration and some of the stringent precautions they have taken to guard themselves against the inhabitants of the areas traversed are possibly justifiable measures of war. But, at the same time, it has been definitely established that they have committed atrocities on many occasions and they have been guilty of brutal conduct.

So many letters and statements of our wounded soldiers have been published in our newspapers that the following epistle from a German soldier of the Seventy-fourth Infantry Regiment, Tenth Corps, to his wife may also be of interest:

"My Dear Wife: I have just been living through days that defy imagination. I should never have thought that men could stand it. Not a second has passed but my life has been in danger, and yet not a hair of my head has been hurt.

"It was horrible! It was ghastly! but I have been saved for you and for our happiness, and I take heart again, although I am still terribly unnerved. God grant that I may see you again soon, and that this horror may soon be over.

"None of us can do any more; human strength is at an end. I will try to tell you about it. On the 5th of September the enemy were reported to be taking up

a position near St. Prix, southeast of Paris.

"The Tenth Corps, which had made an astonishingly rapid advance, of course, was attacked on Sunday. Steep slopes led up to the heights, which were held in considerable force.

"With our weak detachments of the Seventy-fourth and Ninety-first regiments we reached the crest and came under a terrible artillery fire that mowed us down. However, we entered St. Prix. Hardly had we done so than we were met with shell fire and a violent fusillade from the enemy's infantry.

"Our Colonel was badly wounded—he is the third we have had. Fourteen men were killed around me. We got away in a lull without being hit.

"The 7th, 8th, and 9th of September we were constantly under shell and shrapnel fire and suffered terrible losses. I was in a house which was hit several times. The fear of death, of agony, which is in every man's heart, and naturally so, is a terrible feeling.

"How often I have thought of you, my darling, and what I suffered in that terrifying battle, which extended along a front of many miles near Montmirail, you cannot possibly imagine.

"Our heavy artillery was being used for the siege of Maubeuge. We wanted it badly, as the enemy had theirs in force and kept up a furious bombardment. For four days I was under artillery fire. It was like hell, but a thousand times worse.

"On the night of the 9th the order was given to retreat, as it would have been madness to attempt to hold our position with our few men, and we should have risked a terrible defeat the next day. The First and Third Armies had not been able to attack with us, as we had advanced too rapidly. Our morale was absolutely broken. In spite of unheard-of sacrifices we had achieved nothing.

"I cannot understand how our army, after fighting three great battles and being terribly weakened, was sent against a position which the enemy had prepared for three weeks, but naturally I know

nothing of the intentions of our Chiefs; they say nothing has been lost.

"In a word, we retired toward Comtremont and Rheims by forced marches by day and night. We hear that three armies are going to get into line, intrench and rest, and then start afresh our victorious march on Paris. It was not a defeat, only a strategic retreat. I have confidence in our Chiefs that everything will be successful.

"Our First Battalion, which has fought with unparalleled bravery, is reduced from 1,200 to 194 men. These numbers speak for themselves."

Among the minor happenings of interest is the following:

During a counterattack by the German Fifty-third Regiment on positions of the Northampton and Queen's Regiments on Thursday, the 17th, a force of some 400 of the enemy were allowed to approach right up to the trench occupied by a platoon of the former regiment, owing to the fact that they had held up their hands and made gestures that were interpreted as signs that they wished to surrender. When they were actually on the parapet of the trench held by the Northampton they opened fire on our men at point-blank range.

Unluckily for the enemy, however, flanking them and only some 400 yards away, there happened to be a machine gun manned by a detachment of the Queen's. This at once opened fire, cutting a lane through their mass, and they fell back to their own trench with great loss. Shortly afterward they were driven further back, with additional loss, by a battalion of Guards which came up in support.

An incident which occurred some little time ago during our retirement is also worthy of record. On Aug. 28, during the battle fought by the French along the Oise between La Fère and Guise, one of the French commanders desired to make an air reconnaissance. It was found, however, that no observers were available.

Wishing to help our allies as much as possible, a British officer attached to this particular French army volunteered to

go up with the pilot to observe. He had never been in an aeroplane, but he made the ascent and produced a valuable reconnaissance report.

Incidentally he had a duel in the air at an altitude of 6,000 feet with the observer of a German Taube monoplane which approached. He fired several shots and drove off the hostile aeroplane. His action was much appreciated by the French.

In view of the many statements made in the press as to the use of Zeppelins against us, it is interesting to note that the Royal Flying Corps, who had been out on reconnaissance every day since their arrival in France, have never seen a Zeppelin, though airships of a non-rigid type have been seen on two occasions near Marne.

Late one evening two such were observed over the German forces. An aeroplane was dispatched against them, but in the darkness our pilots were uncertain of the airship's nationality and did not attack. It was afterward made clear that they could not have been French.

A week later an officer, reconnoitring to the flank, saw an airship over the German forces and opposite the French. It had no distinguishing mark and was assumed to belong to the latter, though it is now known that it also must have been a German craft.

The orders of the Royal Flying Corps are to attack Zeppelins at once, and there is some disappointment at the absence of those targets.

The following special order has been issued today to the troops:

"Special Order of the Day,  
By Field Marshal Sir John French,  
G. C. B., G. C. V. O., K. C. M. G.,  
Commander in Chief of the British Army  
in the Field.

"September 17, 1914.

"Once more I have to express my deep appreciation of the splendid behavior of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the army under my command throughout the great battle of the Aisne, which has been in progress since the evening of the 12th inst., and the battle of the Marne, which lasted from the morning of the 6th to the evening of the 10th and

finally ended in the precipitate flight of the enemy.

"When we were brought face to face with a position of extraordinary strength, carefully intrenched and prepared for defense by an army and staff which are thorough adepts in such work, throughout the 13th and 14th, that position was most gallantly attacked by the British forces and the passage of the Aisne effected. This is the third day the troops have been gallantly holding the position they have gained against most desperate counterattacks and the hail of heavy artillery.

"I am unable to find adequately words in which to express the admiration I feel for their magnificent conduct.

"The French armies on our right and left are making good progress, and I feel sure that we have only to hold on with tenacity to the ground we have won for a very short time longer when the Allies will be again in full pursuit of a beaten enemy.

"The self-sacrificing devotion and splendid spirit of the British Army in France will carry all before it.

"J. D. P. FRENCH, Field Marshal,  
"Commander in Chief of the British Army  
in the Field."

## II.

### The Slow Fight on the Aisne

[Made Public Sept. 24, 1914.]

THE enemy is still maintaining himself along the whole front, and, in order to do so, is throwing into the fight detachments composed of units from different formations, the active army, reserve, and Landwehr, as is shown by the uniforms of the prisoners recently captured.

Our progress, although slow on account of the strength of the defensive positions against which we are pressing, has in certain directions been continuous; but the present battle may well last for some days more before a decision is reached, since it now approximates somewhat to siege warfare.

The Germans are making use of searchlights. This fact, coupled with their great strength in heavy artillery, leads to the supposition that they are employing material which may have been collected for the siege of Paris.

The nature of the general situation after the operations of the 18th, 19th,



and 20th cannot better be summarized than as expressed recently by a neighboring French commander to his corps: "Having repulsed repeated and violent counterattacks made by the enemy, we have a feeling that we have been victorious."

So far as the British are concerned, the course of events during these three days can be described in a few words. During Friday, the 18th, artillery fire was kept up intermittently by both sides during daylight. At night the German centre attacked certain portions of our line, supporting the advance of their infantry, as always, by a heavy bombardment. But the strokes were not delivered with great vigor, and ceased about 2 A. M. During the day's fighting an aircraft gun of the Third Army Corps succeeded in bringing down a German airplane.

News also was received that a body of French cavalry had demolished part of the railway to the north, so cutting, at least temporarily, one line of communication which is of particular importance to the enemy.

On Saturday, the 19th, the bombardment was resumed by the Germans at an early hour and continued intermittently under reply from our own guns. Some of their infantry advanced from cover, apparently with the intention of attacking, but on coming under fire they retired. Otherwise the day was uneventful, except for the activity of the artillery, which is a matter of normal routine rather than an event.

Another hostile airplane was brought down by us, and one of our aviators succeeded in dropping several bombs over the German line, one incendiary bomb falling with considerable effect on a transport park near La Fère.

A buried store of the enemy's munitions of war was also found, not far from the Aisne, ten wagonloads of live shell and two wagonloads of cable being dug up. Traces were discovered of large quantities of stores having been burned—all tending to show that as far back as the Aisne the German retirement was hurried.

There was a strong wind during the

day, accompanied by a driving rain. This militated against the aerial reconnaissance.

On Sunday, the 20th, nothing of importance occurred until the afternoon, when there was a break in the clouds and an interval of feeble sunshine, which was hardly powerful enough to warm the soaking troops. The Germans took advantage of this brief spell of fine weather to make several counterattacks against different points. These were all repulsed with loss to the enemy, but the casualties incurred by us were by no means light.

In one section of our firing line the occupants of the trenches were under the impression that they heard a military band in the enemy's lines just before the attack developed. It is now known that the German infantry started their advance with bands playing.

The offensive against one or two points was renewed at dusk, with no greater success. The brunt of the resistance has naturally fallen upon the infantry. In spite of the fact that they have been drenched to the skin for some days and their trenches have been deep in mud and water, and in spite of the incessant night alarms and the almost continuous bombardment to which they have been subjected, they have on every occasion been ready for the enemy's infantry when the latter attempted to assault, and they have beaten them back with great loss. Indeed, the sight of the Pickelhauben [German spiked helmets] coming up has been a positive relief after long, trying hours of inaction under shellfire.

The object of the great porportion of artillery the Germans employ is to beat down the resistance of their enemy by concentrated and prolonged fire, to shatter their nerves with high explosives, before the infantry attack is launched. They seem to have relied on doing this with us, but they have not done so, though it has taken them several costly experiments to discover this fact.

From statements of prisoners it appears that they have been greatly disappointed by the moral effect produced by their heavy guns, which, despite the

actual losses inflicted, has not been at all commensurate with the colossal expenditure of ammunition, which has really been wasted. By this it is not implied that their artillery fire is not good; it is more than good—it is excellent. But the British soldier is a difficult person to impress or depress, even by immense shells filled with a high explosive which detonate with terrific violence and form craters large enough to act as graves for five horses.

The German howitzer shells are from 8 to 9 inches in calibre, and on impact they send up columns of greasy black smoke. On account of this they are irreverently dubbed "coal boxes," "Black Marias," or "Jack Johnsons" by the soldiers. Men who take things in this spirit are, it seems, likely to throw out the calculations based on the loss of morale so carefully framed by the German military philosophers.

A considerable amount of information has been gleaned from prisoners. It has been gathered that our bombardment on the 15th produced a great impression. The opinion is also reported that our infantry make such good use of ground that the German companies are decimated by our rifle-fire before the British soldier can be seen.

From an official diary captured by the First Army Corps it appears that one of the German corps contains an extraordinary mixture of units. If the composition of the other corps is similar, it may be assumed that the present efficiency of the enemy's forces is in no way comparable with what it was when the war commenced.

The losses in officers are noted as having been especially severe. A brigade is stated to be commanded by a Major; some companies of food guards by one-year volunteers; while after the battle of Montmirail one regiment lost fifty-five out of sixty officers. The prisoners recently captured appreciate the fact that the march on Paris has failed and that their forces are retreating, but state that the object of this movement is explained by the officers as being to withdraw into closer touch

with the supports, which have stayed too far in the rear.

The officers are also endeavoring to encourage the troops by telling them that they will be at home by Christmas. A large number of the men believe that they are beaten. Following is an extract from one document:

"With the English troops we have great difficulties. They have a queer way of causing losses to the enemy. They make good trenches, in which they wait patiently; they carefully measure the ranges for their rifle-fire, and they open a truly hellish fire on the unsuspecting cavalry. This was the reason that we had such heavy losses.

"According to our officers, the English striking forces are exhausted; the English people really never wanted war."

From another source: "The English are very brave and fight to the last man. One of our companies has lost 130 men out of 240."

The following letter, which refers to the fighting on the Aisne, has been printed and circulated to the troops:

#### LETTER FOUND ON GERMAN OFFICER OF SEVENTH RESERVE CORPS.

Cerny, South of Laon, Sept. 14, 1914.

My Dear Parents: Our corps has the task of holding the heights south of Cerny in all circumstances until the Fourteenth Corps on our left flank can grip the enemy's flank. On our right are other corps. We are fighting with the English Guards, Highlanders, and Zouaves. The losses on both sides have been enormous. For the most part this is due to the too brilliant French artillery.

The English are marvelously trained in making use of ground. One never sees them, and one is constantly under fire. The French airmen perform wonderful feats. We cannot get rid of them. As soon as an airman has flown over us, ten minutes later we get their shrapnel fire in our positions. We have little artillery in our corps; without it we cannot get forward.

Three days ago our division took possession of these heights and dug itself in. Two days ago, early in the morning, we were attacked by an immensely superior English force, one brigade and two battalions, and were turned out of our positions. The fellows took five guns from us. It was a tremendous hand-to-hand fight.

How I escaped myself I am not clear. I then had to bring up supports on foot.

My horse was wounded, and the others were too far in the rear. Then came up the Guards Jager Battalion, Fourth Jager, Sixth Regiment, Reserve Regiment Thirteen, and Landwehr Regiments Thirteen and Sixteen, and with the help of the artillery we drove the fellows out of the position again. Our machine guns did excellent work; the English fell in heaps.

In our battalion three Iron Crosses have been given, one to C. O., one to Capt. —, and one to Surgeon —, [Names probably deleted.] Let us hope that we shall be the lucky ones next time.

During the first two days of the battle I had only one piece of bread and no water. I spent the night in the rain without my overcoat. The rest of my kit was on the horses which had been left behind with the baggage and which cannot come up into the battle because as soon as you put your nose up from behind cover the bullets whistle.

War is terrible. We are all hoping that a decisive battle will end the war, as our troops already have got round Paris. If we beat the English the French resistance will soon be broken. Russia will be very quickly dealt with; of this there is no doubt.

We received splendid help from the Austrian heavy artillery at Maubeuge. They bombarded Fort Cerfontaine in such a way that there was not ten meters a parapet which did not show enormous craters made by the shells. The armored turrets were found upside down.

Yesterday evening, about 6, in the valley in which our reserves stood there was such a terrible cannonade that we saw nothing of the sky but a cloud of smoke. We had few casualties.

Recently a pilot and observer of the Royal Flying Corps were forced by a breakage in their aeroplane to descend in the enemy's lines. The pilot managed to pancake his machine down to earth, and the two escaped into some thick undergrowth in the woods.

The enemy came up and seized and smashed the machine, but did not search for our men with much zeal. The latter lay hid till dark and then found their way to the Aisne, across which they swam, reaching camp in safety, but barefooted.

Numerous floating bridges have been thrown across the Aisne and some of the pontoon bridges have been repaired under fire. On the 20th Lieut. [name deleted] of the Third Signal Corps, Royal Engineers, was unfortunately

drowned while attempting to swim across the river with a cable in order to open up fresh telegraphic communication on the north side.

Espionage is still carried on by the enemy to a considerable extent. Recently the suspicions of some of the French troops were aroused by coming across a farm from which the horses had been removed. After some search they discovered a telephone which was connected by an underground cable with the German lines, and the owner of the farm paid the penalty in the usual way in war for his treachery.

After some cases of village fighting which occurred earlier in the war it was reported by some of our officers that the Germans had attempted to approach to close quarters by forcing prisoners to march in front of them. The Germans have recently repeated the same trick on a larger scale against the French, as is shown by the copy of an order printed below. It is therein referred to as a ruse, but, if that term can be accepted, a distinctly illegal ruse.

"During a recent night attack," the order reads, "the Germans drove a column of French prisoners in front of them. This action is to be brought to the notice of all our troops (1) in order to put them on their guard against such a dastardly ruse; (2) in order that every soldier may know how the Germans treat their prisoners. Our troops must not forget if they allow themselves to be taken prisoners the Germans will not fail to expose them to French bullets."

Further evidence has now been collected of the misuse of the white flag and other signs of surrender. During an action on the 17th, owing to this, one officer was shot. During recent fighting, also, some German ambulance wagons advanced in order to collect the wounded. An order to cease firing was consequently given to our guns, which were firing on this particular section of ground. The German battery commanders at once took advantage of the lull in the action to climb up their observation ladders and on to a haystack to locate our guns, which soon afterward came under a far more accurate fire than any



to which they had been subjected up to that time.

A British officer, who was captured by the Germans and has since escaped, reports that while a prisoner he saw men who had been fighting subsequently put on Red Cross brassards.

That irregular use of the protection afforded by the Geneva Convention is not uncommon is confirmed by the fact that on one occasion men in the uniform of combatant units have been captured wearing a Red Cross brassard hastily slipped over the arm. The excuse given has been that they had been detailed after the fight to look after the wounded.

It is reported by a cavalry officer that the driver of a motor car with a machine gun mounted on it, which was captured, was wearing a Red Cross.

Full details of the actual damage done to the cathedral at Rheims will doubtless have been cabled home, so that no description of it is necessary. The Germans bombarded the cathedral twice with their heavy artillery.

One reason it caught alight so quickly was that on one side of it was some scaffolding which had been erected for restoration work. Straw had also been laid on the floor for the reception of the German wounded. It is to the credit of the French that practically all the German wounded were successfully extricated from the burning building.

There was no justification on military grounds for this act of vandalism, which seems to have been caused by exasperation born of failure—a sign of impotence rather than strength. It is noteworthy that a well-known hotel not far from the cathedral, which was kept by a German, was not touched.

### III.

## Two September Days

[Made Public Sept. 28, 1914.]

FOR four days there has been a comparative lull all along our front. This has been accompanied by a spell of fine weather, though the nights have been much colder. One cannot have everything, however,

and one evil result of the sunshine has been the release of flies, which were torpid during the wet days.

Advantage has been taken of the arrival of reinforcements to relieve by fresh troops the men who have been on the firing line for some time. Several units, therefore, have received their baptism of fire during the week.

Since the last letter left headquarters evidence has been received which points to the fact that during the counterattacks on the night of Sept. 20 German detachments of infantry fired into each other. This was the result of an attempt to carry out the dangerous experiment of a converging advance in the dark. Opposite one portion of our position considerable massing of hostile forces was observed before dark. Some hours later a furious fusillade was heard in front of our line, though no bullets came over our trenches.

This narrative begins with Sept. 21 and covers only two days. There was but little rain on Sept. 21 and the weather took a turn for the better, which has been maintained. The action has been practically confined to the artillery, our guns at once point shelling and driving the enemy, who endeavored to construct a redoubt.

The Germans expended a large number of heavy shells in a long-range bombardment of the village of Missy, (Department of the Aisne.) Reconnoitring parties sent out during the night of Sept. 21-22 discovered some deserted trenches. In them or in the woods over 100 dead and wounded were picked up. A number of rifles, ammunition, and equipment were also found. There were other signs that portions of the enemy's forces had withdrawn some distance.

The weather was also fine on Sept. 22, with less wind, and it was one of the most uneventful days we have passed since we reached the Aisne, that is, uneventful for the British. There was less artillery work on either side, the Germans giving the village of Paissy (Aisne) a taste of the "Jack Johnson." The spot thus honored is not far from the ridge where there has been some of the most severe close fighting in which

we have taken part. All over this No Man's Land, between the lines, bodies of German infantrymen were still lying in heaps where they had fallen at different times.

Espionage plays so large a part in the conduct of the war by the Germans that it is difficult to avoid further reference to the subject. They have evidently never forgotten the saying of Frederick the Great: "When Marshal Soubise goes to war he is followed by a hundred cooks. When I take the field I am preceded by a hundred spies." Indeed until about twenty years ago there was a paragraph in their field service regulations directing that the service of protection in the field, such as outposts and advance guards, should always be supplemented by a system of espionage. Although such instructions are no longer made public, the Germans, as is well known, still carry them into effect.

Apart from the more elaborate arrangements which were made in peace time for obtaining information by paid agents some of the methods which are being employed for the collection or conveyance of intelligence are as follows:

Men in plain clothes signal the German lines from points in the hands of the enemy by means of colored lights at nights and puffs of smoke from chimneys in the day time. Pseudo laborers working in the fields between the armies have been detected conveying information. Persons in plain clothes have acted as advanced scouts to the German cavalry when advancing.

German officers or soldiers in plain clothes or French or British uniforms have remained in localities evacuated by the Germans in order to furnish them with intelligence. One spy of this kind was found by our troops hidden in a church tower. His presence was only discovered through the erratic movements of the hands of the church clock, which he was using to signal his friends by an improvised semaphore code. Had this man not been seized it is probable he would have signaled the time of arrival and the exact position of the headquarters staff of the force and a high

explosive shell would then have mysteriously dropped on the building.

Women spies have also been caught. Secret agents have been found at rail heads observing entrainments and de-trainments. It is a simple matter for spies to mix with refugees who are moving about to and from their homes, and it is difficult for our troops, who speak neither French nor German, to detect them. The French have also found it necessary to search villages and casual wayfarers on the roads and to search for carrier pigeons.

Among the precautions taken by us against spying is the following notice printed in French, posted up:

"Motor cars and bicycles other than those carrying soldiers in uniform may not circulate on the roads. Inhabitants may not leave the localities in which they reside between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M. Inhabitants may not quit their homes after 8 P. M. No person may on any pretext pass through the British lines without an authorization countersigned by a British officer."

Events have moved so quietly for the last two months that anything connected with the mobilization of the British expeditionary force is now ancient history. Nevertheless, the following extract from a German order is evidence of the mystification of the army and a tribute to the value of the secrecy which was so well and so loyally maintained in England at the time:

"Tenth Reserve Army Corps Headquarters,

"Mont St. Guibert, Aug. 20, 1914.

"Corps Order, Aug. 20.

"The French troops in front of the Tenth Army Corps have retreated south across the Sambre. Part of the Belgian army has been withdrawn from Antwerp. It is reported that an English army has disembarked at Calais and Boulogne, en route to Brussels."

#### IV.

### Fighting in the Air

[Made Public Sept. 29, 1914.]

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 23, 1914, was a perfect Autumn day. It passed without incident as regards major operations. Although the enemy concentrated their

heavy artillery upon the plateau near Passy, nothing more than inconvenience was caused.

The welcome absence of wind gave our airmen a chance of which they took full advantage by gathering much information. Unfortunately, one of our aviators, who had been particularly active in annoying the enemy by dropping bombs, was wounded in a duel in the air.

Being alone on a single-seated monoplane, he was not able to use his rifle, and while circling above a German two-seated machine in an endeavor to get within pistol shot he was hit by the observer of the German machine, who was armed with a rifle. He managed to fly back over our lines, and by great good luck he descended close to a motor ambulance, which at once conveyed him to a hospital.

Against this may be set off the fact that another of our flyers exploded a bomb among some led artillery horses, killing several and stampeding the others.

On Thursday, Sept. 24, the fine weather continued, as did the lull in the action, the heavy German shells falling mostly near Pargnan, twelve miles south-southeast of Laon.

On both Wednesday and Thursday the weather was so fine that many flights were made by the aviators, French, British, and German. These produced a corresponding activity among the anti-aircraft guns.

So still and clear was the atmosphere toward evening on Wednesday and during the whole of Thursday that to those not especially on the lookout the presence of aeroplanes high up above them was first made known by the bursting of the projectiles aimed at them. The puffs of smoke from the detonation shell hung in the air for minutes on end, like balls of fleece cotton, before they slowly expanded and were dissipated.

From the places mentioned as being the chief targets for the enemy's heavy howitzers, it will be seen that the Germans are not inclined to concentrate

their fire systematically upon definite areas in which their aviators think they have located our guns, or upon villages where it is imagined our troops may be billeted. The result will be to give work to local builders.

The growing resemblance of this battle to siege warfare has already been pointed out. The fact that the later actions of the Russo-Japanese war assumed a similar character was thought by many to have been due to exceptional causes, such as the narrowness of the theatre of operations between the Chinese frontier on the west and the mountainous country of Northern Korea on the east; the lack of roads, which limited the extent of ground over which it was possible for the rival armies to manoeuvre, and the fact that both forces were tied to one line of railroad.

Such factors are not exerting any influence on the present battle. Nevertheless, a similar situation has been produced, owing, first, to the immense power of resistance possessed by an army which is amply equipped with heavy artillery and has sufficient time to fortify itself, and, secondly, to the vast size of the forces engaged, which at the present time stretch more than half way across France.

The extent of the country covered is so great as to render slow any efforts to manoeuvre and march around to a flank in order to escape the costly expedient of a frontal attack against heavily fortified positions.

To state that the methods of attack must approximate more closely to those of siege warfare the greater the resemblance of the defenses to those of a fortress is a platitude, but it is one which will bear repetition if it in any way assists to make the present situation clear.

There is no doubt that the position on the Aisne was not hastily selected by the German Staff after the retreat had begun. From the choice of ground, and the care with which the fields of fire had been arranged to cover all possible avenues of approach, and from the amount of work already carried out, it



is clear that the contingency of having to act on the defensive was not overlooked when the details of the strategically offensive campaign were arranged.

## V.

### Technique of This Warfare

[Made Public Oct. 9, 1914.]

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30, merely marked another day's progress in the gradual development of the situation, and was distinguished by no activity beyond slight attacks by the enemy. There was also artillery fire at intervals. One of our airmen succeeded in dropping nine bombs, some of which fell on the enemy's rolling stock collected on the railway near Laon. Some of the enemy's front trenches were found empty at night; but nothing much can be deduced from this fact, for they are frequently evacuated in this way, no doubt to prevent the men in the back lines firing on their comrades in front of them.

Thursday, Oct. 1, was a most perfect Autumn day, and the most peaceful that there has been since the two forces engaged on the Aisne. There was only desultory gunfire as targets offered. During the night the enemy made a few new trenches. A French aviator dropped one bomb on a railway station and three bombs on troops massed near it.

The weather on Friday, the 2d, was very misty in the early hours, and it continued hazy until the late afternoon, becoming thicker again at night. The Germans were driven out of a mill which they had occupied as an advanced post, their guns and machine guns which supported it being knocked out one by one by well-directed artillery fire from a flank. During the night they made the usual two attacks on the customary spot in our lines, and as on previous occasions were repulsed. Two of their trenches were captured and filled in. Our loss was six men wounded.

Up to Sept. 21 the air mileage made

by our airmen since the beginning of the war amounted to 87,000, an average of 2,000 miles per day, the total equaling nearly four times the circuit of the world. The total time spent in the air was 1,400 hours.

There are many points connected with the fighting methods of either side that may be of interest. The following description was given by a battalion commander who has been at the front since the commencement of hostilities and has fought both in the open and behind intrenchments. It must, however, be borne in mind that it only represents the experiences of a particular unit. It deals with the tactics of the enemy's infantry:

The important points to watch are the heads of valleys and ravines, woods—especially those on the sides of hollow ground—and all dead ground to the front and flanks. The German officers are skilled in leading troops forward under cover, in closed bodies, but once the latter are deployed and there is no longer direct personal leadership the men will not face heavy fire. Sometimes the advance is made in a series of lines, with the men well opened out at five or six paces interval; at other times it is made in a line, with the men almost shoulder to shoulder, followed in all cases by supports in close formation. The latter either waver when the front line is checked, or crowd on to it, moving forward under the orders of their officers, and the mass forms a magnificent target. Prisoners have described the fire of our troops as pinning them to the ground, and this is certainly borne out by their action.

When the Germans are not heavily intrenched no great losses are incurred in advancing against them by the methods in which the British Army has been instructed. For instance, in one attack over fairly open ground against about an equal force of infantry sheltered in a sunken road and in ditches we lost only 10 killed and 60 wounded, while over 400 of the enemy surrendered after about 50 had been killed. Each side had the support of a battery, but the fight for superiority from infantry fire took place at about 700 yards and lasted only half an hour. When the Germans were wavering some of them put up the white flag, but others went on firing, and our men continued to do the same. Eventually a large number of white flags, improvised from handkerchiefs, pieces of shirt, white biscuit bags, &c., were exhibited all along the line, and many men hoisted their helmets on their rifles.

In the fighting behind intrenchments the Germans endeavor to gain ground by making advances in line at dusk or just before dawn, and then digging themselves in, in the hope, no doubt, that they may eventually get so near as to be able, as at manoeuvres, to reach the hostile trenches in a single rush. They have never succeeded in doing this against us. If by creeping up in dead ground they do succeed in gaining ground by night, they are easily driven back by fire in the morning. A few of the braver men sometimes remain behind, at ranges of even 300 or 400 yards, and endeavor to inflict losses by sniping. Sharpshooters also are often noticed in trees or wriggling about until they get good cover. The remedy is to take the initiative and detail men to deal with the enemy's sharpshooters.

A few night attacks have been made against us. Before one of them a party crept up close to the British line and set alight a hayrick, so that it should form a beacon on which the centre of the attacking line marched. Generally, however, in the night and early morning attacks, groups of forty or fifty men have come on, the groups sometimes widely separated from one another and making every endeavor to obtain any advantage from cover. Light balls and searchlights have on some occasions been used. Latterly the attacks have become more and more half-hearted. Against us the enemy has never closed with the bayonet. The German trenches I have seen were deep enough to shelter a man when firing standing, and had a step down in rear for the supports to sit in.

As regards our own men, there was at first considerable reluctance to intrench, as has always been the case at the commencement of a war. Now, however, having bought experience dearly, their defenses are such that they can defy the German artillery fire.

## VI.

### Becomes an Artillery Duel

[Made Public Oct. 10, 1914.]

**C**OMPARATIVE calm on our front has continued through the fine and considerably warmer weather.

The last six days have been slightly misty with clouds hanging low, so that conditions have not been very favorable for aerial reconnoissance.

In regard to the latter, it is astonishing how quickly the habit is acquired, even by those who are not aviators, of

thinking of the weather in terms of its suitability for flying. There has been a bright moon also, which has militated against night attacks.

On Saturday, Oct. 3, practically nothing happened, except that each side shelled the other.

Toward evening on Sunday, Oct. 4, there was a similar absence of activity. Opposite one portion of our line the enemy's bands played patriotic airs, and the audiences which gathered gave a chance to our waiting howitzers.

Not only do their regimental bands perform occasionally, but with their proverbial fondness for music the Germans have in some places gramophones in their trenches.

On Monday, the 5th, there were three separate duels in the air between French and German aviators, one of which was visible from our trenches. Two of the struggles were, so far as could be seen, indecisive, but in the third the French airmen were victorious, and brought down their opponents, both of whom were killed by machine-gun fire. The observer was so burned as to be unrecognizable.

During the day some men of the Landwehr were taken prisoners by us. They were in very poor condition and wept copiously when captured. One, on being asked what he was crying for, explained that though they had been advised to surrender to the English, they believed that they would be shot.

On that evening our airmen had an unusual amount of attention paid to them, both by the German aviators and their artillery of every description.

One of our infantry patrols discovered 150 dead Germans in a wood, one and a half miles from our front. We sent a party out to bury them, but it was fired upon and had to withdraw.

On Tuesday, the 6th, the enemy's guns were active in the afternoon. It is believed that the bombardment was due to anger because two of our howitzer shells had detonated right in one of the enemy's trenches, which was full of men. Three horses were killed by the German fire.

Wednesday, the 7th, was uneventful.

On Thursday, the 8th, the shelling by the enemy of a locality on our front, which has so far been the scene of their greatest efforts, was again continuous. Opposite one or two points the Germans have attempted to gain ground by sapping in some places, with the view of secretly pushing forward machine guns in advance of their trenches, so that they can suddenly sweep with crossfire the space between our line and theirs, and so take any advance of ours on the flank.

It is reported that at one point where the French were much annoyed by the fire of a German machine gun, which was otherwise inaccessible, they drove a mine gallery, 50 meters (about 164 feet) long, up to and under the emplacement, and blew up the gun. The man who drove the gallery belonged to a corps which was recruited in one of the coal-mining districts of France.

The German machine guns are mounted on low sledges, and are inconspicuous and evidently easily moved.

The fighting now consists mostly of shelling by the artillery of both sides and in front a line of fire from the machine guns as an occasional target offers. Our Maxims have been doing excellent work and have proved most efficient weapons for the sort of fighting in which we are now engaged.

At times there are so many outbursts of their fire in different directions that it is possible for an expert to tell by comparison which of the guns have their springs adjusted and are well tuned up for the day. The amount of practice that our officers are now getting in the use of this weapon is proving most valuable in teaching them how to maintain it at concert pitch as an instrument and how to derive the best tactical results from its employment.

Against us the Germans are not now expending so much gun ammunition as they have been but they continue to fire at insignificant targets. They have the habit of suddenly dropping heavy shells without warning in localities of villages far behind our front line, possibly on the chance of catching some of our troops

in bivouac or billets. They also fire a few rounds at night.

The artillery has up to now played so great a part in the war that a few general remarks descriptive of the methods of its employment by the enemy are justified. Their field artillery armament consists of 15-pounder quick-fire guns for horse and field batteries of divisions and there are, in addition, with each corps three to six batteries of 4.3-inch field howitzers and about two batteries of 5.9-inch howitzers. With an army there are some 8.2-inch heavy howitzers.

The accuracy of their fire is apt at first to cause some alarm, more especially as the guns are usually well concealed and the position and the direction from which the fire is proceeding are difficult of detection. But accurate as is their shooting, the German gunners have on the whole had little luck, and during the past three weeks an astonishingly small proportion of the number of shells fired by them have been really effective.

Quite the most striking feature of their handling of the artillery is the speed with which they concentrate the fire upon any selected point. They dispense to a great extent with the method of ranging known by us as bracketing, especially when acting on the defensive, and direct their fire by means of squared maps and the telephone. Thus, when the target is found, its position on the map is telephoned to such batteries as it is desired to employ against that particular square.

In addition to the guns employed to fire on the targets as they are picked up, others are told off to watch particular roads, and to deal with any of the enemy using them.

Both for the location of targets and the communication of the effect of the fire, reliance is placed on observation from aeroplanes and balloons and on information supplied by special observers and secret agents, who are sent out ahead or left behind in the enemy's lines to communicate by telephone or signal. These observers have been found in haystacks, barns, and other buildings well in advance of the German lines.



Balloons of the so-called sausage pattern remain up in the air for long periods for the purpose of discovering targets, and until our aviators made their influence felt by chasing all hostile aeroplanes on sight the latter were continually hovering over our troops in order to register their positions and to note where the headquarters, reserves, gun teams, &c., were located.

If suitable targets are discovered the airman drops a smoke ball directly over it or lets fall some strips of tinsel, which glitter in the sun as they slowly descend to the earth. The range to the target is apparently ascertained by those near the guns by a large telemeter, or other range finder, which is kept trained on the aeroplane, so that when the signal is made the distance to the target vertically below is at once obtained. A few rounds are then fired, and the result is signaled back by the aviator according to some prearranged code.

## VII.

### A Fight in the Clouds

[Dated Oct. 13, 1914.]

FROM Friday, the 9th of October, until Monday, the 12th, so little occurred that a narrative of the events can be given in a few words. There has been the usual sporadic shelling of our trenches which has resulted in but little harm, so well dug in are our men, and on the night of the 10th the Germans made yet a fresh assault, supported by artillery fire, against the point which has all along attracted most of their attention.

The attempt was again a costly failure toward which our guns were able to contribute with great effect.

Details have been received of an exciting encounter in midair. One of our aviators on a fast scouting monoplane sighted a hostile machine. He had two rifles, fixed one on either side of his engines, and at once gave chase, but lost sight of his opponent among the clouds. Soon, however, another machine hove into view, which turned out to be a German

Otto biplane, a type of machine which is not nearly as fast as our scouts. Our officer once again started a pursuit. He knew that owing to the position of the propeller of the hostile machine he could not be fired at when astern of his opponent. At sixty yards' range he fired one rifle without apparent result. Then as his pace was carrying him ahead of his quarry he turned round, and, again coming to about the same distance behind, emptied his magazine at the German.

The latter began at once to descend as if either he or his machine were hit, and shutting off his engine and volplaning to free his hands, the pursuer recharged his magazine. Unfortunately it jammed, but he managed to insert four cartridges and to fire them at his descending opponent, who disappeared into a cloud bank with dramatic suddenness. When the British officer merged below the cloud he could see no sign of the other. He therefore climbed to an altitude of some 7,000 feet and came to the conclusion that the German must have come to earth in the French lines.

The French airmen, too, have been very successful during the last three days, having dropped several bombs among the German cavalry and caused considerable loss and disorder, and having by similar means silenced a battery of field howitzers.

The German anti-aircraft guns recently have been unusually active. From their rate of fire they seem to be nearly automatic, but so far they have not had much effect in reducing the air reconnaissances carried out by us.

A striking feature of our line—to use the conventional term which so seldom expresses accurately the position taken up by an army—is that it consists really of a series of trenches not all placed alongside each other, but some more advanced than others, and many facing in different directions. At one place they run east and west along one side of a valley. At another almost north and south up some subsidiary valley. Here they line the edge of woods, and there they are on the reverse slope of a hill, or possibly along a sunken road, and at dif-

ferent points both the German and the British trenches jut out like promontories into what might be regarded as the opponents' territory.

Though both sides have moved forward at certain points, and withdrawn at others, no very important change has been effected in their dispositions, in spite of the enemy's repeated counterattacks. These have been directed principally against one portion of the position won by us, but in spite of the lavish expenditure of life they have not so far succeeded in driving us back.

The situation of the works in the German front line as a whole has been a matter of deliberate selection, for they have had the advantage of previous reconnaissance, being first in the field.

Behind the front they now have several lines prepared for a step-by-step defense. Another point which might cause astonishment to a visitor to our intrenchments is the evident indifference displayed to the provision of an extended field of frontal rifle fire, which is generally accepted as being one of the great requirements of a defensive position. It is still desirable, if it can be obtained without the usually accompanying drawback of exposure to the direct fire of hostile artillery, but experience has shown that a short field of fire is sufficient to beat back the infantry assaults of the enemy, and by giving up direct fire at long or medium ranges and placing our trenches on the reverse slope of a hill or behind the crest, it is in many places possible to gain shelter from the frontal fire of the German guns, for the men are well trained in musketry and under good fire control, and the dead ground beyond the short range from their position has comparatively small terrors.

Many of the front trenches of the Germans equally lack a distant field of fire, but if lost they would be rendered untenable by us by the fact that they would be exposed to a fire from the German guns in the rear and to cross-rifle fire from neighboring works.

The extent to which cross-fire of all kinds is employed is also remarkable. Many localities and areas along the Aisne

are not swept from the works directly in front of them, but are rendered untenable by rifle fire from neighboring features or by that of guns that are out of sight. So much is this the case that among these hills and valleys it is a difficult matter for troops to find out whence they are being shot at.

There is a perpetual triangular duel. A's infantry can see nothing to shoot at, but are under fire from B's guns. The action of B's guns then brings upon them the attention of some of A's artillery waiting for a target, the latter being in their turn assailed by other batteries. And so it goes on. In a wooded country in spite of airplanes and balloons smokeless powder has made the localization and identification of targets a matter of supreme difficulty.

## VIII.

### The Men in the Trenches

[Dated Oct. 13, 1914.]

ON the firing line the men sleep and obtain shelter in dugouts they have hollowed or cut under the sides of the trenches. These refuges are raised slightly above the bottom of the trench, so as to remain dry in wet weather. The floor of the trench also is sloped for purposes of draining. Some of the trenches are provided with overhead cover which gives protection from the weather as well as from shrapnel balls and splinters of shells. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised by the men in naming these shelters. Among the favorite designations are the "Hotel Cecil," the "Ritz Hotel," the "Billet-Doux Hotel," and the "Rue Dormir."

On the road barricades also are to be found boards bearing this notice: "This way to the Prussians."

Obstacles of every kind abound, and at night each side can hear the enemy driving pickets for entanglements, digging *trous-de-loup*, or working forward by sapping. In some places obstacles have been constructed by both sides so close together that some wag suggested

that each side provide working parties to perform this fatigue duty alternately, inasmuch as the work of the enemy is now almost indistinguishable from ours, and serves the same purpose.

Quarries and caves, to which allusion already has been made, provide ample accommodation for whole battalions, and most comfortable are these shelters which have been constructed in them. The northern slopes of the Aisne Valley fortunately are very steep, and this to a great extent protects us from the enemy's shells, many of which pass harmlessly over our heads, to burst in the meadows along the river bank.

At all points subject to shell fire access to the firing line from behind is provided by communication trenches. These are now so good that it is possible to cross in safety a fire-swept zone to the advance trenches from billets in villages, bivouacs in quarries, or other places where the headquarters of units happen to be.

It already has been mentioned that according to information obtained from the enemy fifteen Germans were killed by a bomb dropped upon the ammunition wagon of a cavalry column. It was thought at the time that this might have been the work of one of our airmen, who reported that he had dropped a hand grenade on this convoy, and had then got a birdseye view of the finest display of fireworks he had ever seen. From corroborative evidence it now appears that this was the case; that the grenade thrown by him probably was the cause of the destruction of a small convoy carrying field-gun and howitzer ammunition, which now has been found a total wreck.

Along the road lie fourteen motor lorries, their iron skeletons twisted and broken. Everything inflammable has been burned, as have the stripped trees—some with split trunks—on either side of the road. Of the drivers, nothing remains except tattered boots and charred scraps of clothing, while the ground within a radius of fifty yards of the wagons is littered with pieces of iron, split brass cartridge cases, which have exploded, and

some fixed-gun ammunition with live shells.

If it were possible to reconstruct this incident, if it was, in fact, brought about as supposed, the grenade from the aeroplane must have detonated on the leading lorry, on one side of the road, and caused the cartridges carried by it to explode. Three vehicles immediately in the rear must then have been set on fire, with a similar result. Behind these are groups of four and two vehicles so jammed together as to suggest that they must have collided in desperate attempts to stop. On the other side of the road, almost level with the leading wagon, are found more vehicles, which probably were fired by the explosion of the first.

If this appalling destruction was due to one hand grenade, it is an illustration of the potentialities of a small amount of high explosive detonated in the right spot, while the nature of the place where the disaster occurred, a narrow forest road between high trees, is a testimony to the skill of the airmen.

It is only fair to add that some French newspapers claim this damage to the enemy was caused by the action of a detachment of their dragoons.

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## IX.

### 1,100 Dead in a Single Trench

[Official Summary, Dated Oct. 27.]

THE Official Bureau makes public today the story of an eye-witness, supplementing the account issued on Oct. 24, and bringing the story of the general course of operations in France up to Oct. 20. The arrival of reinforcements, it says, enabled the British troops to assist in the extension of the Allies' line where the Germans advanced from the northeast and east, holding a front extending from Mont Descats, about ten miles northeast of Hazebrouck, through Meteren, five miles south of that point, and thence to Estaires, thirteen miles west of Lille, on the River Lys. The statement continues:

"South of the Lys the German line ex-



tended to three miles east of Bethune to Vermelles. The Allies encountered resistance all along the line on the 12th and 13th, when the enemy's right fell back hastily. Bailleul, seventeen miles northwest by west of Lille, which had been occupied by the foe for eight days, was abandoned without a shot being fired.

"On the 14th our left wing advanced, driving the enemy back, and on the night of the 15th we were in possession of all the country on the left bank of the Lys to a point five miles below Armentières. The enemy retired from that town on the 16th, and the river line, to within a short distance of Frelinghien, fell into our hands.

"The state of the crossings over the Lys indicated that no organized scheme of defense had been executed, some of the bridges being in a state of repair, others merely barricaded, while one was not even defended or broken.

"The resistance offered to our advance on the 15th was of a most determined character. The fighting consisted of fiercely contested encounters, infantry attacks on the villages being unavailing until our howitzers reduced the houses to ruins. Other villages were taken and retaken three times before they were finally secured.

"The French cavalry here gave welcome support, and on the evening of the 16th the resistance was overcome, the enemy retiring five miles to the eastward."

Describing an incident of the fighting on this night, the narrative says that the important crossing of the Lys at Warneton was strongly held by the Germans with a barricade loopholed at the bottom to enable the men to fire while lying down.

"Our cavalry, with the artillery, blew the barricade to pieces and scattered the defenders," the narrative continues. "Advancing three-quarters of a mile our troops reached the square, when one of the buildings appeared to leap skyward. A sheet of flame and a shower of star shells at the same time made the place as light as day and enabled the enemy, ensconced in surrounding houses, to pour

a devastating fire from rifles and machine guns. Our cavalry extricated themselves with the loss of one officer wounded and nine men killed and wounded, but a party of volunteers went back and carried off their wounded comrades from the inferno.

"During the 17th, 18th, and 19th of October our right encountered strong opposition from the enemy about La Bassée, where they had established themselves behind embankments. On the centre and the left we made better progress, although the Germans were everywhere intrenched, and, in spite of the bombardment, held some villages on the Lys. At the close of each day a night counterstroke was delivered against one or another part of our line, but they were all repulsed.

"Tuesday, Oct. 20, a determined but unsuccessful attack was made against virtually the whole of our line. At one point where one of our brigades made a counterattack 1,100 German dead were found in a trench and forty prisoners were taken."

The narrative points out that the advance of the Allies has been hindered by the weather and the nature of the ground, together with the impossibility of knowing beforehand the reception that advance detachments were likely to meet in approaching any village or town. "One place may be evacuated hastily as untenable," the recital continues, "while another in the same general line will continue to resist for a considerable time. In some villages the inhabitants meet our cyclists with kisses, while at the next one the roads will, in all probability, have trenches cut across them and blocked with barricades and machine guns. Under these circumstances an incautious advance is severely punished, and it is impossible for large bodies of troops to push on until the front has been thoroughly reconnoitred. This work requires the highest qualities from our cavalry, our cyclists, and our advanced guards.

Armored motor cars equipped with machine guns are now playing a part in the war, and have been most successful

in dealing with small parties of German mounted troops. In their employment our gallant allies, the Belgians, who are now fighting with us and acquitting themselves nobly, have shown themselves to be experts. They appear to regard Uhlan hunting as a form of sport. The crews display the utmost dash and skill in this form of warfare, often going out several miles ahead of their own advanced troops and seldom failing to return loaded with spoils in the shape of lancers' caps, busbies, helmets, lances, rifles, and other trophies, which they distribute as souvenirs to the crowds in the market places of the frontier towns.

Although the struggle in the northern area naturally attracts more attention than the one in the Aisne, the fighting in this region still continues. Although there has been no alteration in the general situation, the enemy has made certain changes in the positions of his heavy artillery, with the result that one or two places which formerly were safe are now subject to bombardment, while others which were approachable only at night or by crawling on hands and knees now serve as recreation grounds. At one point even a marquee tent has been erected.

A story from this quarter illustrates a new use for the craters made by the explosions of the "Black Marias," the name given by the men to the projectiles of the big German howitzers. An officer on patrol stumbled in the dark on the German trenches. He turned and made for the British lines, but the fire directed at him was so heavy that he had to throw himself on the ground and crawl. There was no cover at hand, and his chances looked desperate, when he saw close by an enormous hole in the ground made by one of these large shells. Into this he scrambled and remained there for a night and a day. When night again came he succeeded in reaching our lines in safety.

Official casualty lists of recent date which have been captured show that the losses of the Germans continue to be heavy. One single list shows that a company of German infantry had 139

men killed and wounded, or more than half of its war establishment. Other companies suffered almost as heavily. It further appears that the number of men reported missing—that is, those who have fallen into the hands of the enemy or who have become marauders—is much greater in the reserve battalions than in the first-line units. This is evidence of the inferior quality of some of the reserves now being brought up to reinforce the enemy field army, and it is all the more encouraging, since every day adds to our first-line strength.

The arrival of the Indian contingents caused every one to realize that while the enemy was filling his depleted ranks with immature levies, we have large reserves of perfectly fresh and thoroughly trained troops to draw upon.

## X.

### Nature of Fighting Changes

[Dated Oct. 26.]

**B**EFORE the narrative of the progress of the fighting near the Franco-Belgian frontier subsequent to Oct. 20 is continued a brief description will be given of the movement of a certain fraction of our troops from its former line facing north, on the east of Paris, to its present position facing east, in the northwest corner of France, by which a portion of the British Army has been enabled to join hands with the incoming and growing stream of reinforcements.

This is now an accomplished fact, as is generally known, and can therefore be explained in some detail without detriment. Mention will also be made of the gradual development up to Oct. 20 in the nature of the operations in this quarter of the theatre of war, which has recently come into such prominence.

In its broad lines the transfer of strength by one combatant during the course of a great battle which has just been accomplished is somewhat remarkable. It can best be compared with the

action of the Japanese during the battle of Mukden, when General Oku withdrew a portion of his force from his front, moved it northward behind the line, and threw it into the fight again near the extreme left of the Japanese armies.

In general direction, though not in scope or possible results, owing to the coast line being reached by the Allies, the parallel is complete. The Japanese force concerned, however, was much smaller than ours and the distance covered by it was less than that from the Aisne to the Franco-Belgian frontier. General Oku's troops, moreover, marched, whereas ours were moved by march, rail, and motor.

What was implied in the actual withdrawal from contact with the enemy along the Aisne will be appreciated when the conditions under which we were then situated are recalled.

In places the two lines were not one hundred yards apart, and for us no movement was possible during daylight. In some of the trenches which were under enfilade fire our men had to sit all day long close under the traverses—as are called those mounds of earth which stretch like partitions at intervals across a trench so as to give protection from lateral fire. Even where there was cover, such as that afforded by depressions or sunken roads, on the hillside below and behind our firing line, any attempt to cross the intervening space was met by fierce bursts of machine-gun and shell fire.

The men in the firing line were on duty for twenty-four hours at a time, and brought rations and water with them when they came on duty, for none could be sent up to them during the day. Even the wounded could not be removed until dark.

The preliminary retirement of the units was therefore carried out gradually, under cover of darkness. That the Germans only once opened fire on them while so engaged was due to the care with which the operation was conducted, and also, probably, to the fact that the enemy were so accustomed to the recurrence of the sounds made by the reliefs of the men in the firing line and by the

movement of the supply trains below that they were misled as to what was actually taking place.

What the operation amounted to on our part was the evacuation of the trenches, under carefully made arrangements with the French who had to take our place in the trenches; the retirement to the river below, in many cases down a steep slope; the crossing of the river over the noisy plank roadways of floating or repaired bridges, which were mostly commanded by the enemy's guns, and the climb up to the top of the plateau on the south side.

The rest of the move was a complicated feat of transportation which cut across some of the lines of communication of our allies; but it requires no description here. In spite of the various difficulties, the whole strategic operation of transferring the large number of troops from the Aisne was carried out without loss and practically without a hitch.

As regards the change in the nature of the fighting in which we have recently been engaged, it has already been pointed out that the operations had up till then been of a preparatory nature and that the Germans were obviously seeking to delay us by advanced troops while heavier forces were being got ready and brought up to the scene of action. It was known that they were raising a new army, consisting of corps formed of Ersatz, (supernumerary reserves,) volunteers, and other material which had not yet been drawn upon, and that part of it would in all probability be sent to the western theatre, either to cover the troops laying siege to Antwerp, in case that place should hold out, or, in the event of the capture of the fortress, to act in conjunction with the besieging force in a violent offensive movement toward the coast.

After the fall of Antwerp and the release of the besieging troops there was a gradual increase in the strength of the opposition met with by us.

The resistance of the detachments—which beyond the right extreme of the German fortified line near Bethune a fortnight ago consisted almost entirely



of cavalry—grew more and more determined as more infantry and guns came into the front line, until Tuesday, Oct. 20, when the arrival opposite us of a large portion of the new formations and a considerable number of heavy guns enabled the enemy to assume the offensive practically against the whole of our line at the same time that they attacked the Belgians between us and the coast.

The operations then really assumed a fresh complexion.

Since that date, up to the 25th, apart from the operations on either side of us, there has been plenty of action to chronicle on our immediate front, where some of the heaviest fighting in which we have yet been engaged has taken place, resulting in immense loss to the Germans.

On Wednesday, the 21st, the new German formations again pressed forward in force vigorously all along our line. On our right, south of the Lys, an attack on Violaines was repulsed with loss to the assailants.

On the other hand, we were driven from some ground close by, to the north, but regained it by a counterattack.

Still further north the Germans gained and retained some points.

Their total casualties to the southeast of Armentières are estimated at over 6,000.

On the north of the Lys, in our centre, a fiercely contested action took place near La Gheir, which village was captured in the morning by the enemy and then retaken by us. In this direction the German casualties were also extremely heavy. They came on with the greatest bravery, in swarms, only to be swept away by our fire. One battalion of their 104th Regiment was practically wiped out, some 400 dead being picked up by us in our lines alone.

Incidentally, by our counterattack, we took 130 prisoners and released some forty of our own men who had been surrounded and captured, including a subaltern of artillery who had been cut off while observing from a point of vantage.

It is agreeable to record that our men were very well treated by their captors,

who were Saxons, being placed in cellars for protection from the bombardment of our own guns.

On our left our troops advanced against the German 26th Reserve Corps near Passchendaele, and were met by a determined counteroffensive, which was driven back with great loss. At night the Germans renewed their efforts unsuccessfully in this quarter.

At one point they tried a ruse which is no longer new. As they came up in a solid line two deep they shouted out: "Don't fire; we are the Coldstream Guards."

But our men are getting used to tricks of this kind, and the only result of this "slimness" was that they allowed the enemy's infantry to approach quite close before they swept them down with magazine fire.

Apart from the 400 dead found near our lines in our centre, our patrols afterward discovered some 300 dead further out in front of our left, killed by our artillery.

Thursday, the 22d, saw a renewal of the pressure against us. We succeeded, however, in holding our ground in nearly every quarter.

South of the Lys the enemy attacked from La Bassée, and gained Violaines and another point, but their effort against a third village was repulsed by artillery fire alone, the French and British guns working together very effectively. On the north of the river it was a day of minor attacks against us, which were all beaten back.

The Germans advanced in the evening against our centre and left, and were again hurled back, though they gained some of our trenches in the latter quarter. By this time the enemy had succeeded in bringing up several heavy howitzers, and our casualties were considerable.

On Friday, the 23d, all action south of the Lys on our right was confined to that of the artillery, several of the hostile batteries being silenced by our fire. In the centre their infantry again endeavored to force their way forward, and were only repulsed after determined fighting, leaving many dead on the

ground and several prisoners in our hands. North of the Lys attacks at different points were repulsed.

On our left the 23d was a bad day for the Germans. Advancing in our turn, we drove them from some of the trenches out of which they had turned us on the previous evening, captured 150 prisoners, and released some of our men whom they had taken.

As the Germans retreated our guns did great execution among them.

They afterward made five desperate assaults on our trenches, advancing in mass and singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" as they came on. Each assault was easily beaten back, our troops waiting until the enemy came to very close range before they opened fire with rifles and Maxims, causing terrible havoc in the solid masses.

During the fighting in this quarter on the night of the 22d and on the 23d the German losses were again extremely heavy. We made over 600 prisoners during that time and picked up 1,500 dead, killed on the latter day alone.

Much of the slaughter was due to the point-blank magazine fire of our men against the German assaults, while our field guns and howitzers, working in perfect combination, did their share when the enemy were repulsed. As they fell back they were subjected to a shower of shrapnel. When they sought shelter in villages or buildings they were shattered and driven out by high-explosive shells and then again caught by shrapnel as they came into the open.

The troops to suffer so severely were mostly of the Twenty-third Corps, one of their new formations.

Certainly the way their advance was conducted showed a lack of training and faults in leading which the almost super-human bravery of the soldiers could not counterbalance. It was a holocaust.

The spectacle of these devoted men chanting a national song as they marched on to certain death was inspiring. It was at the same time pitiable.

And if any proof were needed that untrained valor alone cannot gain the day in modern war, the advance of the

Twenty-third German Corps on Oct. 23 most assuredly furnished it.

Besides doing its share of execution on the hostile infantry, our artillery in this quarter brought down a German captive balloon.

As some gauge of the rate at which the guns were firing at what was for them an ideal target, it may be mentioned that one field battery expended 1,800 rounds of ammunition during the day.

On Saturday, the 24th, action on our right was once more confined to that of artillery, except at night, when the Germans pressed on, only to be repulsed.

In the centre, near Armentières, our troops withstood three separate attempts of the enemy to push forward, our guns coming into play with good effect. Against our left the German Twenty-seventh Corps made a violent effort with no success.

On Sunday, the 25th, it was our turn to take the offensive. This was carried out by a portion of our left wing, which advanced, gained some ground, and took two guns and eighty prisoners. It is believed that six machine guns fell to the French.

In the centre the fighting was severe, though generally indecisive in result, and the troops in some places were engaged in hand-to-hand combat. Toward evening we captured 200 prisoners.

On the right action was again confined to that of the guns.

Up to the night of the 25th, therefore, not only have we maintained our position against the great effort on the part of the enemy to break through to the west, or to force us back, which started on the 20th; we have on our left passed to the offensive.

These six days, as may be gathered, have been spent by us in repelling a succession of desperate onslaughts. It is true that the efforts against us have been made to a great extent by partially trained men, some of whom appear to be suffering from lack of food. But it must not be forgotten that these troops, which are in great force, have only recently been brought into the field, and are therefore comparatively fresh. They are

fighting also with the utmost determination, in spite of the fact that many of them are heartily sick of the war.

The struggle has been of the most severe and sanguinary nature, and it seems that success will favor that side which is possessed of most endurance, or can bring up and fling fresh forces into the fray. Though we have undoubtedly inflicted immense loss upon the enemy, they have so far been able to fill up the gaps in their ranks and to return to the charge, and we have suffered heavily ourselves.

One feature of the tactics now employed has been the use of cavalry in dismounted action, for on both sides many of the mounted troops are fighting in the trenches alongside the infantry.

Armored motor cars, armed with Maxims and light quick-firing guns, also have recently played a useful part on our side, especially in helping to eject the enemy lurking in villages and isolated buildings. Against such parties the combined action of the quick-firer against the snipers in buildings, and the Maxim against them when they are driven into the open, is most efficacious.

## XI.

### The British Defense at Ypres

[Dated Nov. 13, 1914.]

THE diminution in the force of the German rush to the west has not lasted long. The section of the front to the north of our forces was the first to meet the recrudescence of violence in the shape of an attack in the neighborhood of Dixmude and Bixchoote.

Our turn came next. After eight days of comparative relaxation we were under constant pressure from Tuesday, Nov. 3, to Tuesday, the 10th. The next day saw a repetition of the great attempt of the Germans to break through our lines to the French coast.

What was realized might happen did happen. In spite of the immense losses suffered by the enemy during the five-day attack against Ypres, which lasted from Oct. 29 to the 2d of this month, the

cessation of their more violent efforts on the latter day did not signalize the abandonment of the whole project, but merely the temporary relinquishment of the main offensive until fresh troops had been massed to carry on what was proving to be a costly and difficult operation.

Meanwhile the interval was employed in endeavoring to wear out the Allies by repeated local attacks of varying force and to shatter them by a prolonged and concentrated bombardment. By the 11th, therefore, it seems that they considered they had attained both objects, for on that day they recommenced the desperate battle for the possession of Ypres and its neighborhood.

Though the struggle has not yet come to an end, this much can be said: The Germans have gained some ground, but they have not captured Ypres.

In repulsing the enemy so far we have suffered heavy casualties, but battles of this fierce and prolonged nature cannot but be costly to both sides. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we have foiled the enemy in what appears to be at present his main object in the western theatre of operations, and have inflicted immensely greater losses on him than those we have suffered ourselves.

To carry on the narrative for the three days of the 10th, 11th, and 12th of November:

Tuesday, the 10th, was uneventful for us. At some distance beyond our left flank the enemy advanced in force against the French and were repulsed. Directly on our left, however, along the greater part of the front, shelling was less severe, and no infantry attacks took place.

To the southeast of Ypres the enemy kept up a very heavy bombardment against our line, as well as that of the French. On our left centre the situation remained unchanged, both sides contenting themselves with furious cannonading. In our centre the Germans retained their hold on the small amount of ground which they had gained from us, but in doing so incurred a heavy loss from our artillery and machine-gun fire.

Incidentally, one of the houses held by



the enemy was so knocked about by our fire that its defenders bolted. On their way to the rear they were met by reinforcements under an officer who halted them, evidently in an endeavor to persuade them to return. While the parley was going on one of our machine guns was quietly moved to a position of vantage, whence it opened a most effective fire on the group.

On our right one of the enemy's saps, which was being pushed toward our line, was attacked by us. All the men in it were captured.

Wednesday, the 11th, was another day of desperate fighting. As day broke, the Germans opened fire on our trenches to the north and south of the road from Menin to Ypres. This was probably the most furious artillery fire which they have yet employed against us.

A few hours later they followed this by an infantry assault in force. This attack was carried out by the First and Fourth Brigades of the Guard Corps, which, as we now know from prisoners, have been sent for to make a supreme effort to capture Ypres, since that task had proved too heavy for the infantry of the line.

As the attackers surged forward they were met by our frontal fire, and since they were moving diagonally across part of our front they were also attacked on the flank by artillery, rifles, and machine guns. Though their casualties before they reached our line must have been enormous, such was their resolution and the momentum of the mass that in spite of the splendid resistance of our troops they succeeded in breaking through our line in three places near the road. They penetrated some distance into the woods behind our trenches, but were counterattacked again, enfiladed by machine guns and driven back to their line of trenches, a certain portion of which they succeeded in holding, in spite of our efforts to expel them.

What their total losses must have been during this advance may be gauged to some extent from the fact that the number of dead left in the woods behind our line alone amounted to 700.

A simultaneous effort made to the south, a part of the same operation although not carried out by the Guard Corps, failed entirely, for when the attacking infantry massed in the woods close to our line, our guns opened on them with such effect that they did not push the assault home.

As generally happens in operations in wooded country, the fighting to a great extent was carried on at close quarters. It was most desperate and confused. Scattered bodies of the enemy who had penetrated into the woods in the rear of our position could neither go backward nor forward, and were nearly all killed or captured.

The portion of the line to the southeast of Ypres held by us was heavily shelled, but did not undergo any very serious infantry attack. That occupied by the French, however, was both bombarded and fiercely assaulted. On the rest of our front, save for the usual bombardment, all was comparatively quiet.

On the right one of our trenches was mined and then abandoned. As soon as it was occupied by the enemy the charges were fired and several Germans were blown to pieces.

Thursday, Nov. 12, was marked by a partial lull in the fighting all along our line. To the north a German force which had crossed the Yser and intrenched on the left bank was annihilated by a night attack with the bayonet, executed by the French. Slightly to the south the enemy was forced back for three-quarters of a mile. Immediately on our left the French were strongly attacked and driven back a short distance, our extreme left having to conform to this movement. Our allies soon recovered the ground they had lost, however, and this enabled us to advance also.

To the southeast of Ypres the enemy's snipers were very active. On our centre and right the enemy's bombardment was maintained, but nothing worthy of special note occurred.

The fact that on this day the advance against our line in front of Ypres was not pushed home after such an effort as that of Wednesday tends to show that

for the moment the attacking troops had had enough.

Although the failure of this great attack by the Guard Corps to accomplish their object cannot be described as a decisive event, it possibly marks the culmination if not the close of the second stage in the attempt to capture Ypres, and it is not without significance. It has also a dramatic interest of its own. Having once definitely failed to achieve this object by means of the sheer weight of numbers, and having done their best to wear us down, the Germans brought in fresh picked troops to carry the Ypres salient by an assault from the north, the south and the east. That the Guard Corps should have been selected to act against the eastern edge of the salient may be taken as proof of the necessity felt by the Germans to gain this point in the line.

Their dogged perseverance in pursuance of their objective claims wholehearted admiration. The failure of one great attack, heralded as it was by an impassioned appeal to the troops made in the presence of the Emperor himself, but carried out by partially trained men, has been only the signal for another desperate effort in which the place of honor was assigned to the corps d'élite of the German Army.

It must be admitted that the Guard Corps has retained that reputation for courage and contempt of death which it earned in 1870, when Emperor William I, after the battle of Gravelotte, wrote: "My Guard has found its grave in front of St. Privat," and the swarms of men who came up bravely to the British rifles in the woods around Ypres repeated the tactics of forty-four years ago, when their dense columns, toiling up the slopes of St. Privat, melted away under the fire of the French.

That the Germans are cunning fighters, and well up in all the tricks of the trade, has frequently been pointed out. For instance, they often succeed in ascertaining what regiment or brigade is opposed to them, and because of their knowledge of English, they are able to employ the information to some purpose. On a recent occasion, having by some

means discovered the name of the commander of the company holding the trench they were attacking, they called him by name, asking if Captain — was there. Fortunately the pronunciation of the spokesman was somewhat defective, and their curiosity was rewarded by discovering that both the officer in question and his men were very much there.

There have been reports from so many different quarters of the enemy having been seen wearing British and French uniforms that it is impossible to doubt their truth. One absolutely authentic case occurred during the fighting near Ypres. A man dressed in a uniform closely resembling that of a British staff officer suddenly appeared near our trenches and walked along the line. He asked if many casualties had been suffered, stated that the situation was serious, and that a general retirement had been ordered. A similar visit having been reported by several men in different trenches, orders were issued that this strange officer was to be detained if seen again. Unluckily he did not make another appearance.

The following remarks taken from the diary of a German soldier are published not because there is reason to believe they are justified with regard to the conduct of German officers but because of their interest as a human document. Under date of Nov 2 this German soldier wrote:

Previous to noon we were sent out in a regular storm of bullets on the order of the Major. These gentlemen, the officers, send their men forward in a most ridiculous way. They themselves remain far behind, safely under cover. Our leadership is really scandalous. Enormous losses on our side are partly from the fire of our own people, for our leaders neither know where the enemy lies nor where our own troops are, so that we often are fired on by our own men. It is a marvel to me that we have got on as far as we have done.

Our Captain fell, as did also all our section leaders and a large number of our men. Moreover, no purpose was served by this advance, for we remained the rest of the day under cover; we could go neither forward nor back, nor even shoot.

The trench we had taken was not occupied by us. The English naturally took

it back at night. That was the sole result. Then when the enemy had intrenched themselves another attack was made, costing us many lives and fifty prisoners. It is simply ridiculous, this leadership. If only I had known it before! My opinion of German officers has changed.

An Adjutant shouted to us from a trench far to the rear to cut down a hedge in front of us. Bullets were whistling round from in front and from behind. The gentleman himself, of course, remained behind.

The Fourth Company has now no leaders but a couple of non-coms. When will my turn come! I hope to goodness I shall get home again.

In the trenches shells and shrapnel burst without ceasing. In the evening we get a cup of rice and one-third of an apple per man. Let us hope peace will soon come. Such a war is really too awful. The English shoot like mad. If no reinforcements come up, especially heavy artillery, we shall have a poor lookout and must retire.

The first day I went quietly into the fight with an indifference which astonished me. Today, for the first time, in advancing, when my comrades on the right and left were falling, I felt rather nervous. But I lost that feeling again soon. One becomes horribly indifferent.

I picked up a piece of bread by chance. Thank God! At least I have something to eat.

There are about 70,000 English who must be attacked from all four sides and destroyed. However, they defend themselves obstinately.

## XII.

### Attacked by 750,000 Germans

[Official Summary, Dated Dec. 3, 1914.]

**C**OL. E. D. SWINTON of the Intelligence Department of the General Staff of the British Expeditionary Force in France and Belgium, in a narrative dated Nov. 26, gives a general review of the development of the situation of the force for six weeks preceding that date.

There has recently been a lull in the active operations, he says. No progress has been made by either side, and yet there has come about an important modification comprising a readjustment in the scope of the part played by the British Army as a whole. He explains the movement from the River Aisne to the Belgian

frontier to prolong the left flank of the French Army, and says that in attempting this the British force was compelled to assume responsibility for a very extended section of the front. He points out, as did Field Marshal Sir John French, Commander in Chief of the British forces, that the British held only one-twelfth of the line, so that the greater share of the common task of opposing the enemy fell and still falls to the French, while the Belgians played an almost vital part.

With the fall of Antwerp the Germans made every effort to push forward a besieging force toward the west and hastened to bring up a new army corps which had been hastily raised and trained, their object being to drive the Allies out of Belgium and break through to Dunkirk and Calais. Altogether they had a quarter of a million of fresh men. Eventually the Germans had north of La Bassée about fourteen corps and eight cavalry divisions, that is, "a force of three-quarters of a million of men with which to attempt to drive the Allies into the sea. In addition, there was immensely powerful armament and heavy siege artillery, which also had been brought up from around Antwerp."

The official eye-witness tells of the blows delivered by the Germans at Nieuport, Dixmude, and Ypres, where "at first the Allies were greatly outnumbered." For a whole month the British Army around Ypres succeeded in holding its ground against repeated onslaughts made by vastly superior forces. The writer goes into details of the German attacks and describes how they were frustrated by the Allies.

The British force, says Col. Swinton, which consisted all along of the same units, had "to withstand an almost continuous bombardment and to meet one desperate assault after another, each carried out by fresh units from the large numbers which the Germans were devoting to the operation." Finally the French came to their assistance, and "never was help more welcome; for by then our small local reserves had again and again been thrown into the fight in the execu-



tion of counterattacks, and our men were exhausted by the incessant fighting."

The British front now has been considerably shortened and in addition has been reinforced, while a lull in the activity has enabled the British to readjust their forces, strengthen their positions, and bring up reserves. There has, therefore, "been a great general improvement in the conditions under which we are carrying on the fight." Of the fighting which preceded this reorganization the writer says it is due solely to the resource, initiative, and endurance of the regimental officers and men that success has lain with the British. He continues:

"As the struggle swayed backward and forward through wood and hamlet the fighting assumed a most confused and desperate character. The units became inextricably mixed, and in many cases, in order to strengthen some threatened point or to fill a gap in the line, the officers had to collect and throw into the fight what men they could, regardless of the units to which they belonged. Our casualties have been severe; but we have been fighting a battle, and a battle implies casualties, and, heavy as they have been, it must be remembered that they have not been suffered in vain.

"The duty of the French, Belgians, and British in the western theatre of operations has been to act as a containing force; in other words, to hold on to and to keep occupied as many of the enemy as possible while the Russians were attacking in the east. In this we have succeeded in playing our part, and by our resistance have contributed materially toward the success of the campaign. Moreover, our losses have not impaired our fighting efficiency. The troops have required only a slight respite in order to be able to continue the action with as much determination as ever. They are physically fit and well fed and have suffered merely from the fatigue which is inseparable from a protracted struggle such as they have been through. The severest handling by the enemy has never

had more than a temporary effect on their spirits, which they have soon recovered, owing to the years of discipline and training to which the officers and men have been accustomed.

"The value of such preparation is as noticeable on the side of the enemy as on our own. The phenomenal losses suffered by the Germans' new formations have been remarked, and they were in part due to their lack of training. Moreover, though at the first onset these formations advanced to the attack as bravely as their active corps, they have not by any means shown the same recuperative powers. The Twenty-seventh Corps, for instance, which is a new formation composed principally of men with from only seven to twelve weeks' training, has not yet recovered from its first encounter with the British infantry around Becelaere, to the northeast of Ypres, a month ago. On the other hand, the Guards Corps, in spite of having suffered severely in Belgium, of having been thrown headlong across the Oise River at Guise, and of having lost large numbers on the plains of Compiègne and on the banks of the Aisne River, advanced against Ypres on the 11th of November as bravely as they did on the 20th of August."

The Allies, continues Col. Swinton, have made great sacrifices to defend against tremendous odds a line that could only be maintained by making these sacrifices; but the fact that the situation has been relieved is no reason for assuming that the enemy has abandoned his intention of pressing through to the sea. The writer points out that the Germans continue to attack with great courage, but little abated by failure, and, while they have not succeeded in gaining the Straits of Dover, they have been enabled to consolidate their position on the western front and retain all but a small portion of Belgium.

"As well as they have fought, however," continues the narrative, "it is doubtful if their achievements are commensurate with their losses, which recently have been largely due to a lack of training and a comparative lack of

discipline of the improvised units they put in the field."

Col. Swinton concludes with the statement that, as the war is going to be one of exhaustion, after the regular armies of the belligerents have done their work it will be upon the raw material of the countries concerned that final success will depend.

### XIII.

## The Lull in November

[Dated Nov. 29, 1914.]

GENERAL inactivity is recorded along the English front, with the Germans pressing the attack in one quarter against the Indian troops, who have been extending their trenches in an endeavor to get in close quarters with the enemy. There has been some shelling of the rear of our front line south of the Lys, but this form of annoyance diminishes daily along the whole front. Sniping, however, is carried on almost incessantly. There seems to be little doubt that the Germans are employing civilians, either willingly or unwillingly, to dig trenches; some civilians have been seen and shot while engaged in this work.

While it is necessary to accept the evidence of all prisoners with caution, there is a change in the views expressed by some officers captured recently which appears to be genuine. They admit the failure of the German strategy and profess to take a gloomy view of the future. At the same time it must be confessed that as yet there is no sign that their view is that generally held by the enemy, nor has there been any definite indication of a lack of morale among the German troops.

The highways of Northern France are crowded with men responding to the various mobilization orders issued by the French Government.

Thousands of such troops were encountered in the course of a short automobile trip. The strange procession includes a curious mixture of types. A considerable proportion of these new

drafts are composed of middle-aged men of good physique and likely young men from the countryside.

The change within the last few days of what may be termed the atmosphere of the battlefield has been marked. The noise of the cannonading has now decreased to such an extent that for hours at a time nothing is heard but the infrequent boom of one of the heavy guns of the Allies, the occasional rattle of machine guns, and the intermittent fire of snipers on either side. So far as the use of explosives is concerned, the greatest activity is found in local attacks with hand grenades and short-range howitzers. The enemy has practically closed his efforts to break through the line by assaults, and he is now devoting his energies to the same type of siege operations which have been familiar to the Allies since the beginning of the battle of the Aisne.

Subterranean life is the general rule in the neighborhood of the firing line. Even those men not actually engaged in fighting live in underground quarters. Some of these quarters, called "funk-holes," are quite elaborate and comfortable and contain many conveniences not found in the trenches on the firing line. They communicate with the firing line by zigzag approach trenches which make enfilading impossible.

Attacks are made on the firing line trenches by blind saps, which are constructed by a special earth borer. When this secret tunnel reaches the enemy's trench, an assault is delivered amid a shower of hand grenades. The stormers endeavor to burst their way through the opening and then try to work along the trench. Machine guns are quickly brought up to repel a counterattack. Most of this fighting takes place at such close range that the guns on either side cannot be fired at the enemy's infantry without great risk of hitting their own men. Bombs have come to take the place of artillery, and they are being used in enormous quantities.

The short-range howitzers are of three types, and those used by the Germans

have come to be termed the "Jack Johnson" of close attack. The smaller bombs and grenades thrown by hand, although local in action, are very unpleasant, particularly between the inclosed space of a trench. These grenades are thrown continuously by both sides, and every trench assault is first preceded and then accompanied by showers of these murderous missiles. This kind of fighting is

very deadly, and owing to the difficulty of observation it is at times somewhat blind. This difficulty has in a measure been decreased, however, by the use of the hyperscope, an instrument which works very much like the periscope on a submarine. It permits an observer to look out over the top of a parapet without raising his head above the protection of the trench.

## THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

By EDWARD NEVILLE VOSE

THE old year dies 'mid gloom and woe—  
The sadest year since Christ was  
born—

And those who battle in the snow  
All anxious-eyed look for the morn—  
The morn when wars shall be no more,  
The morn when Might shall cease to reign,  
When hushed shall be the cannons' roar  
And Peace shall rule the earth again.

As we from far survey the fray  
And strive to succor those who fall,  
Let each give thanks that not today  
To us the clarion bugles call—  
That not today to us 'tis said:  
"Bow down the knee, or pay the cost  
Till all ye loved are maimed or dead,  
Till all ye had is wrecked and lost."

Should that grim summons to us come  
God grant we'd all play heroes' parts,  
And bravely fight for land and home  
While red blood flows in loyal hearts.  
But now a duty nobler far  
Has come to us in this great day—  
We are the nations' guiding star,  
They look to us to lead the way.

They look to us to lead the way  
To liberty for all the world,  
The dawning of that better day  
When war's torn banners shall be furled—  
The day when men of every race  
Their right divine shall clearly see  
To rule themselves by their own grace,  
Forever and forever free.



# "Human Documents" of Battle

By Men Who Saw or Took Part

*Written in the hurry and confusion of battle, and without the opportunity at hand to check up the impressions given, it is of course likely that these dispatches from special correspondents may contain many things which history will correct. But as human documents they have no equal, and history will not be able, however she may correct matters of detail and partisan feeling, to offer anything which will give a more vivid impression of the glare and roar of battle than do these letters, penned by men actually in or near the firing line at the moment of great events. As such CURRENT HISTORY offers them, not as frozen history, but as history in the making, and has no apologies to make for an error of fact here and there, for those very errors are in a way testimony that add value to the story—the story of honest and hard-driven human beings writing what was passing before their eyes.*

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## The German Entry Into Brussels

By John Boon of The London Daily Mail

BRUSSELS, via Alost, Aug. 20, 1914.  
(Thursday,) 10 P. M.

**T**HE Germans entered Brussels shortly after 2 P. M. today without firing a shot.

Yielding to the dictates of reason and humanity, the civil Government at the last moment disbanded the Civic Guard, which the Germans would not recognize. The soldiers and ordinary police were then intrusted with the maintenance of order.

After a day of wild panic and slumberless nights the citizens remained at their windows. Few sought their couches.

The morning broke brilliantly. The city was astir early, and on all lips were the words, "They are here!" or "They are coming!"

The "they" referred to were already outside the boundaries in great force. The artillery was packed off on the road to Waterloo. Horse, foot, and sapper were packed deep on the Louvain and Tervervueren roads.

An enterprising motorist came in with the information and the crowds in the busy centres immediately became calm. At 11 o'clock it was reported that an officer with half a troop of hussars bear-

ing white flags had halted outside the Louvain gate.

The Burgomaster and four Sheriffs went in a motor car to meet the officers. They were conducted to the German military authorities at the head of the column. The meeting took place outside the barracks of the carabineers.

The Burgomaster claimed for the citizens their rights under the laws of war regulating an unfortified capital. When roughly asked if he was prepared to surrender the city, with the threat that otherwise it would be bombarded, the Burgomaster said he would do so. He also decided to remove his scarf of office.

The discussion was brief. When the Burgomaster handed over his scarf it was handed back to him and he was thus intrusted for the time being with the civil control of the citizens. The Germans gave him plainly to understand that he would be held responsible for any overt act on the part of the populace against the Germans.

From noon until 2 o'clock the crowds waited expectantly. Shortly after 2 o'clock the booming of cannon and later the sound of military music conveyed to the people of Brussels the intimation

that the triumphant march of the enemy on the ancient city had begun.

On they came, preceded by a scouting party of Uhlans, horse, foot, and artillery and sappers, with a siege train complete.

A special feature of the procession was 100 motor cars on which quick-firers were mounted. Every regiment and battery was headed by a band, horse or foot.

Now came the drums and fifes, now the blare of brass and soldiers singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland über Alles."

Along the Chaussee de Louvain, past St. Josse and the Botanical Gardens, to the great open space in front of the Gare du Nord, the usual lounging place of the tired twaddlers of the city, swept the legions of the man who broke the peace of Europe.

Among the cavalry were the famous Brunswick Death's Head Hussars and their companions on many bloody fields, the Zeiten Hussars. But where was the glorious garb of the German troops, the cherry-colored uniforms of the horsemen and the blue of the infantry? All is greenish, earth-color gray. All the helmets are painted gray. The gun carriages are gray. Even the pontoon bridges are gray.

To the quick-step beat of the drums the Kaiser's men march to the great Square Charles Rogier. Then at the whistling sound of the word of command—for the sonorous orders of the German officers seemed to have gone the way of the brilliant uniforms—the gray-clad ranks broke into the famous goose step, while the good people of Liège and Brussels gazed at the passing wonder with mouths agape.

At the railroad station the great procession defiled to the boulevards and thence marched to encamp on the heights of the city called Kochelberg. It was truly a sight to have gladdened the eyes of the Kaiser, but on the sidewalks men were muttering beneath their breath: "They'll not pass here on their return. The Allies will do for them."

Many of the younger men in the great array seemed exhausted after the long

forced march, but as a man staggered his comrades in the ranks held him up.

It was a great spectacle and an impressive one, but there were minor incidents that were of a less pleasant character.

Two Belgian officers, manacled and fastened to the leather stirrups of two Uhlans, made a spectacle that caused a low murmur of resentment from the citizens. Instantly German horsemen backed their steeds into the closely packed ranks of the spectators, threatening them with uplifted swords and stilling the momentary revolt.

At one point of the march a lame hawker offered flowers for sale to the soldiers. As he held up his posies a Captain of Hussars by a movement of his steed sent the poor wretch sprawling and bleeding in the dust. Then from the crowd a Frenchwoman, her heart scorning fear, cried out, "You brute!" so that all might hear.

There was one gross pleasantry, too, perpetrated by a gunner who led along a bear, evidently the pet of his battery, which was dressed in the full regalia of a Belgian General.

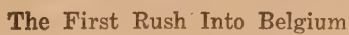
The bear was evidently intended to represent the King. He touched his cocked hat at intervals to his keeper.

This particularly irritated the Belgians, but they wisely abstained from any overt manifestation or any unpleasant feature of behavior. The soldiery as they passed tore repeatedly at the national colors which every Belgian lady now wears on her breast.

A more pleasant incident was when a party of Uhlans clamored for admittance at a villa on the Louvain road. They disposed of a dozen bottles of wine and bread and meat. The noncommissioned officer in command asked what the charge was and offered some gold pieces in payment. The money was refused.

Near the steps of St. Gudule a party of officers of high rank, seated in a motor car, confiscated the stock of the news vendors. After greedily scanning the sheets they burst into loud laughter.

Hour after hour, hour after hour, the





Kaiser's legions marched into Brussels streets and boulevards. Some regiments made a very fine appearance, and it is well that the people of England should know this. It was notably so in the case of the Sixty-sixth, Fourth and Twenty-sixth Regiments. Not one man of these regiments showed any sign of excessive fatigue after the gruelling night of marching, and no doubt the order to "goose step" was designedly given to impress the onlookers with the powers of resistance of the German soldiers.

The railway stations, the Post Office and the Town Hall were at once closed. The national flag on the latter was pulled down and the German emblem hoisted in its place. Practically all the shops were closed and the blinds drawn on most of the windows.

At the time of writing I have heard of no very untoward incident. The last train left Brussels at 9 o'clock on Wednesday night. Passengers to the city cannot pass beyond Denderleeuw, where there are strong German pickets.

## The Fall of Antwerp

By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle,  
Who Was at Antwerp During the Siege

LONDON, Oct. 11, 1914.—A Daily Chronicle correspondent who has just arrived from Antwerp tells the following story of his experiences:

Antwerp has been surrendered. This last and bitterest blow which has fallen upon Belgium is full of poignant tragedy, but the tragedy is lightened by the gallantry with which the city was defended.

Only at the last, to save the historic buildings and precious possessions of the ancient port, was its further defense abandoned. Already much of it had been shattered by the long-range German guns, and prolonged resistance against these tremendous engines of war was impossible.

Owing to this the siege was perhaps the shortest in the annals of war that a fortified city ever sustained. I have already described its preliminaries and the many heroic efforts which were made by the Belgians to stem the tide of the enemy's advance, but the end could not long be delayed when the siege guns began the bombardment.

It was at three minutes past noon on Friday that the Germans entered the

city, which was formally surrendered by the Burgomaster, J. de Vos. Antwerp had then been under a devastating and continuous shell fire for over forty hours.

It was difficult for me to ascertain precisely how the German attack was being constituted, but from officers and others who made journeys from the fighting lines into the city I gathered that the final assault consisted of a continuous bombardment of two hours' duration, from 7:30 o'clock in the morning until 9:30.

During that time there was a continuous rain of shells, and it was extraordinary to notice the precision with which they dropped just where they would do the most damage. I was told that the Germans used captive balloons, whose officers signaled to the gunners the points in the Belgian defense at which they should aim.

The German guns, too, were concealed with such cleverness that their position could not be detected by the Belgians. Against such methods and against the terrible power of the German guns the Belgian artillery seemed quite ineffective. The firing came to an end at 9:30 o'clock

Friday, and the garrison escaped, leaving only ruins behind them.

In order to gain time for an orderly retreat, a heavy fire was maintained against the Germans up to the last minute, and the forts were then blown up by the defenders as the Germans came in at the gate of Malines. I was lucky enough to escape by the river to the north in a motor boat. The bombardment had then ceased, though many buildings were still blazing, and while the little boat sped down the Scheldt one could imagine the procession of the Kaiser's troops already goose-stepping their way through the well-nigh deserted streets.

Those forty hours of shattering noise, almost without a lull, seem to me now a fantastic nightmare, but the harrowing sights I witnessed in many parts of the city cannot be forgotten. It was Wednesday night that the shells began to fall into the city. From then onward they must have averaged about ten a minute, and most of them came from the largest guns which the Germans possess—"Black Marias," as Tommy Atkins has christened them.

Before the bombardment had been long in operation the civil population, or a large proportion of it, fell into a panic. It is impossible to blame these peaceful, quiet-living burghers of Antwerp for the fears that possessed them when the merciless rain of German shells began to fall into the streets and on the roofs of their houses and public buildings. The Burgomaster had in his proclamation given them excellent advice to remain calm and he certainly set them an admirable example, but it was impossible to counsel the Belgians who knew what had happened to their fellow-citizens in other towns which the Germans had passed through.

Immense crowds of them, men, women, and children, gathered along the quayside and at the railway stations in an effort to make a hasty exit from the city. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Family parties made up the biggest proportion of this vast crowd of broken men and women. There were husbands and wives with their groups of

scared children unable to understand what was happening, yet dimly conscious in their childish way that something unusual and terrible and perilous had come into their lives.

In many groups were to be seen old, old people, grandfathers and grandmothers of a family, and these in their shaking frailty and terror, which they could not withstand, were the more pitiable objects in the great gathering of stricken townfolk. This pathetic clinging together of the family was one of the most affecting sights I witnessed, and I have not the slightest doubt that in the mad rush for refuge beyond the borders of their native land many family groups of this sort completely perished.

All day and throughout the night these pitiful scenes continued, and when I went down to the quayside early Thursday, when the dawn was throwing a wan light over this part of the world, I found again a great host of citizens awaiting their chance of flight.

In the dimness of the breaking day this gathering of "*Les Misérables*" presented, as it seemed to me, the tragedy of Belgium in all its horror. I shall never forget the sight. Words would fail to convey anything but a feeble picture of the depths of misery and despair there. People stood in dumb and patient ranks drawn down to the quayside by the announcement that two boats would leave at 11 o'clock for Ostend, and Ostend looks across to England, where lie their hopes.

There were fully 40,000 of them assembled on the long quay, and all of them were inspired by the sure and certain hope that they would be among the lucky ones who would get on board one of the boats. Alas for their hopes, the two boats did not sail, and when they realized this I fancied I heard a low wail of anguish rise from the disappointed multitude.

Other means of escape were, however, available in the shape of a dozen or fifteen tugboats, whose destinations were Rotterdam and Flushing and other ports of Holland. They were not vessels of any

considerable passenger carrying capacity, and as there was no one to arrange a systematic embarkation a wild struggle followed among the frantic people to obtain places on the tugs. Men, women, and children fought desperately with each other to get on board, and in that moment of supreme anguish human nature was seen in one of its worst moods, but who can blame these stricken people? Shells that were destroying their homes and giving their beloved town to the flames were screaming over their heads. Their trade was not war; they were merchants, shopkeepers, comfortable citizens of more than middle age, and there were many women and children among them, and this horror had come upon them in a more appalling shape than it has visited any other civilized community in modern times.

There was a scarcity of gangways to the boats and the only means of boarding them was by narrow planks sloping at a dangerous angle. Up these the fugitives struggled, and the strong elbowed the weak out of their way in their mad haste to escape. The marvel to me as I watched the scramble was that many were not crushed to death in the struggle to get on board or forced into the river and drowned. As it was, mishaps were very few. One old lady of 80 years slipped on one of the planks and fell against the side of the boat, fracturing her skull. Several people fell into the river and two were drowned, but that is the sum total of accidents as far as I could ascertain.

By 2 o'clock Thursday most of the tugboats had got away, but there were still some 15,000 people who had not been able to escape, and had to await resignedly whatever fate was in store for them.

I have endeavored to describe the scenes at the quayside on Thursday morning, and I now turn to the Central Station, where incidents of a similar kind were happening. There, as down by the river, an immense throng of people had assembled, and they were filled with dismay at the announcement that no trains were running. In their despair they prepared to leave the city on foot by cross-

ing the pontoon bridge and marching toward the Dutch frontier.

I cannot, of course, speak positively on the subject, but I should say the exodus of refugees from the city must have totaled 200,000 persons—men, women, and children of all ages—or very nearly that vast number, and that out of a population which in normal times is 321,821. One might estimate that fully 70 per cent. of those folk had little or no money.

There were three lines of exit. They could up to the time of the German invasion cross the pontoon bridge over the Scheldt; they could go along the countryside toward the Dutch frontier, or they could walk up the Scheldt toward the frontier and then cross by ferry to Belgian territory again.

Many of the aged women among the refugees, terrorized and hunger-stricken, died, I am told, on the way to the Belgian frontier. The towns were crowded with pitiful wanderers, fleeing from the ruthless invaders, and they begged for crusts of bread. They were simply starving, and householders did what they could to help, cottagers giving to their utmost out of their meagre larders, but still there was a cry for food.

I now return to the events of Thursday. At 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when the bombardment had already lasted over twelve hours, through the courtesy of a Belgian officer I was able to ascend to the roof of the cathedral, and from that point of vantage I looked down upon the scene in the city.

All the southern portion of Antwerp appeared to be a desolate ruin. Whole streets were ablaze, and flames were rising in the air to the height of twenty and thirty feet. In another direction I could just discern through my glasses dimly in the distance the instruments of culture of the attacking German forces, ruthlessly pounding at the city and creeping nearer to it in the dark. At that moment I should say the enemy's front line was within four miles of Antwerp.

From my elevated position I had an excellent view also of the great oil tanks on the opposite side of the Scheldt. They had been set on fire by four bombs from



a German taube, and a huge, thick volume of black smoke was ascending 200 feet into the air. The oil had been burning furiously for several hours, and the whole neighborhood was enveloped in a mist of smoke.

In all directions were fire and flames and oil-laden smoke. It was like a bit of Gustave Doré's idea of the infernal regions. From time to time great tongues of fire shot out from the tanks, and in this way, the flames greedily licking the sides of other tanks, the conflagration spread. How long this particular fire raged I cannot say, for I saw neither the beginning nor the end of it, but while I watched its progress it seemed to represent the limit of what a fire was capable of.

After watching for some considerable time the panorama of destruction that lay unrolled all around me, I came down from my post of observation on the cathedral roof, and at the very moment I reached the street a 28-centimeter shell struck a confectioner's shop between the Place Verte and the Place Meir. It was one of those high explosive shells, and the shop, a wooden structure, immediately burst into flames.

The city by this time was almost deserted, and no attempt was made to extinguish the fires that had broken out all over the southern district. Indeed, there was no means of dealing with them.

As far back as Tuesday in last week the water supply from the reservoir ten miles outside the city was cut off, and as this was the city's main source of supply, indeed practically its only source, great apprehension was felt. The reservoir is just behind Fort Waelhem, and the German shells had struck it, doing great mischief. It left Antwerp without any regular inflow of water, and the inhabitants had to do their best with artesian wells. Great efforts were made by the Belgians from time to time to repair the reservoir, but it was always thwarted by German shellfire. The health of the city was thereby menaced, for there was danger of an epidemic.

Happily, stricken Antwerp was spared

this added terror. It had plenty of other sorts, and some of these I experienced when, after leaving the cathedral, I made my way to the southern section of the city, where shells were bursting at the rate of five a minute. With great difficulty and not without risk I got as far as Rue la Moière.

There I met a terror-stricken Belgian woman, the only other person in the streets besides myself. In hysterical gasps she told me the Banque Nationale and the Palais de Justice had been struck and were in flames, and that her husband had been hit by a shell just five minutes before I came upon the scene, his mangled remains lying not a hundred yards away from where we were standing.

It was obviously impossible to proceed further, and so I retraced my steps toward the quay. As I was passing the Avenue de Keyser a shell burst within twenty yards of me. I was knocked down by the force of the concussion. A house not ten yards from where I was was struck and actually poured (I can think of no other word to describe what happened) into the street in a shower of bricks. A broken brick struck me on the shoulder, but its force was spent and I received no injury.

I had scarcely picked myself up and was hastening to a place of safety, if there was one, when a man about 40 years of age, almost half naked, rushed out of a house, screaming loudly. He had gone mad.

At this time I was fortunate enough to meet Frank Fox of The Morning Post. Mr. Fox is an ex-officer of artillery, and he told me he had found a hotel which, as long as the Germans fired in the direction they were then firing, was not within the reach of their guns. This was the Hotel Wagner, which stands behind the Opera House on the Boulevard de Commerce. It was the only hotel in the city except the Queens Hotel, in which some representatives of American newspapers had been staying, that was open. There I found Miss Louise Mack, an Australian authoress, and she, Fox, and myself were among the few British subjects left in the port.

As night came the city presented a fantastic appearance as I watched it from the Hotel Wagner. The glare from the fires that had burst out in all directions could be seen for miles around. The bombardment was proceeding furiously, and German shells were bursting in every direction. I reckoned they were coming in that time at the rate of at least thirty a minute.

I went to the Queens Hotel to ascertain what had become of the American journalists. I found they had left the city after having spent the night in a private house which had been struck three times by shells, and finally caught fire. Arthur Ruhl of the staff of Collier's Weekly had left for me this note:

Donald C. Thompson, photographer of The New York World, fitted up for himself a cellar at 74 Rue de Peage, just by the Boulevard de Keyser, where shrapnel fell with terrible force during the latter part of Wednesday. With him were three other Americans. The entire population, including, of course, the Government of Antwerp, have made their escape across the pontoon bridge which still connects the River Scheldt with the road toward Ghent. Two shells demolished Thompson's retreat and at sundown it burst into flames. The American Consul General and Vice Consul General had gone by this time. The following Americans, all of them newspaper men, were known to have spent the night in Antwerp: Arthur Ruhl; Horace Green, staff of The New York Evening Post; Edward Eyre Hunt, correspondent of The New York World; Edward Heigel of the staff of The Chicago Daily Tribune, and Thompson himself.

Except for the glare of burning buildings, which lit up the streets, the city was in absolute darkness, and near the quay I lost my way in the byroads trying to get back to the Hotel Wagner. For the second time that day I narrowly escaped death by a shell. One burst with terrific force about twenty-five yards from me. I heard its warning whirr, and rushed into a neighboring porch. Whether it was from concussion of the shell or in my anxiety to escape, I cannoned against a door and tumbled down. As I lay on the ground the house on the opposite side crashed in ruins. I remained still for several minutes, feeling quite sick and unable to get up. Then I pulled my-

self together, and ran at full speed until I came to a street which I recognized, and found my way back to the hotel.

As I hastened down the Avenue de Keyser shells were bursting in every quarter. Several fell into the adjoining street. At the hotel I found my friend Fox had been up to the Red Cross Hospital to inquire about a motor car in which we hoped to get away. It had gone, as had the entire personnel of the hospital.

We began to wonder how we should escape. However, Fox had a bicycle, and Mr. Singleton, Chief of the Boy Scouts in Antwerp, had given me the key of a house not far off, in which he told me there was one if I wanted it in an emergency. I ventured into that dangerous part of the city again to get it. I got to the house safely and found the bicycle, but as there was no tube in the back tire it was useless. On my return journey I was startled to see in the street through which I had just walked a hole six feet deep, which had just been made by a shell.

On returning to the hotel I joined in a meal, eaten under the weirdest conditions imaginable. Descending into the cellars of the hotel with Miss Mack and Mr. Fox we found the entire staff gathered there uncertain what to do and not knowing what was to happen to them. We were all hungry, and one of the men dashed upstairs to the kitchen and brought down whatever food he could lay his hands on, and we all partook of pot luck. Considering all the circumstances we made a very jolly meal of it. We toasted each other in good red wine of the country, pledging each other with "Vive la Belgique" and "Vive l'Angleterre," and altogether we were a merry party, although at the time German shells were whirling overhead and any moment one might have upset our picnic and buried us in the débris of the hotel.

How many of the inhabitants of Antwerp remained in the city that night it is impossible to say, but it is pretty certain they were all in the cellars of their houses or shops.

The admirable Burogmoster, M. De

Vos, had in one of his several proclamations made many suggestions for safety during the bombardment for the benefit of those who took refuge in cellars. Among the most useful of them perhaps was that which recommended means of escape to adjoining cellars. The power of modern artillery is so tremendous that a cellar might very well become a tomb if shells were to fall on the building overhead.

We went to bed early that night, but sleep was impossible in the noise caused by the explosion of the shells in twenty different quarters of the town. About 3 o'clock in the morning a twenty-eight centimeter shell fell into the square in front of the hotel and broke all the windows in the neighboring house. In spite of the terrific din one got to sleep at last.

About 6 o'clock Fox roused me and said he thought it was time we got out, as the Germans were entering the city. We hurried from the hotel, and found in the square a squad of Belgian soldiers who had just come in from the inner line of forts. They told us it was not safe for us to remain any longer. The streets were now completely deserted.

I walked down to the quayside, and there I came across many wounded soldiers, who had been unable to get away in the hospital boat. On the quay piles of equipment had been abandoned; broken-down motor cars, kit-bags, helmets, rifles, knapsacks were littered in heaps. Ammunition had been dumped there and rendered useless. The Belgians had evidently attempted to set fire to the whole lot. A pile of stuff was still smoldering. I waited there for half an hour, and during that time hundreds of Belgian soldiers passed in retreat, the last contingent leaving at about 6:30 A. M.

I went again to the Queens Hotel to inquire what had become of the American newspaper men, and it was just about this time that the pontoon bridge which had been the way of the Belgian retreat was blown up to prevent pursuit by the Germans. The boats and woodwork of the superstructure burnt fiercely and in less than twenty minutes the whole affair was demolished.

Safe exit from the city was now cut off. A Red Cross officer whom I met when standing by the quay had been a spectator of the blowing up of the bridge.

"My God!" he said, running toward me, "it is awful!"

"How are you going to get out?" I asked him.

"I'm going to stay here and look after my wounded," he replied.

In further talk with him I learned that the greater part of the second line of forts had fallen at midday the previous day and that there was nothing then to stop the Germans entering the city save a handful of Belgian soldiers in three or four forts. At 8 o'clock a shell struck the Town Hall.

Fox had now joined me, and we took refuge in the cellars beneath the Town Hall. So far as I could gather, the remaining inhabitants of Antwerp must have assembled about this neighborhood, groups taking refuge in small and stuffy cellars, where developments were anxiously awaited. There must have been hundreds of people sheltered underground, and they included the Mexican and Dominican Consuls. Why these stayed I do not know, as none of their people were left behind. They were the only Consuls remaining in Antwerp.

About 8:15 o'clock another shell struck the Town Hall, shattering the upper story and breaking every window in the place. That was the German way of telling the Burgomaster to hurry up. There was a tense feeling as we waited for tidings of some sort or other. A quarter of an hour later M. De Vos went out in his motor car toward the German line to discuss conditions on which the city should be surrendered.

Another shell struck a furrier's shop opposite the Town Hall and the place burst into flames. Several of the gendarmes who had stayed behind were occupants of cellars, and two of them immediately rushed out to force a way into the shop in order that they might extinguish the fire. They found the door locked. It took them ten minutes to



force an entrance. By this time the fire was burning fiercely, and at great personal risk one of the gendarmes made his way to the top floor of the premises, and there he endeavored to beat out the flames with a piece of timber torn from the roof. His efforts were futile, and he called for water. Soon a Flemish woman brought him two pailfuls, which Fox had carried to the house, and after half an hour's labor the fire was extinguished.

The proprietor of the shop was among the people in the cellars across the way. The news that his house was aflame was broken to him and he rushed into the street. He gazed for a moment on the scene and burst into tears like a child.

At 9 o'clock the bombardment of the city suddenly ceased and we understood the Burgomaster had by this time reached German headquarters. Still we waited, painfully anxious to learn what would be the ultimate fate of Antwerp. The Belgian soldiers hurried by on their way to the front. A number paused just as they reached a tobacconist's shop which had been wrecked by shells, scattering the stock in the street. There were cigars hurled across the pavement and roadway, and soldiers who had halted picked up a few of the cigars. A Belgian workman, taking advantage of this, entered the shop and began to stuff his pockets full of cigars and cigarettes, but immediately gendarmes hurried to the place and arrested him, the last arrest the Antwerp police will make for some time.

At 10:30 o'clock proclamations were posted on walls of the Town Hall urging all in the city to surrender any arms in their possession and begging for a calm demeanor in the event of German occupation. The list was also posted of several prominent citizens who were appointed to look after the interests of those Belgians who remained.

Just before noon a patrol of cyclists and armed and mounted gendarmes, who had escorted the Burgomaster to the gate of the city, informed Fox and myself that the Germans were entering by the gate of Malines. We hastily took our bicycles with the intention of making our way over the Dutch frontier. As we

passed along the quay, by a most timely stroke of luck, we found a motor boat standing by. It was manned by a Belgian and his mate.

"Can you take us to Flushing?" we asked.

"Yes," answered the Belgian.

"How much?"

"One hundred and fifty francs each."

We were in that boat in thirty seconds and in another thirty seconds had started down the Scheldt. By this time the Germans were in the city.

At a good ten knots we raced down the river. In twenty-five minutes we had reached the bend which blotted Antwerp from view. As we rounded the corner I turned for a last glimpse of the disappearing city. The cathedral was still standing, its tower dominating surroundings. Here and there volumes of smoke were rising to the sky.

It took us twelve hours to get to Flushing. On either side of the river thousands of refugees were fleeing from the invaders. They swarmed along the banks in continuous lines, a vast pilgrimage of the hopeless, many laden with household possessions which they had been able to gather at almost a moment's notice. Numbers were empty-handed and burdened at that in dragging their weary bodies along the miles which seemed never ending. It was a heartrending spectacle. Infinite pity must go out to those broken victims of the war, bowed veterans driven from home, going they knew not where; women with their crying children, famished for lack of food, all or nearly all leaving behind men folk who were still fighting their country's battle or mourning the loss of loved ones who had already sacrificed their lives.

Where the Scheldt becomes Dutch property we were stopped by customs authorities and submitted to a rigorous examination. Dutch officials for a time believed we were either Belgian or English officers escaping, but eventually they were satisfied.

Upon arriving at Flushing we found the town in a tremendous state of excite-

ment. Great crowds of refugees were there, 10,000 or more, and the hotels were choked. Many wretched people had left their homes absolutely without any money and were forced to camp in the streets. There was a vast crowd waiting

to get on the Flushing-Folkestone boat, and it appeared we would be balked in our endeavor to get to England that night. However, we discussed our position with the Superintendent of the line, and he very kindly got us a berth.

## As the French Fell Back on Paris

By G. H. Perris

**C**HATEAU-THIERRY, Sept, 13, 1914.—We first realized yesterday, in a little town of Brie which lies east of Paris, between the Seine and the Marne, how difficult it is to get food in the rear of two successive invasions. As in every other town in the region, all the shops were shut and nearly all the houses. It was only after a long search that we found an inn that could give us luncheon.

There, in a large room with a low-beamed roof and a tiled floor, our stout landlady in blue cotton produced an excellent meal of melon, mutton, macaroni, and good ripe pears. Dogs and cats sprawled around us, and a big bowl of roses spoke of serenities that are now in general eclipse. At a neighboring table a group of peasants, too old for active service, were discussing their grievances.

At a railway crossing just out of town we were blocked by a train of about a dozen big horse trucks and two passenger carriages, carrying wounded and prisoners to Paris from the fighting lines in the north. It had been a gloomy morning, and the rain now fell in torrents. Nevertheless, the townsfolk crowded up, and for half an hour managed to conduct a satisfactory combination of profit and pity by supplying big flat loaves, bottles of wine, fruit, cigarettes, and jugs of water to those in the train who had money and some who had none. One very old woman in white, with a little red cross on her forehead,

turned up to take advantage of the only opportunity ever likely to fall in her way. A great Turco in fez, blouse, and short, baggy breeches was very active in this commissariat work.

Some of the Frenchmen on board were not wounded seriously enough to prevent their getting down on the roadway; and you may be sure they were not ashamed of their plaster patches and bandaged arms.

There were about 300 German prisoners in the train. We got glimpses of them lying in the straw on the floor in the dark interior of the big trucks. I got on the footboard and looked into the open door of one car. Fifteen men were stretched upon straw, and two soldiers stood guard over them, rifle in hand. They all seemed in a state of extreme exhaustion. Some were asleep, others were eating large chunks of bread.

In the middle of the car a young soldier who spoke French fairly well told me that the German losses during the last three days had been enormous; and then, stopping suddenly, he said:

"Would it be possible, Sir, to get a little water for my fellows and myself?"

"Certainly," I replied; and a man belonging to the station, who was passing with a jug, said at once that he would run and get some. The prisoner thanked me and added with a sigh:

"They are very good fellows here."

One jocular French guard had put on a spiked helmet which he was keeping as a trophy, and, so much does the habit

make the man, he now looked uncannily like a German himself.

As we passed through the villages to the northeast the contrast between abandoned houses and gardens rioting with the color of roses and dahlias and fruit-laden trees struck us like a blow.

In Gourchamp a number of houses had been burned, and the neighboring fields showed that there had been fighting there; but it was Courtacon which presented the most grievous spectacle. Eighteen of its two dozen houses had been completely destroyed by fire. The walls were partly standing, but the floors and contents of the rooms were completely buried under the débris of roofs that had fallen in. In a little Post Office the telegraphic and telephonic instruments had been smashed. Just opposite is a small building including the office of the Mayor and the village school. The outside of the building and the outhouses were littered with the straw on which the Uhlans had slept. In the Mayor's office the drawers and cupboards had been broken open, and their contents had been scattered with the remnants of meals on the floor.

But it is a scene in a little village school that will longest remain in my memory. The low forms, the master's desk, and the blackboard stand today as they did on July 25, which was no doubt the last day before the Summer vacation, as it was also the last week before the outbreak of the war. On the walls the charts remained which reminded these little ones daily that "Alcohol is the enemy," and had summoned them to follow the path of kindness, justice, and truth. The windows were smashed, broken cartridge cases lay about with wings of birds and other refuse. Near the door I saw chalked up, evidently in German handwriting, "Parti Paris," ("Left for Paris.")

The invaders had sought to burn the place. There was one pile of partly burned straw under the school bookcase, the doors of which had been smashed, while some of the books had been thrown about. They had not even respected a little museum consisting of a few bottles

of metal and chemical specimens; and when I turned to leave I perceived written across the blackboard in bold, fine writing, as the lesson of the day, these words: "A chaque jour suffit sa peine," ("Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.")

One of the villagers gave us the following narrative of the experiences of the past week:

"It was last Saturday, Sept. 5, that about 15,000 Uhlans arrived in the village with the intention of marching on Provins on the morrow. They probably learned during the night that the British and French lay in force across their road, and perhaps they may now have received orders to fall back.

"At any rate, early Sunday morning they started to retire, when they met at the entrance to the village a regiment of chasseurs. This was the beginning of fighting which lasted all day. Under the pretext that we had learned of the presence of the French troops and had helped them to prepare a trap, the Germans sacked the whole of the village.

"Naturally there was a panic. All the inhabitants—mostly women and children, because since the mobilization there have been only nine men in Courtacon—rushed from their cottages and many of them, lightly clad, fled across the fields and hid themselves in the neighboring woods.

"In several cottages Germans, revolvers in hand, compelled the poor peasants to bring matches and themselves set fire to their homes. In less than an hour the village was like a furnace, the walls toppling down one by one. And all this time the fighting continued. It was a horrible spectacle.

"Several of us were dragged to the edge of the road to be shot, and there we remained for some hours, believing our last day had come. A young village lad of 21 years, who was just going to leave to join the colors, was shot. Then the retreat was sounded, the Germans fled precipitately, and we were saved."

I asked whether the cottages had not been fired by artillery.

"Not a cannon shot fell *herè*," he re-



plied. "All that"—pointing to the ruined huts—"was done by incerdia-ries." And then he added:

"Last Tuesday two French officers came in automobiles and brought with them a superior German officer whom they had made prisoner. They compelled him to become a witness of the mischief of which his fellow-countrymen had been guilty."

A peasant woman passed, pushing a wheelbarrow containing some half-burned household goods and followed by her two small children.

"Look," she said, "at the brutality of these Germans! My husband has gone to war and I am alone with my two little ones. With great difficulty we had managed to gather our crop, and they set fire to our little farm and burned everything."

Half an hour later we were at La Ferté

Gaucher, a small town on the Grand Morin, now first made famous by the fact that it was here that the German flight began after the severe fighting last Monday. The invaders had arrived only on Saturday and had the disagreeable surprise of finding that the river bridges had been broken down by the retreating French. The German commandant informed the municipal officials that if the sum of 60,000 francs (\$12,000) was not produced he would burn the town. Then he compelled the people to set about rebuilding the bridge, and they worked day and night at this job under the eyes of soldiers with revolvers and rifles ready to shoot down any shirker.

The relief of these people at the return of the Allies may be imagined. Here, as elsewhere, some houses were burned, but otherwise the damage did not appear to be very serious.

## The Retreat to Paris

By Philip Gibbs

NEAR AMIENS, Aug. 30, 1914.—Looking back on all I have seen during the last few days, I find it difficult to piece together the various incidents and impressions and to make one picture. It all seems to me now like a jigsaw puzzle of suffering and fear and courage and death—a litter of odd, disconnected scraps of human agony and of some big, grim scheme which, if one could only get the clue, would give a meaning, I suppose, to all these tears of women and children, to all these hurried movements of soldiers and people, to the death carts trailing back from unknown places, and to the great dark fear that has enveloped all the tract of country in Northwest France through which I have been traveling, driven like one of its victims from place to place. Out of all this welter of individual suffering and from all the fog of mystery which has

enshrouded them until now, when the truth may be told, certain big facts with a clear and simple issue will emerge and give one courage.

The French Army and our English troops are now holding good positions in a much stronger and closer line and stemming the tide of the German hordes rolling up to Paris. Gen. Pau, the hero of this war, after his swift return from the eastern front, where he repaired the deadly check at Mülhausen, has dealt a smashing blow at a German Army corps which was striking to the heart of France.

Paris is still safe for the time being, with a great army of allied forces, French, English, and Belgian, drawn across the country as a barrier which surely will not be broken by the enemy. Nothing that has happened gives cause for that despair which has taken hold

of people whose fears have exaggerated the facts, frightful enough when taken separately, but not giving any proof that resistance is impossible against the amazing onslaught of the German legions.

I have been into the war zone and seen during the last five days men who are now holding the lines of defense. I have been among their dead and wounded, and have talked with soldiers marching fresh to the front. I have seen the horrid mess which is cleared up after the battle and the grim picture of retreat, but nothing that I have seen or heard from either British or French leads me to believe that our army has been smashed or the Allies demoralized.

It is impossible to estimate our own losses. Our wounded are being brought back into Havre and Rouen, and undoubtedly there are large numbers of them. But, putting them at the highest, it is clear to me, from all information gained during the last five days, that there has been no overwhelming disaster, and that in the terrible actions fought on the four days from the 23d to the 27th, and afterward in the further retirement from the line of Cambrai and Le Cateau, swinging southward and eastward upon St. Quentin, our main forces, which were pressed by enormous numbers of the enemy, succeeded in withdrawing in good order, without having their lines broken, while inflicting a terrific punishment upon the German right.

As I shall show in this narrative, retreats which seem fatal when seen close at hand and when described by those who belong to broken fragments of extended sections, are not altogether disastrous in their effect when viewed in their right perspective, away from the immediate misery which is their inevitable accompaniment.

German audacity of attack against the heroic courage of the French and British forces, who fight every mile of ground during their retirement, is leading the enemy into a position from which there will be no retreat if their lines are broken. Unfortunately, there are hundreds of thousands of people who know nothing of the great issues and who are possessed by the great, blind fear which

has driven them from their towns, villages, and homes.

When the Germans swept around Lille they found, to their amazement, that this town, surrounded by forts, had been abandoned, and they had only to walk inside. This easy access to a town which should have been defended to the last gasp opened the way to the west of France.

The left wing of the French, which was to the west of Mons, was supported by the English troops, all too weak to sustain the pressure of the tremendous odds which began to surge against them; and, realizing this perilous state of affairs, the brain at the centre of things, the controlling brain of Gen. Joffre and his Headquarters Staff, decreed that the northwest corner of France was untenable and that the main army of defense should withdraw into a stronger and closer formation.

It was then that the great panic began, increasing in speed and terror during the end of last week. I was in the midst of it and saw unforgettable scenes of the enormous tragedy. It was a flight of hundreds and thousands of families from St. Omer and Roubaix, Bethune, Douai, Valenciennes, and Arras, who were driven away from their northern homes by the menace of approaching Uhlans. They are still being hunted by fear from place to place, where they can find no shelter and no permanent safety. The railways have been choked with them, and in these long fugitive trains which pass through stations there is no food or drink. The poor runaways, weary, filthy, and exhausted, spend long days and nights shunted on to side lines, while troop trains pass and pass, and are held up in towns where they can find no means of existence because the last civilian train has left.

When the troops marched away from Boulogne and left it silent and unguarded, I saw the inhabitants, utterly dismayed, standing despondently staring at placards posted up by order of the Governor, which announced the evacuation of the town and called upon them to be ready for all sacrifices in the serv-

ice of their country. The customs officers left, the civil police disarmed, while a flag with nine black spots was made ready to be hoisted on the fort directly any Uhlans were sighted.

The people of Boulogne could not understand, no Frenchman of the north can understand, why their ports and towns are silent after the tramp of so many regiments who have left a great tract of country open and undefended. In that corner of France the people listen intently for the first clatter of hoofs and for the first cry "Les Uhlans." Rumors came that the enemy has been seen in neighboring towns and villages. Can one wonder that mothers and fathers rush from their houses and wander forth in a blind, unreasoning way to swell the panic tide of fugitives, homeless and without food, dropping here and there on the way-side in utter weariness?

I was lucky in getting out of Boulogne on the last train bound for Paris, though not guaranteed to reach the capital. As a matter of fact, I was even more lucky because it did not arrive at its destination and enabled me to alight in the war zone and proceed to more interesting places.

I will tell at once the story of the French retirement when the Germans advanced from Namur down the valley of the Meuse, winning the way at a cost of human life as great as that of defeat, yet winning their way. For France the story of that retirement is as glorious as anything in her history. It was nearly a fortnight ago that the Germans concentrated their heaviest forces upon Namur and began to press southward and over the Meuse Valley. After the battle of Dinant the French Army, among whom were the Second and Seventh Corps, was heavily outnumbered and had to fall back gradually, in order to gain time for reinforcements to come up.

French artillery was up on the wooded heights above the river and swept the German regiments with a storm of fire as they advanced. On the right bank the French infantry was intrenched, supported by field guns and mitrailleuses, and did deadly work before leaping from

trenches which they occupied and taking up a position in new trenches further back, which they held with great tenacity.

In justice to the Germans it must be said they were heroic in courage and reckless of their lives, and the valley of the Meuse was choked with their corpses. The river itself was strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses and literally ran red with blood.

The most tremendous fighting took place for the possession of the bridges, but the French engineers blew them up one after another as they retired southward.

No less than thirty-three bridges were destroyed in this way before they could be seized by the German advance guard. The fighting was extended for a considerable distance on either side of the Meuse and many engagements took place between French and German cavalry and regiments working away from the main armies.

There was, for instance, a memorable encounter at Marville which is one of the most heroic episodes of the war. Five thousand French soldiers of all arms, with quick-firers, engaged 20,000 German infantry. In spite of being outnumbered, the French beat back the enemy from point to point in a fight lasting for twelve hours, inflicting tremendous punishment and suffering very few losses.

The German officer captured expressed his unbounded admiration for the valor of the French troops, which he described as superb. It was only for fear of getting too far out of touch with the main forces that the gallant 5,000 desisted from their irresistible attack and retired with a large number of German helmets as trophies of the victorious action.

Nevertheless, in accordance with the general plan which had been decided on by the Generals, in view of the superior numbers temporarily pressing upon them, the Germans succeeded in forcing their way steadily down the Meuse as far as Mézières, divided by a bridge from Charleville, on the other side of the river. This is in the neighborhood of Sedan and in the "trou," as it is called, which led to the great disaster of 1870, when the French were caught in a trap and threat-



ened with annihilation by the Germans, who had taken possession of the surrounding heights.

There was to be no repetition of that tragedy. The French were determined that this time the position should be reversed.

On Monday the town of Charleville was evacuated, most of its civilians being sent away to join the wanderers who have had to leave their homes, and the French troops took up a magnificent position, commanding the town and the three bridges dividing them from Mézières. Mitrailleuses were hidden in the abandoned houses, and as a disagreeable shock to any German who might escape their fire was a number of the enemy's guns, no fewer than ninety-five of them, which had been captured and disabled by French troops in a series of battles down the river from Namur.

The German outposts reached Charleville on Tuesday. They were allowed to ride quietly across the bridges into an apparently deserted town. Then suddenly their line of retreat was cut off, the three bridges were blown up by a contact mine, and the mitrailleuses hidden in the houses were played on the German cavalry across the streets, killing them in a frightful slaughter.

It was for a little while sheer massacre, but the Germans fought with extraordinary tenacity, regardless of the heaped bodies of comrades and utterly reckless of their own lives. They, too, had brought quick-firers across the bridges, and, taking cover behind houses, trained their guns upon the houses from which the French gunners were firing. There was no way of escape for those heroic men, who voluntarily sacrificed themselves, and it is probable every man died, because at such a time the Germans were not in the habit of giving quarter.

When the main German advance came down the valley, the French artillery on the heights raked them with a terrific fire, in which they suffered heavy losses, the forefront of the column being mowed down. But under this storm they proceeded with incredible coolness to their pontoon bridges across the river, and although hundreds of men died on the

banks, they succeeded in their endeavor, while their guns searched the hills with shells and forced French gunners to retire from their positions.

The occupation of Charleville was a German victory, but was also a German graveyard. After this historic episode in what has been an unending battle the main body of French withdrew before the Germans, who were now pouring down the valley, and retired to new ground.

It was a retirement which has had one advantage in spite of its acknowledgment of the enemy's amazing pertinacity. It has enabled the allied armies to draw closer together, its firm front sweeping around in a crescent from Abbéville, around south of Amiens, and thence in an irregular line to the eastern frontier.

On the map it is at first sight a rather unhappy thing to see that practically the whole of France north of Amiens lies open to German descent from Belgium. To break up the German Army piecemeal and lure it to its own destruction it was almost necessary to manoeuvre it into precisely the position which it now occupies. The success of Gen. Pau shows that the allied army is taking the offensive again, and that as a great fighting machine it is still powerful and menacing.

I must again emphasize the difficulty of grasping the significance of a great campaign by isolated incidents, and the danger of drawing important deductions from the misfortunes in one part of the field. I do so because I have been tempted again and again during the past few days to fall into similar mistakes. Perhaps in my case it was pardonable.

It is impossible for the armchair reader to realize the psychological effect of being mixed up in the panic of a great people and the retreat from a battlefield.

The last real fighting was taking place at a village called Bapaume all day Friday. It was very heavy fighting here on the left centre of the great army commanded by Gen. Pau, and leading to a victory which has just been announced officially in France.

A few minutes before midnight Friday, when they came back along the road to

Amiens, crawling back slowly in a long, dismal trail, the ambulance wagons laden with the dead and dying, hay carts piled high with saddles and accoutrements, upon which lay, immobile, like men already dead, the spent and exhausted soldiers, they passed through the crowds of silent people of Amiens, who only whispered as they stared at the procession. In the darkness a cuirassier, with head bent upon his chest, stumbled forward, leading his horse, too weak and tired to bear him.

Many other men were leading poor beasts this way, and infantry soldiers, some with bandaged heads, clung to the backs of carts and wagons, and seemed asleep as they shuffled by.

The light from roadside lamps gleamed upon blanched faces and glazed eyes, flashed into caverns of canvas-covered carts, where twisted men lay huddled on straw. Not a groan came from the carts, but every one knew it was a retreat.

The carts carrying the quick and the dead rumbled by in a long convoy, the drooping heads of the soldiers turned neither right nor left for any greeting with friends.

There was a hugger-mugger of uniforms, of provision carts, and with ambulances—it was a part of the wreckage and wastage of war; and to the on-lookers, with the exaggeration, unconsciously, of the importance of the things close at hand and visible, it seemed terrible in its significance and an ominous reminder of 1870.

Really this was an inevitable part of a serious battle, not necessarily a retreat from a great disaster.

But more pitiful even than this drift back were scenes which followed. As I turned back into the town I saw thousands of boys who had been called to the colors and had been brought up from the country to be sent forward to second lines of defense.

They were the reservists of the 1914 class, and many of them were shouting and singing, though here and there a white-faced boy tried to hide his tears as women from the crowd ran forward to embrace him. These lads were keeping up their valor by noisy demonstra-

tions; but, having seen the death carts pass, I could not bear to look into the faces of those little ones who are following their fathers to the guns.

Early next morning there was a thrill of anxiety in Amiens. Reports had come through that the railway line had been cut between Boulogne and Abbéville. There had been mysterious movements of regiments from the town barracks. They had moved out of Amiens, and there was a strange quietude in the streets. Hardly a man in uniform was to be seen in the places which had been filled with soldiers the day before.

Only a few people realized the actual significance of this. How could they know that it was a part of the great plan to secure the safety of France? How could they realize that the town itself would be saved from possible bombardment by this withdrawal of the troops to positions which would draw the Germans into the open?

The fighting on the Cambrai-Cateau line seems to have been more desperate even than the terrible actions at Mons and Charleroi. It was when the British troops had to swing around to a more southerly line to guard the roads to Paris that the enemy attacked in prodigious numbers, and their immense superiority in machine guns did terrible work among officers and men.

But on all sides, from the French officers, there is immense praise for the magnificent conduct of our troops, and in spite of all alarmist statements I am convinced from what I have heard that they have retired intact, keeping their lines together and preventing their divisions from being broken and cut off.

The list of casualties must be very great, but if I can believe the evidence of my own eyes in such towns as Rouer, where the Red Cross hospitals are concentrated, they are not heavy enough to suggest anything like a great and irretrievable disaster.

DIEPPE, Sept. 3.—Let me describe briefly the facts which I have learned of in the last five days. When I escaped from Amiens, before the tunnel was broken up, and the Germans entered into possession of the town on Aug. 28, the

front of the allied armies was in crescent from Abbéville, south of Amiens on the wooded heights, and thence in an irregular line to south of Mézières. The British forces, under Sir John French, were at the left of the centre, supporting the heavy thrust-forward of the main German advance, while the right was commanded by Gen. Pau.

On Sunday afternoon fighting was resumed along the whole line. The German vanguard had by this time been supported by a fresh army corps, which had been brought from Belgium. At least 1,000,000 men were on the move, pressing upon the allied forces with a ferocity of attack which has never before been equaled. Their cavalry swept across a great tract of country, squadron by squadron, like the mounted hordes of Attila, but armed with the dreadful weapons of modern warfare. Their artillery was in enormous numbers, and their columns advanced under cover of it, not like an army, but rather like a moving nation—I do not think, however, with equal pressure at all parts of the line. It formed itself into a battering ram with a pointed end, and this point was thrust at the heart of the English wing.

It was impossible to resist this onslaught. If the British forces had stood against it they would have been crushed and broken. Our gunners were magnificent, and shelled the advancing German columns so that the dead lay heaped up along the way which was leading down to Paris; but as one of them told me: "It made no manner of difference; as soon as we had smashed one lot another followed, column after column, and by sheer weight of numbers we could do nothing to check them."

After this the British forces fell back, fighting all the time. The line of the Allies was now in the shape of a V, the Germans thrusting their main attack deep into the angle.

This position remained the same until Monday, or, rather, had completed itself by that date, the retirement of the troops being maintained with masterly skill and without any undue haste.

Meanwhile Gen. Pau was sustaining

a terrific attack on the French centre by the German left centre, which culminated on [date omitted]. The River Oise, which runs between beautiful meadows, was choked with corpses and red with blood.

From an eyewitness of this great battle, an officer of an infantry regiment, who escaped with a slight wound, I learned that the German onslaught had been repelled by a series of brilliant bayonet and cavalry charges.

"The Germans," he said, "had the élite of their army engaged against us, including the Tenth Army Corps and the Imperial Guard, but the heroism of our troops was sublime. Every man knew that the safety of France depended upon him and was ready to sacrifice his life, if need be, with joyful enthusiasm. They not only resisted the enemy's attack but took the offensive, and, in spite of their overpowering numbers, gave them tremendous punishment. They had to recoil before our guns, which swept their ranks, and their columns were broken and routed.

"Hundreds of them were bayoneted, and hundreds were hurled into the river. The whole field of battle was outlined by dead and dying men whom they had to abandon. Certainly their losses were enormous, and I felt that the German retreat was in full swing and that we could claim a real victory for the time being."

Nevertheless the inevitable happened, owing to the vast reserves of the enemy, who brought up four divisions, and Gen. Pau was compelled to give ground.

On Tuesday German skirmishers with light artillery were coming southward, and the sound of their field guns greeted my ears in that town which I shall always remember with unpleasant recollections in spite of its Old World beauty and the loveliness of the scene in which it is set. It seemed to me that this was the right place to be in order to get into touch with the French Army on the way to the capital. As a matter of fact, it was the wrong place from all points of view; it was nothing less than a death-trap, and it was by a thousand-to-one



chance that I succeeded in escaping quite a nasty kind of fate.

I might have suspected that something was wrong with the place by the strange look on the face of a friendly French peasant whom I met. He had described to me in a very vivid way the disposition of the French troops on the neighboring hills. Down the road came suddenly parties of peasants with fear in their eyes. Some of them were in farm carts and put their horses to a stumbling gallop.

Women with blanched faces, carrying children in their arms, trudged along the dusty highway, and it was clear that these people were afraid of something behind them. There were not many of them, and when they had passed the countryside was strangely and uncannily quiet. There was only the sound of singing birds above fields which were flooded with the golden light of the setting sun.

Then I came into the town. An intense silence brooded there among the narrow little streets below the old Norman church—a white jewel on the rising ground beyond. Almost every house was shuttered with blind eyes; but here and there I looked through an open window into deserted rooms. No human face returned my gaze. It was an abandoned town, emptied of all its people, who had fled with fear in their eyes, like those peasants along the roadway.

But presently I saw a human form; it was the figure of a French dragoon with his carbine slung behind his back. He was stopping by the side of a number of gunpower bags. A little further away were little groups of soldiers at work by two bridges, one over a stream and one over a road. They were working very calmly, and I could see what they were doing; they were mining bridges to blow them up at a given signal.

As I went further I saw that the streets were strewn with broken bottles and littered with wire entanglements, very artfully and carefully made.

It was a queer experience. It was obvious that there was very grim business being done, and that the soldiers were

waiting for something to happen. At the railway station I quickly learned the truth; the Germans were only a few miles away, in great force. At any moment they might come down, smashing everything in their way and killing every human being along that road.

The station master, a brave old type, and one or two porters had determined to stay on to the last. "We are here," he said, as though the Germans would have to reckon with him; but he was emphatic in his request for me to leave at once if another train could be got away, which was very uncertain. As a matter of fact, after a bad quarter of an hour I was put on the last train to escape from this threatened town, and left it with the sound of German guns in my ears, followed by a dull explosion when the bridge behind me was blown up.

My train, in which there were only four other men, skirted the German army, and by a twist in the line almost ran into the enemy's country, but we rushed through the night, and the engine driver laughed and put his oily hand up to salute when I stepped out to the platform of an unknown station. "The Germans won't get us, after all," he said. It was a little risky, all the same.

The station was crowded with French soldiers, and they were soon telling me their experience of the hard fighting in which they had been engaged. They were dirty, unshaven, dusty from head to foot, scorched by the August sun, in tattered uniforms and broken boots; but they were beautiful men for all their dirt, and the laughing courage, quiet confidence, and unbragging simplicity with which they assured me that the Germans would soon be caught in a death trap and sent to their destruction filled me with admiration which I cannot express in words. All the odds were against them; they had fought the hardest of all actions—the retirement from the fighting line—but they had absolute faith in the ultimate success of their allied arms.

I managed to get to Paris. It was in the middle of the night, but extraordinary scenes were taking place. It had become known during the day that Paris

was no longer the seat of the Government, which has moved to Bordeaux. The Parisians had had notice of four days in which to destroy their houses within the zone of fortifications, and, to add to the cold fear occasioned by this news, aeroplanes had dropped bombs upon the Gare de l'Est that afternoon.

There was a rush last night to get away from the capital, and the railway stations were great camps of fugitives, in which the richest and poorest citizens were mingled with their women and children. But the tragedy deepened when it was heard that most of the lines to the east had been cut, and that the only line remaining open to Dieppe would probably be destroyed during the next few hours. A great wail of grief arose from the crowds, and the misery of these people was pitiful.

Among them were groups of soldiers of many regiments. Many of them were wounded and lay on stretchers on the floor among crying babies and weary-eyed women. They had been beaten and were done for until the end of the war. But, alone among the panic-stricken crowd—panic-stricken, yet not noisy or hysterical, but very quiet and restrained for the most part—the soldiers were cheerful, and even gay.

Among them were some British troops, and I had a talk with them. They had been fighting for ten days without cessation, and their story is typical of the way in which all our troops held themselves.

"We had been fighting night and day," said a Sergeant. "For the whole of that time the only rest from fighting was when we were marching and retreating." He spoke of the German Army as an avalanche of armed men. "You can't mow that down," he said. "We kill them and kill them, and still they come on. They seem to have an inexhaustible supply of fresh troops. Directly we check them in one attack a fresh attack is developed. It is impossible to oppose such a mass of men with any success."

This splendid fellow, who was severely wounded, was still so much master of

himself, so supreme in his common sense, that he was able to get the right perspective about the general situation.

"It is not right to say we have met with disaster," he said. "We have to expect that nowadays. Besides, what if a battalion was cut up? That did not mean defeat. While one regiment suffered, another got off lightly"; and by the words of that Sergeant the public may learn to see the truth of what has happened. I can add my own evidence to his. All along the lines I have spoken to officers and men, and the actual truth is that the British Army is still unbroken, having retired in perfect order to good positions—the most marvelous feat ever accomplished in modern warfare.

From Paris I went by the last train again which has got through to Dieppe. Lately I seem to have become an expert in catching the last train. It was only a branch line which struggles in an erratic way through the west of France, and the going was long and painful, because at every wayside station the carriages were besieged by people trying to escape. They were very patient and very brave. Even when they found that it was impossible to get one more human being on or one more package into the already crowded train they turned away in quiet grief, and when women wept over their babies it was silently and without abandonment to despair. The women of France are brave, God knows. I have seen their courage during the past ten days—gallantry surpassing that of the men, because of their own children in their arms without shelter, food, or safety in this terrible flight from the advancing enemy.

Enormous herds of cattle were being driven into Paris. For miles the roads were thronged with them; and down other roads away from Paris families were trekking to far fields with their household goods piled into bullock carts, pony carts, and wheelbarrows.

Two batteries of artillery were stationed by the line, and a regiment of infantry was hiding in the hollows of the grassy slopes. Their outposts were scan-

ning the horizon, and it was obvious that the Germans were expected at this point in order to cut the last way of escape from the capital.

One of the enemy's aeroplanes flew above our heads, circled around, and then disappeared. It dropped no bombs and was satisfied with its reconnaissance. The whistle of the train shrieked out, and there was a cheer from the French gunners as we went on our way to safety, leaving them behind at the post of peril.

ST. PIERRE DU VAUVRAY, Sept. 6.—England received a hint yesterday as to a change in the German campaign, but only those who have been, as I have, into the very heart of this monstrous horror of war, seeing the flight of hundreds of thousands of people before an overwhelming enemy and following the lines of the allied armies in their steady retirement before an apparently irresistible advance, may realize even dimly the meaning of the amazing transformation that has happened during the last few days.

For when I wrote my last dispatch from Arques-la-Bataille, after my adventures along the French and English lines, it seemed as inevitable as the rising of next day's sun that the Germans should enter Paris on the very day when I wrote my dispatch. Still not a single shot has come crashing upon the French fortifications.

At least a million men—that is no exaggeration of a light pen, but the sober and actual truth—were advancing steadily upon the capital last Tuesday. They were close to Beauvais when I escaped from what was then a death-trap. They were fighting our British troops at Creil when I came to that town. Upon the following days they were holding our men in the Forest of Compiègne. They had been as near to Paris as Senlis, almost within gunshot of the outer forts.

"Nothing seems to stop them," said many soldiers with whom I spoke. "We kill them and kill them, but they come on."

The situation seemed to me almost ready for the supreme tragedy—the cap-

ture or destruction of Paris. The northwest of France lay very open to the enemy, abandoned as far south as Abbéville and Amiens, too lightly held by a mixed army corps of French and Algerian troops with their headquarters at Aumale.

Here was an easy way to Paris.

Always obsessed with the idea that the Germans must come from the east, the almost fatal error of this war, the French had girdled Paris with almost impenetrable forts on the east side, from those of Ecouen and Montmorency, by the far-flung forts of Chelles and Champigny, to those of Susy and Villeneuve, on the outer lines of the triple cordon; but on the west side, between Pontoise and Versailles, the defenses of Paris were weak. I say "were," because during the last three days thousands of men have been digging trenches and throwing up ramparts. Only the snakelike Seine, twining into Pegoud loop, forms a natural defense to the western approach to the city, none too secure against men who have crossed many rivers in their desperate assaults.

This, then, was the Germans' chance; it was for this that they had fought their way westward and southward through incessant battlefields from Mons and Charleroi to St. Quentin and Amiens and down to Creil and Compiègne, flinging away human life as though it were but rubbish for deathpits.

The prize of Paris, Paris the great and beautiful, seemed to be within their grasp.

It was their intention to smash their way into it by this western entry and then to skin it alive. Holding this city at ransom, it was their idea to force France to her knees under threat of making a vast and desolate ruin of all those palaces and churches and noble buildings in which the soul of French history is enshrined.

They might have done it but for one thing which has upset all the cold-blooded calculations of their staff, that thing which perhaps I may be pardoned for calling the miracle. They might have done it, I think, last Wednesday and



Thursday, even perhaps as late as last Friday.

I am not saying these things from rumor and hearsay, I am writing from the evidence of my own eyes after traveling several hundreds of miles in France during the last four days along the main strategical lines, grim sentinels guarding the last barriers to the approaching death which is sweeping on its way through France to the rich harvest of Paris, which it was eager to destroy.

There was only one thing to do to escape from the menace of this death. By all the ways open, by any way, the population of Paris emptied itself like rushing rivers of humanity along all the lines which promised anything like safety.

Only those stayed behind to whom life means very little away from Paris and who if death came desired to die in the city of their life.

Again I write from what I saw and to tell the honest truth from what I suffered, for the fatigue of this hunting for facts behind the screen of war is exhausting to all but one's moral strength, and even to that.

I found myself in the midst of a new and extraordinary activity of the French and English Armies. Regiments were being rushed up to the centre of the allied forces toward Creil, Montdidier, and Noyon. That was before last Tuesday, when the English troops were fighting hard at Creil.

This great movement continued for several days, putting to a severe test the French railway system, which is so wonderfully organized that it achieved this mighty transportation of troops with clockwork regularity. Working to a time table dictated by some great brain which, in the Headquarters Staff of the French Army, calculated with perfect precision the conditions of a network of lines on which troop trains might be run to a given point, it was an immense victory of organization, and a movement which heartened one observer at least to believe that the German deathblow would again be averted.

I saw regiment after regiment entraining. Men from the Southern Prov-

inces, speaking the patois of the South; men from the Eastern Departments whom I had seen a month before, at the beginning of the war, at Chalons and Epernay and Nancy, and men from the southwest and centre of France, in garrisons along the Loire. They were all in splendid spirits and utterly undaunted by the rapidity of the German advance.

"It is nothing, my little one," said a dirty, unshaved gentleman with the laughing eyes of a D'Artagnan; "we shall bite their heads off. These brutal bosches are going to put themselves in a guetapens, a veritable deathtrap. We shall have them at last."

Many of them had fought at Longwy and along the heights of the Vosges. The youngest of them had bristling beards, their blue coats with turned-back flaps were war worn and flanked with the dust of long marches; their red trousers were sloppy and stained, but they had not forgotten how to laugh, and the gallantry of their spirits was a joy to see.

They are very proud, these French soldiers, of fighting side by side with their old foes. The English now, after long centuries of strife, from Edward, the Black Prince, to Wellington, are their brothers-in-arms upon the battlefields, and because I am English they offered me their cigarettes and made me one of them. But I realized even then that the individual is of no account in this inhuman business of war.

It is only masses of men that matter, moved by common obedience at the dictation of mysterious far-off powers, and I thanked Heaven that masses of men were on the move rapidly in vast numbers and in the right direction to support the French lines which had fallen back from Amiens a few hours before I left that town, and whom I had followed in their retirement, back and back, with the English always strengthening their left, but retiring with them almost to the outskirts of Paris itself.

Only this could save Paris—the rapid strengthening of the allied front by enormous reserves strong enough to hold

back the arrow-shaped battering ram of the enemy's main army.

Undoubtedly the French Headquarters Staff was working heroically and with fine intelligence to save the situation at the very gates of Paris. The country was being swept absolutely clean of troops in all parts of France, where they had been waiting as reserves.

It was astounding to me to see, after those three days of rushing troop trains and of crowded stations not large enough to contain the regiments, how on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last an air of profound solitude and peace had taken possession of all these routes.

In my long journey through and about France and circling round Paris I found myself wondering sometimes whether all this war had not been a dreadful illusion without reality, and a transformation had taken place, startling in its change, from military turmoil to rural peace.

Dijon was emptied of its troops. The road to Chalons was deserted by all but fugitives. The great armed camp at Chalons itself had been cleared out except for a small garrison. The troops at Tours had gone northward to the French centre. All our English reserves had been rushed up to the front from Havre and Rouen.

There was only one deduction to be drawn from this great, swift movement—the French and English lines had been supported by every available battalion to save Paris from its menace of destruction, to meet the weight of the enemy's metal by a force strong enough to resist its mighty mass.

It was still possible that the Germans might be smashed on their left wing, hurled back to the west between Paris and the sea, and cut off from their line of communications. It was undoubtedly this impending peril which scared the enemy's Headquarters Staff and upset all its calculations. They had not anticipated the rapidity of the supporting movement of the allied armies, and at the very gates of Paris they saw themselves balked of their prize, the greatest prize of the war, by the necessity of changing front.

To do them justice, they realized instantly the new order of things, and with quick and marvelous decision did not hesitate to alter the direction of their main force. Instead of proceeding to the west of Paris they swung round steadily to the southeast in order to keep their armies away from the enveloping movement of the French and English and drive their famous wedge-like formation southward for the purpose of dividing the allied forces of the west from the French Army of the east. The miraculous had happened, and Paris, for a little time at least, is unmolested.

That brings me back to the fighting at Creil and Compiègne, which proceeded from last Tuesday until two days later.

The guns were at work at midnight on Tuesday when I passed the English Headquarters. This battle had only one purpose so far as the Germans were concerned. It was to keep our British soldiers busy, as well as to hold the front of the French allies on our right, while their débordant movements took place behind this fighting screen.

Once again, as throughout the war, they showed their immense superiority in mitrailleuses, which gives them marvelous mobility and a very deadly advantage. They masked these quick-firers with great skill until they had drawn on the English and French infantry and then spilled lead into their ranks. Once again, also, the French were too impetuous, as they have always been, and as they still are, in spite of Gen. Joffre's severe rebuke.

Careless of quick-firers, which experience should have taught them were masked behind the enemy's advance posts, they charged with the bayonet, and suffered needlessly heavy losses. One can only admire the gallantry of men who dare to charge on foot against the enemy's mounted men and who actually put a squadron of them to flight, but one must say again: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

There have been many incidents of heroism in these last days of fighting. It is, for instance, immensely characteristic of the French spirit that an infantry

battalion, having put to flight a detachment of German outposts in the forest of Compiègne, calmly sat down to have a picnic in the woods until, as they sat over their hot soup, laughing at their exploit, they were attacked by a new force and cut to pieces.

But let me describe the new significance of the main German advance. Their right army has struck down to the south-east of Paris, through Château-Thierry to La Ferté-sur-Jouarre and beyond. Their centre army is coming hard down from Troyes, in the Department of the Aube, and the army of the left has forced the French to evacuate Rheims and fall back in a southwesterly direction.

It would not be right of me to indicate the present position of the British troops or describe the great scenes at their base, which is now removed to a position which enables our forces to hold the eastern approach to Paris. It is a wonderful sight to pass the commissariat camp, where, among other munitions of war, is a park of British aeroplanes, which are of vital importance to our work of reconnoissance.

Looking, therefore, at the extraordinary transformation throughout the field of war in France, one thing stands out clear-cut and distinct. Having been thwarted in their purpose to walk through the western way to Paris by the enormous forces massed on their flanks, the Germans have adopted an entirely new plan of campaign and have thrust their armies deep down into the centre of France in order to divide the western armies of the Allies from the army on the eastern frontier. It is a menacing manoeuvre, and it cannot be hidden that the army of Lorraine is in danger of being cut off by the enemy's armies of the left.

At the same time the German right is swinging round in a southwesterly direction in order to attack the allied forces on the east and south. Paris is thus left out of account for the time being, but it depends upon the issues of the next few days whether the threatened peril will be averted from it by the immense army now protecting it. I believe the spirit

of our own troops and their French comrades is so splendid that with their new strength they will be equal to that formidable attack.

Nothing certainly is being left to chance. For miles all around Paris trenches are being dug in the roads, and little sectional trenches on the broad roads of France, first one on this side of the way, and then one on the other side, so that a motor car traveling along the road has to drive in a series of sharp curves to avoid pitfalls.

There was feverish activity on the west side of the Paris fortifications when I passed between St. Germain and St. Denis.

Earthworks are being constantly thrown up between the forts, and the triple curves of the Seine are being intrenched so that thousands of men may take cover there and form a terrific defense against any attack.

Gen. Gallieni, the Military Governor of Paris, is a man of energy and iron resolution, and no doubt under his command Paris, if it has to undergo a siege, (which God avert!) will defend itself well, now that it has had these precious days of respite.

After wandering along the westerly and southerly roads I started for Paris when thousands and scores of thousands were flying from it. At that time I believed, as all France believed, that in a few hours German shells would be crashing across the fortifications of the city and that Paris the beautiful would be Paris the infernal. It needed a good deal of resolution on my part to go deliberately to a city from which the population was fleeing, and I confess quite honestly that I had a nasty sensation in the neighborhood of my waistcoat buttons at the thought.

Along the road from Tours to Paris there were sixty unbroken miles of people—on my honor, I do not exaggerate, but write the absolute truth. They were all people who had despaired of breaking through the dense masses of their fellow-citizens camped around the railway stations, and had decided to



take to the roads as the only way of escape.

The vehicles were taxicabs, for which the rich paid fabulous prices; motor cars which had escaped military requisition, farmers' carts laden with several families and piles of household goods, shop carts drawn by horses already tired to the point of death because of the weight of the people who crowded behind pony traps and governess carts.

Many persons, well dressed and belonging obviously to well-to-do bourgeoisie, were wheeling barrows like costers, but instead of trundling cabbages were pushing forward sleeping babies and little children, who seemed on the first stage to find new amusement and excitement in the journey from home; but for the most part they trudged along bravely, carrying their babies and holding the hands of their little ones.

They were of all classes, rank and fortune being annihilated by the common tragedy. Elegant women whose beauty is known in Paris salons, whose frivolity, perhaps, in the past was the main purpose of their life, were now on a level with the peasant mothers of the French suburbs and with the *midinettes* of Montmartre, and their courage did not fail them so quickly.

I looked into many proud, brave faces of these delicate women, walking in high-heeled shoes, all too frail for the hard, dusty roadways. They belonged to the same race and breed as those ladies who defied death with fine disdain upon the scaffold of the guillotine in the great Revolution.

They were leaving Paris now, not because of any fears for themselves—I believe they were fearless—but because they had decided to save the little sons and daughters of soldier fathers.

This great army in retreat was made up of every type familiar in Paris.

Here were women of the gay world, poor creatures whose painted faces had been washed with tears, and whose tight skirts and white stockings were never made for a long march down the highways of France.

Here also were thousands of those poor old ladies who live on a few francs a week in the top attics of the Paris streets which Balzac knew; they had fled from their poor sanctuaries and some of them were still carrying cats and canaries, as dear to them as their own lives.

There was one young woman who walked with a pet monkey on her shoulder while she carried a bird in a golden cage. Old men, who remembered 1870, gave their arms to old ladies to whom they had made love when the Prussians were at the gates of Paris then.

It was pitiful to see these old people now hobbling along together. Pitiful, but beautiful also, because of their lasting love.

Young boy students, with ties as black as their hats and rat-tail hair, marched in small companies of comrades, singing brave songs, as though they had no fear in their hearts, and very little food, I think, in their stomachs.

Shopgirls and concierges, city clerks, old aristocrats, young boys and girls, who supported grandfathers and grandmothers and carried new-born babies and gave pick-a-back rides to little brothers and sisters, came along the way of retreat.

Each human being in the vast torrent of life will have an unforgettable story of adventure to tell if life remains. As a novelist I should have been glad to get their narratives along this road for a great story of suffering and strange adventure, but there was no time for that and no excuse.

When I met many of them they were almost beyond the power of words. The hot sun of this September had beaten down upon them—scorching them as in the glow of molten metal. Their tongues clave to their mouths with thirst.

Some of them had that wild look in their eyes which is the first sign of the delirium of thirst and fatigue.

Nothing to eat or drink could be found on the way from Paris. The little roadside cafés had been cleared out by the preceding hordes.

Unless these people carried their own food and drink they could have none ex-

cept of the charity of their comrades in misfortune, and that charity has exceeded all other acts of heroism in this war. Women gave their last biscuit, their last little drop of wine, to poor mothers whose children were famishing with thirst and hunger; peasant women fed other women's babies when their own were satisfied.

It was a tragic road. At every mile of it there were people who had fainted on the roadside and poor old men and women who could go no further, but sat on the banks below the hedges, weeping silently or bidding younger ones go forward and leave them to their fate. Young women who had stepped out so jauntily at first were footsore and lame, so they limped along with lines of pain about their lips and eyes.

Many of the taxicabs, bought at great prices, and many of the motor cars had broken down as I passed, and had been abandoned by their owners, who had decided to walk. Farmers' carts had bolted into ditches and lost their wheels. Wheelbarrows, too heavy to be trundled, had been tilted up, with all their household goods spilt into the roadway, and the children had been carried further, until at last darkness came, and their only shelter was a haystack in a field under the harvest moon.

For days also I have been wedged up with fugitives in railway trains more dreadful than the open roads, stifling in their heat and heart-racking in their cargoes of misery. Poor women have wept hysterically, clasping my hand, a stranger's hand, for comfort in their

wretchedness and weakness. Yet on the whole they have shown amazing courage, and, after their tears, have laughed at their own breakdown, and, always children of France, have been superb, so that again and again I have wondered at the gallantry with which they endured this horror. Young boys have revealed the heroic strain in them and have played the part of men in helping their mothers. And yet, when I came at last into Paris against all this tide of retreat, it seemed a needless fear that had driven these people away.

Then I passed long lines of beautiful little villas on the Seine side utterly abandoned among their trees and flowers. A solitary fisherman held his line above the water as though all the world were at peace, and in a field close to the fortifications which I expected to see bursting with shells, an old peasant bent above the furrows and planted cabbages. Then, at last, I walked through the streets of Paris and found them strangely quiet and tranquil.

The people I met looked perfectly calm. There were a few children playing in the gardens of Champs Elysées and under the Arc de Triomphe symbolical of the glory of France.

I looked back upon the beauty of Paris all golden in the light of the setting sun, with its glinting spires and white gleaming palaces and rays of light flashing in front of the golden trophies of its monuments. Paris was still unbroken. No shell had come shattering into this city of splendor, and I thanked Heaven that for a little while the peril had passed.

## A Zouave's Story

By Philip Gibbs

**C**REIL, Sept. 10.—I could write this narrative as a historian, with details gathered from many different witnesses at various parts of the lines, in a cold and aloof way, but

I prefer to tell it in the words of a young officer of the Zouaves who was in the thickest of fighting until when I met him and gave him wine and biscuits. He was put out of action by a piece of shell

which smashed his left arm. He told me the story of the battle as he sat back, hiding his pain by a little careless smile of contempt, and splashed with blood which made a mess of his uniform.

"For four days previous to Monday, Sept. 7," he said, "we were engaged in clearing out the German boches from all the villages on the left bank of the Ourcq, which they had occupied in order to protect the flank of their right wing. Unfortunately for us the English heavy artillery, which would have smashed the beggars to bits, had not yet come up to help us, although we expected them with some anxiety, as big business events began as soon as we drove the outposts back to their main lines.

"However, we were equal to the preliminary task, and, heartened by the news of an ammunition convoy which had been turned into a pretty fireworks display by 'Soixante-dix' Pau, my Zouaves, (as you see, I belong to the First Division, which has a reputation to keep up, *n'est ce pas?*) were in splendid form. Of course, they all laughed at me.

"They wanted to get near those German guns and nearer still to the gunners. That was before they knew the exact meaning of shellfire well.

"They did good things, those Zouaves of mine, but it wasn't pleasant work. We fought from village to village, very close fighting, so that sometimes we could look into our enemy's eyes. The Moroccans were with us. The native troops are unlike my boys, who are Frenchmen, and they were like demons with their bayonet work.

"Several of the villages were set on fire by the Germans before they retired from them, and soon great columns of smoke with pillars of flames and clouds of flying sparks rose up into the blue sky and made a picture of hell there, for really it was hell on earth. Our gunners were shelling Germans from pillar to post, as it were, and strewing the ground with their dead. It was across and among these dead bodies that we infantry had to charge.

"They lay about in heaps. It made me sick, even in the excitement of it all. The enemy's quick-firers were marvelous. I am bound to say we did not get it all our own way. They always manoeuvre them in the same style, and a very clever style it is. First of all, they mask them with infantry; then, when the French charge, they reveal them and put us to the test under the most withering fire. It is almost impossible to stand against it, and in this case we had to retire after each rush for about 250 meters. Then, quick as lightning, the Germans got their *mitrailleuses* across the ground which we had yielded to them and waited for us to come on again, when they repeated the same operation.

"I can tell you it was pretty trying to the nerves. My Zouaves were very steady in spite of fairly heavy losses. It is quite untrue to say that the Germans have a greater number of *mitrailleuses* than the French.

"I believe that the proportion is exactly the same to each division, but they handle them more cleverly, and their fire is much more effective than ours.

"In a village named Penchard there was some very sharp fighting, and some of our artillery was posted thereabout. Presently a German aeroplane came overhead, circling round in reconnoissance, but it was out for more than that. Suddenly it began to drop bombs and, whether by design or otherwise, they exploded in the middle of a field hospital. One of my friends, a young doctor, was wounded in the left arm by a bullet from one of these bombs, but I don't know what other casualties there were.

"The inevitable happened shortly after the disappearance of the aeroplane. German shells searched the position and found it with unpleasant accuracy. It is always the same. The German aeroplanes are really wonderful in the way they search out the positions of our guns. We always know that within half an hour of observation by aeroplane shells will begin to fall above gunners, unless they have altered their position. It was



so in this fighting round Meaux yesterday.

"For four days this hunting among the villages on the left bank of the Ourcq went on all the time, and we were not very happy with ourselves. The truth was we had no water and were four days thirsty. It was really terrible, for the heat was terrific during the day, and some of us were almost mad with thirst. Our tongues were blistered and swollen, our eyes had a silly kind of look in them, and at night we had horrid dreams. It was, I assure you, intolerable agony.

"I have said we were four days without drink, and that was because we used our last water for our horses. A gentleman has to do that, you will agree, and a French soldier is not a barbarian. Even then the horses had to go without a drop of water for two days, and I'm not ashamed to say I wept salt tears to see the sufferings of those poor, innocent creatures who did not understand the meaning of all this bloody business, and who wondered at our cruelty.

"The nights were dreadful. All around us were burning villages, and at every faint puff of wind sparks floated about them like falling stars.

"But other fires were burning. Under the cover of darkness the Germans had piled the dead into great heaps and had covered them with straw and paraffin; then they had set a torch to these funeral pyres.

"Carrion crows were about in the dawn that followed. One of my own comrades lay very badly wounded, and when he wakened out of his unconsciousness one of these beastly birds was sitting on his chest waiting for him to die. That is war.

"The German shells were terrifying. I confess to you that there were times when my nerves were absolutely gone. I crouched down with my men (we were in open formation) and ducked my head at the sound of the bursting shell, and I trembled in every limb as though I had a fit of ague.

"It is true that in reality the German shells are not very effective. Only about

one in four explodes nicely, but it is a bad thing when, as happened to me, the shells plopped around in a diameter of fifty meters. One hears the zip-zip of bullets, the boom of the great guns, the ste-tang of our French artillery, and in all this infernal experience of noise and stench, the screams at times of dying horses and men joined with the fury of gunfire and rising shrill above it, no man may boast of his courage. There were moments when I was a coward with all of them.

"But one gets used to it, as to all things. My ague did not last long. Soon I was shouting and cheering. Again we cleared the enemy out of the village of Bregy, and that was where I fell, wounded in the arm pretty badly by a bit of shell. When I came to myself a brother officer told me things were going on well and that we had rolled back the German right. That was better than bandages to me. I felt very well again, in spite of my weakness.

"It is the beginning of the end, and the Germans are on the run. They are exhausted and demoralized. Their pride has been broken; they are short of ammunition; they know their plans have failed.

"Now that we have them on the move nothing will save them. This war is going to be finished quicker than people thought.

"I believe that in a few days the enemy will be broken and that we shall have nothing more to do than kill them as they fight back in retreat."

That is the story, without any retouching of my pen, of a young Lieutenant of Zouaves whom I met after the battle of Meaux, with blood still splashed upon his uniform.

It is a human story, giving the experience of only one individual in the great battle, but it gives also in outline a narrative of that great military operation which has done irreparable damage to the German right wing in its plan of campaign and thrust it back across the Ourcq in a great retiring movement which has also begun upon the German centre and left.

# When War Burst on Arras

By Philip Gibbs

**A**TOWN IN FRANCE, Oct. 7, 1914.  
—Arras has been the pivot of a fierce battle which, commencing Thursday, was still in progress when I was forced to leave the citadel three days later.

In that period I was fortunate enough to penetrate into the firing line, and the experience is one that will never be dimmed in my memory. Like the movements of so many pawns on a mammoth chessboard was the feinting with scattered outposts to test the strength of the enemy.

I saw the action open with skirmishes at Vitry-en-Artois, and next morning one of the hardest battles which make a link in the chain flung right across France of the gigantic battle of rivers was being prosecuted before my eyes.

The days that ensued were full of feverish and hectic motion. Arras rattled and throbbed with the flow of an army and all the tragedy which war brings in its train. There were moments when its cobbled streets were threaded by streams of wounded from the country beyond. Guns boomed incessantly, a fitting requiem to the sad little processions which occasionally revealed that some poor fellow had sacrificed his life for the flag which accompanied him to his grave.

I reached Arras on Sept. 29. The Germans had occupied it a fortnight earlier. Now it was placid, sleepy, and deserted, and bore no outward signs of having suffering from their occupation. I learned, however, that, although they had refrained from demolishing buildings, there had been scenes of debauchery, and private houses had been ransacked.

It was declared that the only German paying for anything during the whole of the fortnight's occupation was a member of the Hohenzollern family, an im-

portant officer who had made the Hôtel de l'Univers his headquarters.

I decided to pass on to Vitry-en-Artois, twelve miles distant and six kilometers from Douai, where I had heard the Allies were in force. Here I obtained a room in a hotel.

Within a short while I saw armed cars. There came many warriors in many cars, cars fitted with mitrailleuses, cars advancing backward, cars with two soldiers in the back of each with their rifles rested on the back cushions and their fingers on the triggers, and with the muzzles of mitrailleuses pointing over their heads. Several cavalry scouts, too, are in the streets.

Once I ventured my head a little outside of the door and was curtly warned to eliminate myself or possibly I would get shot. I eliminated myself for the moment.

Now with dramatic suddenness death touches Vitry with her chill fingers. In the distance, right away beyond the bridge behind a bend in the road, there is a clatter of hoofs. It stops. Again it goes on and stops for about a couple of minutes, and then quite distinctly can be heard the sound of a body of horsemen proceeding at a walk.

The cavalry scouts have vanished into big barns on either side of the road, and around the corner of the bridge comes a small body of German cavalry. They have passed the spot where the French scouts are hidden and I have retreated to my bedroom window, from where I can count twelve of the Death's Head riders.

They are riding to their fate. Right slap up in front of the cars they come. A rifle shot rings out from where the French scouts are hidden, then another, and that is the signal for the inferno to be loosed.

C-r-r-r-r-r-ack, and the mitrailleuse spits out a regular hail of death, vicious, whiplike, never-ceasing cracks. Two

horses are down and three men lie prone in the road.

The Germans have not fired a shot, all their energies being concentrated in wildly turning their horses to get back again round the bend.

It is too late. Another two are toppled over by the scouts in the barns, and then cars are after them, still spitting out an unending hail of lead.

It seems impossible that even a fly could live in such a stream of bullets, yet out of the dozen three get round the bend, and, galloping madly, make for the only spot where they can leave the road and get across country. Even the automobile and auto-mitrailleuse men cannot follow them there.

These fellows seem perfectly satisfied with a bag of nine, obtained without a scratch. All are dead, one of them with over twenty wounds in him. Two horses are stone dead, and three others have to be put out of their misery. The other four are contentedly standing at the roadside munching grass, one with a hind leg lifted a few inches off the ground.

The bodies of the dead Germans are laid side by side in a field to await burial. The uniforms are stripped of everything that can be removed, buttons and shoulder straps. The men in the cars take the water bottles, swords, and revolvers as mementos.

I imperfectly understood the real meaning of this scrap. I had thought it was an encounter between stray forces. A talk with the driver of an armed car, however, enlarged my perspective. It was a meeting of the outposts of two great opposing armies, one of which was at Douai, the other at Cambrai. The feelers of both forces were being extended to discover the various positions, preparatory to a big battle, which was expected on the morrow (Oct. 1) along the line of Cambrai-Douai-Valenciennes.

It was understood that the Germans had massed in force at Cambrai and strong wings were thrown out on both sides, the outposts of one wing, as we have already seen, coming into touch with the French at Vitry.

From the reports of the auto-

mitrailleuse men, who cover great distances in a day, similar skirmishing had been taking place at Etain, (where some farmhouses were burned,) Eterpigny, Croisilles, Boisieux, and Moyelles, these places ranging from ten to twenty kilometers from Arras.

There was a general exodus from Vitry and I secured standing room in a wagon of the last train leaving for Arras. It was loaded with fugitives.

Arras had changed completely on my return. Its calmness was gone. The station was empty of civilians, there were no trains running and the station entrance was in charge of a strong picket of soldiers, while the road outside echoed to the tread of infantry.

I stood still in amazement while my papers were being closely examined, and watched regiment after regiment of foot with their transport trains complete marching out on the road to Douai. This was part of the preparation for the big battle which I was told was going to begin tomorrow.

In the town itself the transformation was still more amazing—soldiers in every street, cavalry, infantry, dragoons, lancers, and engineers in ones and twos, and parties of twenty or thirty picturesque Moroccans. I never saw such a medley of colors and expressions, and the whole town was full of them—material for one army corps at least.

I installed myself in quarters at the Hôtel de l'Univers, with the intention of getting away the first thing in the morning if possible. But it was not possible. I was informed that Arras was now under military control, and no permits were being issued whatsoever. The Lieutenant who told me this smiled as I shrugged my shoulders.

"You will bear witness, Monsieur, that I tried my best to get out," said I.

"Certainly; but why go away?" he asked with a smile. "Arras est tres belle ville, Monsieur. You have a good hotel, a good bed, and good food. Why should you go out?"

And so I stayed at Arras.

That was Sept. 30. The next day I could hear guns. They started at about



8 o'clock in the morning, the French guns being in position about five kilometers outside of Arras to the south, southeast, and east, sixteen batteries of France's artillery of 75-millimeter calibre.

All day long the guns thundered and roared, and all day long I sat outside the café of the Hôtel des Voyageurs in the Place de la Gare. The station building was right in front of me. I longed for a position which would enable me to see over the tall buildings on to the battlefield beyond. Even the roof of the station would have suited. There was a little crowd of officials already there with their field glasses, and they could discern what was going on, for I noticed several pointing here and there whenever a particularly loud explosion was heard.

Two men in civilian clothes sat down beside me and gave me "good day," evidently curious as to my nationality. I invited them to join me in coffee and cognac, and during the ensuing conversation we all became very friendly, and I was given to understand that one of them was the volunteer driver of an auto-mitrailleuse who had just come off duty.

I remarked that it would be very interesting to get a sight of what was going on behind the station.

"Is it very near—the battle?"

"About five kilometers, Monsieur. The German guns are ten kilometers distant. One of the German shells exploded behind the station this morning. Would Monsieur like to walk out a little way?"

"But surely the pickets will not let me pass beyond the barrier," said I.

My good friend of the auto-mitrailleuse smiled, rose, and buttoned up his coat. "Come with me," he invited.

At the barrier we were stopped, but luck had not deserted me, for in the Sergeant in charge of the pickets I recognized another café acquaintance of the previous night. We shook hands, exchanged cigarettes, and proceeded up and down numerous streets, bearing always southward in the direction of the

firing, until the open country was reached.

My companion suddenly caught hold of my arm and we both jumped up the bank at the side of the road to let a long string of artillery drivers trot past on their way back for more ammunition. Another cloud of dust, and coming up behind us was a fresh lot of shells on the way out to the firing line.

Right up in the sky ahead suddenly appeared a ball of yellow greeny smoke, which grew bigger and bigger, and then "boom" came the sound of a gun about three seconds afterward. A shell had burst in the air about 300 yards away. Another and another came—all about the same place. They appeared to come from the direction of Bapaume.

"Bad, very bad," commented by companion. And so it appeared to me, for the Germans were dropping their shells from the southeast, at least one kilometer over range. We were standing beside a strawstack and looking due south, watching the just discernible line of French guns, when we heard the ominous whistling screech of an approaching shell. Down on our faces behind the stack, down we went like lightning, and over to the left, not 200 yards away, rose a huge column of black smoke and earth, and just afterward a very loud boom. A German big gun had come into action, slightly nearer this time.

Just behind a wood I could plainly see the smoke of the gun itself rising above the trees. Two more shells from the big gun exploded within twenty yards of each other, and then, with disconcerting suddenness, a French battery came into action within a hundred yards of our strawstack cover. They had evidently been there for some time, awaiting eventualities, for we had no suspicion of their proximity, and they were completely hidden.

My ears are still tingling and buzzing from the sound of those guns. One after another the guns of this battery bombarded the newly taken up position of the German big guns, which replied with one shell every three minutes.

Presently we had the satisfaction of

hearing a violent explosion in the wood, and a column of smoke and flame rose up to a great height.

Soixante-quinze had again scored, for the German guns had been put out of action. From out the French position came infantry, at this point thousands of little dots over the landscape, presenting a front of, I should think, about two miles, rapidly advancing in skirmishing order. Every now and then the sharp crackle of rifle-fire could distinctly be heard.

The French had advanced over a mile, and the Germans had hastily evacuated the wood. Other French batteries now came into action, and the German fire over the whole arc was becoming decidedly fainter and less frequent. This might, of course, be due to changing their positions on the German front.

Wounded began to arrive, which showed that, for the present at any rate, it was safe to go out to the trenches to collect them.

Very few of them seemed badly hit, and the wounded French artillerymen seemed to be elated in spite of their wounds. Had not their beloved Soixante-quinze again scored? The time was 6 o'clock of a beautiful evening and the firing, though fairly continuous, was dropping off. The Germans had changed their positions and it was getting a little too hazy to make observation, although a French aeroplane was seen descending in wide circles over the German position, evidently quite regardless of the numerous small balls of smoke which made their appearance in the sky in dangerous proximity to the daring pilot.

It is very interesting to watch these aeroplane shells bursting in the air,

First of all one sees a vivid little streak of bluish white light in the sky, and then instantaneously a smoke ball, which appears to be about the size of a football, is seen in the sky, always fairly close to the machine. Then there is the sound of an explosion like a giant cracker.

Occasionally several guns will fire at about the same time, and it is weird to watch the various balls of smoke, apparently coming into being from nowhere, all around the machine. Sometimes one of these shells, which are filled with a species of shrapnel, bursts rather unpleasantly near the aeroplane, and then one sees the machine turn quickly and rise a little higher.

Two or three holes have been neatly drilled through the planes. Perhaps one has appeared in the body of the machine, rather too near the pilot for safety; but it is a big gamble, anyhow, and besides the pilot has been instructed to find out where the various positions are, and he means to do it.

So he simply rises a little higher and calmly continues his big circles over the German position.

I take off my hat to these brave men, the aeroplane pilots. They are willing to chance their luck. What matters it if their machine gets hit, if the planes are riddled with holes? It will still fly, even if the engine gets a fatal wound and stops.

The pilot, if he is high enough, can still glide to safety in his own lines. But (and it is a big "but") should a shrapnel ball find its billet in the pilot—well, one has only to die once, and it is a quick and sure death to fall with one's machine.



# The Battles in Belgium

[An Associated Press Dispatch]

LONDON, Oct. 26, 1914.—The correspondent of The Daily News, who has been in an armored train to the banks of the Yser, gives a good description of the battle in the north. He says:

"The battle rages along the Yser with frightful destruction of life. Air engines, sea engines, and land engines deathsweep this desolate country, vertically, horizontally, and transversely. Through it the frail little human engines crawl and dig, walk and run, skirmishing, charging, and blundering in little individual fights and tussles, tired and puzzled, ordered here and there, sleeping where they can, never washing, and dying unnoticed. A friend may find himself firing on a friendly force, and few are to blame.

"Thursday the Germans were driven back over the Yser; Friday they secured a footing again, and Saturday they were again hurled back. Now a bridge blown up by one side is repaired by the other; it is again blown up by the first, or left as a deathtrap till the enemy is actually crossing.

"Actions by armored trains, some of them the most reckless adventures, are attempted daily. Each day accumulates an unwritten record of individual daring feats, accepted as part of the daily work. Day by day our men push out on these dangerous explorations, attacked by shell fire, in danger of cross-fire, dynamite, and ambushes, bringing a priceless support to the threatened lines. As the armored train approaches the river under shell fire the car cracks with the constant thunder of guns aboard. It is amazing to see the angle at which the guns can be swung.

"And overhead the airmen are busy venturing through fog and puffs of exploding shells to get one small fact of information. We used to regard the looping of the loop of the Germans overhead as a harebrained piece of impudent de-

fiance to our infantry fire. Now we know it means early trouble for the infantry.

"Beside us, as we crawl up snuffing the lines like dogs on a scent, grim trainloads of wounded wait soundlessly in the sidings. Further up the line ambulances are coming slowly back. The bullets of machine guns begin to rattle on our armored coats. Shells we learned to disregard, but the machine gun is the master in this war.

"Now we near the river at a flat country farm. The territory is scarred with trenches, and it is impossible to say at first who is in them, so incidental and separate are the fortunes of this riverside battle. The Germans are on our bank enfiling the lines of the Allies' trenches. We creep up and the Germans come into sight out of the trenches, rush to the bank, and are scattered and mashed. The Allies follow with a fierce bayonet charge.

"The Germans do not wait. They rush to the bridge and are swept away by the deadliest destroyer of all, the machine gun. The bridge is blown up, but who can say by whom? Quickly the train runs back.

"'A brisk day,' remarks the correspondent. 'Not so bad,' replies the officer. So the days pass."

The Telegraph's correspondent in Belgium, who, accompanied by a son of the Belgian War Minister, M. de Broqueville, made a tour of the battleground in the Dixmude district last Wednesday, says:

"No pen could do justice to the grandeur and horror of the scene. As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but burning villages and bursting shells. I realized for the first time how completely the motor car had revolutionized warfare and how every other factor was now dominated by the absence or presence of this unique means of transport.



"Every road to the front was simply packed with cars. They seemed an ever-rolling, endless stream, going and returning to the front, while in many villages hundreds of private cars were parked under the control of the medical officers waiting in readiness to carry the wounded.

"Arrived at the firing line, a terrible scene presented itself. The shell fire from the German batteries was so terrific that Belgian soldiers and French marines were continually being blown out of their dugouts and sent scattering to cover. Elsewhere, also, little groups of peasants were forced to flee because their cellars began to fall in. These unfortunates had to make their way as best they could on foot to the rear. They were frightened to death by the bursting shells, and the sight of crying children among them was most pathetic.

"Dixmude was the objective of the German attack, and shells were bursting all over it, crashing among the roofs and blowing whole streets to pieces. From a distance of three miles we could hear them crashing down, but the town itself was invisible, except for the flames and the smoke and clouds rising above it. The Belgians had only a few field batteries, so that the enemy's howitzers simply dominated the field, and the infantry trenches around the town had to rely upon their own unaided efforts.

"Our progress along the road was suddenly stopped by one of the most horrible sights I have ever seen. A heavy howitzer shell had fallen and burst right in the midst of a Belgian battery, making its way to the front, causing terrible destruction. The mangled horses and men among the debris presented a shocking spectacle.

"Eventually we got into Dixmude itself, and every time a shell came crashing among the roofs we thought our end had come. The Hôtel de Ville (town hall) was a sad sight. The roof was completely riddled by shell, while inside was a scene of chaos. It was piled with loaves of bread, bicycles, and dead soldiers.

"The battle redoubled in fury, and by

7 o'clock in the evening Dixmude was a furnace, presenting a scene of terrible grandeur. The horizon was red with burning homes.

"Our return journey was a melancholy one, owing to the constant trains of wounded that were passing."

The Daily Mail's Rotterdam correspondent, telegraphing Sunday evening, says:

"Slowly but surely the Germans are being beaten back on the western wing, and old men and young lads are being hurried to the front. The enemy were in strong force at Dixmude, where the Allies were repulsed once, only to attack again with renewed vigor.

"Roulers resembles a shambles. It was taken and retaken four times, and battered to ruins in the process. The German guns made the place untenable for the Allies.

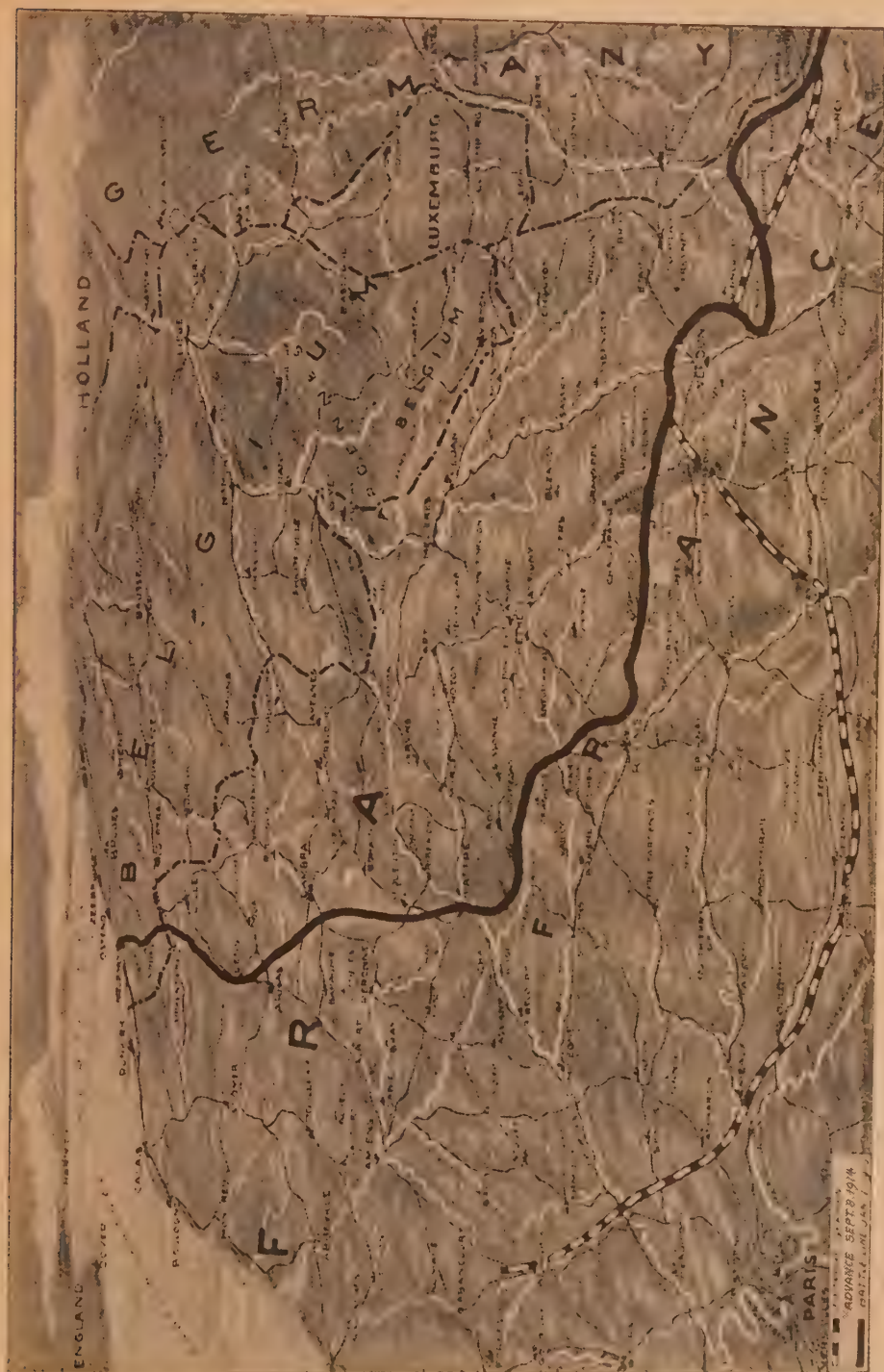
"An Oosburg message says the firing at Ostend is very heavy, and that the British are shelling the suburbs, which are held by the Germans. Last night and this morning large bodies of Germans left Bruges for Ostend. It is believed the Ostend piers have been blown up."

"The position on the coast is stationary this morning," says a Daily Mail dispatch from Flushing, Netherlands, under date of Sunday. "There is less firing and it is more to the southward. No alteration of the situation is reported from Ostend.

"The German losses are frightful. Three meadows near Ostend are heaped with dead. The wounded are now installed in private houses in Bruges, where large wooden sheds are being rushed up to receive additional injured. Thirty-seven farm wagons containing wounded, dying, and dead passed in one hour near Middelkerke.

"The Germans have been working at new intrenchments between Coq sur Mer and Wenduyn to protect their road to Bruges."

Gen. von Tripp and nearly all his staff, who were killed in a church tower at Lef-finghe by the fire from the British warships, have been buried in Ostend.



# Flanders and Northern France—How the Battle Line Has Changed (Up to Jan. 1, 1915) Since the War Began

# Seeking Wounded on Battle Front

By Philip Gibbs

**F**URNES, Belgium, Oct. 21, 1914.—The staff of the English hospital, to which a mobile column has been attached for field work, has arrived here with a convoy of ambulances and motor cars. This little party of doctors, nurses, stretcher-bearers, and chauffeurs, under the direction of Dr. Bevis and Dr. Munro, has done splendid work in Belgium, and many of them were in the siege of Antwerp.

Miss Macnaughton, the novelist, was one of those who went through this great test of courage, and Lady Dorothe Feilding, one of Lord Denbigh's daughters, won everybody's love by her gallantry and plucky devotion to duty in many perilous hours. She takes all risks with laughing courage. She has been under fire in many hot skirmishes, and has helped bring away the wounded from the fighting around Ghent when her own life might have paid the forfeit for defiance to bursting shells.

This morning a flying column of the hospital was preparing to set out in search of wounded men on the firing line under direction of Lieut. de Broqueville, son of the Belgian War Minister. The Lieutenant, very cool and debonair, was arranging the order of the day with Dr. Munro. Lady Dorothe Feilding and the two other women in field kit stood by their cars, waiting for the password. There were four stretcher-bearers, including Mr. Gleeson, an American, who has worked with this party around Ghent and Antwerp, proving himself to be a man of calm and quiet courage at a critical moment, always ready to take great risks in order to bring in a wounded man.

It was decided to take three ambulances and two motor cars. Lieut. de Broqueville anticipated a heavy day's work. He invited me to accompany the column in a car which I shared with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett of The London

Daily Telegraph, who also volunteered for the expedition.

We set out before noon, winding our way through the streets of Furnes. We were asked to get into Dixmude, where there were many wounded. It is about ten miles away from Furnes. As we went along the road, nearer to the sound of the great guns which for the last hour or two had been firing incessantly, we passed many women and children. They were on their way to some place further from the firing. Poor old grandmothers in black bonnets and skirts trudged along the lines of poplars with younger women, who clasped their babies tightly in one hand, while with the other they carried heavy bundles of household goods.

Along the road came German prisoners, marching rapidly between mounted guards. Many of them were wounded, and all of them had a wild, famished, terror-stricken look.

At a turn in the road the battle lay before us, and we were in the zone of fire. Away across the fields was a line of villages with the town of Dixmude a little to the right of us, perhaps a mile and a quarter away. From each little town smoke was rising in separate columns which met at the top in a great black pall. At every moment this blackness was brightened by puffs of electric blue, extraordinarily vivid, as shells burst in the air. From the mass of houses in each town came jets of flame, following explosions which sounded with terrific thudding shocks. On a line of about nine miles there was an incessant cannonade. The furthest villages were already on fire.

Quite close to us, only about half a mile across the fields to the left, there were Belgian batteries at work and rifle fire from many trenches. We were between two fires, and Belgian and German shells came screeching over our heads. The German shells were drop-



ping quite close to us, plowing up the fields with great pits. We could hear them burst and scatter and could see them burrow.

In front of us on the road lay a dreadful barrier, which brought us to a halt. A German shell had fallen right on top of an ammunition convoy. Four horses had been blown to pieces and their carcasses lay strewn across the road. The ammunition wagon had been broken into fragments and smashed and burned to cinders by the explosion of its own shells. A Belgian soldier lay dead, cut in half by a great fragment of steel. Further along the road were two other dead horses in pools of blood. It was a horrible and sickening sight, from which one turned away shuddering with cold sweat, but we had to pass it after some of this dead flesh had been dragged away.

Further down the road we had left two of the cars in charge of Lady Dorthie Feilding and her two nurses. They were to wait there until we brought back some of the wounded. Two ambulances came on with our light car, commanded by Lieut. Broqueville and Dr. Munro. Mr. Gleeson asked me to help him as stretcher-bearer. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was to work with one of the other stretcher-bearers.

I was in one of the ambulances, and Mr. Gleeson sat behind me in the narrow space between the stretchers. Over his shoulder he talked in a quiet voice of the job that lay before us. I was glad of that quiet voice, so placid in its courage. We went forward at what seemed to me a crawl, though I think it was a fair pace, shells bursting around us now on all sides, while shrapnel bullets sprayed the earth about us. It appeared to me an odd thing that we were still alive. Then we came into Dixmude.

When I saw it for the first and last time it was a place of death and horror. The streets through which we passed were utterly deserted and wrecked from end to end, as though by an earthquake. Incessant explosions of shell fire crashed down upon the walls which still stood. Great gashes opened in the walls, which

then toppled and fell. A roof came tumbling down with an appalling clatter. Like a house of cards blown by a puff of wind, a little shop suddenly collapsed into a mass of ruins. Here and there, further into the town, we saw living figures. They ran swiftly for a moment and then disappeared into dark caverns under toppling porticos. They were Belgian soldiers.

We were now in a side street leading into the Town Hall square. It seemed impossible to pass, owing to the wreckage strewn across the road. "Try to take it," said Dr. Munro, who was sitting beside the chauffeur. We took it, bumping over heaps of *débris*, and then swept around into the square. It was a spacious place, with the Town Hall at one side of it—or what was left of the Town Hall; there was only the splendid shell of it left, sufficient for us to see the skeleton of a noble building which had once been the pride of Flemish craftsmen. Even as we turned toward it parts of it were falling upon the ruins already on the ground. I saw a great pillar lean forward and then topple down. A mass of masonry crashed from the portico. Some stiff, dark forms lay among the fallen stones; they were dead soldiers. I hardly glanced at them, for we were in search of the living.

Our cars were brought to a halt outside the building, and we all climbed down. I lighted a cigarette, and I noticed two of the other men fumble for matches for the same purpose. We wanted something to steady our nerves. There was never a moment when shell fire was not bursting in that square. Shrapnel bullets whipped the stones. The Germans were making a target of the Town Hall and dropping their shells with dreadful exactitude in either side of it.

I glanced toward the flaming furnace to the right of the building. There was a wonderful glow at the heart of it, yet it did not give me any warmth. At that moment Dr. Munro and Lieut. de Broqueville mounted the steps of the Town Hall, followed by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and myself. Mr. Gleeson was already taking

down a stretcher; he had a little smile about his lips.

A French officer and two men stood under the broken archway of the entrance, between the fallen pillars and masonry. A yard away from them lay a dead soldier, a handsome young man with clear-cut features turned upward to the gaping roof. A stream of blood was coagulating around his head, but did not touch the beauty of his face. Another dead man lay huddled up quite close, and his face was hidden.

"Are there any wounded here, Sir?" asked our young Lieutenant. The other officer spoke excitedly. He was a brave man, but he could not hide the terror in his soul, because he had been standing so long waiting for death, which stood beside him, but did not touch him. It appeared from his words that there were several wounded men among the dead down in the cellar, and that he would be obliged to us if we could rescue them.

We stood on some steps, looking down into that cellar. It was a dark hole, illumined dimly by a lantern, I think. I caught sight of a little heap of huddled bodies. Two soldiers, still unwounded, dragged three of them out and handed them up to us. The work of getting those three men into the first ambulance seemed to us interminable; it was really no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. During that time Dr. Munro, perfectly calm and quiet, was moving about the square, directing the work. Lieut. de Broqueville was making inquiries about other wounded in other houses. I lent a hand to one of the stretcher-bearers. What the others were doing I do not know, except that Mr. Gleeson's calm face made a clear-cut image on my brain.

I had lost consciousness of myself. Something outside myself, as it seemed, was saying that there was no way of escape; that it was monstrous to suppose that all these bursting shells would not smash the ambulance to bits and finish the agony of the wounded, and that death was very hideous. I remember thinking, also, how ridiculous it was for men to kill one another like this and to make such hells on earth.

Then Lieut. de Broqueville spoke a word of command; the first ambulance must now get back. I was with the first ambulance, in Mr. Gleeson's company. We had a full load of wounded men, and we were loitering. I put my head outside the cover and gave the word to the chauffeur. As I did so a shrapnel bullet came past my head, and, striking a piece of ironwork, flattened out and fell at my feet. I picked it up and put it in my pocket, though God alone knows why, for I was not in search of souvenirs.

So we started with the first ambulance through those frightful streets again and out into the road to the country. "Very hot!" said one of the men—I think it was the chauffeur. Somebody else asked if we should get through with luck. Nobody answered the question. The wounded men with us were very quiet; I thought they were dead. There was only an incessant cannonade and the crashing of buildings. The mitrailleuses were at work now, spitting out bullets. It was a worse sound than that of the shells; it seemed more deadly in its rattle. I started back behind the car and saw the other ambulance in our wake. I did not see the motor car.

Along the country roads the fields were still being plowed by shells which burst over our heads. We came to a halt again in a place where soldiers were crouched under cottage walls. There were few walls now, and inside some of the remaining cottages were many wounded men. Their comrades were giving them first aid and wiping the blood out of their eyes. We managed to take some of these on board. They were less quiet than the others we had, and groaned in a heartrending way.

A little later we made a painful discovery—Lieut. de Broqueville, our gallant young leader, was missing. By some horrible mischance he had not taken his place in either of the ambulances or the motor cars. None of us had the least idea what had happened to him; we had all imagined that he had scrambled up like the rest of us, after giving the order to get away.

There was only one thing to do—to get

back in search of him. Even in the half hour since we had left the town Dixmude had burst into flames and was a great blazing torch. If de Broqueville were left in that hell he would not have a chance of life.

It was Mr. Gleeson and Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett who, with great gallantry, volunteered to go back and search for our leader. They took the light car and sped back toward the burning town. The ambulances went on with their cargo of wounded, and Lady Dorothe Feilding and I were left alone for a little time in one of the cars. We drove back along the road toward Dixmude, and rescued another wounded man left in a wayside cottage.

By this time there were five towns blazing in the darkness, and in spite of the awful suspense which we were now suffering we could not help staring at the fiendish splendor of that sight.

Dr. Munro joined us again, and after consultation we decided to get as near to Dixmude as we could, in case our friends had to come out without their car or had been wounded.

The German bombardment was now terrific. All the guns were concentrated upon Dixmude and the surrounding trenches. In the darkness under a stable wall I stood listening to the great crashes for an hour, when I had not expected such a lease of life. Inside the stable soldiers were sleeping in the straw, careless that at any moment a shell might burst through upon them. The hour seemed a night; then we saw the gleam of headlights, and an English voice called out.

Ashmead-Bartlett and Gleeson had come back. They had gone to the entrance to Dixmude, but could get no further, owing to the flames and shells. They, too, had waited for an hour, but had not found de Broqueville. It seemed certain that he was dead; and, very sorrowfully, as there was nothing to be done, we drove back to Furnes.

At the gate of the convent were some Belgian ambulances which had come from another part of the front with their

wounded. I helped to carry one of them in, and strained my shoulders with the weight of the stretcher. Another wounded man put his arm around my neck, and then, with a dreadful cry, collapsed, so that I had to hold him in a strong grip.

A third man, horribly smashed about the head, walked almost unaided into the operating room. Mr. Gleeson and I led him with just a touch on his arm. This morning he lies dead on a little pile of straw in a quiet corner of the courtyard.

I sat down to a supper, which I had not expected to eat. There was a strange excitement in my body, which trembled a little after the day's adventures. It seemed very strange to be sitting down to table with cheerful faces about me, but some of the faces were not cheerful. Those of us who knew of the disappearance of de Broqueville sat silently over our soup.

Then suddenly Lady Dorothe Feilding gave a little cry of joy, and Lieut. de Broqueville came walking briskly forward. It seemed a miracle; it was hardly less than that. For several hours after our departure from Dixmude he had remained in that inferno. He had missed us when he went down into the cellar to haul out another wounded man, forgetting that he had given us the order to start. There he had remained, with buildings crashing all around him, until the German fire had died down a little. He succeeded in rescuing his wounded man, for whom he found room in a Belgian ambulance outside the town, and walked back along the road to Furnes.

We clasped hands and were thankful for his escape. This morning he has gone again to what is left of Dixmude with a flying column. Dr. Munro and Mr. Gleeson, with Lady Dorothe Feilding and her friends, are in the party, although in Dixmude German infantry have taken possession of the outer ruins.

The courage of this English field ambulance under the Belgian Red Cross is one of those splendid things which shine through this devil's work of war.



# At the Kaiser's Headquarters

By Cyril Brown

GERMAN GREAT HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, Oct. 20, 1914.—The most vulnerable, vital spot of the whole German Empire is, paradoxically, in France—the small city on the Meuse where the Grosses Hauptquartier, the brains of the whole German fighting organism, has been located for the last few weeks. After a lucky dash through the forbidden zone of France held by the Germans I managed to pay a surprise visit to the Great Headquarters, where, among other interesting sights, I have already seen the Kaiser, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince, Major Langhorne, the American Military Attaché; Field Marshal von Moltke, and shoals of lesser celebrities with which the town is overrun. My stay is of indeterminate length, and only until the polite but insistent pressure which the Kaiser's secret police and the General Staff are bringing to bear on their unbidden guest to leave becomes irresistible.

It was a sometime TIMES reader, a German brakeman, who had worked in New York and was proud of being able to speak "American," who helped me to slip aboard the military Postzug (post train) that left the important military centre of L—— at 1:30 A. M. and started to crawl toward the front with a mixed cargo of snoring field chaplains, soldiers rejoining their units, officers with iron crosses pinned to their breasts, ambulance men who talked gruesome shop, fresh meat, surgical supplies, mail bags, &c. Sometimes the train would spurt up to twelve miles an hour. There were long stops at every station, while unshaven Landsturm men on guard scanned the car windows in search of spies by the light of their electric flash lamps. After many hours somebody said we were now in Belgium.

There are no longer any bothersome customs formalities at the Belgian bor-

der, but the ghost of a house that had been knocked into a cocked hat by a shell indicated that we were in the land of the enemy. Houses that looked as if they had been struck by a Western cyclone now became more numerous. A village church steeple had a jagged hole clean through it. After more hours somebody else said we were in France. Every bridge, culvert, and crossroad was guarded by heavily bearded Landsturm men, who all looked alike in their funny, antiquated, high black leather helmets—usually in twos—the countryside dotted with cheery little watch fires.

In the little French villages all lights were out in the houses. The streets were barred like railroad crossings except that the poles were painted in red-white-black stripes, a lantern hanging from the middle of the barrier to keep the many army automobiles that passed in the night from running amuck.

Sedan, a beehive of activity, was reached at daybreak. Here most of the military, plus the field chaplains, got out. From here on daylight showed the picturesque ruin the French themselves had wrought—the frequent tangled wreckage of dynamited steel railway bridges sticking out of the waters of the river, piles of shattered masonry damming the current, here and there half an arch still standing of a once beautiful stone footbridge. I was told that over two hundred bridges had been blown up by the retreating French in their hopeless attempt to delay the German advance in this part of France alone.

Several hours more of creeping over improvised wooden bridges and restored roadbeds brought the post train to the French city that had 20,000 inhabitants before the war which the Kaiser and the Great Headquarters now occupy.

Wooden signs printed in black letters, "Verboten," (forbidden,) now ornament

the pretty little park, with its fountain still playing, outside the railroad station. The paths are guarded by picked grenadiers, not Landsturm men this time, while an officer of the guard makes his ceaseless rounds. Opposite the railroad station, on the other side of the little park, is an unpretentious villa of red brick and terra cotta trimmings, but two guard houses painted with red-white-black stripes flank the front door and give it a look of importance. The street at either end is barred by red, white and black striped poles and strapping grenadiers on guard are clustered thick about it. You don't need to ask who lives there. The red-brick house (it would not rent for more than \$100 a month in any New York suburb) is the present temporary residence of the Over War Lord. Its great attraction for the Kaiser, I am told, is the large, secluded garden in the rear where this other "man of destiny" loves to walk and meditate or, more usually, talk—though the few remaining French inhabitants could have a frequent opportunity of seeing him walk in the little closed public park if they were interested, but the natives seem outwardly utterly apathetic.

Several of the Kaiser's household, in green Jäger uniforms, were lounging around the door for an early morning airing, while secret service men completed the picture by hovering in the immediate neighborhood. You can tell that they are German secret service agents because they all wear felt alpine hats, norfolk jackets, waterproof cloth capes and a bored expression. They have been away from Berlin for nearly three months now. About fifty of them constitute the "Secret Field Police" and their station house is half a block away from the Kaiser's residence.

Just around the corner from the Kaiser, within a stone's throw of his back door, is another red-brick house with terra-cotta trimmings, rather larger and more imposing. The names of its new residents, "Hahnke," "Caprivi," and "Graf von Moltke," are scrawled in white chalk on the stone post of the gateway. Further up the same street

another chalk scrawl on a quite imposing mansion informed me that "The Imperial Chancellor" and "The Foreign Office" had set up shop there. Near by were Grand Admiral von Tirpitz's field quarters. A bank building on another principal street bore the sign, "War Cabinet."

The Great General Staff occupies the quaint old Hôtel de Ville. An unmolested ramble showed that all the best residences and business buildings in the heart of the town were required to house the members of the Great Headquarters, who number, in addition to the Kaiser and his personal entourage, thirty-six chiefs or department heads, including the Imperial Chancellor, the War Minister, the Chief of the Great General Staff, the Chief of the Naval General Staff, the Chief of the Ammunition Supply, the Chief of the Field Railways, the Chief of the Field Telephone and Telegraph Service, the Chief of the Sanitary Service, the Chief of the Volunteer Automobile Corps, &c., making, with secretaries, clerks, ordonnances, and necessary garrison, a community of 1,200 souls.

I could not help wondering why the Allies' aviators weren't "on the job." A dozen, backed up by an intelligent Intelligence Department, could so obviously settle the fortunes of the war by blowing out the brains of their enemy. Perhaps that is why the whereabouts of the Great Headquarters is guarded as a jealous secret. The soldiers at the front don't know where it is, nor the man on the street at home, and, of course, its location is not breathed in the German press. Theoretically, only those immediately concerned are "in the know." Visitors are not allowed, neutral foreign correspondents are told by the authorities in Berlin that "it is impossible" to go to the Grosse Hauptquartier.

Two aeroplane guns are mounted on the hills across the river at a point immediately opposite the Kaiser's residence, while near them a picked squad of sharpshooters is on the watch night and day for hostile fliers. To further safeguard not only the person of the

Kaiser but the brains of the fighting machine the spy hunt is kept up here with unrelenting pertinacity.

"We went over the town with a fine-tooth comb and cleaned out all the suspicious characters the very first day we arrived," said a friendly detective.

"There are no cranks or anarchists left here. Today the order is going out to arrest all men of military age—between 18 and 45—but there are few, if any, left. We also made a house-to-house search for arms and collected three wagonloads, mostly old.

"Our Kaiser is as safe here now as he would be anywhere in Germany. We know every one who arrives and leaves town. It seems impossible for a spy to slip in and still more to slip out again through the lines—but we are always on the watch for the impossible. The fear of spies is not a delusion or a form of madness, as you suggest. Here is one case of my personal knowledge: A German Boy Scout of 16, who had learned to speak French and English perfectly at school, volunteered his services and was attached to the staff of an army corps. This young chap succeeded in slipping into Rheims, where he was able to locate the positions of the French batteries and machine guns, and make his way back to our lines with this invaluable information. For this feat the boy received the Iron Cross. After being in the field for six weeks he got homesick, however, and has been allowed to go home for a visit."

From a spectacular point of view the Great Headquarters is rather disappointing. A few mixed patrols of Uhlans, dragoons, and hussars occasionally ride through the principal streets to exercise their horses. Occasionally, too, you see a small squad of strapping grenadiers, who break into the goose step on the slightest provocation as when they pass a General or other officer of the Great General Staff, who you recognize by the broad red stripes on their "field gray" trousers.

There is no pomp or ceremony even when royalty is running around at large. Thus when the King of Saxony arrived in

town, a few hours after I did, no fuss was made whatever. The Saxon King and his staff, three touring car loads, all in field gray, drove straight to the villa assigned them, and, after reciprocal informal visits between King and Kaiser, the former left to visit some of the battlefields on which Saxon troops had fought, and later paid a visit to his troops at the front. For this exploit, the Kaiser promptly bestowed on him the Iron Cross, first and second class, on his return to town.

Even the Kaiser's heart is not covered with medals, nor does he wear the gorgeous white plume parade helmet nowadays, when going out for a horseback ride or a drive. I saw him come from a motor run late in the afternoon—four touring cars full of staff officers and personal entourage—and was struck by the complete absence of pomp and ceremony. In the second car sat the Kaiser, wearing the dirty green-gray uniform of his soldiers in the field. At a distance of fifteen feet, the Over War Lord looked physically fit, but quite sober—an intense earnestness of expression that seemed to mirror the sternness of the times.

The Kaiser goes for a daily drive or ride about the countryside usually in the afternoon, but occasionally he is allowed to have a real outing by his solicitous entourage.

"His Majesty is never so happy as when he is among his troops at the front," another transplanted Berlin detective told me. "If his Majesty had his way he would be among them all the time, preferably sleeping under canvas and roughing it like the rest—eating the 'simple' food prepared by his private field kitchen. But his life is too valuable to be risked in that way, and his personal Adjutant, von Plessen, who watches over his Majesty like a mother or a governess, won't let him go to the front often. His Majesty loves his soldiers and would be among them right up at the firing line if he were not constantly watched and kept in check by his devoted von Plessen." However, the Kaiser sleeps within earshot of the not very



distant thunder of the German heavy artillery pounding away at Rheims, plainly heard here at night when the wind blows from the right direction.

Of barbarism or brutality the writer saw no signs, either here or at other French villages occupied by the Germans. The behavior of the common soldiers toward the natives is exemplary and in most cases kindly. There are many touches of human interest. I saw about a hundred of the most destitute hungry townsfolk, mostly women with little children, hanging around one of the barracks at the outskirts of the town until after supper the German soldiers came out and distributed the remnants of their black bread rations to them. It is not an uncommon sight to see staff officers as well as soldiers stopping on the streets to hand out small alms to the begging women and children. Many of the shops in town were closed and boarded up at the approach of the Prussians, but small hotel keepers, café proprietors, and tradesmen who had the nerve to remain and keep open are very well satisfied with the German invasion in one way, for they never made so much money before in their lives. Most of the German soldiers garrisoned here have picked up a few useful words of French; all of them can, and do, call for wine, white or red, in the vernacular. Moreover, they pay for all they consume. I was astonished to see even the detectives paying real money for what they drank. Several tradesmen told me they had suffered chiefly at the hands of the French soldiers themselves, who had helped themselves freely of their stock before retreating, without paying, saying it was no use to leave good wine for the Prussian swine.

I had not prowled around the Great Headquarters for many hours when the Secret Field Police, patrolling all the streets, showed signs of curiosity, and to forestall the orthodox arrest and march to headquarters (already experienced once, in Cologne) waited upon Lieut. Col. von Hahnke, Military Commandant of the city, and secured immunity in the form of the Commandant's signature on a scrap of paper stamped

in purple ink with the Prussian eagle. Commandant Hahnke, after expressing the opinion that it was good that American newspaper men were coming to Germany to see for themselves, and hoping that "the truth" was beginning to become known on the other side, courteously sent his Adjutant along to get me past the guard at the Great General Staff and introduce me to Major Nikolai, Chief of Division III. B., in charge of newspaper correspondents and Military Attachés. Here, however, the freedom of the American press came into hopeless, but humorous, collision with the Prussian militarism.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? How did you get here?" snapped the Prussian Major. A kind letter of introduction from Ambassador Gerard, requesting all possible courtesy and assistance from the authorities of the countries through which he may pass," and emblazoned with the red seal of the United States of America, which had worked like magic on all previous occasions, had no effect on Major Nikolai. Neither had a letter from the American Consul at Cologne, nor a letter of introduction to Gen. von Buelow, nor any one of a dozen other impressive documents produced in succession for his benefit.

"No foreign correspondents are permitted to be at the Great Headquarters. None has been allowed to come here. If we allow one to remain, fifty others will want to come, and we should be unable to keep an eye on all of them," he explained. "You must go back to Berlin at once."

Reluctant permission was finally obtained to remain one night on the possibly unwarranted intimation that the great American people would consider it a "national affront" if an American newspaper man was not allowed to stay and see the American Military Attaché, Major Langhorne, who was away on a sightseeing tour near Verdun, but would be back in the morning. However, a long cross-examination had to be undergone at the hands of the venerable Herr Chief of the Secret Field Police Bauer, who was taking no chances at harboring

an English spy in the Houpquartier disguised as a correspondent.

I found Major Langhorne standing the strain of the campaign well, and I gathered the impression that he intended to see the thing through, and that there was much which America could learn from the titanic operations of the Germans. Major Langhorne and the Argentinian, Brazilian, Chilean, Spanish, Rumanian, and Swedish Military Attachés are luxuriously quartered a mile and a half out of town in the handsome villa of M. Noll, the landscape painter, present whereabouts unknown. The attachés all have a sense of humor, "otherwise," said one of them, "we could never stand being cooped up here together." The gardener's daughter, a pretty young French woman, the only servant who remained behind when the household fled at the approach of the Germans, is both cook and housekeeper, and when I arrived I found the seven Military Attachés resolved into a board of strategy trying to work out the important problem of securing a pure milk supply for her four-month-old baby.

Work consists of occasional motor runs to various points along the long front. I was told that recently Major Langhorne ran into the heavy shrapnel and shell fire, and was lucky to get away with a whole skin. When asked to tell about it, Major Langhorne passed it off laughingly as "all in the day's work."

In spite of the fact that they are engaged in keeping their end up in a life-and-death fight for national existence, the Great General Staff has found time to give the American Military Attaché every possible opportunity to see actual fighting.

The foreign Military Attachés have made many of their expeditions in company with the small band of German war correspondents, who live in another villa close by, under the constant chaperonage of Major von Rohrscheldt. They are allowed to see much, but send little. The relative position of the press in Germany is indicated by the fact that these German war correspondents are

nicknamed "hunger candidates." A military expert who was well posted on American journalism explained to me, however, that the very tight censorship lid was not for the purpose of withholding news from the German people, but to keep valuable information from being handed to the enemy. He pointed out that the laconic German official dispatches dealt only with things actually accomplished, and were very bare of detail, while, on the other hand, the French and English press had been worth more than several army corps to the Germans, concluding, "It may be poor journalism, but it's the right way to make war."

#### KAISERIN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Oct. 22, 1914.—It was hard to realize today that a great war was going on. Every building in town occupied by the Germans was decorated with the German flag in honor of the Kaiserin's birthday, and at night the principal ones, including that occupied by the "War Cabinet," were specially illuminated. All morning long, quantities of Generals came rolling up in touring cars to the Kaiser's door to pay their homage and offer congratulations. About noon the Crown Prince and staff arrived by motor from the direction of the headquarters of his army. The Crown Prince, who characteristically sat on the front seat next to the chauffeur, looked as boyish and immature as his former pictures—his military cap cocked slightly on one side. The responsibility of leading an army had apparently not had a sobering effect on the Crown Prince as yet, but I was told that the guiding brain and genius in the Crown Prince's army headquarters was not that of the Crown Prince, but of his chief adviser, Gen. von Haeseler, the brilliant cavalry leader of the war of 1870 and now the "grand old man" of the German Army, sharing with von Zeppelin the distinction of being the oldest living German Generals. It seemed still harder to realize that men were fighting and dying

not fifty miles away when, after luncheon, Kaiser, Crown Prince, and staffs went for a two hours' automobile ride, the Crown Prince leaving late in the afternoon to rejoin his command.

The only warlike notes in the day's picture were a German artillery aeroplane—one of the famous Taubes—that flew at a high altitude over the Great Headquarters toward the enemies' lines; a battalion of Saxon Landsturm that rested for an hour at the railroad station, then started on the final hike for the front, refreshed by a glimpse of their motoring Kaiser, and toward evening four automobile loads of wounded German officers, who arrived from the direction of Rheims, where it was rumored the French had made four desperate attempts to break through.

Here one gets more and more the impression that the Germans in their war-making have learned a lesson from the hustling Americans—that they have managed to graft American speed to their native thoroughness, making a combination hard to beat. For instance, there is a regular relay service of high-power racing motor cars between the Great Headquarters and Berlin, the schedule calling for a total running time of something under a day and a half, beating the best time at present possible by train by four hours. One of the picked drivers, who has the last lap—through France—said his running schedule required him to average sixty miles an hour, and this running at night. A network of fast relay automobile services is also run from the Great Headquarters, through Belgium, linking up Brussels and Antwerp, and to the principal points on the long line of battle.

How great a rôle the motor car plays among the Germans may be gathered from an estimate made to the writer that 40,000 cars were in use for military purposes. Many thousands of these are private automobiles operated by their wealthy owners as members of the Volunteer War Automobile Corps, of which Prince Waldemar, son of the sailor Prince Henry, is chief. Their ranks include many big business men, captains

of industry, and men of social prominence and professional eminence.

They wear a distinctive uniform, that of an infantry officer, with a collar of very dark red, and a short, purely ornamental sword or dagger.

## BACK TO LUXEMBURG.

LUXEMBURG, Oct. 24, 1914.—I have just returned from the German Great Headquarters in France, the visit terminating abruptly on the fourth day, when one of the Kaiser's secret field police woke me up at 7 o'clock in the morning and regretfully said that his instructions were to see that I "did not oversleep" the first train out. The return journey along one of the German main lines of communication—through Eastern France, across a corner of Belgium and through Luxemburg—was full of interest, and confirmed the impression gathered at the centre of things, the Great Headquarters, that this twentieth century warfare is in the last analysis a gigantic business proposition which the Board of Directors (the Great General Staff) and the thirty-six department heads are conducting with the efficiency of a great American business corporation.

The west-bound track is a continuous procession of freight trains—fresh consignments of raw material—men and ammunition—being rushed to the firing line to be ground out into victories. The first shipment we pass is an infantry battalion—first ten flatcars loaded with baggage, ammunition, provision wagons, and field kitchens, the latter already with fire lighted and soup cooking as the long train steams slowly along, for the trenches are only fifty miles away, and the Germans make a point of sending their troops into battle with full stomachs.

After the flatcars come thirty box cars, all decorated with green branches and scrawled over with chalked witticism at the expense of the French and Russians. The men cheer as our train passes. A few kilometers further backed on to a siding is a train of some twenty



flatcars, each loaded with a touring car. Then we pass a battery of artillery on flatcars, the guns still garlanded with flowers; then a short freight train—six cars loaded with nothing but spare automobile tires—then a long train of heavy motor trucks, then more infantry trains, then an empty hospital train going back for another load, then a train of gasoline tank cars, more cheering infantry, more artillery, another empty hospital train, a pioneer train, a score of flatcars loaded with long, heavy piles, beams, steel girders, bridge spans, and lumber, then a passenger trainload of German railway officials and servants going to operate the railways toward the coast, more infantry, food trains, ammunition trains, trainloads of railway tracks already bolted to metal ties and merely needing to be laid down and pieced together, and so on in endless succession all through France and through Belgium. The two-track road, shaky in spots, especially when crossing rivers, is being worked to capacity, and how well the huge traffic is handled is surprising even to an American commuter.

Our fast train stops at the mouth of a tunnel, then crawls ahead charily, for the French, before retreating, dynamited the tunnel. One track has been cleared, but the going is still bad. To keep it from being blocked again by falling debris the Germans have dug clean through the top of the hill, opening up a deep well of light into the tunnel. Looking up, you see a pioneer company in once cream-colored, now dirty-colored, fatigue uniform still digging away and terracing the sides of the big hole to prevent slides. Half an hour later we go slow again in crossing a new wooden bridge over the Meuse—only one track as yet. It took the German pioneers nearly a week to build the substitute for the old steel railway bridge dynamited by the French, whose four spans lie buckled up in the river. The pioneers are at work driving piles to carry a second track. The process is interesting. A forty-man-power pile driver is rigged upon the bow end of a French river barge with forty soldiers tugging at forty strands of the

main rope. The "gang" foreman, a Captain in field gray, stands on the river bank and bellows the word of command. Up goes the heavy iron weight; another command, and down it drops on the pile. It looks like a painfully slow process, but the bridges are rebuilt just the same.

Further on, a variety of interest is furnished by a squad of French prisoners being marched along the road. Then a spot of ant-hill-like activity where a German railway company is at work building a new branch line, hundreds of them having pickaxes and making the dirt fly. You half expect to see a swearing Irish foreman. It looks like home—all except the inevitable officer (distinguished by revolver and field glass) shouting commands.

The intense activity of the Germans in rebuilding the torn-up railroads and pushing ahead new strategic lines is one of the most interesting features of a tour now in France. I was told that they had pushed the railroad work so far that they were able to ship men and ammunition almost up to the fortified trenches. The Germanization of the railroads here has been completed by the importation of station Superintendents, station hands, track walkers, &c., from the Fatherland. The stretch over which we are traveling, for example, is in charge of Bavarians. The Bavarian and German flags hang out at every French station we pass. German signs everywhere, even German time. It looks as if they thought to stay forever.

Now we creep past a long hospital train, full this time, which has turned out on a siding to give us the right of way—perhaps thirty all-steel cars—each fitted with two tiers of berths, eight to a side, sixteen to a car. Every berth is taken. One car is fitted up as an operating room, but fortunately no one is on the operating table as we crawl past. Another car is the private office of the surgeon in charge of the train. He is sitting at a big desk receiving reports from the orderlies. During the day we pass six of these splendidly appointed new all-steel hospital trains, all full of

wounded. Some of them are able to sit up in their bunks and take a mild interest in us. Once, by a queer coincidence,

we simultaneously pass the wounded going one way and cheering fresh troops going the other.

## How the Belgians Fight

LONDON, Oct. 28, 1914.—Writing from an unnamed place in Belgium a correspondent of The Daily News says:

"The regiment I am concerned with was fifteen days and nights in the Antwerp trenches in countless engagements. It withdrew at dawn, hoping then to rest. It marched forty-five kilometers with shouldered rifles. In the next five days it marched nearly 200 kilometers until it reached the Nieuport and Dixmude line. By an error of judgment it got two days of drill and inspection in place of resting, then took its place in the front line on the Yser to face the most desperate of the German efforts."

The correspondent quotes a young volunteer in this regiment as follows:

"——— was evacuated by the Germans, and we were sent in at night-fall. As soon as they saw our lights they began shelling us. We lost terribly. A number of the men ran up the streets, but we got them together. I had about twenty and retired in order. We were 600 who went in, and must have left a third there.

"In the morning we moved down to reinforce a network of trenches on our bank of the Yser. There was a farm on our right, and some of our men were firing at it, but the door opened and three officers in Belgian uniform came out shouting to us to cease fire, so we sent a detachment to the farm, and they were swept away by machine-gun fire from the windows. No, I don't know what happened afterward about the farm. I lost sight of it.

"We got into the trenches. They lay longways behind a raised artificial bank on our side of the river. At the northern

end of them were mazes of cross trenches protecting them in case the Germans got across the bridge there and started to enfilade us. They were full of water. I was firing for six hours myself thigh deep in muddy water.

"The Germans got across the bridge. We could not show head or hand over our bank. German machine guns shot us from crevices in their raised bank across the river only a few yards away. I was hours and hours dragging our wounded out of the cross trenches at the northern end of the bank southward and behind a mound till there was no more room for them there, and bringing up new men singly and two or three at a time from further down the trenches to take their places. We lost our officers, but I got the men to listen to me.

"Some Germans shelled us with a cross fire. They got into the cross trenches. They fired down our lines from the side. We had to run back. I was too tired and sleepy to drag my feet. I think I must have fallen asleep.

"We had an order to advance again. The French were behind us on either wing in support. I was too tired to get up. Some one kicked me. I looked up. They were three of my friends, volunteers like myself. We had all joined together. They apologized and ran forward. They are all wounded now, but we are all still alive, and I never have been hit once in thirty-four fights.

"I got up. So did a man lying on the field in front of me. He was shot through the head and fell back on me. I got up again. A shell burst beside me and I saw three men, who were running past, just disappear. I was lying on my face again, and could not lift my head,

either through fear or sleep, I don't know which.

"I found myself running forward again. I called to men lying and running near and held my revolver at them. We were all charging with bayonets back at the Germans shooting us from our own trenches under the raised bank. They did not wait for us. They looked like frightened gray beetles as they scrambled up away over our bank and down into the river. It was dusk, but we shot at them over the bank. The water seemed full of them. We crouched in a big trench in muddy water behind the bank. No, we did not sleep, but my head and eyes seemed to go to sleep from time to time.

"There were perhaps 200 left of our 600. I think there was one officer further along, but it was quite dark. Some of the men talked very low. Then I heard voices whispering and talking near us on the river side of our bank. It was of earth perhaps five feet high and six feet thick. On the other side the slope fell steeply to the river.

"I sent a hush along the line. We listened, quite silent. I thought I heard German words, an order passed along on the other side. I crawled up on to the bank, not showing my head, you know. It was really about 300 Germans who had stayed there on our side under the bank, fearing to cross the river under our fire. So we stayed all through the night. We did not sleep nor did they.

"There was just six feet of piled wet earth between us. We only whispered and could hear them muttering and the sound of their belts creaking and of water bottles being opened.

"There was a thick gray mist hanging low in the morning. I crawled on to the bank again, holding my revolver outstretched. A gray figure stood up in the mist close below me. He looked like a British soldier in khaki. He said: 'It's all right, we are English,' and I said, 'But your accent isn't,' and I shot him through with my revolver. Some of our men crept to the bank, but they shot them, and some of theirs climbed over, but we fired at their heads or arms as

they showed only a few feet away, and they fell backward or on to us or lay hanging on the bank. Then we all waited.

"As it grew lighter they did not dare move away, and none of us could get out alive or over the bank to use the bayonet. A few men made holes in the looser earth, and so we fired at each other through the bank here and there. Our guns could not help us, and theirs could not shoot across, for we were all together, and yet we could not get at each other. Some of the men—theirs and ours—got over lower down, so there was firing now and then, and two men were killed near me, sliding down into the water in the trenches.

"Somebody threw a cartridge case across close to me. On a paper inside was scrawled one word: 'Surrender!' We did not know if they wanted to surrender themselves or wanted us to surrender. They were more numerous, but we were better placed, so we went on scrapping and crawling around to get a shot at them.

"Perhaps it was the French who got round at the ends. There was heavy firing. We heard quite close through the raised bank a few slipping down on the river edge and water splashing. Some of us pulled ourselves up on the bank. I heard our men scrambling up on either side of me, but could not see them. I think I was too sleepy. I shouted to charge, and then must have fallen over on my head, rolling down the bank.

"I am on the way down with these wounded. There are fifteen of us unhit here, but I think we came away just now with nearly a hundred out of our 600 of yesterday."

He was doing gallant Captain's work, a young, slight, ordinary Belgian trooper, a volunteer private in the ranks, muddy, limping, and unspeakably tired in muscle and nerve. His story is as nearly as possible in his own words, interrupted by blanks in his own consciousness of events—lapses familiar to men whose muscles and nerves are exhausted, but who must still work on without sleep.



For the following ten hours, without pause, he acted as interpreter and most capable adviser in getting long trains

of stretchers with his wounded Belgian compatriots down and on to the British hospital ships.

## A Visit to the Firing Line in France

PARIS, Sept. 30, 1914.—In company with several representatives of American newspapers, I was permitted to pass several days in "the zone of military activity," on credentials obtained at the personal request of Ambassador Herrick, that we might describe the destruction caused by the Germans in unfortified towns. Although I have given a parole to say nothing concerning the movement of the troops or to mention certain points that I visited, I am now permitted to send a report of a part of my experiences.

We crossed the entire battlefield of the Marne, passed directly behind the lines of the battle still raging on the Aisne, accidentally getting under fire for an entire afternoon, and lunching in a hotel to the orchestra of bursting shells, one end of the building being blown away during the bombardment. We witnessed a battle between an armored French monoplane and a German battery, and also had the experience of being accused of being German spies by two men wearing the English uniform, who, on failing to account for their own German accent, were speedily taken away under guard with their "numbers up," as the French Commandant expressed what awaited them.

On account of our exceptional credentials we were able to see more actual war than many correspondents, who, when they learned that permits to go to the front were not forthcoming, went anyway, usually falling into the hands of the military authorities before getting far. In fact, getting arrested has been the chief occupation of the war correspondents in this war, even our accidental view of the fighting being suf-

ficient to cause our speedy return to Paris under parole.

Going over the battlefield of the Marne, we found the battle had followed much the same tactics as a cyclone, in that in some places nothing, not even the haystacks, had been disturbed, while in others everything, the villages, roads, and fields, had been utterly devastated by shells. We talked with the inhabitants of every village and always heard the same story—that during occupation the Germans, evidently having been ordered to be on their good behavior after the Belgian atrocities, had offered little trouble to the civilians, and had confined their activities to looting and wasting the provisions. Also that when retreating they had destroyed all the food they were unable to carry.

Our baptism of fire appropriately came while we were in a church. At noon of the second day we motored into a deserted village, and were stopped by a sentry, who acknowledged our credentials, but warned us if we intended to proceed to beware of bullets. But there was not a hostile sound to alarm us.

As we drove carelessly over the brow of a hill where the road dipped down a valley into the town, we were in direct line with the German fire, as great holes in the ground and fallen trees testified. It is a wonder our big motor car was not an immediate mark. On the way in we noticed a church steeple shot completely off, so after finding an inn, where the proprietor came from the cellar and offered to guard our car and prepare luncheon, we decided first to examine the church. The innkeeper explained that we had come during a lull in the

bombardment, but the silent, deserted place lulled all sense of danger. The verger showed us over the church and we were walking through the ruined nave when suddenly we heard a sound like the shrill whistling of the wind.

"It begins again," our conductor said simply. As the speech ended we heard a loud boom and the sound of falling masonry as a shell struck the far end of the building. We hurried to the hotel, the shells screaming overhead. We saw the buildings tumbling into ruins, glass falling in fine powder and remnants of furniture hanging grotesquely from scraps of masonry.

All my life I had wondered what would be the sensation if I ever were under fire—would I be afraid? To my intense relief I suddenly became fatalistic. I was under fire with a vengeance, but instead of being afraid I kept saying to myself, "Being afraid won't help matters; besides, nothing will happen if we just keep close to the walls and away from the middle of the street."

On the way we met two men in English uniform who later denounced us as spies. We hailed them, and they replied that they had been cut off from their regiment and were now fighting with the French. Just as luncheon was announced eight soldiers filed into the hotel, arrested us, and marched us before the Commandant, who saw that our papers were all right, but suggested that on account of the dangerous position we leave as soon as possible. We asked permission to finish our luncheon. It was lucky that we were arrested then—before the accusation that we were spies—for when that question arose there was no doubt in the mind of the Commandant concerning us, so our accusers' charge merely reacted upon themselves.

During the episode of arrest there was another lull in the bombardment, which began again as we were seated

at luncheon. All through the meal the shells whistled and screamed overhead, and the dishes rattled constantly on the table.

When the meal was over the proprietor called us to witness what had happened to the far wing of the hotel. It was completely demolished. "Alert" had just been sounded, and the soldiers were running through the streets. We ran out in time to see a building falling half a block away, completely filling the street by which we had entered the town an hour earlier.

In a few minutes we heard the sharp crackle of infantry fire about half a mile away, and we had a sudden desire to get away before the automobile retreat was cut off. Just then we heard the sound of an aero engine overhead. It was flying so low that through a glass we could easily see the whirling propeller. The machine was mounted with a rapid-fire gun which was trying to locate the German gunners, who immediately abandoned the destruction of the town in an attempt to bring it down. For ten minutes we saw shells bursting all about it. At times it was lost in smoke, but when the smoke cleared there was the monoplane still blazing away, always mounting to a higher level, and finally disappearing toward the French lines.

There was another lull in the cannonade, and we were permitted to pass down the street near the river, where, by peering around a building, we could see where the German batteries were secreted in the hills. We were warned not to get into the street which led to the bridge, as the Germans raked that street with their fire if a single person appeared. We then took advantage of a lull in the firing and departed to the south at seventy miles an hour, in order to beat the shells, if any were aimed our way as we crossed the rise of the hill.

# Unburied Dead Strew Lorraine

By Philip Gibbs

**D**IJON, Sept. 26, 1914.—Although great interest is concentrated upon the northwest side of the line of battle in France, it must not be forgotten that the east side is also of high importance. The operation of the French and German forces along the jagged frontier from north to south is of vital influence upon the whole field of war, and any great movement of troops in this direction affects the strategy of the Generals to command on the furthestmost wings.

It was a desire to know something of what had been happening in the east which led me to travel to the extreme right. Few correspondents have been in this part of the field since the beginning of the war. It is far from their own line of communications. For this reason there have been no detailed narratives of the fighting in Lorraine, and a strange silence has brooded over those battlefields. The spell of it has been broken only by official bulletins telling in a line or two the uncertain result of the ceaseless struggle for mastery.

Here are regiments of young men who have the right already to call themselves veterans, for they have been fighting continually for six weeks in innumerable engagements, for the most part unrecorded in official dispatches. I had seen them answering the call to mobilization, singing joyously as they marched through the streets. Then they were smart fellows, clean shaven and spruce in their new blue coats and scarlet trousers. Now war has put its dirt upon them and seems to have aged them by fifteen years, leaving its ineffaceable imprint upon their faces. Their blue coats have changed to a dusty gray, but they are hard and tough for the most part, and Napoleon himself would not have wished for better fighting men.

Now for the first time since the beginning of the war there will be a little respite on the Lorraine frontier, and in the wooded country of the two lost provinces there will be time to bury the dead which incumber its fields. Words are utterly inadequate to describe the horrors of the region to the east of the Meurthe, in and around the little towns of Blamont, Badonviller, Cirey-les-Forges, Arracourt, Château-Salins, Morhage, and Baudrecourt, where for six weeks there has been incessant fighting. After the heavy battle of Sept. 4, when the Germans were repulsed with severe losses after an attack in force, both sides retired for about twelve miles and dug themselves into lines of trenches which they still hold; but every day since that date there has been a kind of guerrilla warfare, with small bodies of men fighting from village to village and from wood to wood, the forces on each side being scattered over a wide area in advance of their main lines. This method of warfare is even more terrible than a pitched battle.

"It is absurd to talk of Red Cross work," said one of the French soldiers who had just come out of the trenches at Lunéville. "It has not existed as far as many of these fights are concerned. How could it? A few litter-carriers came with us on some of our expeditions, but they were soon shot down, and after that the wounded just lay where they fell, or crawled away into the shelter of the woods. Those of us who were unhurt were not allowed to attend to our wounded comrades; it is against orders. We have to go on regardless of losses. My own best comrade was struck down by my side. I heard his cry and saw him lying there with blood oozing through his coat. My heart wept to leave him. He wanted me to take his money, but I just kissed his hand and





Where the Armies are Contending in Alsace-Lorraine.

went on. I suppose he died, for I could not find him when we retreated."

Another French soldier lay wounded at the edge of a wood ten miles from Lunéville. When he recovered consciousness he saw there were only dead and dying men around him. He remained for two days, unable to move his shattered limbs, and cried out for death to relieve him of his agony. At night he was numbed by cold; in the day thirst tortured him to the point of madness. Faint cries and groans came to his ears across the field. It was on the morning of the third day that French peasants came to rescue those who still remained alive.

There have been several advances made by the French into Lorraine, and several retirements. On each occasion men have seen new horrors which have turned their stomachs. There are woods not far from Nancy from which there comes a pestilential stench which steals down the wind in gusts of obscene odor. For three weeks and more dead bodies of Germans and Frenchmen have lain rotting there. There are few grave diggers. The peasants have fled from their villages, and the soldiers have other work to do; so that the frontier fields on each side are littered with corruption, where plague and fever find holding ground.

I have said that this warfare on the frontier is pitiless. This is a general statement of a truth to which there are exceptions. One of these was a reconciliation on the battlefield between French and German soldiers who lay wounded and abandoned near the lit-

tle town of Blamont. When dawn came they conversed with each other while waiting for death. A French soldier gave his water bottle to a German officer who was crying out with thirst. The German sipped a little and then kissed the hand of the man who had been his enemy. "There will be no war on the other side," he said.

Another Frenchman, who came from Montmartre, found a Luxembourger lying within a yard of him whom he had known as a messenger in a big hotel in Paris. The young German wept to see his old acquaintance. "It is stupid," he said, "this war. You and I were happy when we were good friends in Paris. Why should we have been made to fight with each other?" He died with his arms around the neck of the soldier who told me the story, unashamed of his own tears.

I could tell a score of tales like this, told to me by men whose eyes were still haunted by the sight of these things; and perhaps one day they will be worth telling, so that people of little imagination may realize the meaning of this war and put away false heroics from their lips. It is dirty business, with no romance in it for any of those fine young Frenchmen I have learned to love, who still stay in the trenches on the frontier lines or march a little way into Lorraine and back again.

Some of those trenches on either side are still filled with men leaning forward with their rifles pointing to the enemy—quite dead, in spite of their lifelike posture.

## Along the German Lines Near Metz

[Correspondence of The Associated Press.]

WITH THE GERMAN ARMY BEFORE METZ, Sept. 30, 1914, (by Courier to Holland and Mail to New York.)—A five-day trip to the front has taken the correspondent of The Associated Press through

the German fortresses of Mainz, Saarbrücken, and Metz, through the frontier regions between Metz and the French fortress line from Verdun to Toul, into the actual battery positions from which German and Austrian heavy artillery

were pounding their eight and twelve inch shells into the French barrier forts and into the ranks of the French field army which has replaced the crumbling fortifications of steel and cement with ramparts of flesh and blood.

Impressions at the end are those of some great industrial undertaking with powerful machinery in full operation and endless supply trains bringing up the raw materials for manufacture rather than of war as pictured.

From a point of observation on a hillside above St. Mihiel the great battlefield on which a German army endeavoring to break through the line of barrier forts between Verdun and Toul and the opposing French forces could be surveyed in its entirety. In the foreground lay the level valley of the Meuse, with the towns of St. Mihiel and Banancour nestling upon the green landscape. Beyond and behind the valley rose a tier of hills on which the French at this writing obstinately hold an intrenched position, checking the point of the German wedge, while the French forces from north and south beat upon the sides of the triangle, trying to force it back across the Meuse and out from the vitals of the French fortress line.

Bursting shells threw up their columns of white or black fog around the edge of the panorama. Cloudlets of white smoke here and there showed where a position was being brought under shrapnel fire. An occasional aeroplane could be picked out hovering over the lines, but the infantry and the field battery positions could not be discerned even with a high-power field glass, so cleverly had the armies taken cover. The uninitiated observer would have believed this a deserted landscape rather than the scene of a great battle, which, if successful for the Germans, would force the main French Army to retreat from its intrenched positions along the Aisne River.

About three miles away, across the Meuse, a quadrangular mound of black, plowed-up earth on the hillside marked the location of Fort Les Paroches, which had been silenced by the German mortars the night before. Fort Camp des Romains, so named because the Roman

legions had centuries ago selected this site for a strategic encampment, had been stormed by Bavarian infantry two days earlier after its heavy guns had been put out of action, and artillery officers said that Fort Lionville, fifteen miles to the south and out of the range of vision, was then practically silenced, only one of its armored turrets continuing to answer the bombardment.

The correspondent had spent the previous night at the fortress town of Metz, sleeping under the same roof with Prince Oscar of Prussia, invalidated from the field in a state of physical breakdown; Prince William of Hohenzollern, father-in-law of ex-King Manuel, and other officers, either watching or engaged in the operations in the field, and had traveled by automobile to the battlefield thirty-five miles to the west. For the first part of the distance the road led through the hills on which are located the chain of forts comprising the fortress of Metz; but, although the General Staff officer in the car pointed now and then to a hill as the site of this or that fort, traces of the fortifications could only occasionally be made out. Usually they were so skillfully masked and concealed by woods or blended with the hill-sides that nothing out of the ordinary was apparent, in striking contrast to the exposed position of the forts at the recently visited fortress of Liège, which advertised their presence from the sky line of the encompassing hills and fairly invited bombardment.

The country as far as the frontier town of Gorze seemed bathed in absolute peace. No troops were seen, rarely were automobiles of the General Staff encountered, and men and women were working in the field and vineyards as if war were a thousand miles away instead of only next door.

Beyond Gorze, however, the road leading southwest through Chambley and St. Benoît Vigneulles to St. Mihiel was crowded with long columns of wagons and automobile trucks bearing reserve ammunition, provisions, and supplies to the front, or returning empty for new loads to the unnamed railroad base in



the rear. Strikingly good march discipline was observed, part of the road being always left free from the passage of staff automobiles or marching troops. Life seemed most comfortable for the drivers and escorts, as the army in advance had been so long in position, and its railroad base was so near, that supplying it involved none of the sleepless nights and days and almost superhuman exertions falling to the lot of the train in the flying march of the German armies toward Paris.

A few miles beyond Gorze the French frontier was passed, and from this point on the countryside, with its deserted farms, rotting shocks of wheat, and uncut fields of grain, trampled down by infantry and scarred with trenches, excavations for batteries and pits caused by exploding shells, showed war's devastating heel prints.

Main army headquarters, the residence and working quarters of a commanding General whose name may not yet be mentioned, were in Château Chambley, a fine French country house. In the château the commanding General made all as comfortable as in his own home. Telegraph wires led to it from various directions, a small headquarters guard lounged on the grass under the trees, a dozen automobiles and motor cycles were at hand, and grooms were leading about the chargers of the General and his staff. At St. Benoît, five miles further on, a subordinate headquarters was encountered, again in a château belonging to a rich French resident. The Continental soldier leaves tents to the American Army and quarters himself, whenever it is possible, comfortably in houses, wasting no energy in transporting and setting up tented cities for officers and men. No matter how fast or how far a German Army moves, a completely equipped telegraph office is ready for the army commander five minutes after headquarters have been established.

At St. Benoît a party of some 300 French prisoners was encountered, waiting outside headquarters. They were all fine young fellows, in striking contrast to the elderly reservist type which pre-

dominates in the German prison camps. They were evidently picked troops of the line, and were treated almost with deference by their guards, a detachment of bearded Landwehr men from South Germany. They were the survivors of the garrison of Fort Camp des Romains, who had put up such a desperate and spirited defense as to win the whole-hearted admiration and respect of the German officers and men. Their armored turrets and cemented bastions, although constructed after the best rules of fortification of a few years ago, had been battered about their ears in an unexpectedly short time by German and Austrian siege artillery. Their guns were silenced, and trenches were pushed up by an overwhelming force of pioneers and infantry to within five yards of their works before they retreated from the advanced intrenchments to the casemates of the fort. Here they maintained a stout resistance, and refused every summons to surrender. Hand grenades were brought up, bound to a backing of boards, and exploded against the openings into the casemates, filling these with showers of steel splinters. Pioneers, creeping up to the dead angle of the casemates, where the fire of the defenders could not reach them, directed smoke tubes and stinkpots against apertures in the citadel, filling the rooms with suffocating smoke and gases.

"Have you had enough?" the defenders were asked, after the first smoke treatment.

"No!" was the defiant answer.

The operation was repeated a second and third time, the response to the demand for surrender each time growing weaker, until finally the defenders were no longer able to raise their rifles, and the fort was taken. When the survivors of the plucky garrison were able to march out, revived by the fresh air, they found their late opponents presenting arms before them in recognition of their gallant stand. They were granted the most honorable terms of surrender, their officers were allowed to retain their swords, and on their march toward an honorable captivity they were

everywhere greeted with expressions of respect and admiration.

The headquarters guard here was composed of a company of infantry. The company's field kitchen, the soup-boiler and oven on wheels, which the German army copied from the Russians and which the soldiers facetiously and affectionately name their "goulash cannon," had that day, the Captain said, fed 970 men, soldiers of his own and passing companies, headquarters attachés, wounded men and the detachment of French prisoners.

Experienced German officers rank the field kitchens, with the sturdy legs of the infantry, the German heavy artillery and the aviation corps, as the most important factors in the showing made by the German armies.

Beyond St. Benoit the Côte Lorraine, a range of wooded hills running north and south along the east bank of the Meuse, rises in steeply terraced slopes several hundred feet from the frontier plain, interposing a natural rampart between Germany and the French line of fortresses beyond the Meuse. The French had fortified these slopes with successive rows of trenches, permitting line above line of infantry to fire against an advancing enemy. For days a desperate struggle was waged for the possession of the heights, which was imperative for the German campaign against the line of fortresses.

Germans do not mention the extent of their losses in any particular action, but it was admitted and evident that it had cost a high price to storm those steep slopes and win a position in the woods crowning the range from which their batteries could be directed against the French forts. Vigneuilles, a village at the foot of the hillside, shot into ruins by artillery and with every standing bit of house wall scarred with bullet marks from the hand-to-hand conflicts which had swayed to and fro in its streets, was typical of all the little stone-built towns serving as outposts to this natural fortress which had been the scene of embittered attacks and counterattacks before the German

troops could fight their way up the hillsides.

The combat is still raging on this day from north and south against the segment of this range captured by the Germans. The French, massing their troops by forest paths from Verdun and Toul, throw them against the Germans in desperate endeavors to break the lines which protect the sites for the German siege artillery, heavy mortars of 8¼ and 16½ inch calibre and an intermediate sized type, and for the Austrian automobile batteries of 12-inch siege guns.

The correspondent had no opportunity to inspect at close range the 16½-inch guns, the "growlers" of Liège, Namur, and other fortresses, which Krupp and the German Army uncovered as the surprise of this war. They could be heard even from Metz speaking at five-minute intervals. A battery of them, dug into the ground so that only the gun muzzles projected above the pits, was observed in action at a distance of about a half mile, the flash of flames being visible even at this distance.

Their smaller sisters were less coy. A dismounted battery of the intermediate calibre, details of which are not available for publication, was encountered by the roadside, awaiting repairs to the heavy traction engine in whose train it travels in sections along the country roads, while the German 8¼-inch (21 centimeter) and the Austrian 12-inch (30.5 centimeter) batteries were seen in action.

The heavy German battery lay snugly hidden in a wood on the rolling heights of the Côte Lorraine. Better off than the French, whose aviators had for days repeatedly scrutinized every acre of land in the vicinity looking for these guns, we had fairly accurate directions how to find the battery, but even then it required some search and doubling back and forth before a languid artilleryman lounging by the roadside pointed with thumb over shoulder toward the hidden guns.

These and the artillerymen were enjoying their midday rest, a pause which sets in every day with the regularity

of the luncheon hour in a factory. The guns, two in this particular position, stood beneath a screen of thickly branching trees, the muzzles pointing toward round openings in this leafy roof. The gun carriages were screened with branches. The shelter tents of the men and the house for the ammunition had also been covered with green, and around the position a hedge of boughs kept off the prying eyes of possible French spies wandering through the woods.

It was the noon pause, but the Lieutenant in charge of the guns, anxious to show them off to advantage, volunteered to telephone the battery commander, in his observation post four miles nearer the enemy, for permission to fire a shot or two against a village in which French troops were gathering for the attack. This battery had just finished with Les Paroches, a French barrier fort across the Meuse, and was now devoting its attention to such minor tasks. Only forts really counted, said the Lieutenant, recalling Fort Manonvillers, near Lunéville, the strongest French barrier fort, which was the battery's first "bag" of the war. Its capture, thanks to his guns, had cost the German Army only three lives, those of three pioneers accidentally killed by the fire of their own men. Now Les Paroches was a heap of crumbled earth and stone. In default of forts the guns were used against any "worthy target"—a "worthy target" being defined as a minimum of fifty infantrymen.

At this moment the orderly reported that the battery commander authorized two shots against the village in question. At command the gun crew sprang to their posts about the mortar, which was already adjusted for its target, a little less than six miles away, the gun muzzle pointing skyward at an angle of about 60 degrees. As the gun was fired the projectile could be seen and followed in its course for several hundred feet. The report was not excessively loud.

Before the report died away the crew were busy as bees about the gun. One man, with the hand elevating gear, rapidly cranked the barrel down to a level

position, ready for loading. A second threw open the breech and extracted the brass cartridge case, carefully wiping it out before depositing it among the empties; four more seized the heavy shell and lifted it to a cradle opposite the breech; a seventh rammed it home; number eight gingerly inserted the brass cartridge, half filled with a vaseline-like explosive; the breech was closed, and the gun pointer rapidly cranked the gun again into position. In less than thirty seconds the men sprang back from the gun, again loaded and aimed. A short wait, and the observer from his post near the village ordered "next shot fifty meters nearer."

The gun pointer made the slight correction necessary, the mortar again sent its shell purring through the air against the village, which this time, it was learned, broke into flames, and while the men went back to their noonday rest, the Lieutenant explained the fine points of his beloved guns. One man, as had been seen, could manipulate the elevation gear with one hand easily and quickly; ten of his horses could take the mortar, weighing eight tons, anywhere; it could fire up to 500 shots per day. He was proud of the skillful concealment of his guns, which had been firing for four days from the same position without being discovered, although French aviators had located all the sister batteries, all of which had suffered loss from shrapnel fire.

Along the roadside through the Côte Lorraine were here and there graves with rude crosses and penciled inscriptions. At the western edge of the forest the battle panorama of the Meuse Valley suddenly opened out, the hills falling away again steeply to the level valley below. The towns below—St. Mihiel and Banoncour—seemed absolutely deserted, not a person being visible even around the large barracks in the latter town. While the little party of officers and spectators, including the correspondent, were watching the artillery duel on the far horizon or endeavoring to pick out the infantry positions, a shrapnel suddenly burst directly before them, high in the air. There was a general stir, the



assumption being that the French had taken the group on the hillside for a battery staff picking out positions for the guns; but as other shots were fired it was seen that the shrapnel was exploding regularly above the barracks, a mile and a half away, the French evidently suspecting the presence of German troops there.

A ten-mile ride southward led to the position of the Austrian 12-inch battery. The two guns this time were planted by the side of the road, screened only in front by a little wood, but exposed to view from both sides, the rear, and above. For this greater exposure the battery had paid correspondingly, several of its men having been killed or wounded by hostile fire. Here, as in the German batteries, the war work in progress went on with a machinelike regularity and absence of spectacular features more characteristic of a rolling mill than a battle. The men at the guns went through their work with the deftness and absence of confusion of high-class mechanics. The heavy shells were rolled to the guns, hoisted by a chain winch to the breech opening, and discharged in uninteresting succession, a short pause coming after each shot, until the telephonic report from the ob-

servation stand was received. The battery had been firing all day at Fort Lionville, at a range of 9,400 meters, (nearly six miles,) and the battery commander was then endeavoring to put out of action the only gun turret which still answered the fire. The task of finding this comparatively minute target, forty or fifty feet in diameter, was being followed with an accuracy which promised eventual success.

The shells from the guns started on their course with characteristic minute-long shrieks. Watches were pulled out to determine just how long the shrieks could be heard, and the uninitiated were preparing to hear the sound of the explosion itself. The battery chief explained, however, that this scream was due to the conditions immediately around the muzzle of the gun, and could not be heard from other points. He invited close watch of the atmosphere a hundred yards before the gun at the next shot. Not only could the projectile be seen plainly in the beginning of its flight, but the waves of billowing air, rushing back to fill the void left by the discharge and bounding and rebounding in a tempestuous sea of gas, could be distinctly observed. This airy commotion caused the sound heard for more than a minute.

## The Slaughter in Alsace

By John H. Cox

**B**ASLE, Switzerland, Aug. 19, 1914.  
—I have just returned from an inspection of the scenes of the recent fighting between the French and Germans in the southern districts of Alsace.

Dispatches from Paris and Berlin describe the engagements between the frontier and Mülhausen as insignificant encounters between advance guards. If this be true in a military sense, and the preliminaries of the war produce the ter-

rible effects I have witnessed, the disastrous results of the war itself will exceed human comprehension.

As a Swiss subject I was equipped with identification papers and accompanied by four of my countrymen, all on bicycles.

At the very outset the sight of peasants, men and women, unconcernedly at work in the fields gathering the harvest, struck me as strange and unnatural. The men were either old or well advanced in middle age. Every-

where women, girls, and mere lads were working.

The first sign of war was the demolished villa of a Catholic priest at a village near Ransbach. This priest had lived there for many years, engaged in religious work and literary pursuits. After the outbreak of the war the German authorities jumped at the conclusion that he was an agent of the French Secret Service and that he had been in the habit of sending to Belfort information concerning German military movements and German measures for defense—very often by means of carrier pigeons.

The Alsations say that these accusations were utterly unjust; but last week a military party raided the priest's house, dragged him from his study, placed him against his own garden wall and shot him summarily as a traitor and spy. The house was searched from top to bottom, and numerous books and papers were removed, after which the building was destroyed by dynamite. The priest was buried without a coffin at the end of his little garden plot, and some of the villagers placed a rough cross on the mound which marked the place of interment.

In the next large village we were told that it had been successively occupied by French and German troops and had been the scene of stiff infantry fighting.

Here we found groups of old men and boys burying dead men and horses, whose bodies were already beginning to be a menace to health. The weather here has been exceptionally hot, and the countryside is bathed in blazing sunshine. Further on were a number of German soldiers beating about in the standing crops on both sides of the road, searching for dead and wounded. They said many of the wounded had crawled in among the wheat to escape being trodden upon by the troops marching along the road, and also to gain relief from the heat.

On the outskirts of another large village we saw a garden bounded by a thick hedge, behind which a company of French infantry had taken their stand against the advancing German troops.

Among the crushed flowers there were still lying fragments of French soldiers' equipments, two French caps stained with blood and three torn French tunics, likewise dyed red. The walls of the cottage bore marks of rifle bullets, and the roof was partially burned.

Passing through the villages we saw on all sides terrible signs of the devastation of war—houses burned, uncut grain trodden down and rendered useless, gardens trampled under foot; everywhere ruin and distress.

At a small village locally known as Napoleon's Island we found the railway station demolished and the line of trucks the French had used as a barricade. These trucks had been almost shot to pieces, and many were stained with blood. Outside the station the small restaurant roof had been shot away; the windows were smashed, and much furniture had been destroyed. Nevertheless the proprietor had rearranged his damaged premises as well as possible and was serving customers as if nothing had happened.

Just outside this village there are large common graves in which French and German soldiers lie buried together in their uniforms. Large mounds mark these sites. Here again the villagers have placed roughly hewn crosses.

Not far from Huningen we met an intelligent Alsatian peasant who remembered the war of 1870 and had witnessed some engagements in the last few days. Here is his account of what he saw:

"The bravery on both sides was amazing. The effects of artillery fire are terrific. The shells burst, and where you formerly saw a body of soldiers you see a heap of corpses or a number of figures writhing on the ground, torn and mutilated by the fragments of the shell. Those who are unhurt scatter for the moment, but quickly regain their composure and take up their positions in the fighting line as if nothing had happened. The effects of other weapons are as bad. It seems remarkable that soldiers can see the destruction worked all around them, yet can control their nerves sufficiently to continue fighting.

"I remember the battles of 1870, in five or six of which I fought myself, but they bear no comparison with the battles of 1914. War forty-four years ago was child's play compared with war at the present time."

In several villages the schools and churches and many cottages are filled with wounded Frenchmen and Germans, and everything is being done to relieve their sufferings. In the stress of fighting many wounded soldiers were left from three to ten or twelve hours lying in the fields or on the roads. The ambulance equipment of modern armies appears utterly inadequate, and most of the wounded were picked up by villagers.

A French aeroplane from Belfort reconnoitred the German positions behind Mülhausen. As it passed over the German works at the Isteiner Klotz there ensued a continuous firing of machine guns and rifles. The aeroplane, which had swerved downward to give its two occupants a closer and clearer view of the German position, immediately rose to a much greater altitude and escaped injury. It cruised over the German position for more than an hour, now rising, now falling, always pursued by the bullets of the enemy.

This aerial reconnaissance, part of which was carried out at an altitude as low as 1,000 feet, was undertaken at terrible risk, but in this case the aeroplane escaped all injury and returned in the direction of Belfort, doubtless with

all the information it had set out to collect.

[Special Cable to The New York Times]

BERNE, Aug. 22, (Dispatch to The London Morning Post.)—Gebweiler, in Alsace, twelve miles to the northwest of Mülhausen, was taken by the French at the point of the bayonet on Aug. 20. My correspondent, who has just arrived at Basle from the field of battle, says that eight battalions of the German One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, numbering about 10,000 men, engaged the French Army. The French artillery was deadly and caused great ravages among the Germans, few officers escaping.

During the whole night the wounded were being transported to villages in the neighborhood, beyond the reach of artillery. All the buildings of Sierenz were filled with wounded.

Hundreds of horses were stretched on the field of battle. Those of the German artillery were killed, and in consequence the German forces left their artillery, of which about twenty guns are now in the hands of the French.

The object of the German troops was to cut off the retreat of the French and force them toward the Swiss frontier—an object which they failed to achieve.

The wounded received here say that they passed a terrible night in the open, without water or other succor, with the pitiful neighing of wounded horses ringing in their ears.

## Rennenkampf on the Prussian Border

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle.]

**G**RODNO, (via Petrograd,) Oct. 21, 1914.—I have returned here after a journey along the East Prussian frontier, as close to the scenes of daily fighting as I could obtain permission to go. The route was from the north of Suwalki southward to Graevo, a stretch of country recently in

German occupation, but where now remains not a single German outpost.

It is stimulating to see the Russian soldier in his habits as he lives and fights. I have seen many thousands of them camped in the rain, swamped in bogs, or marching indefatigably over the roads which are long quagmires of mud,



always with an air of stolid contentment and the look of being bent on business. They include Baltic Province men speaking German. Jews from Riga and Libau are brigaded with huge Siberians, whose marching must constitute a world record. The Cossacks are past counting, and with them are long-coated, tight-belted Circassians and Kalmucks, all representing a mixture of races and languages like that of the British Empire itself.

Actually the whole line is a battle front from north of Wirballen to well into Poland, and no day passes without contact with the Germans. This is an army in which every man has fought. Most of them have been in hand-to-hand conflict with the Germans. They have approached the front through a country which the enemy has devastated. There is no village which does not bear the mark of wanton destruction. I have seen these things for myself. Houses have been burned, others pillaged and the contents dragged into the streets and there smashed. Churches have been invariably gutted and defiled.

It is impossible not to admire these endless battalions of Siberians. They are common objects of this countryside. I came past Suwalki as they were moving up, column after column, in gray overcoats a-swing in the rhythm of their stride, like the kilts of Highlanders. It was they who bore the brunt of the fighting, unsupported by artillery, in forests of Augustowo, and, with the Baltic regiments, pushed on and took Lyck. These are the men who marched forty miles, starting at midnight, then went into action between Gor and Raigrod and delivered a bayonet charge which their officers still boast about today.

I may not indicate the geography of the front on which the Russians and Germans are now facing each other, but the German general plan is to protect the railway and all approaches to a vital junction such as Goldapp and Insterburg. Between them and the frontier lies a country of singular difficulty for the troops. It is easy of defense, with small broken hills, innumerable lakes and roads winding in watered valleys among woods.

The Germans have gone to earth in their usual lavish fashion, digging themselves in with a thoroughness worthy of permanent fortifications. Their trenches are five feet deep, with earthworks in front zigzagging as a precaution against enfilading. Some of them are very cleverly hidden with growing bushes. All peasants remaining at the countryside in Prussia are compelled to work digging trenches. The placements for guns of large calibre have concrete foundations.

The Germans had fortified Suwalki, employing forced labor. They had connected up the trench system with telephone installation and appointed a Military Governor and other functionaries. Many German officers were joined there by their wives and families, who when they retired took with them souvenirs consisting of nearly every portable object of value in the town, besides much furniture and clothing.

The Russian trenches are scarcely more than shallow grooves in the ground with earth thrown up in front of them, making barely sufficient cover for prone riflemen.

At once the German outer positions were carried by storm with ghastly carnage.

"We didn't dig much," said a Russian officer to me. "We knew we shouldn't stay there. We should either go forward or back, and we were sure to go forward."

The cloud of patrols, mostly Cossacks, which flits unceasingly along the German front is the subject of innumerable stories.

When the news was issued that the Kaiser had come east to take command of his army on this front a Cossack came in, driving before him a plump, distressed Prussian Captain whom he had cleaned during the day's work.

"I've brought him," he announced. "I knew him by his mustache," and he produced an old picture postcard from his breast showing the Kaiser with his characteristic mustache.

Near Augustowo the roads are literally blocked in many places with abandoned German transports which became

trapped in the terribly muddy country. Dead horses in hundreds lie everywhere and the Russian Sanitary Corps is busy burying them. Yet the Russians who are still moving about this country retain not only their usual average health, but do not even complain.

Between Augustowo and Raigrod a small stream is actually blocked with German stores, including much gun ammunition. The German advance which ended in this débâcle has been the costliest defeat in point of materials which they have yet suffered.

## The First Fight at Lodz

By Percival Gibbon

**W**ARS AW, Dec. 5, 1914, (by Courrier to Petrograd.) — I have wired you previously of the German force which advanced around Lodz, and was cut off south and east of the town. This consisted of two army corps—the Twenty-fifth Corps and the Third Guard Corps. The isolated force turned north, and endeavored to cut its way out through the small town of Brzeziny. It was at Brzeziny that final disaster overtook them.

The town and road lie in a hollow in the midst of wooded country, where the Germans were squeezed from the Vistula and pressed to the rear. They had fought a battle during the slow retirement of five days and were showing signs of being short of ammunition. On the fifth day they made their final attempt to pass through Brzeziny. That was where that fine strategist and fighting man who held Ivangored on the Vistula brought off the great dramatic coup for which he had been manoeuvring.

The Germans were holding the town and pouring through when he began his general attack. Brzeziny underwent nine hours of furious shelling and only half the town is now remaining. The Russian infantry again proved its sterling quality, and, supported by the tremendous fire of its own guns, drove home charge after charge, smashing the German resistance completely. By nightfall

out of two army corps, numbering 80,000 men, there remained only a remnant.

The number of prisoners reaches the total of about 20,000, and of the remainder fully 80 per cent. were killed or wounded. This is the estimate supplied to me. Owing to the small area on which the fighting was concentrated, the dead are lying in great mounds and walls at points where the charges were pushed home. For miles the countryside is dotted with dead.

In the sparser grounds an unknown number of fugitives, most of whom are wounded, are lurking in the woods. From Rawa, south of Skiernewice, midway between Lodz and Warsaw, to Lodz on the line of the former German retreat and present advance, not a single village remains. All the burned-out district is utterly desolate.

On Dec. 1, 2, and 3 the force conducting the defense of the town of Lodz was all but surrounded. The German positions were at Roycie on the southern road, within four miles of the long, straggling street which comprises most of the town of Lodz, while at Zgierz, seven miles to the north, they had a battery of heavy guns with which they shelled the town itself, killing several hundred civilians. The fire was chiefly directed on the railway and station and the Russian guns were unable for some time to locate the battery. It was dis-



The War in the East (with Net Change of Battle Line Up to Jan 1, 1915)  
from Eastern Prussia to Galicia.



covered and reconnoitred at last by an aeroplane.

Then followed an act of heroism and harebrained enterprise which is now the talk of the whole army. On Thursday night last the Colonel of Artillery made his way out and with a little group of assistants contrived to brag a field telephone wire within half a mile of the German battery. While a searchlight was swinging over the face of the country, he lay on the ground, and from there directed the Russian guns, which with his help actually succeeded in silencing the battery. The Russian guns were at this time placed in the streets of Lodz.

On Thursday night, when the attack culminated, there were 700 guns in action at one time on both sides, and throughout the night all was alight with flashes from the guns and bursting shells, and the thunder of the guns was faintly audible in the outskirts of Warsaw, sixty miles away.

Then there followed a general assault

of the Germans, a charge of huge masses of men, who followed up into the glare of the searchlights under an inferno of gunfire. Here again the Siberians demonstrated the qualities which have made them famous throughout the war. They met the Germans with a rifle fire from the trenches which not only stopped them but shattered them. They again played the old trick of allowing the enemy to approach within fifty feet, meanwhile holding their fire, and then blowing them off their feet with rifle fire and their use of the mitrailleuse.

The attack failed utterly, and from the very manner of it the Russian losses could not be otherwise than light, while the German losses in the whole of the operations against Lodz and the neighboring positions exceed a hundred thousand killed. No guess at the number of their wounded can be attempted, but we know that score upon score of trains filled with them have gone west along the Kalisz line, and still continue to go.

## The First Invasion of Servia

[By a Correspondent of The London Standard.]

**N**ISH, Servia, Aug. 31.—After the butcheries and atrocities which I witnessed during preceding battles I thought I would get accustomed and insensible to these scenes of blood, but from my last visit to the slaughter house I have brought such visions of horror that their very thought makes me shudder. The object of the Austrian Army seems to have been complete devastation.

The fierce battle which the Servians gave them incessantly for more than a week may be divided into two conflicts of equal intensity which raged along the ridge of the heights of Tser. Each of the two slopes, descending one to the Save and the town of Shabatz and the other to the Drina, is now nothing but a charnel house.

I could not say which of these two conflicts was more murderous, but this admirably fertile region, with its countless fruit trees, is now sheltering the last remains of hundreds of butchered men, women, and children.

When after three days and three nights of truceless fighting the Servians succeeded in surprising the enemy in the middle of the night at Tser, the toll of dead was so colossal that the Servian troops were constrained for the time being to abandon burying the corpses.

Everywhere the fighting was of the fiercest conceivable nature, for to resist the invaders was to the Servians a question of life and death. At several points they fought right up to the last man, succumbing but never falling back.

The volunteer corps of Capt. Tan-



regiments surrounded them, but rather than yield to the enemy Tankositch and his gallant miniature army resolved to fight to the last. In the dead of night he sent out a small group to meet the Austrians. This group, consisting of a mere handful of soldiers, hurled a shower of bombs at the enemy, cutting up his ranks, and secured a free pass.

At the first break of day, when Tankositch counted his men, only forty-six answered the call. They surrounded more than a hundred prisoners.

It will be realized that in the course of such sharp fighting the Servian losses must have been considerable, although they were much smaller than those of the enemy.

The most pitiful and heartrending aspect of these scenes was presented by the long procession of Servian survivors from the neighboring villages, consisting of old men, women, and children, bringing in the heavy toll of mutilated human beings. At Valievo, the nearest town to the field of battle, large masses of Servian and Austrian wounded kept pouring in incessantly. About 10,000 have already arrived. All had to be examined, all had to have their wounds dressed, and at Valievo there are only six doctors.

In spite of this appalling shortage of medical aid, I witnessed yesterday a most touching spectacle. A car drawn by oxen brought to the hospital at Valievo its load of mutilated soldiers. In the first portion of the car were three wounded Austrians and in the second two wounded Servians and two more Austrians. The convoys wanted to carry the Austrian wounded to the dressing room before their own wounded. A Servian doctor stopped them.

"Bring the wounded in in the order in which they come," he commanded, and, without any regard for the nationality of his patients, the doctor and his colleagues commenced their humanitarian work.

What are the Red Crosses of the neutral countries waiting for? Why do they not come here? In the name of

gallant little Serbia, in the name of a humane and pitiful people, I make urgent appeal to the Red Crosses to send a portion of their staff here. There are thousands of lives to be saved.

Now I must begin a chapter of sorrows. I wanted to witness the Austro-Hungarian excesses a second time before speaking of them, so that I could give an exact and genuine account of actual facts. Courage failed me to see all, but what I have seen can be summed up in one phrase. In the environs of Shabatz the vanquished put the finishing touch to their acts of fearful savagery by butchering their Servian prisoners, whose corpses were found heaped up in the town.

Yesterday and the day before I ran across country through Valievo toward the Drina. Further north, barely forty miles from Valievo, at Seablatcha, the poor refugees who had fled from their houses before the onslaught of the Austrians showed me eight young people, tied one to another, who were all pierced by bayonets.

Five miles from there, at Bella Tserka, fugitives of the village with indescribable despair were burying the mutilated bodies of fourteen little girls. Six peasants were found hanging in an orchard.

At Leichnitz, on the Drina, about a hundred old men, inoffensive civilians, were massacred before the eyes of their wives and children. All the women and children were led over on the other side of the bank of the Drina in order to compel the Servians to stop their fire.

It is not war that Austria-Hungary tried to make on Servia. That great nation wanted to exterminate the Servian people. She thought she would succeed before Servia had time to defend herself.

Austrian prisoners affirm that they received orders to hang all those striving against their country, to burn all the enemy's villages, and put all their inhabitants to death.

The Servian Quartermaster General is drawing up an official list of these Austro-Hungarian deeds.



# The Attack on Tsing-tau

By Jefferson Jones of The Minneapolis Journal  
and The Japan Advertiser

**J**APANESE HEADQUARTERS, Shantung, Nov. 2, 1914.—I have seen war from a grand stand seat.

I never before heard of the possibility of witnessing a modern battle—the attack of warships, the fire of infantry and artillery, the manoeuvring of airships over the enemy's lines, the rolling up from the rear of reinforcements and supplies—all at one sweep of the eye; yet, after watching for three days the siege of Tsing-tau from a position on Prinz Heinrich Berg, 1,000 feet above the sea level and but three miles from the beleaguered city, I am sure that there is actually such a thing as a theatre of war.

On Oct. 31, the date of the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor of Japan, the actual bombardment of Tsing-tau began. All the residents of the little Chinese village of Tschang-tsun, where was fixed on that day the acting staff headquarters of the Japanese troops, had been awakened early in the morning by the roar of a German aeroplane over the village. Every one quickly dressed and, after a hasty breakfast, went out to the southern edge of the village to gaze toward Tsing-tau.

A great black column of smoke was arising from the city and hung like a pall over the besieged. At first glance it seemed that one of the neighboring hills had turned into an active volcano and was emitting this column of smoke, but it was soon learned that the oil tanks in Tsing-tau were on fire.

As the bombardment was scheduled to start late in the morning, we were invited to accompany members of the staff of the Japanese and British expeditionary forces on a trip to Prinz Heinrich Berg, there to watch the investment of the city. It was about a three-mile journey to this mountain, which had been the scene of some severe fighting between

the German and Japanese troops earlier in the month.

When we arrived at the summit there was the theatre of war laid out before us like a map. To the left were the Japanese and British cruisers in the Yellow Sea, preparing for the bombardment. Below was the Japanese battery, stationed near the Meeker House, which the Germans had burned in their retreat from the mountains. Directly ahead was the City of Tsing-tau, with the Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Elisabeth steaming about in the harbor, while to the right one could see the Kiao-Chau coast and central forts and redoubts and the entrenched Japanese and British camps.

We had just couched ourselves comfortably between some large, jagged rocks, where we felt sure we were not in a direct line with the enemy's guns, when suddenly there was a flash as if some one had turned a large golden mirror in the field down beyond to the right. A little column of black smoke drifted away from one of the Japanese trenches, and a minute later those of us on the peak of Prinz Heinrich heard the sharp report of a field gun.

"Gentlemen, the show has started," said the British Captain, as he removed his cap and started adjusting his "opera glass." No sooner had he said this than the reports of guns came from all directions with a continuous rumble as if a giant bowling alley were in use. Everywhere the valley at the rear of Tsing-tau was alive with golden flashes from discharging guns, and at the same time great clouds of bluish-white smoke would suddenly spring up around the German batteries where some Japanese shell had burst.

Over near the greater harbor of Tsing-tau we could see flames licking up the Standard Oil Company's large tanks. We afterward learned that these had

been set on fire by the Germans and not by a bursting shell.

And then the warships in the Yellow Sea opened fire on Iltis Fort, and for three hours we continually played our glasses on the field—on Tsing-tau and on the warships. With glasses on the central redoubt of the Germans we watched the effects of the Japanese fire until the boom of guns from the German Fort A, on a little peninsula jutting out from Kiao-Chau Bay, toward the east, attracted our attention there. We could see the big siege gun on this fort rise up over the bunker, aim at a warship, fire, and then quickly go down again. And then we would turn our eyes toward the warships in time to see a fountain of water 200 yards from a vessel, where the shell had struck. We scanned the city of Tsing-tau. The 150-ton crane in the greater harbor, which we had seen earlier in the day, and which was said to be the largest crane in the world, had disappeared and only its base remained standing. A Japanese shell had carried away the crane.

But this first day's firing of the Japanese investing troops was mainly to test the range of the different batteries. The attempt also was made to silence the line of forts extending in the east from Iltis Hill, near the wireless and signal stations at the rear of Tsing-tau, to the coast fort near the burning oil tank on the west. In this they were partly successful, two guns at Iltis Fort being silenced by the guns at sea.

On Nov. 1, the second day of the bombardment, we again stationed ourselves on the peak of Prinz Heinrich Berg. From the earliest hours of morning the Japanese and British forces had kept up a continuous fire on the German redoubts in front of the Iltis, Moltke, and Bismarck forts, and when we arrived at our seats it seemed as though the shells were dropping around the German trenches every minute. Particularly on the redoubt of Taitung-Chen was the Japanese fire heavy, and by early afternoon, through field glasses, this German redoubt appeared to have had an attack of smallpox, so pitted was it from the holes made by bursting Japanese shells. By

nightfall many parts of the German redoubts had been destroyed, together with some machine guns. The result was the advancing of the Japanese lines several hundred yards from the bottom of the hills where they had rested earlier in the day.

It was not until the third day of the bombardment that those of us stationed on Prinz Heinrich observed that our theatre of war had a curtain, a real asbestos one that screened the fire in the drops directly ahead of us from our eyes. We had learned that the theatre was equipped with pits, drops, a gallery for onlookers, exits, and an orchestra of booming cannon and rippling, roaring pompoms; but that nature had provided it with a curtain—that was something new to us.

We had reached the summit of the mountain about 11 A. M., just as some heavy clouds, evidently disturbed by the bombardment during the previous night, were dropping down into Litsun Valley and in front of Tsing-tau. For three hours we sat on the peak shivering in a blast from the sea, and all the while wondering just what was being enacted beyond the curtain. The firing had suddenly ceased, and with the filmy haze before our eyes we conjured up pictures of the Japanese troops making the general attack upon Iltis Fort, evidently the key to Tsing-tau, while the curtain of the theatre of war was down.

By early afternoon the clouds lifted, and with glasses we were able to distinguish fresh sappings of the Japanese infantry nearer to the German redoubts. The Japanese guns, which the day before were stationed below us to the left, near the Meeker House, had advanced half a mile and were on the road just outside the village of Ta-Yau. Turning our glasses on Kiao-Chau Bay, we discovered that the Kaiserin Elisabeth was missing, nor did a search of the shore line reveal her. Whether she was blown up by the Germans or had hidden behind one of the islands I do not know.

All the guns were silent now, and the British Captain said: "Well, chaps, shall we take advantage of the intermission?"

A half hour later we were down the mountain and riding homeward toward Tschang-Tsun.

To understand fully the operations of the Japanese troops in Shantung during the present Far Eastern war one must be acquainted with the topography of this peninsula, as well as with the conditions that exist for the successful movements of the troops.

Since the disembarkation of the Japanese Army on Sept. 2 everything has seemingly favored the Germans. The country, which is unusually mountainous, offering natural strongholds for resisting the invading army, is practically devoid of roads in the hinterland. To add to this difficulty, the last two months in Shantung have seen heavy rains and floods which have really aided in holding off the ultimate fall of Kiao-Chau.

One had only to see the road from Lanschan over Makung Pass, on which the Japanese troops were forced to rely for their supplies, partly to understand the reason for the German garrison at Tsing-tau still holding out. The road, especially near the base, is nothing but a sea of clay in which the military carts sink up to their hubs. Frequent rains every week keep the roadway softened up and thus render it necessary for the Japanese infantry to rebuild it and to construct drainage ditches in order that there may be no delay in getting supplies and ammunition to the troops at the front.

The physical characteristics of Kiao-Chau make it an ideal fortress. The entrance of the bay is nearly two miles wide and is commanded by hills rising 600 feet directly in the rear of Tsing-tau. The ring of hills that surrounds the city does not extend back into the hinterland, and thus there is no screen behind which the Japanese forces can quickly invest the city. Germany has utilized

the semicircle of hills in the construction of large concrete forts equipped with Krupp guns of 14 and 16-inch calibre, which, for four or five miles back into the peninsula, command all approaches to the city.

The Japanese Army in approaching Tsing-tau has had to do so practically in the open. The troops found no hills behind which they could with safety mount heavy siege guns without detection by the German garrison. In fact, the strategic plan for the capture of the town has been much like the plan adopted by the Japanese forces at Port Arthur—they have forced their approach by sappings. While this is a gradual method, it is certain of victory in the end and results in very little loss of life.

The natural elevations of the Iltis, Bismarck, and Moltke forts at the rear of Tsing-tau have another advantage in that they are so situated that they are commanded by at least two other forts. All of the guns have been so placed that they can be turned on their neighbors if the occasion arises.

A Japanese aeroplane soaring over Tsing-tau on Oct. 30 scattered thousands of paper handbills on which was printed the following announcement, in German, from the Staff Headquarters:

"To the Honored Officers and Men in the Fortress: It is against the will of Gōd as well as the principles of humanity to destroy and render useless arms, ships of war, merchantmen, and other works and constructions not in obedience to the necessity of war, but merely out of spite lest they fall into the hands of the enemy.

"Trusting, as we do, that, as you hold dear the honor of civilization, you will not be betrayed into such base conduct. We beg you, however, to announce to us your own view as mentioned above."



# The German Attack on Tahiti

As Told by Miss Geni La France, an Eyewitness

**S**AN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 7, 1914.  
—Graphic stories of the plight of Papeete, capital of Tahiti, in the Society Islands, were told here today by passengers arriving on the Union Steamship Company's liner Moana. Several of those on board the steamer were in Papeete when the town was bombarded by the German cruisers Gneisenau and Scharnhorst. They said the place was in ruins and that the natives were still hiding in the hills, whence they fled when the bombardment began.

The stories of those arriving on the Moana vary only in unimportant details. Perhaps the most graphic story was that told by Miss Geni La France, a French actress. She told of the Governor's heroism and his self-sacrificing devotion to duty, which caused him to face death rather than surrender. All of the passengers were loud in their praise of this Frenchman, who thought first of his country, next of his guests—for so he considered all travelers—and next of the city's residents.

"While the shells screamed and exploded with a deafening roar, tearing buildings and leaving wreck and ruin in their wake, this old Governor was calm throughout," said Miss La France.

"It was his bravery that enabled us to bear up under the terrible strain, although it was impossible to flee the city, as shells were exploding all about.

"I was sitting on the veranda of the hotel, having a lovely holiday. Every one was happy and contented. The sunshine was lovely and warm and the natives were busy at their work. I noticed two dark ships steaming up the little river, but was too lazy and 'comfy' to take any interest in them.

"Suddenly, without any warning, shots began exploding around us. Two of the houses near the hotel fell with a crash, and the natives began screaming and

running in every direction. For a minute I didn't realize what was happening. But when another volley of shell burst dangerously near and some of the pieces just missed my head, I was flying, too.

"Every one was shouting, 'To the hills, to the hills!' My manager could not obtain a wagon or any means of conveyance to take me there. I felt as if I had on a pair of magic boots that would carry me to the hills in three steps. But I didn't. It was a good six miles, over bad roads, and we had to run.

"The shells from the German battle-ships kept breaking, and the explosions were terrible. I am sure that I made a record in sprinting that six miles. The cries of the people were terrible. I was simply terror-stricken and could not cry for fear. I seemed to realize that I must keep my strength in order to reach the hills.

"We hid in the hills and the natives gave up their homes to the white people, and were especially kind to the women."

"The native population probably hasn't come back from the hills yet, and when we left, two days after the bombardment, the European population was still dazed," said E. P. Titchener, a Wellington, New Zealand, merchant, who went through the bombardment.

"From 8 o'clock until 10 the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau circled in the harbor, firing broadsides of eight-inch guns at the little gunboat Zelig and the warehouses beyond.

"Only the American flag, which the American Consul hoisted, and an American sailing vessel also ran up, the two being in line before the main European residence section, saved that part of the town, for the German cruisers were careful not to fire in that direction."

According to all accounts, the cruisers directed their fire solely toward the Zelig, but their marksmanship was said to be poor. Many shots fell short and

many went wide, so that the whole business district, the general market, and the warehouses along the water front were peppered and riddled.

The French replied from some old guns on the hills as well as three shots from the *Zelie*, but ineffectively.

"It was plucky of the French to fire at all," said Mr. Titchener. "At 7 o'clock we could see two war vessels approaching, and soon made out they were cruisers. They came on without a flag, and the *Zelie*, lying in the harbor, fired a blank shot.

"Then the Germans hoisted their flag and the *Zelie* fired two shots. The Germans swung around and fired their broadsides, and all the crew of the *Zelie* scuttled ashore. No one was hurt.

"The Germans continued to swing and fire. Their shells flew all over the town above the berth of the *Zelie* and the German prize ship *Walkure*, which the *Zelie* had captured. Perhaps not knowing they were firing into a German vessel, the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* continued their wild cannonades.

"During the two hours of bombardment a hundred shells from the big 8-inch guns of the cruisers fell and exploded in the town. The sound was ter-

rific, and nobody blamed the natives for running away.

"With all the destruction, only three men were killed—one Chinaman and two natives. The Germans evidently made an effort to confine their fire, but many shots went wide, and these did the main mischief.

"Finally, about 10 o'clock, without attempting to land, and not knowing that the German crew of the *Walkure* were prisoners in the town, the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* steamed away and disappeared over the horizon. They sailed off to the westward, but of course we could not tell how they set their course when they got beyond our vision."

The damage to Papeete was estimated at \$2,000,000. Two vessels were sunk and two blocks of business houses and residences were destroyed. The French set fire to a 40,000-ton coal pile to prevent the Germans replenishing their bunkers.

The voyage of the *Moana* was fraught with adventure. From Papeete the vessel, which flies the British flag, sailed with lights out and dodged four German cruisers after being warned by the wireless operator, who had picked up a German code message sent out by the cruisers which had razed the island city.

# The Bloodless Capture of German Samoa

By Malcolm Ross, F. R. G. S.

[Special Correspondence of THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

WELLINGTON, N. Z., Sept. 19, 1914.—The advance detachment of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force which was ordered to seize German Samoa left Wellington in two troopships at dawn on Aug. 15, and was met in the ocean in latitude 36.0 south, longitude 178.30 east by three of the British cruisers in New Zealand waters—the *Psyche*, *Pyramus*, and *Philomel*.

As it was known that the armored cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were

still at large in Pacific waters, it was decided not to go direct to Samoa, but to shape a course direct for New Caledonia. For the next fortnight or so we were playing a game of hide and seek in the big islanded playground of the Pacific Ocean. The first evening out the *Psyche* signaled "Whereabouts of *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* still unknown; troopships to extinguish all lights and proceed with only shaded lights at bow and stern." Military books and papers were quickly gathered to-

gether, and the remaining few minutes of daylight were used for getting into bed, while the difficult task was set us of trying to sleep the round of the clock. Thus, night after night, with lights out, we steamed along our northward track, the days being spent in drill and ball firing with rifles and the Maxim guns.

On the morning of Aug. 2 we proceeded along the shores of New Caledonia and saw the big French cruiser *Montcalm* entering the harbor. Next day we were joined by the battle cruiser *Australia* and the light cruiser *Melbourne*. The contingent received an enthusiastic reception in New Caledonia. As we passed the *Montcalm* our band played the "Marseillaise," and the band on the French cruiser responded with our national anthem. Cheers from the thousands of men afloat and the singing of patriotic songs added to the general enthusiasm, the French residents being greatly excited with the sudden and unexpected appearance of their allies from New Zealand.

A delay of twenty-four hours was caused by one of the troopships grounding on a sand bank in the harbor, but on Sunday, Aug. 23, the expedition got safely away.

We steamed through the Havannah Pass, at the southeastern end of the island, where we awaited Rear Admiral Sir George Patey, in command of the allied fleets. In due course the *Australia* and the *Melbourne* came up with us. Then in turn waited for the *Montcalm*. All the ships, eight in number, were now assembled, and they moved off in the evening light to take up position in the line ahead.

Fiji was reached in due course, and at anchor in the harbor of Suva we found the Japanese collier *Fukoku Maru*, and learned that she had been coaling the German cruisers at the Carolina Islands just before the declaration of war. After the coaling had been completed the Japanese Captain went on to Samoa, calling at Apia. The Germans, however, would not allow him to land. The Japanese Captain had been paid for his coal by drafts on Germany, which, on reaching

Suva, he found to be useless. He was therefore left without means to coal and reprovision. As he was not allowed to land at Samoa, he went on to Pago-Pago, in complete ignorance that war had been declared, and, not being able to get supplies there, left for Suva. At the latter port, the harbor lights being extinguished, he ran his vessel on to the reef in the night time. Rockets were sent up, but no assistance could be given from the shore. Fortunately, however, he got off as the tide made; but it was a narrow call.

In the early dawn of Aug. 30 we got our first glimpse of German Samoa. The American island of Tutuila was out of sight, away to the right, but presently we rounded the southeastern corner of the island of Upolu, with its beautiful wooded hills wreathing their summits in the morning mists, and saw the white line of surf breaking along its coral reef—historic Upolu, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, the scene of wars and rebellions and international schemings, and the scene also of that devastating hurricane which wrecked six ships of war and ten other vessels and sent 142 officers and men of the German and American Navies to their last sleep. The rusting ribs and plates of the *Adler*, the German flagship, pitched high inside the reef, still stare at us as a reminder of that memorable event.

The *Psyche* went boldly on ahead, and after the harbor had been swept for mines she steamed in, under a flag of truce, and delivered a message from Admiral Patey, demanding the surrender of Apia. The Germans, who had been expecting their own fleet in, were surprised with the suddenness with which an overwhelming force had descended upon them, and decided to offer no resistance to a landing. Capt. Marshall promptly made a signal to the troopships to steam to their anchorages; motor launches, motor surfboats, and ships' boats were launched, and the men began to pour over the ships' sides and down the rope ladders into the boats.

In a remarkably brief space of time the covering party was on shore, officers



and men dashing out of the boats, up to the knees, and sometimes the waist, in water. The main street, the cross-roads, and the bridges were quickly in possession of our men, with their Maxims and rifles, and then, one after another, the motor boats and launches began to tow strings of boats, crammed with the men of the main body, toward the shore. The bluejackets of the beach party, who had already landed, urged them forward by word and deed in cheery fashion, and soon Apia was swarming with our troops.

Guards were placed all about the Government buildings, and Col. Logan, with his staff, was quickly installed in the Government offices.

Lieut. Col. Fulton dashed off to the telephone exchange and pulled out all the plugs, so that the residents could hold no intercommunication by that means. The Custom House and the offices of the Governor were also seized without a moment's loss of time. An armed party was dispatched along a bush road to seize the wireless station. Late that evening the man in charge rang up in some alarm to state that there was dynamite lying about and that the engine had been tampered with to such an extent that the apparatus could not be used until we got our own machinery in position.

Meantime the German flag, that had flown over the island for fourteen years, was hauled down, the Germans present doffing their hats and standing bareheaded and silent on the veranda of the Supreme Court as they watched the soldier in khaki from New Zealand unceremoniously pulling it down, detaching it from the rope, and carrying it inside the building.

Next morning the British flag was hoisted with all due ceremony. In the harbor the emblem of Britain's might

fluttered from the masts of our cruiser escort, the Stars and Stripes waved in the tropic breeze above the palms surrounding the American Consulate, and out in the open sea the white ensign and tricolor flew on the powerful warships of the allied fleets of England and France.

A large crowd of British and other residents and Samoans had gathered. In the background were groups of Chinese coolies, gazing wonderingly upon the scene. The balconies of the adjoining buildings were crowded with British and Samoans. Only the Germans were conspicuous by their absence. With undisguised feelings of sadness they had seen their own flag hauled down the day before. Naturally they had no desire to witness the flag of the rival nation going up in its place.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock all was ready. Two bluejackets and a naval Lieutenant stood with the flag, awaiting the signal. The first gun of the royal salute from the Psyche boomed out across the bay. Then slowly, to the booming of twenty-one guns, the flag was hoisted to the summit of the staff, the officers, with drawn swords, silently watching it go up. With the sound of the last gun it reached the top of the flagstaff and fluttered out in the south-east trade wind above the tall palms of Upolo.

There was a sharp order from the officer commanding the expedition, and the troops came to the royal salute. The national anthem—never more fervently sung—and three rousing cheers for King George followed.

Then came the reading of the proclamation by Col. Logan, the troops formed up again, and, to the music of the band of the Fifth Regiment, marched back to quarters.

# How the Cressy Sank

By Edgar Rowan

**M**UIDEN, Holland, Sept. 23, 1914.—(Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—When the history of this war comes to be written we shall put no black borders, as men without pride or hope, around the story of the loss of the cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue. We shall write it in letters of gold, for the plain, unvarnished tale of those last moments, when the cruisers went down, helpless before a hidden foe, ranks among the countless deeds of quiet, unseen, unconscious heroism that make up the navy's splendid pages.

It is easy to learn all that happened, for the officers want chiefly to tell how splendidly brave the men were, and the men pay a like tribute to the officers. The following appears to be a main outline of the disaster:

The three cruisers had for some time been patrolling the North Sea. Soon after 6 o'clock Tuesday morning—there is disagreement as to the exact time—the Aboukir suddenly felt a shock on the port side. A dull explosion was heard and a column of water was thrown up mast high. The explosion wrecked the stokehole just forward of amidship and, judging by the speed with which the cruiser sank, tore the bottom open.

Almost immediately the doomed cruiser began to settle. Except for the watch on deck, most of her crew were asleep, wearied by constant vigil in bad weather, but in perfect order officers and men rushed to quarters. Quickfirers were manned in the hope of a dying shot at a submarine, but there was not a glimpse of one. Of the few boats carried when cleared for action, two were smashed in recent gales and another was wrecked by the explosion.

The Aboukir's sister cruisers, each more than a mile away, saw and heard the explosion. They thought the Aboukir

had been struck by a mine. They closed in and lowered boats. This sealed their own fate, for while they were standing by to rescue survivors, first the Hogue and then the Cressy was torpedoed.

The Cressy appears to have seen the submarines in time to attempt to retaliate. She fired a few shots before she keeled over, broken in two, and sank. Whether she sank any submarines is not known.

The men of the Aboukir afloat in the water hoped for everything from the arrival of her sister cruisers, and all survivors agree that when these also sank many gave up the struggle for life and went down. An officer told me that when swimming, after having lost his jacket in the grip of a drowning man, his chief thought was that the Germans had succeeded in sinking only three comparatively obsolete cruisers which shortly would have been scrapped anyway.

Twenty-four men were saved on a target which floated off the Hogue's deck. The men were gathered on it for four hours waist deep in water.

The rescued officers unite in praising the skill and daring of the German naval officers, and, far from bearing any grudge, they have nothing but professional praise for the submarines' feat.

"Our only grievance," one said, "is that we did not have a shot at the Germans. Our only share in the war has been a few uncomfortable weeks of bad weather, mines, and submarines."

When I entered the billiard room of the hotel here sheltering survivors and asked if any British officers were there, several unshaven men in the khaki-working kit of the Dutch Army or in fishermen's jerseys got up from their chairs. Most of them had been saved in their pajamas, and they had to accept the first things in the way of clothing offered by the kindly Dutch. One Lieutenant apologized for closing the window, as he had

only a thin jacket over his pajamas. He gladly accepted the loan of my overcoat while making a list of his men who had been saved.

While the survivors are technically prisoners in this neutral country, to be interned until the end of the war, Muiden steadfastly refuses to regard them as other than honored guests. The soldiers posted before every building where officers or men are sheltered seem to be guards of honor rather than prison wardens, and every one in the place is competing for the honor of lending clothes, running errands, or offering cigars for the survivors.

When the Dutch steamer *Flora* arrived with survivors last night, flying her flag at half-mast and signaling for a doctor, the Red Cross authorities and the British Vice Consul, Mr. Rigorsberg, at once set the machinery in motion, and soon the officers were settled in hotels and the men were divided among a hospital, a church, and a young men's institute.

I saw one bluejacket asleep covered with a white ensign. He had snatched it up before diving overboard. He held it in his teeth while in the water and refused to part with it when rescued. He is now prepared to fight any one who may attempt to steal this last relic of his ship.

One survivor says that an English fishing boat also was sunk by the submarines, but the story is not confirmed.

For hours Capt. Voorham of the *Flora* and Capt. Berkhout of the *Titan*, caring nothing for risks of mines and submarines, cruised over the scene of the disaster, and the gallant Dutch seamen were rewarded by the rescue of 400 survivors.

Capt. Voorham, who landed all the survivors at Muiden, says:

"We left Rotterdam early Tuesday. In the North Sea we saw a warship, which proved to be the *Cressy*. Not long afterward I saw her keel over, break in two and disappear. Our only thought then was to save as many survivors as possible. When we got to the spot where she disappeared boats approached us and we began to get the men in them aboard. It was a very difficult undertaking, as the survivors were exhausted and we were rolling heavily.

"We also lowered our own boats and picked up many from the wreckage. All were practically naked and some were so exhausted that they had to be hauled aboard with tackle. Each as he recovered at once turned to help my small crew to save others. Later I saw the *Titan* approaching and signaled for help.

"One man was brought aboard with his legs broken. It was touching to see how tenderly his mates handled him.

"Presently the British destroyers approached. A survivor on my ship signaled with his arms that he was on a friendly ship, and the warships passed on.

"Among those saved were two doctors, who worked hard to help the exhausted men. One man died after they had tried artificial respiration for an hour.

"My men collected all the clothes and blankets on board and gave them to the survivors, and the cook was busy getting hot coffee and other food for my large party of guests.

"By 11:30 we had picked up all the survivors we could see. Soon after we saw German submarines, and, thinking it best to get to the nearest port, called here."

Remember that Capt. Voorham had only a comparatively small ship and a crew of only seventeen and realize the splendid work he did.





# German Story of the Heligoland Fight

[Special Correspondence of THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

LONDON, Sept. 8, 1914.—Copies of the Berliner Tageblatt have been received here containing the German account of the recent naval battle off Heligoland between British and German vessels.

"Regarding the sinking of torpedo boat V-187," says the Tageblatt account, "an eyewitness says the small craft fought heroically to the bitter end against overwhelming odds. Quite unexpectedly the V-187 was attacked by a flotilla of English destroyers coming from the north. Hardly had the first shot been fired when more hostile destroyers, also submarines, arrived and surrounded the German craft.

"The V-187, on which, in addition to the commander, was the flotilla chief, Capt. Wallis, defended itself to the utmost, but the steering gear was put out of business by several shots, and thus it was impossible to withdraw from the enemy. When the commander saw there was no further hope, the vessel was blown up so as not to fall into the enemy's hands. But even while she sank the guns not put out of action continued to be worked by the crew till the ship was swallowed up in the waves. The flotilla commander, as well as Commander Lechlér, was lost, besides many of the crew.

"The enemy deserves the greatest credit for his splendid rescue work. The English sailors, unmindful of their own safety, went about it in heroic fashion.

"Boats were put out from the destroyers to save the survivors. While this rescue work was still under way stronger German forces approached, causing the English torpedo boats to withdraw, abandoning the small rescue boats which they had put out, and those who had been saved were now taken from the English boats aboard our ships.

"When the thunder of the guns

showed the enemy was near and engaged with our torpedo boats, the small armored cruiser Ariadne steamed out to take part in the scrap. As the Ariadne neared the outpost vessels it was observed that various of our lighter units were fighting with the English, which later, however, appeared to be escaping toward the west.

"The long-suppressed keenness for fighting could not be gainsaid and the Ariadne pursued, although the fog made it impossible to estimate the strength of the enemy. Presently, not far from the Ariadne, two hostile cruisers loomed out of the mist—two dreadnought battle cruisers of 30,000 tons' displacement, armed with eight 13.5-inch guns. What could the Ariadne, of 2,650 tons and armed with ten 4-inch guns, do against those two Goliath ships?

"At the start of this unequal contest a shot struck the forward boiler room of the Ariadne and put half of her boilers out of business, lowering her speed by fifteen miles. Nevertheless, and despite the overwhelming superiority of the English, the fight lasted half an hour. The stern of the Ariadne was in flames, but the guns on her foredeck continued to be worked.

"But the fight was over. The enemy disappeared to the westward. The crew of the Ariadne, now gathered on the foredeck, true to the navy's traditions, broke into three hurrahs for the War Lord, Kaiser Wilhelm. Then, to the singing of 'Deutschland über Alles,' the sinking, burning ship was abandoned in good order. Two of our ships near by picked up the Ariadne's crew. Presently the Ariadne disappeared under the waves after the stern powder magazine had exploded.

"The first officer, surgeon, chief engineer, and seventy men were lost. In addition, many were wounded."

# The Sinking of the Cressy and the Hogue

By the Senior Surviving Officers—Commander Bertram W. L. Nicholson and Commander Reginald A. Norton

[By The Associated Press]

LONDON, Sept. 25, 1914.—The report to the Admiralty on the sinking of the Cressy, signed by Bertram W. L. Nicholson, Commander of the late H. M. S. Cressy, follows:

"Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report in connection with the sinking of H. M. S. Cressy, in company with H. M. S. Aboukir and Hogue, on the morning of the 22d of September, while on patrol duty:

"The Aboukir was struck at about 6:25 A. M. on the starboard beam. The Hogue and Cressy closed and took up a position, the Hogue ahead of the Aboukir, and the Cressy about 400 yards on her port beam. As soon as it was seen that the Aboukir was in danger of sinking, all the boats were sent away from the Cressy, and a picket boat was hoisted out without steam up. When cutters full of the Aboukir's men were returning to the Cressy the Hogue was struck, apparently under the aft 9.2 magazine, as a very heavy explosion took place immediately. Almost directly after the Hogue was hit we observed a periscope on our port bow about 300 yards off.

"Fire was immediately opened and the engines were put full speed ahead with the intention of running her down. Our gunner, Mr. Dougherty, positively asserts that he hit the periscope and that the submarine sank. An officer who was standing alongside the gunner thinks that the shell struck only floating timber, of which there was much about, but it was evidently the impression of the men on deck, who cheered and clapped heartily, that the submarine had been hit. This submarine did not fire a torpedo at the Cressy.

"Capt. Johnson then manoeuvred the ship so as to render assistance to the crews of the Hogue and Aboukir. About five minutes later another periscope was

seen on our starboard quarter and fire was opened. The track of the torpedo she fired at a range of 500 to 600 yards was plainly visible and it struck us on the starboard side just before the after-bridge.

"The ship listed about 10 degrees to the starboard and remained steady. The time was 7:15 A. M. All the watertight doors, deadlights and scuttles had been securely closed before the torpedo struck the ship. All the mess stools and table shores, and all available timber below and on deck, had been previously got up and thrown over side for the saving of life.

"A second torpedo fired by the same submarine missed and passed about 10 feet astern. About a quarter of an hour after the first torpedo had hit a third torpedo fired from a submarine just before the starboard beam hit us under the No. 5 boiler room. The time was 7:30 A. M. The ship then began to heel rapidly, and finally turned keel up, remaining so for about twenty minutes before she finally sank, at 7:55 A. M.

"A large number of men were saved by casting adrift on Pattern 3 target. The steam pinnace floated off her clutches, but filled and sank.

"The second torpedo which struck the Cressy passed over the sinking hull of the Aboukir, narrowly missing it. It is possible that the same submarine fired all three torpedoes at the Cressy.

"The conduct of the crew was excellent throughout. I have already remarked on the bravery displayed by Capt. Phillips, master of the trawler L. T. Coriander, and his crew, who picked up 156 officers and men."

The report to the Admiralty of Commander Reginald A. Norton, late of H. M. S. Hogue, follows:

"I have the honor to report as follows

concerning the sinking of the Hogue, Aboukir, and Cressy: Between 6:15 and 6:30 A. M., H. M. S. Aboukir was struck by a torpedo. The Hogue closed on the Aboukir and I received orders to hoist out the launch, turn out and prepare all boats, and unleash all timber on the upper deck.

"Two lifeboats were sent to the Aboukir, but before the launch could get away the Hogue was struck on the starboard side amidships by two torpedoes at intervals of ten to twenty seconds. The ship at once began to heel to starboard. After ordering the men to provide themselves with wood, hammocks, &c., and to get into the boats on the booms and take off their clothes, I went, by Capt. Nicholson's direction, to ascertain the damage done in the engine room. The artificer engineer informed me that the water was over the engine-room gratings.

"While endeavoring to return to the bridge the water burst open the starboard entry port doors and the ship heeled rapidly. I told the men in the port battery to jump overboard, as the launch was close alongside, and soon afterward the ship lurched heavily to starboard.

"I clung to a ringbolt for some time, but eventually was dropped on to the deck, and a huge wave washed me away. I climbed up the ship's side and again was washed off. Eventually, after swimming about from various overlaid pieces of wreckage, I was picked up by a cutter from the Hogue, Coxswain L. S. Marks, which pulled about for some hours, picking up men and discharging them to our picket boat and steam pinace and to the Dutch steamers Flora and Titan, and rescued, in this way, Commander Sells of the Aboukir, Engineer Commander Stokes, (with legs broken,) Fleet Paymaster Eldred, and about 120 others.

"Finally, about 11 A. M., when we could find no more men in the water, we were picked up by the Lucifer, which proceeded to the Titan and took off from her all our men except about twenty who were too ill to be moved.

"A Lowestoft trawler and the two

Dutch ships Flora and Titan were extraordinarily kind, clothing and feeding our men. My boat's crew, consisting mainly of Royal Navy Reserve men, pulled and behaved remarkably well. I particularly wish to mention Petty Officer Halton, who, by encouraging the men in the water near me, undoubtedly saved many lives.

"Lieut. Commander Phillips-Wolley, after hoisting out the launch, asked me if we should try to hoist out another boat, and endeavored to do so. The last I saw of him was on the afterbridge, doing well.

"Lieut. Commander Tillard was picked up by a launch. He got up a cutter's crew and saved many lives, as did Midshipman Cazalet in the Cressy's gig. Lieut. Chichester turned out the whaler very quickly.

"A Dutch sailing trawler sailed close by, but went off without rendering any assistance, although we signaled to her from the Hogue to close after we were struck.

"The Aboukir appeared to me to take about thirty-five minutes to sink, floating bottom up for about five minutes. The Hogue turned turtle very quickly—in about five minutes—and floated bottom up for several minutes. A dense black smoke was seen in the starboard battery, whether from coal or torpedo cordite I could not say. The upper deck was not blown up, and only one other small explosion occurred and we heeled over.

"The Cressy I watched heel over from the cutter. She heeled over to starboard very slowly, dense black smoke issuing from her when she attained an angle of about 90 degrees, and she took a long time from this angle till she floated bottom up with the starboard screw slightly out of water. I consider it was thirty-five to forty-five minutes from the time she was struck till she was bottom up.

"All the men on the Hogue behaved extraordinarily well, obeying orders even when in the water swimming for their lives, and I witnessed many cases of



great self-sacrifice and gallantry. Farmstone, an able seaman of the Hogue, jumped overboard from the launch to make room for others, and would not avail himself of assistance until all the men near by were picked up. He was in the water about half an hour.

"There was no panic of any sort, the men taking off their clothes as ordered and falling in with hammock or wood. Capt. Nicholson, in our other cutter, as

usual, was perfectly cool and rescued large numbers of men. I last saw him alongside the Flora. Engineer Commander Stokes, I believe, was in the engine room to the last, and Engineer Lieut. Commander Fendick got steam on the boat hoist and worked it in five minutes.

"I have the honor to submit that I may be appointed to another ship as soon as I can get a kit."

## The Sinking of the Hawke

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle]

**A**BERDEEN, Scotland, Oct. 16, 1914. —The British cruiser Hawke was sunk in the North Sea yesterday by a German submarine, and of her crew of 400 officers and men only 73 are known to have been saved.

The cruiser Theseus, a sister ship of the Hawke, was attacked by the same submarine, but escaped because she obeyed the Admiralty's instructions and looked to her own safety instead of rushing to the aid of the Hawke's perishing crew.

A survivor of the Hawke gives the following description of the disaster: "Within eight minutes the Hawke had gone under. Had the ship gone down forward or aft there would have been some chance for us to get the boats out and clear of the cruiser, but she keeled over on her beam ends, and so of all boats we lowered those on the starboard side were useless, and those on the port side were crushed as soon as they touched the water.

"I was proud to be among such comrades. Everything was absolutely in perfect order. When the ship was struck a fearful explosion followed, and grime and dust were everywhere. I was amidst ships at the time, and could hardly see to grope my way to the ship's side. I heard orders given to lower the boats,

and then some one shouted, 'Look after yourselves!' So I did that.

"Most of the men on board were married men. We saw hundreds in the water, but we were afraid to pick them up, as our boat was already overcrowded. So we threw our lifebelts to them. It was all we could do.

"The weather was bitter cold, and I do not think that many, apart from those who were landed at Aberdeen, were saved."

Here is the statement of a rescued stoker: "When the explosion occurred I, along with others who were in the engine room, was sent flying into space and was stunned for a time. When I came to my senses I found myself in the midst of what must be described as an absolute inferno. One of the cylinders of the engine had been completely wrecked, and steam was passing out in dense, scalding clouds. The horror of the situation was increased when a tank of oil fuel caught fire, and the flames advanced with frightful rapidity.

"Seeing that there was not a ghost of a chance of doing any good by remaining in what was obviously a deathtrap. I determined to make a dash for it, and I scrambled up an iron ladder to the main deck. All this had happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but such is British pluck, coolness, and nerve

even in such a situation that the commander and other officers were on the bridge, and as calmly as if we were on fleet manoeuvres the orders were given and as calmly obeyed.

"The buglers sounded a stiff call which summoned every man to remain at his post. During the first minute or two many of us believed all that was wrong was a boiler explosion, but the rapidity with which the cruiser was making water on the starboard side quickly disabused all our minds of this belief.

Realizing the actual situation, the commander gave orders to close all the watertight doors. Soon after that came orders to abandon the ship and get out the boats.

"One cutter was being launched from the port side, but the Hawke at that moment heeled over before the boat could be got clear, and the cutter lurched against the cruiser's side and stove in

one or two of her planks. As the Hawke went down a small pinnace and a raft which had been prepared for such an emergency floated free, but such was the onrush of men who had been thrown into the water that both were overcrowded. On the raft were about seventy men knee deep in water, and the pinnace also appeared to be overfilled.

"When those who managed to make their way into the cutter, which was also in grave danger of being overturned, caught the last glimpse of these two craft they were in a precarious condition. The cutter moved around the wreck, picking up as many survivors as the boat would hold. All those aboard her who had put on lifebelts took them off and threw them to their comrades who were struggling in the water. Oars and other movable woodwork also were pitched overboard to help those clinging to the wreckage, many of whom were seen to sink."

## The Emden's Last Fight

[By the Cable Operator at Cocos Islands.]

**K**EELING, Cocos Islands, Nov. 12, 1914.—(Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—It was early on Monday that the unexpected arrival of the German cruiser Emden broke the calm of these isolated little islands, which the distant news of the war had hitherto left unruffled. One of the islands is known as Direction Island, and here the Eastern Telegraph Company has a cable station and a staff engaged in relaying messages between Europe and Australia. Otherwise the inhabitants are all Malays, with the exception of the descendants of June Clunies Ross, a British naval officer who came to these islands ninety years ago and founded the line of "Uncrowned Kings."

The war seemed to be very far away. The official bulletins passed through the cable station, but they gave us very little real news, and the only excitement was

when it was rumored that the company was sending out rifles in case of a raid on the stations, and orders came that the beach must be patrolled by parties on the lookout for Germans. Then we heard from Singapore that a German cruiser had been dispatched to these islands, and toward the end of August one of the cable staff thought he saw searchlights out over the sea. Then suddenly we were awakened from our calm and were made to feel that we had suddenly become the most important place in the whole worldwide war area.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning a four-funneled cruiser arrived at full speed at the entrance to the lagoon. Our suspicions were aroused, for she was flying no flag and her fourth funnel was obviously a dummy made of painted canvas. Therefore we were not altogether surprised at the turn of events. The

cruiser at once lowered away an armored launch and two boats, which came ashore and landed on Coral Beach three officers and forty men, all fully armed and having four Maxim guns.

The Germans—for all doubt about the mysterious cruiser was now at end—at once rushed up to the cable station, and, entering the office, turned out the operators, smashed the instruments, and set armed guards over all the buildings. All the knives and firearms found in possession of the cable staff were at once confiscated.

I should say here that, in spite of the excitement on the outside, all the work was carried on in the cable office as usual right up to the moment when the Germans burst in. A general call was sent out just before the wireless apparatus was blown up.

The whole of the staff was placed under an armed guard while the instruments were being destroyed, but it is only fair to say that the Germans, working in well-disciplined fashion under their officers, were most civil. There was no such brutality as we hear characterizes the German Army's behavior toward civilians, and there were no attempts at pillaging.

While the cable station was being put out of action the crew of the launch grappled for the cables and endeavored to cut them, but fortunately without success. The electrical stores were then blown up.

At 9 A. M. we heard the sound of a siren from the Emden, and this was evidently the signal to the landing party to return to the ship, for they at once dashed for the boats, but the Emden got under way at once and the boats were left behind.

Looking to the eastward, we could see the reason for this sudden departure, for a warship, which we afterward learned was the Australian cruiser Sydney, was coming up at full speed in pursuit. The Emden did not wait to discuss matters, but, firing her first shot at a range of about 3,700 yards, steamed north as hard as she could go.

At first the firing of the Emden seemed excellent, while that of the Sydney was somewhat erratic. This, as I afterward learned, was due to the fact that the Australian cruiser's range-finder was put out of action by one of the only two shots the Germans got home. However, the British gunners soon overcame any difficulties that this may have caused and settled down to their work, so that before long two of the Emden's funnels had been shot away. She also lost one of her masts quite early in the fight. Both blazing away with their big guns, the two cruisers disappeared below the horizon, the Emden being on fire.

After the great naval duel passed from our sight and we could turn our attention to the portion of the German crew that had been left behind, we found that these men had put off in their boats obedient to the signal of the siren, but when their ship steamed off without them they could do nothing else but come ashore again.

On relanding they lined up on the shore of the lagoon, evidently determined to fight to the finish if the British cruiser sent a party ashore, but the dueling cruisers had disappeared, and at 6 P. M. the German raiders embarked on the old schooner Ayessa, which belongs to Mr. Ross, the "uncrowned king" of the islands. Seizing a quantity of clothes and stores, they sailed out, and have not been seen since.

Early the next morning, Tuesday, Nov. 10, we saw the Sydney returning, and at 8:45 A. M. she anchored off the island. From various members of the crew I gathered some details of the running fight with the Emden. The Sydney, having an advantage in speed, was able to keep out of range of the Emden's guns and to bombard her with her own heavier metal. The engagement lasted eighty minutes, the Emden finally running ashore on North Keeling Island and becoming an utter wreck.

Only two German shots proved effective. One of these failed to explode, but smashed the main range finder and killed



one man. The other killed three men and wounded fourteen.

Each of the cruisers attempted to torpedo the other, but both were unsuccessful, and the duel proved a contest in hard pounding at long range. The Sydney's speed during the fighting was twenty-six knots and the Emden's twenty-four knots, the British ship's superiority of two knots enabling her to choose the range at which the battle should be

fought, and to make the most of her superior guns.

The Sydney left here at 11 A. M. Tuesday in the hope of picking up any of the survivors of the Buresk, the collier that had been in attendance on the Emden and was sunk after an engagement on the previous day. Finally, with a number of wounded prisoners on board, the Sydney left here yesterday, and our few hours of war excitement were over.

## Crowds See the Niger Sink

[By a Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle.]

**D**EAL, England, Nov. 11, 1914.—By the destruction of the British torpedo gunboat Niger, which was torpedoed and sunk by a submarine in the Downs this afternoon, the realities of war were brought home to the inhabitants of Deal and Walmer.

A loud explosion was heard from the gunboat as she lay off the Deal pier, and great volumes of smoke enveloped the vessel. When the smoke cleared, the Niger was observed to be settling down forward. Men, women, and children rushed to the sea front, exclaiming that the vessel had been torpedoed or mined. They soon realized that the Niger was doomed. The Deal and Kingsdown lifeboats as well as boats from other parts of the beach were launched in an effort to save the sailors.

Consternation and almost panic prevailed among the hundreds who stood watching the ghastly sight from the beach. Fortunately, the North Deal galley Hope, commanded by Capt. John Budd, lay at anchor near the spot, waiting to land the pilot from a London steamer which was going down the channel. When the boatmen realized that the Niger had been hit by a submarine or mine, to use their own expression, they rowed like the very devil.

"We saw the sailors," said Capt. Budd, "jumping from the vessel's side in dozens. As we neared the fast-disap-

pearing vessel we came upon swarms of men struggling in the sea and heroically helping to support each other. Some were fully dressed, others only partly so. They were clinging to pieces of wreckage and deck furniture, and some were in lifeboats.

"It was a heartrending spectacle. The men were so thick in the water that they grasped at our oars as we dipped them in the sea. We rescued so many and our own boat got so choked that we could not move. With our own gunwale only just out of the water, we were in danger of sinking ourselves.

"We called to the men that we could take no more in or we should sink ourselves, but they continued to pour over the sides, and some hung to the stern of our boat. We had about fifty on board. Never had there been so many in the boat before. One burly sailor, whom we told to wait until the next boat came along, laughingly remarked while he was in the water, 'All right, Cocky, I will hold on by my eyebrows,' and he drifted to another galley. Another Deal boat then came along and relieved us of some of our men.

"Suddenly we heard a shout, and, looking around, saw the commander of the Niger waving and beckoning to us from the stern of the sinking ship. We could not go to him because our craft was so heavily laden. Another galley

then came along, and, after taking out some of our men, together with those who were hanging on to our sides, we went closer to the sinking gunboat and took off some more men, and at the Captain's special request we waited until he took a final look around to see if there were any more men left on board the vessel.

"By this time the ship was very nearly under water, and we shouted to him to hurry up, as the Niger had turned over on her side and was likely to go down at any moment. That brave Captain only just managed to jump in time, when the gunboat gave a lurch and sank on her side in eight fathoms of water. We were proud to rescue that Captain, for he was a true sailor."

The other boats which picked up men were the Maple Leaf, the motor boat Naru, the Annie, the May, and the Deal lifeboat.

The rescuing party saw one dead sailor floating by.

The majority of those rescued received first aid on being landed at North Deal, and then they were taken in ambulances to the Marine Hospital at Walmer.

One survivor, replying to a question as to whether the Niger was torpedoed or mined, replied:

"Torpedoed, Sir. With the exception of the watch and the gun crews all were

below at the time. The first order we received was to close the watertight doors."

So far as I can ascertain at present only one man is missing. Four or five have been landed at Ramsgate. The crew is said to have numbered ninety-six officers and men.

The sinking of the Niger came with tragic swiftness. It was comparatively a fine, peaceful day, and the people were resting on the promenade enjoying sea and fresh air. Anglers—men and women—were calmly fishing from the pier. One angler whom I interviewed this evening said:

"I had just baited my line and cast it out when I heard two loud reports, like an explosion. I looked seaward and saw the Niger, only a mile away, enveloped in smoke or steam. When it had cleared away, I said to my fellow-anglers, 'Oh, he is letting off steam!' When I looked at her again I was startled to notice that she was lower in the water. Fortunately I had slung across my shoulder a pair of glasses, and, on looking at the vessel through them, I noticed that they were attempting to lower the boats, while the remainder of the crew stood at attention on the deck. We could see that the vessel was sinking, and the lifeboats and other boats were hastening to the rescue.

"The vessel then gradually disappeared, bow first, and after about fifteen minutes not a sign of her remained."

## Lieut. Weddigen's Own Story

By Herbert B. Swope

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**B**ERLIN, Sept. 30, 1914.—Through the kindness of the German Admiralty I am able to tell exclusively the story of Capt. Lieut. Otto Weddigen, commander of the now world famous submarine U-9, whose feat in destroying three English cruisers has lifted the German Navy to a lofty place in sea history.

There is an inviolable rule in the German Army and Navy prohibiting officers from talking of their exploits, but because of the special nature of Weddigen's exploit an exception was made, and through the good offices of Count von Oppersdorf The World was granted the right of first telling Weddigen's remarkable story.

It must be borne in mind that Lieut. Weddigen's account has been officially announced and verified by German Navy Headquarters. That will explain why certain details must be omitted, since they are of importance if further submarine excursions are undertaken against the British fleet. Following is Weddigen's tale, supplemented by the Admiralty Intelligence Department:

By CAPT. LIEUT. OTTO WEDDIGEN  
Commander of the German Submarine U-9

I am 32 years old and have been in the navy for years. For the last five years I have been attached to the submarine flotilla, and have been most interested in that branch of the navy. At the outbreak of the war our undersea boats were rendezvoused at certain harbors in the North Sea, the names of which I am restrained from divulging.

Each of us felt and hoped that the Fatherland might be benefited by such individual efforts of ours as were possible at a time when our bigger sisters of the fleet were prohibited from activity. So we awaited commands from the Admiralty, ready for any undertaking that promised to do for the imperial navy what our brothers of the army were so gloriously accomplishing.

It has already been told how I was married at the home of my brother in Wilhelmshaven to my boyhood sweetheart, Miss Prete of Hamburg, on Aug. 16.

Before that I had been steadily on duty with my boat, and I had to leave again the next day after my marriage. But both my bride and I wanted the ceremony to take place at the appointed time, and it did, although within twenty-four hours thereafter I had to go away on a venture that gave a good chance of making my new wife a widow. But she was as firm as I was that my first duty was to answer the call of our country, and she waved me away from the dock with good-luck wishes.

I set out from a North Sea port on one of the arms of the Kiel Canal and set my course in a southwesterly direction. The name of the port I cannot state officially, but it has been guessed at; nor

am I permitted to say definitely just when we started, but it was not many days before the morning of Sept. 22 when I fell in with my quarry.

When I started from home the fact was kept quiet and a heavy sea helped to keep the secret, but when the action began the sun was bright and the water smooth—not the most favorable conditions for submarine work.

I had sighted several ships during my passage, but they were not what I was seeking. English torpedo boats came within my reach, but I felt there was bigger game further on, so on I went. I traveled on the surface except when we sighted vessels, and then I submerged, not even showing my periscope, except when it was necessary to take bearings. It was ten minutes after 6 on the morning of last Tuesday when I caught sight of one of the big cruisers of the enemy.

I was then eighteen sea miles northwest of the Hook of Holland. I had then traveled considerable more than 200 miles from my base. My boat was one of an old type, but she had been built on honor, and she was behaving beautifully. I had been going ahead partly submerged, with about five feet of my periscope showing. Almost immediately I caught sight of the first cruiser and two others. I submerged completely and laid my course so as to bring up in the centre of the trio, which held a sort of triangular formation. I could see their gray-black sides riding high over the water.

When I first sighted them they were near enough for torpedo work, but I wanted to make my aim sure, so I went down and in on them. I had taken the position of the three ships before submerging, and I succeeded in getting another flash through my periscope before I began action. I soon reached what I regarded as a good shooting point.

[The officer is not permitted to give this distance, but it is understood to have been considerably less than a mile, although the German torpedoes have an effective range of four miles.]

Then I loosed one of my torpedoes at



the middle ship. I was then about twelve feet under water, and got the shot off in good shape, my men handling the boat as if she had been a skiff. I climbed to the surface to get a sight through my tube of the effect, and discovered that the shot had gone straight and true, striking the ship, which I later learned was the Aboukir, under one of her magazines, which in exploding helped the torpedo's work of destruction.

There was a fountain of water, a burst of smoke, a flash of fire, and part of the cruiser rose in the air. Then I heard a roar and felt reverberations sent through the water by the detonation. She had been broken apart, and sank in a few minutes. The Aboukir had been stricken in a vital spot and by an unseen force; that made the blow all the greater.

Her crew were brave, and even with death staring them in the face kept to their posts, ready to handle their useless guns, for I submerged at once. But I had stayed on top long enough to see the other cruisers, which I learned were the Cressy and the Hogue, turn and steam full speed to their dying sister, whose plight they could not understand, unless it had been due to an accident.

The ships came on a mission of inquiry and rescue, for many of the Aboukir's crew were now in the water, the order having been given, "Each man for himself."

But soon the other two English cruisers learned what had brought about the destruction so suddenly.

As I reached my torpedo depth I sent a second charge at the nearest of the oncoming vessels, which was the Hogue. The English were playing my game, for I had scarcely to move out of my position, which was a great aid, since it helped to keep me from detection.

On board my little boat the spirit of the German Navy was to be seen in its best form. With enthusiasm every man held himself in check and gave attention to the work in hand.

The attack on the Hogue went true. But this time I did not have the advantageous aid of having the torpedo

detonate under the magazine, so for twenty minutes the Hogue lay wounded and helpless on the surface before she heaved, half turned over and sank.

But this time, the third cruiser knew of course that the enemy was upon her and she sought as best she could to defend herself. She loosed her torpedo defense batteries on boats, starboard and port, and stood her ground as if more anxious to help the many sailors who were in the water than to save herself. In common with the method of defending herself against a submarine attack, she steamed in a zigzag course, and this made it necessary for me to hold my torpedoes until I could lay a true course for them, which also made it necessary for me to get nearer to the Cressy. I had come to the surface for a view and saw how wildly the fire was being sent from the ship. Small wonder that was when they did not know where to shoot, although one shot went unpleasantly near us.

When I got within suitable range I sent away my third attack. This time I sent a second torpedo after the first to make the strike doubly certain. My crew were aiming like sharpshooters and both torpedoes went to their bullseye. My luck was with me again, for the enemy was made useless and at once began sinking by her head. Then she careened far over, but all the while her men stayed at the guns looking for their invisible foe. They were brave and true to their country's sea traditions. Then she eventually suffered a boiler explosion and completely turned turtle. With her keel uppermost she floated until the air got out from under her and then she sank with a loud sound, as if from a creature in pain.

The whole affair had taken less than one hour from the time of shooting off the first torpedo until the Cressy went to the bottom. Not one of the three had been able to use any of its big guns. I knew the wireless of the three cruisers had been calling for aid. I was still quite able to defend myself, but I knew that news of the disaster would call many English submarines and torpedo boat

destroyers, so, having done my appointed work, I set my course for home.

My surmise was right, for before I got very far some British cruisers and destroyers were on the spot, and the destroyers took up the chase. I kept under water most of the way, but managed to get off a wireless to the German fleet that I was heading homeward and being pursued. I hoped to entice the enemy, by allowing them now and then a glimpse of me, into the zone in which they might be exposed to capture or destruction by German warships, but, although their destroyers saw me plainly at dusk on the 22d and made a final effort to stop me, they abandoned the attempt, as it was taking them too far from safety and needlessly exposing them to attack from our fleet and submarines.

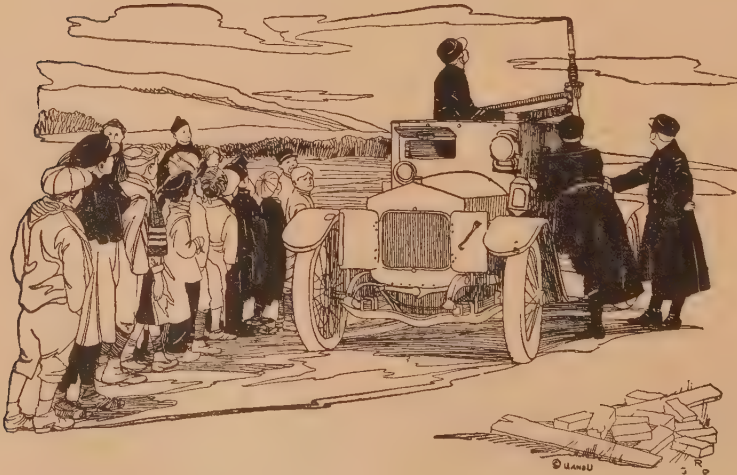
How much they feared our submarines and how wide was the agitation caused by good little U-9 is shown by the English reports that a whole flotilla of German submarines had attacked the cruis-

ers and that this flotilla had approached under cover of the flag of Holland.

These reports were absolutely untrue. U-9 was the only submarine on deck, and she flew the flag she still flies—the German naval ensign—which I hope to keep forever as a glorious memento and as an inspiration for devotion to the Fatherland.

I reached the home port on the afternoon of the 23d, and on the 24th went to Wilhelmshaven, to find that news of my effort had become public. My wife, dry eyed when I went away, met me with tears. Then I learned that my little vessel and her brave crew had won the plaudit of the Kaiser, who conferred upon each of my co-workers the Iron Cross of the second class and upon me the Iron Cross of the first and second classes.

[Weddigen is the hero of the hour in Germany. He also wears a medal for life-saving. Counting himself, Weddigen had twenty-six men. The limit of time that his ship is capable of staying below the surface is about six hours.]



# The War at Home

How It Affects the Countries Whose Men Are At the Front

## The Effects of War in Five Countries

By Irvin S. Cobb

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES, Dec. 2, 1914]

*The following story of conditions in Belgium, Germany, France, Holland, and England was sent by Irvin S. Cobb of The Saturday Evening Post to the American Red Cross, to be used in bringing home to Americans urgent need for relief in the countries affected by the great war:*

**R**ECENTLY I have been in four of the countries concerned in the present war—Belgium, France, Germany, and England. I was also in Holland, having traversed it from end to end within a week after the fall of Antwerp, when every road coming up out of the south was filled with Belgian refugees.

In Belgium I saw this:

Homeless men, women, and children by thousands and hundreds of thousands. Many of them had been prosperous, a few had been wealthy, practically all had been comfortable. Now, with scarcely an exception, they stood all upon one common plane of misery. They had lost their homes, their farms, their workshops, their livings, and their means of making livings.

I saw them tramping aimlessly along wind-swept, rain-washed roads, fleeing from burning and devastated villages. I saw them sleeping in open fields upon the miry earth, with no cover and no shelter. I saw them herded together in the towns and cities to which many of them ultimately fled, existing God alone knows how. I saw them—ragged, futile scarecrows—prowling in the shat-

tered ruins of their homes, seeking salvage where there was no salvage to be found. I saw them living, like the beasts of the field, upon such things as the beasts of the field would reject.

I saw them standing in long lines waiting for their poor share of the dole of a charity which already was nearly exhausted. I saw their towns when hardly one stone stood upon another. I saw their abandoned farm lands, where the harvests rotted in the furrows and the fruit hung mildewed and ungathered upon the trees. I saw their cities where trade was dead and credit was a thing which no longer existed. I saw them staggering from weariness and from the weakness of hunger. I saw all these sights repeated and multiplied infinitely—yes, and magnified, too—but not once did I see a man or woman or even a child that wept or cried out.

If the Belgian soldiers won the world's admiration by the resistance which they made against tremendously overpowering numbers, the people of Belgium—the families of their soldiers—should have the world's admiration and pity for the courage, the patience, and the fortitude they have displayed under the load of an affliction too dolorous for any words to describe, too terrible for any imagination to picture.

In France I saw a pastoral land overrun by soldiers and racked by war until it seemed the very earth would cry out for mercy. I saw a country literally stripped of its men in order that the



regiments might be filled. I saw women hourly striving to do the ordained work of their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, hourly piecing together the jarred and broken fragments of their lives. I saw countless villages turned into smoking, filthy, ill-smelling heaps of ruins. I saw schools that were converted into hospitals and factories changed into barracks.

I saw the industries that were abandoned and the shops that were bare of customers, the shopkeepers standing before empty shelves looking bankrupted in the face. I was the unburied dead lying between the battle lines, where for weeks they had lain, and where for weeks, and perhaps months to come, they would continue to lie, and I saw the graves of countless numbers of other dead who were so hurriedly and carelessly buried that their limbs in places protruded through the soil, poisoning the air with hideous smells and giving abundant promise of the pestilence which must surely follow. I saw districts noted for their fecundity on the raw edge of famine, and a people proverbial for their light-heartedness who had forgotten how to smile.

In Germany I saw innumerable men maimed and mutilated in every conceivable fashion. I saw these streams of wounded pouring back from the front endlessly. In two days I saw trains bearing 14,000 wounded men passing through one town. I saw people of all classes undergoing privations and enduring hardships in order that the forces at the front might have food and supplies. I saw thousands of women wearing widow's weeds, and thousands of children who had been orphaned.

I saw great hosts of prisoners of war on their way to prison camps, where in the very nature of things they must forego all hope of having for months, and perhaps years, those small creature comforts which make life endurable to a civilized human being. I saw them, crusted with dirt, worn with incredible exertions, alive with crawling vermin, their uniforms already in tatters, and their broken shoes falling off their feet.

On the day before I quit German soil—the war being then less than three months old—I counted, in the course of a short ride through the City of Aix-la-Chapelle, two convalescent soldiers who were totally blind, three who had lost an arm, and one, a boy of 18 or thereabout, who had lost both arms. How many men less badly injured I saw in that afternoon I do not know; I hesitate even to try to estimate the total figure for fear I might be accused of exaggeration.

In Holland I saw the people of an already crowded country wrestling valourously with the problem of striving to feed and house and care for the enormous numbers of penniless refugees who had come out of Belgium. I saw wornout groups of peasants huddled on railroad platforms and along the railroad tracks, too weary to stir another step.

In England I saw still more thousands of these refugees, bewildered, broken by misfortune, owning only what they wore upon their backs, speaking an alien tongue, strangers in a strange land. I saw, as I have seen in Holland, people of all classes given of their time, their means, and their services to provide some temporary relief for these poor wanderers who were without a country. I saw the new recruits marching off, and I knew that for the children many of them were leaving behind there would be no Santa Claus unless the American people out of the fullness of their own abundance filled the Christmas stockings and stocked the Christmas larders.

And seeing these things, I realized how tremendous was the need for organized and systematic aid then and how enormously that need would grow when Winter came—when the soldiers shivered in the trenches, and the hospital supplies ran low, as indeed they have before now begun to run low, and the winds searched through the holes made by the cannon balls and struck at the women and children cowering in their squalid and desolated homes. From my own experiences and observations I knew that more nurses, more surgeons, more surgical

necessities, and yet more, past all calculating, would be sorely needed when the plague and famine and cold came to take their toll among armies that already were thinned by sickness and wounds.

The American Red Cross, by the terms of the Treaty of Geneva, gives aid to the invalided and the injured soldiers of any army and all the armies. If any small

word from me, attempting to describe actual conditions, can be of value to the American Red Cross in its campaign of mercy, I write it gladly. I wish only that I had the power to write lines which would make the American people see the situation as it is now—which would make them understand how infinitely worse that situation must surely become during the next few months.

## How Paris Dropped Gayety

By Anne Rittenhouse

[From THE NEW YORK TIMES, Sept. 23, 1914]

ON Friday night the Grand Boulevards were alive with people, motors, voitures, singing, dancing, and each café thronged by the gayest light hearts in the world.

On Saturday night the boulevards were thronged with growling, ominous, surging crowds, with faces like those of the Commune, speaking strong words for and against war.

On Sunday night mobs tore down signs, broke windows, shouted the "Marseillaise," wreaked their vengeance on those who belonged to a nation that France thought had plunged their country into ghastly war. Aliens sought shelter; hotels closed their massive doors intended for defense. Mounted troops corralled the mobs as cowboys round up belligerent cattle. Detached groups smashed and mishandled things that came in the way.

Monday night a calm so intense that one felt frightened. Boulevards deserted, cafés closed, hotels shuttered. Patrols of the Civil Guard in massed formation. France was keeping her pledge to high civilization. Yellow circulars were pasted on the buildings warning all that France was in danger and appealing by that token to all male citizens to guard the women and the weak.

At daylight only was the dead silence broken; France was marching to war

at that hour. Will any one who was here forget that daily daybreak tramp, that measured march of the thousands going to the front? Cavalry with the sun striking the helmets; infantry with their scarlet overcoats too large; aviators with their boxed machines, the stormy petrels of modern war; and the dogs, veritably the dogs of war, going on the humanest mission of all, to search for the wounded in the woods of battle.

And, side by side with the marching millions on the pavement, were the women belonging to them, the women who were to stay behind.

As though the Judgment Trumpet had sounded, France was changed in the twinkling of an eye. And added to the subconscious terror of another revolution which lurked in every American soul—a terror that was dispelled after the third day, when France reached out her long arm and mobilized her people into a strong component whole with but one heart—was an inexplicable dread of this terrible calm.

We knew about trained armies going to war, but here was a situation where the Biblical description of the Last Day was carried out, the man at the wheel dropped his work and was taken; he who was at the plowshare left his furrow. \* \* \*

First we were afraid we would not

have enough to eat. A famine was prophesied, and the credulous who know nothing of the vast sources which supply France with food clamored to get to England. Then there were frenzied stories of hotels closing and prices soaring. None of which happened or had any chance of happening. Food was never better, and today we have fruit that melts in the mouth; fish that swims in the sauce, the lack of which Talleyrand deplored in England; little green string beans that no other country produces or knows how to cook.

Prices never rose for the fraction of a sou. If one had a credit at a hotel, all was well, but unless one had ready money in small notes, none of the restaurants would accept an order. Here, and here only, was a snag concerning food. It is true that women went for twenty-four hours without food, but the reason was the lack of small change, not of eatables.

After the panic caused by a thousand rumors annexed to a dozen disheartening and revolutionary conditions, after the people felt that the Commune was the figment of imagination, not inspired prophecy; that money was getting easier; that, above all, America was looking after its own, though her move toward that end seemed to take months instead of days, and because we counted by heart-beats, not calendars; after all this, we found time and interest to observe the phenomena around us. We began to feel ashamed of our petty madness on the worldly subject of money and ships and safe passage home; our passionate, twentieth century, overindulged selves who were neither fighting nor giving our beloved in battle, and who were harassing those who were in a death struggle. Never throughout the centuries to come, whether the map of Europe is changed or not, should the stranger within her gates ever forget the courtesy of Paris.

At night powerful searchlights backed up by artillery guard the city from the monster of the air.

This if fiction come true. It is Conan Doyle, Kipling, Wells come to measure. From the moment of sunset until sun-

rise those comets with an orbit patrol the skies. Pointing with blazing fingers to the moon and the stars, to the horizon, they proclaim that Paris watches while her people sleep.

The idea has given comfort to thousands. You, in your safe, tranquil homes, cannot know the pleasure it gives to look out of the window in the wakeful nights and watch those wheeling comets circling, circling to catch the Zeppelin that may come.

And behind the light is the gun. Roof-top artillery! The new warfare! On the roof of the fashionable Automobile Club on the Place de la Concorde the little blue firing guns wheel with the blazing fingers. Always ready to send shot and shell into a bulging speck in the sky that does not return the luminous signals. So on the roof of the Observatoire, so on the encircling environs; sometimes three, sometimes six, they are always going. People stand in the streets to watch, hypnotized by the moment into horizon gazing. There will be a speck in the sky; people grow tense; the comet catches it; is that wigwagging on the roof, those challenges in fire, returned? No. The speck passes; we breathe again. And so it goes; a ceaseless centre of interest. It is the novelty of the world war.

The highest artillery in the world is on the Eiffel Tower. At its dizzy top, pointing to the sky, are machine guns that are trained to fire at an enemy's balloon. It is an answer to the prayer of the people that these guns have not yet been used.

But it is not only in the artillery on the top of the Eiffel Tower that interest centres; it is in the wireless that sends the messages to land and sea, safeguarding armies and navies, patrolling the earth and water. Strange, isn't it, that the plaything of a nation has become its safeguard?

That was a stirring day when Paris sang "God Save the King." Gen. French arrived from London, coming quietly to confer with M. Viviani, the Minister for War, and with President Poincaré. He was the first English General to come



to the aid of France since Cromwell commissioned the British Ambassador to go to the aid of Anne of Austria. And the French heart responded as only it can; the people stood, with raised hats, in quadruple rows wherever he passed, as English, French, and foreign voices sang a benediction to Britain's King. History was made there.

That night Gen. French dined at the Ritz among a few friends. Even the newspapers seemed not to know it, and those of us who had the good chance to be there enjoyed him at leisure. He wore his field uniform of khaki in strong contrast to the French Generals, who are always in glittering gold, although he represents an empire and they a republic. He is an admirable looking soldier, somewhat small of stature, firmly knit, bronzed, white haired, blue eyed, calm. He spoke of their responsibilities without exaggeration or amelioration. He did not make light of the task before his soldiers, and his grave manner seemed a prophecy of that terrible fight near Mons, above the French frontier, which was so soon to take place and where English blood was freely spilled for France's sake.

Another day that we shall be glad we saw when it it written into the narrative history of this Summer by some future Mme. Sévigné was when the first German flag arrived. Before it came, two soldiers exhibited a German frontier post in front of a café on the boulevard, which started the excitement, but the reception of the flag by the Government and its placement in the Invalides, where is Napoleon's tomb, was an hour of dramatic tenseness.

The only music heard in Paris since the first day of August, the day of mobilization, accompanied this flag to its resting place along with those historic relics of former French victories. The procession went over the Alexander Bridge, that superb structure dedicated in honor of the Russian Czar, whose son is now fulfilling his pledge of friendship to France. The flag was met at the Invalides by the old soldiers who bore medals of the Franco-Prussian war. In the solemn inclosure, where all stood at

salute, the veterans stood with lances. The flag was presented to an old sick soldier, who stumped forward on a wooden leg, his breast covered with the medals of the Crimea and the Italian campaign. He received it for France, and when it was placed over the organ, the listening crowds that jammed the Place des Invalides heard the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the cracked old voices first, then by the sturdier younger voices, and so it joined in, this vast concourse of solemn listeners.

France has gone into this war with the spirit of the Crusaders, but the spirit of French wit cannot be repressed even under the most terrifying conditions. So after the news of the superhuman effort made by that national baby, Belgium, in detaining the huge German forces for many days, there was a placard on one of the gates at the station, placed there by some gay refugee, saying that a train de luxe would leave for Berlin the next day.

It tickled the sensibilities of travelers very much, and it gave rise to the sale of postcards by an enterprising soul. These cards gave one the right, so they said, of a daily train to Berlin to visit the tomb of Guillaume. They were bought by the thousands as souvenirs of the war and as one of the few things that caused a smile in this saddened city.

Another incident that amused the people was the remark of a young soldier who had single-handed taken some German prisoners, and who, when asked whether he had done it by the revolver or the bayonet, answered that he had only held out a slice of bread and butter and the Germans had followed him.

Amusement and irritation followed the order that all telephoning must be done in French. The sensation produced depended on the temperament of the person. Certainly queer things were said over the lines, and no one could blame the "Allo girl" for laughing. The majority of Americans took it in good part by saying that it was a French lesson for five cents.

Another accomplishment that has been furthered in Paris during the last three weeks is bicycle riding. With the paucity

of transportation some means of getting over the magnificent distances of this city had to be found. So people who could ride rented bicycles, and those who had not learned began to take lessons. The girls who work, and those who go on errands for the Croix Rouge, wear a most

attractive costume of pale blue or violet. It has a short divided skirt, a slim blouse with blue-and-white striped collar; there is a small hat to match, and the young cyclists whirling around on their missions of mercy are a pleasant sight for very sad eyes.

## Paris in October

PARIS, Oct. 19.

THE more one studies the life of Paris at the present time, and especially its patriotic and benevolent activities, the more is one impressed by the unanimous determination of its inhabitants to face whatever may befall and to make the best of things. It is difficult to realize at first sight how completely, in the hour of trial, the traditional light-heartedness of the Parisian has been translated to a fine simplicity of courage and devotion to the common cause and to a high seriousness of patriotism. There is something splendidly impressive and stimulating in the spectacle of civilization's most sensitive culture suddenly confronted by the stern realities of a life-and-death struggle, and responding unanimously to the call of duty. Without hesitation or complaint, Paris has put away childish things, her toys, her luxury, and her laughter; today her whole life reflects only fixed purposes of united effort, of courage never, never to submit or yield, and this splendid determination is all the more significant for being undemonstrative and almost silent.

We English people, who, observing chiefly the surface life of the French capital, have generally been disposed to regard the Parisian temperament as mutable and often impatient of adversity, must now make our confession of error and the *amende honorable*; for nothing could be more admirable than the attitude of all classes of the community in their stoic acceptance of the sacrifices

and sufferings imposed upon them by this war at their gates. Especially striking is the philosophic acquiescence of the city, accustomed to know and to discuss all things, in the impenetrable veil of secrecy which conceals the movements and the fortunes of the French armies in the field. Go where you will, even among those of the very poor who have lost their breadwinners, and you will hear few criticisms and no complaints. The little *midinette* thrown out of employment, the shopkeeper faced with ruin, the artist reduced to actual want—they also are in the fighting line, and they are proud of it. The women of the thrifty middle class consider it just as much their duty to devote their savings of years to the common cause as their husbands and brothers do to bear arms against the enemy; only in the last extremity of need do they make appeal to the "*Secours National*" for assistance. And when they do, they are well content to live on a maintenance allowance of 1s. a day and 5d. for every child.

The other Sunday morning at the hour of mass, when two German aeroplanes were engaged in their genial occupation of throwing bombs over the residential and business quarters of the city, I assisted at several sidewalk conversations in the district lying between the *Madeleine* and the *Rue de Rivoli*. Nowhere did I find the least sign of excitement. Indeed, there was curiously little interest shown as to the results of the explosions in that neighborhood; only a grim acceptance of this daily visitation as

something to be added to the score in the final day of reckoning and some expression of surprise that the French aeroplanes (supposed to be constantly on the alert for these visitors) should not have found some means of putting an end to the nuisance. At the same time I heard several spectators express their admiration of the German aviators' courage and appreciation of the ease and grace with which they handled their beautiful machines. In the cafés that evening, when the full list of the casualties and damage had been published, one heard a good deal of criticism, seasoned with Attic salt, on the subject of the belated appearance of the French aeroplanes on the scene, and hopes that the boulevards might soon be rewarded by the spectacle of a duel in the air. They seem to think they have earned it.

But in the afternoon all Paris was out—in the Jardin des Tuileries, in the Bois, at Vincennes, basking in the sunshine of a glorious Autumn day, Madame et Bébé bravely making the best of it in the absence of Monsieur. (Not that Monsieur is always absent; the proportion of men in the crowd, and men of serviceable age, was considerably larger than one might have expected.) If the object of the German aviators is to instill terror into the hearts of the Parisians they are wasting their time and their bombs.

Those people in London who complain about not being able to get supper after the theatre, and other minor disturbances of their even tenor of existence, should spend a few days in Paris. They would observe how easily a community may learn to do without many things, and how the lesson itself becomes a moral tonic, unmistakably stimulating in its effects.

Paris is reminded every morning of duty and discipline when it begins by doing without its beloved petits pains and croissants for breakfast, the order having gone forth that bakers, being short-handed, are to make only pain de ménage. Similarly, because the majority of journalists and popular writers are under arms, Paris does without its accustomed daily refreshment of ephemer-

al literature, its comic and illustrated press, its literary and artistic causeries, its feuilletons, and chroniques. It does without its theatres, its music halls, without politics, art, and social amenities, without barbers, florists, and motor cars, partly because there are not men enough to keep these things going, and partly because, even if there were, la patrie comes first, so that thrifty self-denial has become the duty of every good citizen. If the telephone breaks down, (as it usually does,) there is no one to repair it, so the subscriber goes without; if the trains and trams cease running on regular schedules the Parisian accepts the fact and stays at home.

In normal times life is made up of the sum of little things, but at great moments the little things cease to count. How true this is in Paris today one may judge from the correspondence and records of the "Secours National"; they reveal an intense and widespread impulse of personal pride in self-denial, and prove that the heart of the Parisian bourgeoisie is sound to the core.

To a foreigner, accustomed to the Paris of literary and artistic traditions, perhaps the most remarkable feature in the life of the city today lies in the absence of articulate public opinion, and apparently of public interest, in everything outside the immediate issues of the war. With one or two exceptions, such as the Temps and the Débats, the press of the capital practically confines itself to recording the events and progress of the campaign; nothing else matters. So far as Paris is concerned, all the rest of the world, from China to Peru, might be nonexistent. Neither the political nor the economic consequences of the war are seriously examined or discussed; the sole business of the newspapers consists in supplementing, to the best of their abilities, the meagre war news supplied through official channels. Some interest attaches, of course, to the attitude of Italy; but, beyond that, all things sublunary seem to have faded into a remote distance of unreality—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.



The explanation of this attitude of complete detachment lies, no doubt, chiefly in the fact that the men who make and exchange political opinions have gone to Bordeaux, while most of those who create and guide public (as distinct from political) opinion, have exchanged the pen for the sword. Just as Paris, for want of bakers, has only one kind of bread, so, for want of the men who usually inspire public opinion, her press has concentrated upon one absorbing idea, *écraser les Allemands*. Moreover, for want of printers and of

advertisers, most of the daily papers have now dwindled to microscopic proportions. The virile intelligence of Paris journalism and the nimble and adventurous inquisitiveness, which are its normally distinguishing characteristics, have gone, like everything else, to the front. As the editor of *Gil Blas* says in a farewell poster to his subscribers: "Youth has only one duty to perform in these days. Our chief and all the staff have joined the colors. Whenever events shall permit, *Gil Blas* will resume its cheerful way. *A bientôt.*"

## France and England As Seen in War Time

An Interview With F. Hopkinson Smith

**F** HOPKINSON SMITH was in France when the war broke out, he spent September in London, and is now back in New York. He has brought home many sketches. Not sketches which suggest war in the least, but which were made with the thought of the war lurking in the background.

"Curiously enough," he said, without waiting for any opening question from THE TIMES reporter—Mr. Smith often interviews himself—"curiously enough, I was on my way to Rheims to make a sketch of the cathedral when the war broke out. I had started out to make a series of sketches of the great European cathedrals. Not etchings, but charcoal sketches.

"Let me say here, too, that cathedrals for the most part ought not to be etched. You lose too many shadows, though you gain in line; but in the etching you have to cross-hatch so heavily with ink that the result is just ink, and not shadow at all. Charcoal gives you depth and transparency. I was eager to do a series of the cathedrals, as I had done a series for the Dickens and Thackeray books, and

had planned to give my entire Summer to it.

"I had been in London for some time. I had sketched in Westminster, in St. Bartholomew's. Everything peaceful and quiet. It seems now as if we ought to have felt—all of us, the people on the streets, I, shopkeepers, every one—the approach of this tremendous war. But we didn't, of course. No one in England had the faintest suspicion that this terrible, inhuman thing was going to happen.

"I went on to France. I sketched Notre Dame, over which they exploded shells a month or so later. I did some work in the beautiful St. Etienne. I sauntered down into South Normandy and was stopping for a little color work at the Inn of William the Conqueror before going on to Rheims."

These water colors of French farms, French inns, and French gardens are glimpses caught at the very eleventh hour before France put on a totally different aspect.

"The war broke out. There at the quiet little French inn everything suddenly changed color. It was quick, it

was quiet. There was a complete change in the snap of a finger. All the chauffeurs and the porters and the waiters—men who had been there for years and with whom we who visit there Summer after Summer have grown familiar—suddenly stopped work, gave up their jobs, were turned into soldiers. One hardly recognized them.

"We were all stunned. I realized that I could not go on to Rheims, that I probably should not get down into Italy. I scarcely realized at first what that meant. I could not conceive, none of us could conceive," Mr. Smith exploded violently, "that any one, under any necessity whatsoever, should lay hands on the Rheims Cathedral. It's too monstrous! The world will never forgive it, never!"

"The world is divided, I tell you! It is not a Double Alliance and a Triple Entente; it is not a Germany and a Russia and a United States and an Italy and an England. That is not the division of the world just now. There are two sides, and only two sides. There is barbarism on the one hand, civilization on the other; there is brutality and there is humanity. And humanity is going to win, but the sacrifices are awful—awful!"

"How about the feeling in France, Mr. Smith?"

"I can't tell you how overwhelmingly pathetic it is—the sight of these brave Frenchmen. Every one has remarked it. Once and for all the tradition that the French are an excitable, emotional people with no grip on their passions and no rein on their impulses—that fiction is dead for all time.

"I saw that whole first act of France's drama. I saw the French people stand still on that first day and take breath. Then I saw France set to work. She was unprepared, but she was ready in spirit. There was no excitement, there were no demonstrations. The men climbed into their trains without any exhibitions of patriotism, without any outbursts. There were many women crying quietly, with children huddled about their skirts.

"The spirit of England is different, but there is the same lack of excitement. I chartered a motor bus when the war broke out and got to Paris, and then went back to London, where I sketched for a month, saw my friends, and talked war.

"Making sketches in war time is very different, by the way, from making sketches in time of peace. It is a business full of possibilities, when all manner of spy suspicions are afloat. I made up my mind to do a sketch of the Royal Exchange. Not as I should have done it a year before, mind you, nor even three months before, but now, with the thought of bomb-dropping Zeppelins in the back of my mind. It occurred to me when I was hurrying along one rainy evening in a taxi past the Stock Exchange, the Globe Insurance, the Bank of England. Everywhere cabs drawn up along the curbing, cabs slipping past, people, great moving crowds of people with their umbrellas up, moving off down Threadneedle and Victoria.

"A lot of human life and some very beautiful architecture and a good part of the world's business, all concentrated here. And I thought to myself what might happen should the cultured Germans get as far as London, and should the defenders of the world's civilization drop a bomb down into the heart of things here. I pictured to myself what havoc could be wrought.

"And I thought, too, of places like Southwark. Ever been in Southwark? Horrible. A year before, when I was making the sketches for my Dickens book, I spent a great deal of time in the Southwark section. Now, with the prospect of Zeppelins, I thought again of Southwark. A bomb in a Southwark street! Good Lord, can you imagine the horror of it? There fifty or sixty families are packed into a single tenement, and the houses in their turn are packed one against the next along streets so narrow that the buildings seem to be nodding to each other, touching foreheads almost. Desperately poor people, children swarming every moment of the day and night up and down these dark

stairways, up and down these hideously dark streets. Now drop a bomb in the midst of it all. That is what Englishmen are thinking of now.

"I didn't go over into Southwark; I couldn't stand it. The next day I went back to the Stock Exchange to make my sketch. I've done sketches in London before—every nook and cranny of it—but this time I felt a little nervous when I got there with my umbrella and my little tools. But I managed it. I said to the bobby, I said—"

And then Mr. Smith, getting up from his chair and relapsing into the frown that always means he is going to tell a story, showed how he managed it. It is impossible to reproduce Mr. Smith's inimitable manner.

"Are you, now?" said I.

"Well, 'ow can I tell?" said he.

"But if you're the excellent English bobby that I believe you to be," said I, "you'll see at once that I'm an honest American artist just here to do a little sketching."

"I tell you," said he. "W'y don't you just pop hup and see 'is Lordship the Mayor?"

"And so I did pop up and I told the Lord Mayor my troubles, and he waved me a hearty wave of his hand, and said he'd do anything to oblige an American, and I came down again, and here was the bobby still very upright but watching my approach from the tail of his eye. And I pretended I had never seen him, but as I went past I slipped him a cigar, and when I passed back again he twinkled his eye. Stuck between the buttons of his coat, there being no other place, was my fat cigar.

"I made my sketch of the Royal Exchange. I want Americans to see what can happen if His Imperial Lowness over on the Continent sees fit to send his Zeppelins to England. Not being big enough nor strong enough to injure England vitally, he can take this method of injury, he can injure women and children and maim horses, destroy business and works of art and blow up the congested districts.

"We have seen what the Savior of

the World's Culture could do in France and Belgium; it is small wonder that all England has in the back of her head surmises as to what he might accomplish if some of his aircraft crossed the Channel. By which I do not mean to say that the English are apprehensive. They are not nervous. I have spent more than a month with them, among my own friends, learning the general temper of the country.

"There are no demonstrations, there is no boasting, no display. London is much the same as it always was. At night London is darkened, in accordance with the order of Oct. 9, but that is about all the difference. It is so dark that you can hardly get up Piccadilly, but London takes her amusements about as usual. The theatres are not overcrowded, but neither are they empty. For luncheons and for dinners Prince's is full, the Carlton is full. The searchlights are playing over the city looking for those Zeppelins. That is a new wrinkle to me; the idea of blinding the men up there at the wheel with a powerful light is a good one.

"These Englishmen have their teeth set. They know perfectly well that they are fighting for their existence. All this talk of the necessity of drumming up patriotism in England is bosh. England has no organized publicity bureau such as Germany, and in contrast she may have seemed quiet to the point of apathy. But don't fancy that Englishmen are apathetic. They are slow and they are sure. They are just beginning to realize that they have these fellows by the back of the neck. Before I left London I saw every day in the Temple Gardens, down by the Embankment, that steady drill of thousands of young men in straw hats, yellow shoes, and business suits. I felt their spirit.

"There is a great fundamental difference between the spirit of Germany and the spirit of the Allies, and the whole world has recognized it. With the Allies there has been no boasting, even now when they realize that the top is reached and this war is on the down grade. There is determina-



tion, but there is no cock-sureness, no goose-step. There is no insolence.

"Why, in the last analysis, is the whole world against Germany? Because of her insufferable insolence. It is an insolence which has been fairly bred in the bone of every German soldier. I can give you a little concrete instance. My daughter-in-law had been serving in one of the Paris hospitals ever since the war broke out. She was finally placed on a committee which was to meet the trainloads of wounded soldiers when they first arrived.

"In one of the cars one day there was a wounded officer, a German. He spoke no French, and a young French Lieutenant, very courteous, was trying to make him understand something. My daughter, too, had no success. Finally a young German, a common soldier who was in the same car, said to this German officer: 'I am an Alsatian; I can interpret for you.'

"How dare you!' And the German officer turned to him in perfect fury. 'How do you, a common soldier, dare to speak to me, an officer!' And with that he struck the Alsatian full in the face with what little strength he had left.

"Now, there is an example of the attitude to which the German military has been trained.

"On another occasion, when a French officer, after one of the battles, came courteously to the commanding German officer of the division and said, 'Sir, you are my prisoner,' the German spat in his face. That is all very dramatic and you may say that he showed much spirit, but you could hardly call it a sporting spirit, surely not a civilized spirit.

"It is this domineering spirit that the whole world is resenting. Nothing that Germany can do through her well-organized press agents can conceal that insolence which has been a continuous policy for many years. American opinion is almost unanimous in its opposition to Germany for this one reason.

"Sir Gilbert Parker recently sent me a whole bundle of papers asking me to judge England's case fairly and ask my friends in America to do the same. I

wrote back and asked him: 'Why do you waste stamps sending evidence to America? America has the evidence, and if there has been any anti-English feeling in America, von Bernstorff and Dernburg long since demolished it.'

"The world has never witnessed anything so far-reaching as this policy of insolence. Men who in daily life are cultured and fine, whose ideals are high and noble, who have achieved names for themselves in literature, art, and science—we all have many friends among them—have become unconsciously tinctured with this policy. They are intelligent men, but, by the gods, when they get on this subject of Germany's place in the sun, they become paranoiacs! This idea of their pre-eminence has become a disease with Germany. Germany is actually sick with it, and the medicine that will cure her will be pretty bitter.

"I see that George Bernard Shaw presumes to announce that this policy of insolence, this extreme militarism, has been just as prominent in England and in France. Mr. Shaw is great fun and very wise about a lot of things; moreover, he has lived in England a great deal longer than I have, but just the same he is dead wrong when he makes such a statement. I have many old friends in the army and the navy, many in politics, and some of them are of the pronounced soldier, the militarist type. Not one of them would ever dare to write such a book as Bernhardi has written, and I don't believe there's one of them that would take any stock in a man like Nietzsche. Mr. Shaw is dead wrong here; worse than that, he is writing nonsense.

"We live from day to day hoping that the end will be the absolute annihilation of the militarist principle, this get-off-the-earth attitude.

"And what has all this," concluded Mr. Smith suddenly, "to do with art? I'm sure I don't know. No one is thinking about art now."

"But you haven't told me where your sympathies are in this war, Mr. Smith."

"Hey? I don't have any sympathies, as you see. I'm neutral as President Wilson bids me be; I don't care who licks Germany, not even if it is Japan."

# The Helpless Victims

By Mrs. Nina Larrey Duryee

*The author of this article, an American woman, daughter of a noted civil war officer, had spent nine Summers in Brittany. When she saw the first Belgian refugees pouring into this beautiful corner of France the sight stirred her as deeply as it did the French and Breton residents themselves, and the following vivid word picture was inspired by the emotions of the first shock of contact with war.*

DINARD, France, Sept. 1, 1914.

**Y**ESTERDAY I saw issuing through St. Malo's eleventh century gates 300 Belgian refugees, headed by our Dinard Mayor, M. Cralard. I try to write calmly of that procession of the half-starved, terror-ridden throng, but with the memory of those pinched faces and the stories we heard of murder, carnage, burning towns, insulted women, it is difficult to restrain indignation. They had come from Charleroi and Mons—old men, women, and little children. Not a man of strength or middle age among them, for they are dead or away fighting the barbarians who invested their little country against all honorable dealings.

Such a procession! They had slept in fields, eaten berries, carrots dug from the earth by their hands; drunk from muddy pools, always with those beings behind them who had driven them at the point of their bayonets from their poor homes. Looking back, they had seen flames against the sky, heard screams for pity from those too ill to leave, silenced by bullets.

Here are some of the tales, which our Mayor vouches for, which I heard:

One young mother, who had seen her husband shot, tried to put aside the rifle of the assassin. She was holding her year-old baby on her breast. The butt of that rifle was beaten down, crushing in her baby's chest. It still lives, and I heard its gasping breath.

Another young girl, in remnants of a pretty silk dress, hatless, her fragile shoes soleless, and her feet bleeding, is quite mad from the horrors of seeing her old father shot and her two younger

brothers taken away to go before the advancing enemy as shields against English bullets. She has forgotten her name, town, and kin, and, "like a leaf in the storm," is adrift on the world penniless.

I saw sitting in a row on a bench in the shed seven little girls, none of them more than six. Not one of them has now father, mother, or home. None can tell whence they came, or to whom they belong. Three are plainly of gentle birth. They were with nurses when the horde of Prussians fell upon them, and the latter were kept—for the soldier's pleasure.

There is an old man, formerly the proud proprietor of a bakery, who escaped with the tiny delivery cart pulled by a Belgian dog. Within the cart are the remains of his prosperous past—a coat, photos of his dead wife, and his three sons at the front, and a brass kettle.

I heard from an aged man how he escaped death. He, with other villagers, was locked into a room, and from without the German carbines were thrust through the blinds. Those within were told to "dance for their lives," and the German bullets picked them off, one by one, from the street. He had the presence of mind to fall as though dead, and when the house was set on fire crawled out through a window into the cowshed and got away.

Now, these stories are not the worst or the only ones. Nor are these 300 refugees more than a drop of sand on a beach of the thousands upon thousands who are at this moment in like case. They are pouring through the country now, dazed with trouble, robbed of all they possess.

Who can help them, even to work? No one has money. Even those rich villa people, Americans, are unable to pay their servants. There is no "work" save in the fields garnering crops, for which no wages are paid. Their country is a devastated waste, tenanted by the enemy, who spread like a tidal wave of destruction in all directions. We take the better class into our homes, clothe them and feed them gladly, that we may in a minute way repay the debt civilization owes their husbands, sons, and fathers. France, too, is invaded, and now thousands more of French are homeless and penniless.

We in this formerly gay, fashionable little town see nothing of the pageantry of war—only its horrors, as trains leave with us hundreds of wounded from the

front. In their bodies we find dum-dum bullets, and we hear tales which confirm those of the refugees.

Will America help them? I, an American woman, could weep for the inadequacy of my pen, for I beg your pity, your compassion, and your help. Not since the days of Rome's cruelty has civilization been so outraged. The Winter is ahead, and with hunger, cold, lack of supplies, and isolation will create untold suffering. Paris, too, is now sending refugees from its besieged gates. Every corner is already filled, and hundreds pour in every day. The garages, best hotels, villas, and cafés are already filled with "those that suffer for honor's sake." The Croix Rouge does splendid work for the wounded soldiers, but who will help these victims of war?

## A New Russia Meets Germany

By Perceval Gibbon

VILNA, Russia, Sept. 28.—For a fact as great as Russia one needs a symbol by which to apprehend it. For me, till now, the symbol has been a memory of Moscow in the Winter of 1905, the Winter of revolution, when the barricades were up in the streets and the dragoons worked among the crowds like slaughtermen in a shambles. Toward that arched gateway leading from the Red Square into the Kremlin came soldiers on foot, bringing with them prisoners dredged out of the turmoil, two armed men to each battered and terrified captive, whose white and bloodstained face stared startling and ghastly between the gray uniform greatcoats. The first of them came to the deep arch, in whose recess is a lamplit shrine; I stood aside to see them go past. The soldiers were wrenching the man along by the arms, each holding him on one side; I recall yet the prisoner's lean, miserable face, with the suggestion it had of dissolute

and desperate youth; and as they came abreast of the faintly gleaming ikon in the gate they let him go for a moment. His dazed eyes wandered up to the shrine; he was already bareheaded, and with a shaking, uncertain hand he crossed himself in the intricate Russian fashion. The soldiers who guarded him, too—they shuffled their rifles to a convenient hold to have a right hand free; they crossed themselves and their lips moved. Then they were through the arch and out upon the snow within the walls, and once again they had hold of their man and were thrusting him along to the prison which for him was the antechamber of death.

That was Russia then. Prisoner and captors, soldiers and revolutionaries, blinded and bewildered by the rush and dazzle of affairs, straining asunder yet linked, knitted into a unity of the spirit which they neither understood nor questioned.

But a week ago, on those still, dreary



lands which border the Prussian frontier, there was evidence of a Russia that has been born or made since those hectic days in Moscow. The Germans who had forced General Rennenkampf to withdraw to the border were making an attempt to envelop his left wing. Their columns, issuing from the maze of lakes and hills in Masurenland, came across the border on both banks of the little River Amulew, and fell upon him. There is a road in those parts that drifts south along the frontier, an unmade, unholy Russian road, ribbed with outcrops of stone, a purgatory to travel upon till the snow clothes it and one can go by sledge. Away to the southwest, beyond the patches of firwood and the gray, steeply rolling land, there toned the far diapason of artillery; strings of army transport, Red Cross vehicles, and miscellaneous men straggled upon the road.

From beyond the nearest shoulder of land sounded suddenly some gigantic and hoarse whistle, an ear-shattering roar of warning and urgency. There was shouting and a stir of movement; the wagons and Red Cross vans began to pull out to one side; and over the brow of the hill, hurtling into sight, huge, unbelievably swift, roaring upon its whistle, tore a great, gray-painted motor lorry, packed with khaki-clad infantrymen. It was going at a hideous speed, leaping its tons of weight insanely from rock ridge to traffic-churned slough in the road; there was only time to note its immensity and uproar and the ranked faces of the men swaying in their places, and it was by, and another was bounding into sight behind it. A hundred and odd of them, each with thirty men on board—three battalions to reinforce the threatened left wing—a mighty instrument of war, mightily wielded. It was Russia as she is today, under way and gathering speed.

At Rennenkampf's headquarters at Wirballen, where formerly one changed trains going from Berlin to Petersburg, one sees the fashion in which Russia shapes for war. Here, beneath a little bridge with a black and white striped sentry box upon it, its muddy banks partitioned with rotten planks into goose-

pens, runs that feeble stream which separates Russia from Germany. Upon its further side, what is left of Eydtkuhnen, the Prussian frontier village, looms drearily through its screen of willows—walls smoke-blackened and roofless, crumbling in piles of fallen brick across its single street, which was dreary enough at its best. To the north and south, and behind to the eastward, are the camps, a city full, a country full of men armed and equipped; the mean and ugly village thrills to the movement and purpose. On the roof of the schoolhouse there lifts itself again against the pale Autumn sky the cobweb mast and stays of the wireless apparatus, and in the courtyard below and in the shabby street in front there is a surge of automobiles, motor cycles, mounted orderlies—all the message-carrying machinery of a staff office. The military telephone wires loop across the street, and spray out in a dozen directions over the flat and trodden fields; for within the dynamic kernel to all this elaborate shell is Rennenkampf, the Prussian-Russian who governs the gate of Germany.

Here is the brain of the army. Its limbs go swinging by at all hours, in battalions and brigades, or at the trot, with a jingle of bits and scabbards, or at the walk, with bump and clank, as the gun wheels clear the ruts. It is the infantry that fills the eye—fine, big stuff, man for man the biggest infantry in the world.

Their uniform of peaked cap, trousers tucked into knee-boots, and khaki blouse is workmanlike, and the serious middle-aged officers trudging beside them are hardly distinguishable from the men. They have not yet learned the use of the short, broad-bladed bayonets; theirs are of the old three-cornered section type with which the Bulgarians drove the Turks to Chataldja; but there is something else that they have learned. Since the first days of the mobilization that brought them from their homes there is not a man among them that has tasted strong drink. In 1904 the men came drunk from their homes to the centres; one saw them about the streets and on the railways and in the gutters.

But these men have been sober from the start, and will perforce be sober to the end.

Of all that elaborate and copious machinery of war which Russia has built up since her failure in Manchuria there is nothing so impressive as this. Her thousand and odd aeroplanes, her murderously expert artillery, her neat and successful field wireless telegraph, even her strategy, count as secondary to it. The chief of her weaknesses in the past has been the slowness of her mobilization; Germany, with her plans laid and tested for a mobilization in four days, could count on time enough to strike before Russia could move. She used her advantage to effect when Austria planted the seed of this present war by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; she was able to present Russia in all her unpreparedness with the alternative of war in twenty-four hours or accepting the situation. But this time it has been different.

At Petrograd one sees how different. Hither from the northern and eastern Governments come the men who are to swell Rennenkampf's force. Their cadres, the skeletons of the battalions of which they are the flesh, are waiting for them—officers, organization, equipment, all is ready.

The endless trains decant them; they swing in leisurely columns through the streets to their depots, motley as a circus—foresters, moujiks in fetid sheepskins, cattlemen, and rivermen, Siberians, tow-haired Finns, the wide gamut of the races of Russia, all big or biggish, with those impassive, blunt-featured faces that mask the Russian soul, and all sober. No need now to make men of them before making soldiers; no inferno at the wayside stations and troop trains turning up days late. It is as if, at the cost of those annual 780,000,000 rubles, Russia had bought the clue to victory.

West beyond Eydtkuhnen, under the pearl-gray northern sky, lies East Prussia. Hereabout it is flat and fertile, with lavish, eye-fatiguing levels of corn-

land stretching away to Insterburg and beyond to Königsberg's formidable girdle of forts. Here are many villages, and scattered between them innumerable hamlets of only two or three houses, and a small town or two. Most of them are empty now; the German army that leans its back on the Vistula's fortresses has cleared this country like a dancing floor for its work. It has rearranged it as one rearranges the furniture in a room; whole populations have been transported, roads broken, bridges blown up, strategically unnecessary villages burned. Nothing remains on the ground that has not its purpose assigned—not even the people, and their purpose has been clear for some time past. The Russians have been over this ground already, and fell back from it after their defeat between Osterode and Allenstein. Their advance was through villages lifeless and deserted and over empty roads; the retreat was through a country that swarmed with hostile life. Roads were blocked with farm carts, houses along their route took fire mysteriously, signaling their movement and direction, and answered from afar by other conflagrations; bridges that had been sound enough before blew up at the last moment. What the Belgians were charged with, and their country laid waste for, all East Prussia is organized to do daily as an established and carefully schooled auxiliary to the army.

A few days since there arrived a prisoner, driven in on foot by a mounted Cossack, sent back by the officer commanding the reconnoissance party which had captured him. He came up the street, shuffling at a quick walk to keep ahead of the horse and the thin, sinister Cossack—an elderly farmer, in work-stained clothes, with the lean neck and pursed jaws of a hard bargainer. In all his bearing and person there was evident the man of toilsome life who had prospered a little; in that soldier-thronged street, in his posture of a prisoner with the Cossack's revolver at his back, he was conspicuous and grotesque. His eyes, under the gray pent of his brows, were uneasy, and through all his commonplace quality and his show of forti-

tude there was a gleam of the fear of death that made him tragic. He had been found on his farm doing nothing in particular; it was out of simply general suspicion that the Russian officer had ordered him to be searched. The result was the discovery of a typewritten paper, giving precise instructions as to how a German civilian in East Prussia must act toward the enemy—how to signal movements of infantry, of cavalry, of artillery; how to estimate the numbers

of a body of men, and what to say if questioned, and the like—a document conceived and executed with true Prussian exactitude and clearness, a masterpiece in the literature of espionage.

For him there was no hope; even The Hague Convention, which permits mine-laying, does not protect spies, however earnestly and dangerously they serve their country. He passed, always at the same forced shuffle of reluctant feet, toward his judges and his doom.

## Belgian Cities Germanized

By Cyril Brown

Staff Correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES

**B**RUSSELS, Nov. 4, 1914.—Of all the war capitals of Europe, Brussels under the German occupation is probably the gayest and the most deceptive. It certainly outrivals Berlin in life and brilliancy, as Berlin outshines London. The Germans are free spenders afield; their influx here by thousands has put large sums of money into circulation, resulting in a spell of artificial, perhaps superficial, prosperity.

The crowds surging all day up and down the principal shopping street, the Rue Neuve, overflow the sidewalks and fill the street. Well-dressed crowds promenade along the circular boulevard all afternoon and into the night. Places of amusement and the cafés are crowded. The hundreds of automobiles loaded with officers speeding about the streets, with musical military horns blowing, add to the gay illusion.

Nowhere save at the Great Headquarters in France, where the Kaiser stays when not haranguing his troops at the front, will you see such a brilliant galaxy of high officers—and every day seems a holiday in Brussels.

You catch the sinister undercurrent in the more obscure little cafés. Here you will find some Belgian patriot who is glad of the chance to unbosom himself to a safe American. Perhaps he will

speak with unprintable bitterness of the shame of the Brussels women who, he says, wave handkerchiefs and smile friendly greetings at the singing troop trains passing through the suburbs on their way to the front, or give flowers and cigars to the returning streams of wounded. They ought to be shot as traitresses, he says. For the honor of the Belgian women, he adds, these form only a small percentage.

You are not surprised when well-informed neutral residents tell you that these people "have murder in their hearts, and that if the Germans ever retreat in a rout through Belgium, Heaven help the straggler and the rear guard." Nor that copies of English papers, whose reading is forbidden, are nevertheless smuggled in, and that copies of The London Times fetch as high as 200 francs, reading circles being often formed at 20 francs per head.

But there are no hopeful signs here of a German retreat. Brussels has not been "practically evacuated." On the contrary, one gets overwhelmingly the impression that the Germans expect to stay forever. No cannon are posted on commanding avenues or squares. There are no serious measures for the defense of the capital. The military and civil Governments occupy the principal pub-



lic buildings, and seem to be working with typical German thoroughness. The Government offices begin to assume an air of permanence.

As conquerors go, the invaders seem to be bearing themselves well. There is apparently no desire to "rub it in," the military Government seemingly pursuing the wise policy of trying to spare the feelings of the natives as much as possible, perhaps in the impossible hope of ultimately conciliating them. German flags are flown sparingly. Only small squads of Landsturm are now occasionally seen marching through the streets. Even from the bitterest Belgians one hears no stories of "insult, shame, or wrong."

At the same time, swift and harsh punishment is meted out to any one whose actions are thought to tend to impair German military authority or dignity. Thus placards posted on many street corners day before yesterday informed the people that a Belgian city policeman had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for "interfering with a German official in the discharge of his duty, assaulting a soldier, and attempting to free a prisoner." For this, also, a fine of 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) was imposed on the City of Brussels. Another policeman was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for alleged similar offenses.

An interesting history of the German occupation can be reconstructed from these same placards pasted on buildings. Here is one, dating from the early days, forbidding bicycle riding in the country and announcing that civilian cyclists will be shot at sight. If you look long enough you can also find a mutilated specimen of ex-Burgomaster Max's famous "dementi," in which he virtually calls the German Military Governor of Liège and, by implication, the German Government, "liar." The Bruxellois must be fickle and quick to forget, for I did not hear the picturesque Max's name mentioned once.

The realities of the military occupation are brought home to the people perhaps most at the Gare du Nord and the Place de la Gare, where the Civic Guards, in their curious comic opera caps, are

reinforced by German gendarmes with rifles slung over their shoulders. Civilians are not allowed to cross this square in front of the railway station. "Keep to the sidewalk" is the brusque order to those who stray. Also the park in front of the Royal Palace is closed to the public. Three bright red gasoline tank wagons among the trees give it an incongruous touch, while the walks and drives are used as an exercising ground for officers' mounts. All the windows of the Royal Palace are decorated with the sign of the Red Cross.

Brussels just now is humorously a victim of the double standard—not moral, but financial. All kinds of money go here on the basis of 1 mark equaling 1 franc 25 centimes, but shopkeepers still fix prices and waiters bring bills in francs, and when payment is tendered in marks you generally get change in both—a proceeding that involves elaborate mathematical computations. At the next table to you in the restaurant of the Palace Hotel, once a favorite stopping place for Anglo-American travelers, but now virtually an exclusive German officers' club, with the distinction of a double guard posted at the front door, sits a short, fiercely mustached General of some sort—evidently a person of great importance from the commotion his entry caused among all the other officers in the room. In his buttonhole he wears the Iron Cross of the second class, the Iron Cross of the first class pinned to his breast, and underneath the rare "Pour le Merite Order, with Swords." His bill amounts to about 7 francs, for he consumed the regular 4-franc table d'hôte, plus a full bottle of red Burgundy. He tenders a blue 100-mark bill in payment and gets in return a baffling heap of change, including 1 and 2 franc Belgian paper notes, 5 and 10 mark German bills, Belgian and German silver, and Belgian nickel coins with holes punched in the centres. The General takes out his pencil and begins elaborate calculations on the menu—then sends for the head waiter. It takes some time and much talk to convince him that he is not being "short changed." The double standard fur-

nishes many of these humorous interludes.

Equally exasperating is the double time standard. The Germans set their official clocks and watches by Berlin time, but have made no attempt to force it on the natives, who continue loyal to Belgian time, which is one hour behind Berlin.

Brand Whitlock, the American Minister to Belgium, who runs a strong risk of having a statue erected to him some day by the grateful Belgian people, is quite the happiest, most-relieved-looking person in Brussels since he heard the good news that all America was hard at work collecting food for the Belgians and that England would not prevent its delivery. Soon after the German occupation of Brussels a committee was organized to give food to the poor here, of which Mr. Whitlock and the Spanish Minister were patrons. Three weeks ago the Ministerial allies discovered that the situation was exceedingly grave, not only here but all over Belgium. Committees came to see Mr. Whitlock from Louvain, Liège, Namur, Charleroi, Mons, Dinant, &c., and the people, I was told, were within four weeks of absolute starvation. Mr. Whitlock got the German Military Governor of Belgium, Field Marshal von der Goltz, to give the Spanish Minister and himself a guarantee in writing that any food sent in for the poor Belgians would not be requisitioned for the German Army.

The next thing was to get the permission of England; so two weeks ago Secretary Gibson was sent to London with Baron Lambert, a banker, and M. Franqui to get England's permission as well as a first shipment of food. Two weeks ago Mr. Whitlock sent a long letter to the State Department and to President Wilson, asking them to do something. At least one phrase of Mr. Whitlock's coinage has been going the rounds here. In the various preliminary discussions as to whose responsibility it was to take care of the Belgian people there was considerable talk about Hague conventions. "Starving people can't eat Hague conventions" was his answer.

Minister Whitlock also feels vastly re-

lieved that he has got practically all non-official Americans out of Belgium, the twosome still here being mostly resident business men, with a sprinkling of the boldest tourists, who are staying "to see the fun," in spite of Ministerial warnings.

Mr. Whitlock believes he has broken the world's record by being eight Ministers at once. At one time he was representing Germany, Austria, Great Britain, Japan, Servia, Denmark, and Lichtenstein. When he told a German officer that he represented Lichtenstein—which is said to be a small sovereign State somewhere, dependent on Austria—the officer laughed and said: "Theoretically, Germany is still at war with Lichtenstein and has been since 1866, it having been overlooked in the peace shuffle." The reason for representing Denmark, which isn't at war with anybody, is that the Danish Minister is equally accredited to Belgium and The Hague, and had no Secretary to leave behind when he departed Hagueward. Of course, the American flag does not fly over the Danish Legation here. In addition, the French and Russian interests were also offered to Mr. Whitlock, but he was so full of responsibility that he had to ask to be excused.

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LOUVAIN, Nov. 5, 1914.—Louvain now presents a ghastly spectacle of a dead city, buried under ruins, slowly coming to life again, and continues to give full scope to the morbid streak in human nature, for sightseers continue to flock here in increasing numbers from Antwerp, Brussels, and, in fact, all over Belgium, excepting from over the deadline of the operating zone. With the Bruxellois especially the trip is a favorite outing on a pleasant Sunday. The Germans have succeeded in restoring the train service to the extent of two passenger trains daily between here and Brussels and one between here and Antwerp, and the military authorities pursue a surprisingly liberal policy in giving traveling passes to the Belgian population. In addition to those who come by train, a steady procession of auto-

mobiles passes through all day; and next week, when a Berlin-Brussels express service is to be started, the local touring season will have a further boom.

About 5 per cent. of the original population have come crawling back, and the three companies of Landsturm garrisoned here, together with the sightseers, form their source of revenue. The more courageous shopkeepers who have come back and reopened their stores are coining money as never in peace times—especially the little confectionery and pastry shops, where the soldiers off duty come for afternoon coffee, and the one tailor's shop which is open. Workmen are putting the finishing touches to the new pine-board roof on the cathedral and are making efforts to "restore" the stone exterior. The famous Gothic Hôtel de Ville is now protected by a high board fence, and two bearded Landsturm men mount guard there day and night. A gang of laborers is making headway in cleaning up the interior of the hopelessly ruined University Library, and the streets are all cleared of débris. The academic halls of the main university building, which suffered little damage, are not silent, for one of the Landsturm companies is quartered there. I found half a hundred of them and two cows in the university quadrangle or campus. The men were all unshaven, but of a good-natured sort, and many were the rough German jokes as they watched a comrade milking the cows preparatory to their slaughter on the spot by the company butcher, who stood in waiting, while at the same time the gray-haired university castellan was getting ready to take a time exposure of the cows.

"And yet they say we Germans are barbarians," laughed an under officer. "I bet you won't find that the French soldiers, or the highly civilized English gentlemen, either, have a photographer come to take a picture of the cows they are about to eat."

The venerable university guardian continued to do a brisk business making group pictures and solo portraits of Landsturm under officers and men at two francs per dozen postcards, till a

Lieutenant appeared on the scene and the bugle sounded in the court for "boot inspection." All promptly lined up in double file against the brick university wall and presented feet for the critical eye of the inspector—all except the company cooks, who were busy among their pots and pans and open-air cook stoves set up in the academic stone portico.

The last of the former students of the University of Louvain was probably the well-dressed, meek-looking young Chinese, eating luncheon at the nearby restaurant—the only one open in town. The German soldiers, fortunately, did not mistake him for a Japanese, and he has not been molested.

There are touches of grim humor among the ruins. Here on the main street, for example, is a pink placard stuck on a stick on top of the heap of brick and mortar that was once a store. It reads: "Elegant corsets: Removed to Rue Malines 21." And again, on a number of houses that escaped the torch are pasted neatly printed little signs bearing the legend: "This house is to be protected. Soldiers are not allowed to enter houses or to set fire to them without orders from the Kommandantur."

The inhabitants who have no stores to keep seem continually to wander aimlessly in the streets; and here, too, is the sight, common now all over Belgium, of many women and children begging. Especially they linger around the entrances to the barracks, for hunger has given them a keen nose for bread, and they have soon learned that the soldier will give them what they have left over from their ample rations. The German Government is trying to stimulate the return of the population, and is apparently doing its best to help them to earn a living by providing work.

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ANTWERP, Nov. 6, 1914.—The Germans are working incessantly to repair the fortifications of Antwerp, mount new and heavier guns, and put the whole place into a state of defense. The importance attached to their almost feverish activities is indicated by the fact that



Field Marshal von der Goltz, the Military Governor of Belgium, ran over from Brussels and made a tour of inspection of the double girdle of forts yesterday. His Excellency von Frankenberg and Ludwigsdorf, Personal Adjutant of the Military Governor of Antwerp, said to me in the course of a cordial interview:

"We have two principal interests in our work here: First, that Antwerp shall become a place of great military importance again and be prepared against attacks from the enemy, although that contingency doesn't seem very probable."

His Excellency was unwilling to hazard a guess as to how long the Germans could hold Antwerp against an allied siege, but said: "I believe we could hold out longer against the Allies than they did against the Germans. Our second interest is to revive trade and industry and the life of the city generally. When we first came here there were only soldiers and hungry dogs on the streets; now, as you can see, the dead city is coming to life in short order."

He scouted the idea that the people of Belgium had been or were on the brink of starvation as the result of German occupation, saying that the very contrary was the case. "Belgium is a country which cannot sustain itself—it produces only enough food for roughly 3,000,000 out of its 5,000,000 population, because Belgium is an industrial country, and food for the remaining 2,000,000 has to be imported. Heretofore most of this food has come from Holland, whence some is still coming, but in no great quantity. We have taken the problem of food supply up with the Belgian Government, as much as there is one left, namely, with the municipalities, and at our suggestion an 'Intercommunitic Commission' has been organized, so that everything possible can be done to help the country. This commission sits in Brussels, and when any town or village or district has no more food on hand the fact is reported and it gets from the commission what is required. What food supplies we found here we took charge of to prevent their being plundered, and

also because we, as a belligerent, had to supply our own necessities; that is the right of war. But by no means have we used up all the food supplies ourselves, nor set them aside for our own use; but a large part has been set aside for this commission, to be used for the poor, and another part will be given back in a short time for trade purposes, so that commerce will be revived again.

"There is no place in Belgium where the people have starved. Their most pressing need now would appear to be money, for many are unemployed and many others disinclined to work. At one place where we were told the people were starving we found stores crammed full of food—but the inhabitants had no money and the shopkeepers wouldn't give them credit.

"Everything is being done by us to revive business so that the people can again earn money. If America had not been so tender-hearted as to send food-stuffs, and if the food supply had run out, we should certainly have considered it our duty to bring food from Germany, for we are for the time being the Government here, and it is our duty to see that the people do not starve."

German newspaper readers are not aware that their Kaiser had a narrow escape from the bombs of the Allies' airmen at Thielt, for the fact of the War Lord's recent invasion of Belgium has been kept as nearly a dead secret as possible. I learned from an especially well-informed source in Brussels that the object of the Kaiser's visit was not only to encourage his troops but to reprove his Generals. According to this informant, who is frequently in touch with high officers in their more mellow moods, when military reticence somewhat relaxes, the Kaiser was said to be in a towering rage at the failure of his army to make headway against the English and Belgians on the coast, and to have decided to go in person to see about it; also there has been considerable cautiously veiled criticism of his persistent "interference" in the conduct of the campaign.

Having last seen the Kaiser two weeks ago motoring at the German Great

Headquarters in Eastern France, I picked up his trail at Louvain, through which place he passed by night a week ago in a special train in the direction of Lille, after a scouting pilot engine had returned and reported "all safe." On his return journey from Flanders he was rumored to have "put up" at the Palais d'Arenberg in Brussels.

It is significant that the following notice has been placarded on the outside of the building occupied by the Military Government, next door to the Hotel St. Antoine: "Reports that the French and English are marching on Antwerp are without foundation; the public is warned against helping to circulate these false reports." All day crowds hang about the door where this notice is posted among official German news bulletins. The burghers of Antwerp are well informed about the varying fortunes of the war, for several papers printed in French are allowed to appear, under the German censorship, which seems surprisingly easygoing here and eminently fair, al-

lowing them to print not merely the official German accounts circulated by the Wolff Bureau, but the official English, French, Russian, and even Belgian bulletins as well, in addition to matter copied from the Dutch papers, which are also allowed to circulate here.

If things look doubtful in the north, the Germans are looking confidently to the south, where the next big victory is hoped for. I learn that Gen. von Beseler, "the conqueror of Antwerp," as his popular picture postcard title reads, is now in charge of operations around Verdun, and that four of the new 42-centimeter mortars, in addition to more than thirty of the 30.5-centimeter, are already in place there. On the strength of this combination well-informed German officers confidently expect the quick fall of Verdun as soon as Beseler gives the order for the "Brummers" to speak—rather high-priced oratory, for I was told by an artillery officer that it cost the taxpayers 36,000 marks (\$9,000) every time one of the 42-centimeter mortars was fired.



# The Belgian Ruin

By J. H. Whitehouse, M. P.

[An Associated Press Interview, Published Oct. 2, 1914]

LONDON, Oct. 1.—A graphic picture of the desolation of Belgium was brought to London today by J. H. Whitehouse, member of Parliament from Lanarkshire, who has just returned from a tour around Antwerp for the purpose of assisting in the relief measures.

"Having always regarded war as the negation of all that is good," said Mr. Whitehouse tonight, "I desired to see what its ravages were in a country exposed to all its fury, and what steps were possible to mitigate them. I do not think that any one here has realized the plight of the civilian population of Belgium today, and I can only attempt to give a picture of this by describing some of my own experiences."

Mr. Whitehouse made the journey outside Antwerp with two military cars, attended by Belgian officials. In describing the damage which he says the Belgians had to inflict upon themselves to supplement the defenses of Antwerp, he said:

"Hundreds of thousands of trees had been cut down, so that at some points of our journey we had the impression of passing through a wilderness of roots. The tree trunks had all been removed so as to afford no cover to the enemy. All houses had been blown up or otherwise destroyed. Later we passed through the country which had been flooded as a further measure of defense. The damage resulting from these precautionary measures alone amounted to £10,000,000, (\$50,000,000.)

"In the villages all ordinary life was arrested. Women and children were standing or sitting dumb and patient by the roadside. Half way to Termonde we could plainly hear the booming of guns and saw many evidences of the battle which was then raging.

"I had read newspaper accounts of

the destruction of Termonde and had seen photographs, but they had not conveyed to my mind any realization of the horror of what actually happened. Termonde a few weeks ago was a beautiful city of about 16,000 inhabitants—a city in which the dignity of its buildings harmonized with the natural beauty of its situation, a city which contained some buildings of surpassing interest.

"I went through street after street, square after square, and I found every house entirely destroyed with all its contents. It was not the result of the bombardment; it was systematic destruction. In each house a separate bomb had been placed, which had blown up the interior and set fire to the contents. All that remained in every case were portions of the outer walls, which were still constantly falling, and inside the cinders of the contents of the buildings. Not a shred of furniture or anything else remained.

"This sight continued throughout the entire extent of what had been a considerable town. It had an indescribable influence upon observers which no printed description or even pictorial record could give. This influence was increased by the utter silence of the city, broken only by the sound of the guns.

"Of the population I thought that not a soul remained. I was wrong, for as we turned into a square where the wreck of what had been one of the most beautiful of Gothic churches met my eyes a blind woman and her daughter groped among the ruins. They were the sole living creatures in the whole town.

"Shops, factories, churches, and houses of the wealthy—all were similarly destroyed. One qualification only have I to make of this statement: Two or perhaps three houses bore the German command in chalk that they were not



to be burned. These remained standing, but deserted, amid the ruins on either side. Where a destroyed house had obviously contained articles of value looting had taken place.

"I inquired what had become of the population. It was a question to which no direct reply could be given. They had fled in all directions. Some had reached Antwerp, but a greater number were wandering about the country, panic-stricken and starving. Many were already dead.

"What happened at Termonde was similar to what had happened in other parts of Belgium under military occupation of Germany. The result is that conditions have been set up for the civilian population throughout the occupied territory of unexampled misery. Comparatively few refugees have reached this country. Others remain wandering about Belgium, flocking into other towns and villages, or flying to points a little way across the Dutch frontier.

"Sometimes when a town has been bombarded the Germans have withdrawn and the civilians have returned to their homes, only to flee again at the renewed attack. A case in point is Malines, which, on Sunday last, as I was about to try to reach it, was again bombarded. The inhabitants were then unable to leave, as the town was surrounded, but when the bombardment ceased there was a great exodus.

"The whole life of the nation has been arrested. Food supplies which would ordinarily reach the civilian population are being taken by the German troops for their own support. The peasants and poor are without the necessities of life, and conditions of starvation grow more acute every day. Even where there is a supply of wheat available the peasants are not allowed to use their windmills, owing to the German fear that they will send signals to the Belgian Army.

"We are, therefore, face to face with a fact which has rarely, if ever, occurred in the history of the world—an entire nation is in a state of famine, and that within half a day's journey of our own shores.

"The completeness of the destruction in each individual case was explained to me later by the Belgian Ministers, who described numerous appliances which the German soldiers carried for destroying property. Not only were hand bombs of various sizes and descriptions carried, but each soldier was supplied with a quantity of small black disks a little bigger than a sixpenny piece. I saw some of these disks which had been taken from German soldiers on the field of battle. These were described to me as composed of compressed benzine. When lighted they burned brilliantly for a few minutes, and are sufficient to start whatever fire is necessary after the explosion of a bomb.

"To the conditions of famine and homelessness which exist on such a stupendous scale there must be added one which is bad—the mental panic in which many survivors remain. I understood how inevitable this was when I saw and heard what they passed through; eyewitnesses of unimpeachable character described the sufferings of women and children at Liège. As they fled from their burning houses, clinging to their husbands and fathers, they were violently pulled from them and saw them shot a few yards from them.

"I should supplement what I have said regarding the condition of Belgium with some reference to Antwerp itself, where the excited Government now sits. It is a wonderful contrast to the rest of the country, and the first impression of the visitor is that there is little change between its life now and in the days of peace. I approached it by water, and in the early morning it rose before me like a fairy city. Its skyline was beautifully broken by the spires and towers of its churches, including the incomparable Gothic Cathedral.

"When I entered its shops were open, its streets crowded, and everywhere there was eager activity. By midday the streets became congested. Early editions of the papers were eagerly bought and great crowds assembled wherever a telegram giving news could be read. This continued until early evening, but by 8

o'clock a most extraordinary change had fallen upon the city.

"Not a light of any kind in house or shop was to be seen. No lamps were lit in the streets and the city was plunged

into absolute darkness. Not a soul remained in the streets. To the darkness there was added profound silence. It was as though this amazing city had been suddenly blotted out."

## The Wounded Serb

[From The London Times, Oct. 18, 1914]

VALIEVO, Sept. 25.

VALIEVO lies at the terminus of a narrow-gauge railway which joins the Belgrade-Salonika line at Mladinovat. Along this single track of iron road the entire transport of the Servian Army is being effected. Westward come trains packed with food, fodder, munitions, and troops; eastward go long convoys crowded with maimed humanity. At Mladinovat all this mass of commissariat and suffering must needs be transferred from or to the broad-gauge line. In this situation lies not the least of the problems which beset the Servians in their struggle with the Austrian invaders.

Valievo itself is a picturesque little town which in peace time is famous as the centre of the Servian prune trade. Its cobbled streets are, in the main, spacious and well planned. There still remain a few relics of the Turkish occupation—overhanging eaves, trellised windows, and the like—but these one must needs seek in the by-ways. I picture Valievo under normal conditions as one of the most attractive of Balkan townships.

Nor has the tableau lost anything in the framing, for it is encircled by a molding of verdant hills which run off into a sweep of seeming endless woods. The vista from my hotel window is almost aggravatingly English. Across the red-tiled roofs of intervening cottages rises the hillside—a checkerboard of grassy slopes and patches of woodland intersected by a brown road which runs upward until the summit, surmounted by

a whitewashed shrine, amid a cluster of walnut trees, touches the gray sky.

But Valievo is not now to be seen under normal conditions. From the street below rises the sound of clatter and creak as the rude oxen wagons bump over the cobblestones. Morning, noon, and night they rumble along unceasingly, and whenever I look down I see martial figures clad in tattered, muddy, and blood-stained uniforms, with rudely bandaged body or head or foot. Every now and then a woman breaks from the crowd of waiting loiterers and rushes up to a maimed acquaintance. They exchange but a few sentences, and then she turns, buries her head in her apron, and stumbles along the street wailing a bitter lament for some husband, brother, or son who shall return no more. A friend supports and leads her home, but the onlooking soldiers regard the scene with indifference and snap out a rude advice "not to make a fuss." They brook no wailing for Serbs who have died for Servia.

The town itself has been transformed into one huge camp of wounded. All adaptable buildings—halls, cafés, school-rooms—have been rapidly commandeered for hospitals. Sometimes there are beds, more often rudely made straw mattresses, for little Servia, worn out by two hard wars, is ill-equipped to resist the onslaught of a great power. For 16 days a fierce battle has been raging near the frontier, and wounded have been pouring in much more rapidly than accommodation can be found for them.

And in the streets—what misery! The lame, the halt, the maimed. Men

with damaged leg or foot hopping along painfully by the aid of a friendly baton; men nursing broken arms or shattered hands; men with bandaged heads; men being carried from operating shops to café floors; men with body wounds lying on stretchers—all with ragged, blood-bespattered remnants of what once were uniforms. One sees little of the glory of war in Valievo. The Servian Medical Staff, deprived on this occasion of outside assistance, and short alike of doctors, surgeons, nurses, and material, is striving heroically to cope with its task. Where they have been able to equip hospitals the work has been very creditably done.

One building is almost exclusively devoted to cases where amputations have been necessary. It is clean, orderly, and the patients are obviously well cared for. Here, when I entered a ward of some thirty beds in which every man lay with a bandaged stump where his leg should be, I think I saw the Servian spirit at its best. They had been newly operated upon, their sufferings must have been great, and for them all the future is black with forebodings. There is no patriotic fund in little Servia. Yet amid all the pain of body and uncertainty of mind that must have been theirs they did not complain. All they desired to know was whether the

Schwaba (Austrians) had been beaten out of Servia.

But it is when one leaves the organized hospitals and wends one's way through the crowds of wounded who block the pavements, and enters a lower-class café, that the appalling tragedy of it all fills even the spectator with a sense of hopelessness. There, like cattle upon their bed of straw, lie sufferers from all manner of hurts. They remain mute and uncomplaining, just as they have been dropped down from the incoming oxen transports. Their wounds—three, four, or five days old—have yet received no attention save the primitive first-aid of the battlefield. Blood poisoning is setting in; limbs that prompt dressing would have saved are fast becoming victims for the surgeon's knife. Most of them know the risk they run, for this is their third war—often, too, their third wound—in two short years. Yet the doctors cannot come, because every man of them is already doing more than human energy allows. It is a heartrending sight to look down upon this helpless mass and to realize that many of them have been sentenced to painful death for mere lack of primitive medical attention.

One wonders whether, now that half Europe has been transformed into a vast slaughterhouse, appeals for sympathy can be other than in vain.





# Spy Organization in England

British Home Office Communication, Oct. 9, 1914

IN view of the anxiety naturally felt by the public with regard to the system of espionage on which Germany has placed so much reliance and to which attention has been directed by recent reports from the seat of war, it may be well to state briefly the steps which the Home Office, acting on behalf of the Admiralty and War Office, has taken to deal with the matter in this country. The secrecy which it has hitherto been desirable in the public interest to observe on certain points cannot any longer be maintained owing to the evidence which it is necessary to produce in cases against spies that are now pending.

It was clearly ascertained five or six years ago that the Germans were making great efforts to establish a system of espionage in this country, and in order to trace and thwart these efforts a Special Intelligence Department was established by the Admiralty and the War Office which has ever since acted in the closest co-operation with the Home Office and metropolitan police and the principal provincial police forces. In 1911, by the passing of the Official Secrets act, the law with regard to espionage, which had hitherto been confused and defective, was put on a clear basis and extended so as to embrace every possible mode of obtaining and conveying to the enemy information which might be useful in war.

The Special Intelligence Department, supported by all the means which could be placed at its disposal by the Home Secretary, was able in three years, from 1911 to 1914, to discover the ramifications of the German Secret Service in England. In spite of enormous efforts and lavish expenditure of money by the enemy, little valuable information passed into their hands. The agents, of whose identity knowledge was obtained by the

Special Intelligence Department, were watched and shadowed without, in general, taking any hostile action or allowing them to know that their movements were watched. When, however, any actual step was taken to convey plans or documents of importance from this country to Germany, the spy was arrested, and in such case evidence sufficient to secure his conviction was usually found in his possession. Proceedings under the Official Secrets act were taken by the Director of Public Prosecutions, and in six cases sentences were passed varying from eighteen months to six years' penal servitude.

At the same time steps were taken to mark down and keep under observation all the agents known to be engaged in this traffic, so that when any necessity arose the police might lay hands on them at once; and, accordingly, on the 4th of August, before the declaration of war, instructions were given by the Home Secretary for the arrest of twenty known spies, and all were arrested. This figure does not cover a large number—upward of 200—who were noted as under suspicion or to be kept under special observation. The great majority of these were interned at or soon after the declaration of war.

None of the men arrested in pursuance of the orders issued on Aug. 4 has yet been brought to trial, partly because the officers whose evidence would have been required were engaged in urgent duties in the early days of the war, but mainly because the prosecution by disclosing the means adopted to track out the spies and prove their guilt would have hampered the Intelligence Department in its further efforts. They were and still are held as prisoners under the powers given to the Secretary of State by the Aliens Restriction act. One of them, however, who established a claim

to British nationality, has now been formally charged; and, the reasons for delay no longer existing, it is a matter for consideration whether the same course should now be taken with regard to some of the other known spies.

Although this action taken on Aug. 4 is believed to have broken up the spy organization which had been established before the war, it is still necessary to take the most rigorous measures to prevent the establishment of any fresh organization and to deal with individual spies who might previously have been working in this country outside the organization, or who might be sent here under the guise of neutrals after the declaration of war. In carrying this out the Home Office and War Office have now the assistance of the cable censorship, and also of the postal censorship, which, established originally to deal with correspondence with Germany and Austria, has been gradually extended (as the necessary staff could be obtained) so as to cover communications with those neutral countries through which correspondence might readily pass to Germany or Austria. The censorship has been extremely effective in stopping secret communications by cable or letter with the enemy, but as its existence was necessarily known to them, it has not, except in a few instances, produced materials for the detection of espionage.

On Aug. 5 the Aliens Restriction act was passed, and within an hour of its passing an order in council was made which gave the Home Office and the police stringent powers to deal with aliens, and especially enemy aliens, who under this act could be stopped from entering or leaving the United Kingdom, and were prohibited while residing in this country from having in their possession any wireless or signaling apparatus of any kind, or any carrier or homing pigeons. Under this order all those districts where the Admiralty or War Office considered it undesirable that enemy aliens should reside have been cleared by the police of Germans and Austrians, with the exception of a few persons, chiefly women and children, whose character and antecedents are

such that the local Chief Constable, in whose discretion the matter is vested by the order, considered that all ground for suspicion was precluded. At the same time the Post Office, acting under the powers given them by the Wireless Telegraphy acts, dismantled all private wireless stations; and they established a special system of wireless detection by which any station actually used for the transmission of messages from this country could be discovered. The police have co-operated successfully in this matter with the Post Office.

New and still more stringent powers for dealing with espionage were given by the Defense of the Realm act, which was passed by the Home Secretary through the House of Commons and received the Royal Assent on Aug. 8. Orders in council have been made under this act which prohibit, in the widest possible terms, any attempt on the part either of aliens or of British subjects to communicate any information which "is calculated to be or might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy"; and any persons offending against this prohibition is liable to be tried by court-martial and sentenced to penal servitude for life. The effect of these orders is to make espionage a military offense. Power is given both to the police and to the military authorities to arrest without a warrant any person whose behavior is such as to give rise to suspicion, and any person so arrested by the police would be handed over to the military authorities for trial by court-martial. Only in the event of the military authorities holding that there is no *prima facie* case of espionage or any other offense triable by military law is a prisoner handed back to the civil authorities to consider whether he should be charged with failing to register or with any other offense under the Aliens Restriction act.

The present position is therefore that espionage has been made by statute a military offense triable by court-martial. If tried under the Defense of the Realm act, the maximum punishment is penal servitude for life; but if dealt with outside that act as a war crime, the punishment of death can be inflicted.

At the present moment one case is pending in which a person charged with attempting to convey information to the enemy is now awaiting his trial by court-martial; but in no other case has any clear trace been discovered of any attempt to convey information to the enemy, and there is good reason to believe that the spy organization crushed at the outbreak of the war has not been re-established.

How completely that system had been suppressed in the early days of the war is clear from the fact disclosed in a German Army order—that on the 21st of August the German military commanders were still ignorant of the dispatch and movements of the British expeditionary force, although these had been known for many days to a large number of people in this country.

The fact, however, of this initial success does not prevent the possibility of fresh attempts at espionage being made, and there is no relaxation in the efforts of the Intelligence Department and of the police to watch and detect any attempts in this direction. In carrying out their duties the military and police authorities would expect that persons having information of cases of suspected espionage would communicate the grounds of the suspicion to local military authority or to the local police, who are in direct communication with the Special Intelligence Department, instead of causing unnecessary public alarm and possibly giving warning to the spies by public speeches or letters to the press. In cases in which the Director of Public Prosecutions has appealed to the authors of such letters and speeches to supply him with the evidence upon which their statements were founded in order that he might consider the question of prosecuting the offender, no evidence of any value has as yet been forthcoming.

Among other measures which have been taken has been the registration, by order of the Secretary of State made under the Defense of the Realm act, of all persons keeping carrier or homing pigeons. The importation and the convey-

ance by rail of these birds have been prohibited, and, with the valuable assistance of the National Homing Union, a system of registration has been extended to the whole of the United Kingdom, and measures have been taken which, it is believed, will be effective to prevent the possibility of any birds being kept in this country which would fly to the Continent.

Another matter which has engaged the closest attention of the police has been the possibility of conspiracies to commit outrage. No trace whatever has been discovered of any such conspiracy, and no outrage of any sort has yet been committed by any alien—not even telegraph wires having been maliciously cut since the beginning of the war. Nevertheless it has been necessary to bear in mind the possibility that such a secret conspiracy might exist or might be formed among alien enemies resident in this country. Accordingly, immediately after the commencement of hostilities, rigorous search was made by the police in the houses of Germans and Austrians, in their clubs, and in all places where they were likely to resort. In a few cases individuals were found who were in possession of a gun or pistol which they had not declared, and in one or two cases there were small collections of ancient firearms, and in such cases the offenders have been prosecuted and punished; but no store of effective arms—still less any bombs or instruments of destruction—have so far been discovered. From the beginning any Germans or Austrians who were deemed by the police to be likely to be dangerous were apprehended, handed over to the military authorities, and detained as prisoners of war; and, as soon as the military authorities desired it, general action was taken to arrest and hand over to military custody Germans of military age, subject to exceptions which have properly been made on grounds of policy. About 9,000 Germans and Austrians of military age have been so arrested and are held as prisoners of war in detention camps, and among them are included those who are regarded by the police as likely in any possible event to take part in any outbreak of disorder or incendiarism.



# Chronology of the War

Showing Progress of Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events to and Including Oct. 15, 1914.

## CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- July 21, 1914—Situation threatens European war; fear that Russia will aid Serbia.
- July 23—Austria sends ultimatum to Serbia; Austrian Army Corps mobilized at Temesvar, and fleet gathers at Semlin.
- July 24—Russia will ask Austria to extend time for Serbia's reply to ultimatum; Austria will brook no interference.
- July 25—Serbia's reply to ultimatum unsatisfactory; Russian Army mobilizing.
- July 26—Servian Army mobilizing; Russian warning to Germany.
- July 27—Austrian Army invades Serbia; Servians blow up bridge across Danube; report of mobilizing of Montenegrin Army; Austria denounces Serbia's reply to ultimatum; Cossacks fire on Germans at frontier.
- July 28—Austria declares war on Serbia and Emperor issues manifesto; fighting along River Drina; Russian forces mass on eastern border.
- July 29—Russian intervention imminent; Austrians bombard Belgrade; Servians blow up bridges at Semlin.
- July 30—Kaiser calls on Russia to halt mobilization within twenty-four hours; war activity in Warsaw; Austrians repulsed at Losnitz; Montenegrins occupy Cattaro.
- July 31—Russians blow up railway bridge on Vienna-Warsaw line; Servians check Austrians at Semendria and on Bosnian frontier; France replies to German note about Russia; Czar, Kaiser, and King George may yet arrange peace; following Council of Ministers at Peterhof, Russia sends no reply to German note and calls out reserves; France and England still trying to adjust matters between Russia and Austria; Russian mobilization order; Austria orders military and naval mobilization.
- Aug. 1—Germany declares war on Russia, Kaiser signs mobilization order; German patrol near Prostken fired on by Russians.
- Aug. 2—Russians cross German frontier and seize railroad station; Montenegrin King signs mobilization order.
- Aug. 3—Germans seize three cities in Russian Poland; Czar calls Russians to war; fighting on Drina River.
- Aug. 4—Russians defeated in attack on Memel; Serbs defeat Austrians near Semendria; Turkey mobilizes.
- Aug. 5—Austria declares war on Russia; Russian patrols raid East Prussia; Servian flag hoisted at Delarme, Austria; Belgrade bombarded; Germans repulse Russian cavalry at Soldau and Neidenberg.
- Aug. 7—Montenegro declares war against Austria; Austrians bombard Belgrade; Servians annihilate Austrian regiment.
- Aug. 8—Serbia declares war on Germany; fighting between Germans and Russians at Eydtkuhnen; German force lands in Finland; Austrians evacuate Visigard; Austrians burn Russian villages near Rumanian border.
- Aug. 9—Russians repulsed by Germans near Tilsit; Germans capture motor cars carrying money to Russia; Russians enter Austria; Austrians occupy town and customs station of Andrejew, Russian Poland; Turkey mobilizing on Bulgarian frontier.
- Aug. 10—Montenegrins occupy Scutari; Belgrade again bombarded; Servians penetrate Bosnia; Austrians bombard Antivari; Germans concentrate on Russian frontier.
- Aug. 11—Russians guard Finland; Russian cavalry routs Austrians in Galicia; Italy demands explanation from Austria of bombardment of Antivari; Russians advance into Germany.
- Aug. 12—German attempt to reoccupy Eydtkuhnen unsuccessful; Austrians and Germans defeated on Russian frontier; Russian visitors to German health resorts tell of ill-treatment; Servians and Montenegrins advance on Bosnia; Prince George of Serbia wounded.
- Aug. 13—Russians capture Sokal; Cossacks annihilate two Austrian cavalry regiments; German troops before Kalisz threaten to shoot every tenth inhabitant if further resistance is shown.
- Aug. 14—Russians defeat Austrians on the Dniester; unrest in Turkey.

- Aug. 15—Berlin reports capture of 23 Russian Generals and Admirals by Germans; Greece wants explanation from Turkey of concentration of troops near border; Russians raid East Prussia; fighting between Austrians and Servians on the Save and the Danube; Turkish Ambassador says Turkey was not hostile in buying German cruisers.
- Aug. 16—Germans fail to retake Eydtkuhnen.
- Aug. 17—Russia demands of Turkey unrestricted use of Dardanelles; prisoners a problem for both sides; Russian Army marches on Austria and Germany; minor engagements on frontier; Servians check Austrians' advance; Greece hears that Turkish troops are approaching and sends warning that corresponding measures will be taken.
- Aug. 18—Servia reports Austrian defeat near Saboc.
- Aug. 19—Austrians defeated by Serbs at Shabats; Russians report victory over Austrians in Padolia; Germans report capture of Russians in East Prussia; Russians driven out of Germany; Italian refugees complain of German outrages.
- Aug. 20—Russians occupy Gumbinnen and Lyck in East Prussia; Austrians occupy Miechow, Russian Poland.
- Aug. 21—Serbs defeat Austrians in four days' battle near Losnitz; Russians successfully advance on Austro-German frontier.
- Aug. 22—Russians report continued successes on Austro-German frontier; Servians report capture of Austrian guns in pursuit of defeated force across the Drina.
- Aug. 23—Russian Army pushes fifty miles into Prussia, capturing three towns; Servian version of victory at Losnitz confirmed in Rome; Montenegrins continue attack.
- Aug. 24—Austria abandons Servian campaign to meet Russian attack; two Russian armies crush Germans in the east; retreating armies lay waste the country.
- Aug. 25—Russians spread on broad front over East Prussia and Galicia and repulse Austrians at Kielce; Germans report Russian defeat near Gumbinner; Servians chase Austrians along whole front; report of German outrages on Jews in Kalisz.
- Aug. 26—Russians sweep over Prussia in three lines, menacing Königsberg and Posen; Germans reported fleeing from Elbing district; report of Russian advance into Austria; Austrians drive Russians from Krasnik.
- Aug. 27—Russians take Tilsit; Germans retreat toward Königsberg and Allenstein; Austrians routed in Galicia; French troops join Montenegrins to operate against Austria.
- Aug. 28—Russians reach Allenstein; Russians continue advance in Galicia; Serbs defeat Austrians at Shabats.
- Aug. 29—Russians invest Königsberg and occupy Allenstein; Germans claim victories; Russians draw net around Lemberg; Austrians claim occupation of Zamost.
- Aug. 30—Russians advance in East Prussia to the Vistula and bombard Thorn and Graudenz; panic in Danzig; battle between Russians and Austrians in Poland; Austrians defeated at Lemberg; Russians gain ground against Austrians and win battle at Zamost; Germans in East Prussia get reinforcements and report capture of 30,000 Russians; Poland almost clear of German troops.
- Sept. 1—Russians inflict crushing defeat on Austrians on Galician frontier; Germans announce defeat of three Russian army corps near Allenstein.
- Sept. 2—Russians seize fortified positions around Lemberg, admit advance into East Prussia temporarily checked; new invasion of Germany planned; Turkey lands troops in Asia Minor; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Bilek.
- Sept. 3—Austrians report success at Lublin; Cossacks rout German scouting party from Thorn; Russians take capital of Bukowina.
- Sept. 5—Russians take Lemberg and Halicz and march toward Poland; Austrians defeated at Tomaszow; Russian refugees tell of destruction of Kalisch by Germans; twenty Russian army corps march on Prussia, ten hold Austria back; Austrians defeated near Lublin.
- Sept. 6—Russians attack Germans on left bank of the Vistula, occupy Stryk regions, capture Forty-fifth Austrian Regiment near Krasnystaw, capture Austrian aeroplane and a Zeppelin and take year's provisions at Lemberg.
- Sept. 7—Austrians retreat; Russians closing in on Przemyśl.
- Sept. 8—Russians take Nikolaieff and Mikolajow; Gen. Ruzsky engages Gen. Aufenberg's army in Poland; Austrians claim advance into Russian Poland and defeat of Serbs near Mitrovica; Servian invasion of Bosnia begun.
- Sept. 9—Battle at Rava-Russka; Austrians evacuate Russian Poland; Germans claim capture of part of Russian Imperial Guard; Serbs and Montenegrins advance into Bosnia.
- Sept. 10—Russians invade Silesia and menace Breslau; Austro-German forces defeated at Lublin; Serbs cross the Save.
- Sept. 11—Serbs take Semlin; Montenegrins take Folcha and join with Serbs in march on Serajevo; Germans defeat invading Finland force at Lyck; Polish miners at Berdzin wreck German train by concealing explosive in fuel; Russians occupy Suczawa and Hatna; Russians fight on Austrian and German border; Austrians resume offensive near Lemberg.

- Sept. 12—Russians defeat Austrians in battle near Tomaszow; German attack in East Prussia checked; successes of Serbs against Austrians continue.
- Sept. 13—Russian victories west and north-west of Lemberg; Russo-Serb Army plans advance on Budapest; Montenegrins will invest Bosnia.
- Sept. 14—Austrians rally for battle before Przemyśl; Russians cross the San; Germans defeated near Miawa and send reinforcements to Memel.
- Sept. 15—Russians occupy Grodek; Austrians hemmed in between Rivers San and Vistula; Germans report defeat of Russian Armies of Vina and Grodno; Russians say Germans have been driven back across frontier; Serbs invade Hungary.
- Sept. 16—Austrians still retreat in Galicia; Servians continue advance into Bosnia; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Kouillovo.
- Sept. 17—Austrians flee before Russians toward Cracow; Gen. Rennenkampf blocks flanking movement by Germans; Servian artillery repulses Austrian warships that shell Semlin and Belgrade.
- Sept. 18—Russians take Siniava and Sambor; Austrian rear guard thrown back beyond the San; prisoners and ammunition captured near Memirov; Germans advance against Russians in Suwalki Province; Russians halt offensive German movement and plan new invasion of East Poland; Germans retreat from Kielce Province to rally Austrians defeated at Krasnik; Russians enter Kazeshow.
- Sept. 20—Russians attack Jaroslaw and Przemyśl and seize Sambor and Kresheshov; Gen. Auffenberg's army separated from Gen. Dankl's; Germans defeated near Sandomierz; Gen. Rennenkampf checks German advance in East Prussia; Servians defeat Austrians near Novi-Bazar.
- Sept. 21—Russians take Dubiecko and surround Gen. Dankl's army; Servians win near Krupani, evacuate Semlin.
- Sept. 22—Austrians defeated on the Drina near Krupani; Russians occupy Jaroslaw and again move to attack Königsberg.
- Sept. 23—Russians take Wislok; Austrian retreat from Przemyśl through Carpathians cut off; Cossacks raid Czenstochowa; French land guns at Antivari.
- Sept. 24—Advance guards of Russian forces arrive before Cracow; Germans defeated at Subin; Russians again occupy Soldau; Montenegrins report capture of Pratzho and Montak in Bosnia.
- Sept. 25—Russians occupy Czyschky and Felstyn; Germans occupy Cracow, population flees; Przemyśl cut off from all communication; battle between Serbs and Austrians near Zvorkni.
- Sept. 26—Greater part of Przemyśl occupied by Russians; Germans concentrated in Prussia for impending battle.
- Sept. 27—Russians halt German advance in Suwalki and enter town of Przemyśl; Serbs and Montenegrins reach Rumania; Germans in weak position on the Niemen River.
- Sept. 28—Montenegrins within artillery range of Serajevo; Serbs occupy mountains near by; Bosnians join invading army; Russians occupy Dembica and take another fort at Przemyśl, cross Carpathians, and invade Hungary.
- Sept. 29—Russians sweep across the Carpathians and over Northern Hungary; Servians retake Semlin.
- Sept. 30—Germans fail in attempt to cross the River Niemen; retreating Austrians surrounded near Dukia; Hungarians retake Uzsok Pass; Servians and Montenegrins close to capital of Bosnia.
- Oct. 2—Russians break German centre and take up new battle line from Mariampol to Ossowitz; Germans bombard Ossowitz; Russians claim victories in Lodz and Suwalki, and take two Przemyśl forts.
- Oct. 3—Germans are evacuating Russian Poland; Russians advance on Transylvania; fighting at Augustowo; Servians raid Semlin and destroy forts.
- Oct. 4—Russians defeat Germans at Augustowo and advance reaches Nagy Valley in Hungary; Germans make unsuccessful attacks on Ossowitz forts; Germans lured into a trap on the Niemen.
- Oct. 5—Two Russian armies advance toward Allenstein; fighting near Warsaw; Russians are near Cracow; Germans fortify heights between Breslau and Cracow; Austrians claim victory over Montenegrins in East Bosnia; Servians approach Serajevo fortifications.
- Oct. 6—Germans claim victories near Suwalki and Augustowo; Russian forces from the Baltic close in on Germans, and announce German retreat from positions between Wirballen and Lyck; Austrians claim victory at Uzsok Pass, but Cossacks are reported eighty miles from Budapest.
- Oct. 7—Germans bring reinforcements from Königsberg and check Russians; Russians shell Przemyśl; Austrians report victory in Hungary near Tesco.
- Oct. 8—Russians claim repulse of Germans in Russian Poland and capture of Biala; Germans deny Russian advance in Suwalki; gains by Montenegrins in Herzegovina.
- Oct. 9—Russians announce reoccupation of Lyck; Przemyśl reported on fire.
- Oct. 10—Russians claim that Germans are retiring from Lyck; Austrians report successes throughout Galicia.
- Oct. 11—Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Kalenovitch; Russians sweep through Bukowina; Austrians rush help to Przemyśl.
- Oct. 12—Russians abandon siege of Przemyśl and retreat from Galicia; German-Austrian army captures many prisoners.



- Oct. 13—Fall of Warsaw believed near; British Consul asks for American protection; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Serrajevo.
- Oct. 14—Germans report defeat of Russians at Warsaw and recapture of Lyck; Serbians in Bosnia beaten back.
- Oct. 15—Berlin reports advance of eight Russian army corps against East Prussia; account made public of how Gen. von Hindenburg lured Gen. Rennenkampf into trap at Tannenberg; Russians report victory over Austrians south of Przemyśl.

### CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE.

- July 26—Belgium increases army to enforce neutrality.
- July 27—Belgian Army mobilizes, Holland prepares to maintain neutrality.
- July 28—French Army moves to frontier.
- July 29—Belgium calls out reserves.
- July 30—England takes defensive measures.
- July 31—Belgium mobilizes.
- Aug. 1—France mobilizes after Germany asks her intentions; will respect neutrality of Belgium.
- Aug. 2—Germany sends ultimatum to Belgium, seizes Luxemburg, and invades France; fighting at Longwy, three German spies arrested in England.
- Aug. 3—Berlin reports acts of hostility by French; England will protect French coast and defend Belgium; France promises to guard Belgian neutrality; France holds that war with Germany began automatically with invasion of her territory.
- Aug. 4—England declares war on Germany as Kaiser rejects ultimatum on Belgian neutrality; Germany declares war on Belgium; attack on Liège repulsed; Germans cross French border near Mars-la-Tour and Moineville.
- Aug. 5—French repulse Germans at border; many Germans killed in attack on Liège, Crown Prince bringing aid, French Army rushing up.
- Aug. 6—Germans take two forts at Liège; French Army coming; English coast towns arm.
- Aug. 7—Rapid mobilization of French on frontier; French occupy two towns in Alsace-Lorraine; Kaiser and King of Belgium call nations to arms; Bavarians beaten by French at Marrehan; Germans enter Liège, forts still held by Belgians; Germans get armistice to bury dead.
- Aug. 8—Holland guards frontier; conflicting reports of fall of Liège; French forces in Belgium; British land on Continent; French take Mülhausen after battle at Altkirch; German spies try to blow up tunnels and bridges near Paris.
- Aug. 9—Germans in Alsace fall back on Neu Breisach; Kaiser leaves for front; Belgian War Minister denies capture of Liège, Germans in city but forts untaken; French and English reinforce Belgians; Governor and Bishop of Liège held as hostages; German warning of reprisals; Germans arrested in England; Holland capture and disarm Uhlans at Maastricht.
- Aug. 10—France breaks off diplomatic relations with Austria; French student tells how Germans shot refugees; French patrols cover Eifel district in Germany; French open way into Alsace by capturing Bonhomme and Sainte Marie; 100 German spies put to death in Belgium; more caught; Germans forced by French to plan new campaign in Belgium; Allies claim success in cavalry encounters; Germans moving through Esch.
- Aug. 11—Germans attack French frontier, take Lagarde and intrench south of Liège; Belgians retake Loncin fort; Kaiser claims victory at Liège; French Army forced back in Alsace; minor checks to Germans; German siege guns before Liège; German advance directed at gap between Verdun and Longwy.
- Aug. 12—Germany tries again to negotiate with Belgium for passage of army; Germans bombard Pont-a-Mousson; Germans move on Brussels and are driven back by Belgians' left wing; Germans report victory in Alsace; Germans reported to have shot French wounded; German spies terrorize Belgium; battle near Tongres; German official says Kaiser halted attack on Liège and denies heavy losses; Germans complete bridge for siege artillery; Paris papers say Germans burned village of Afléville and shot farmers.
- Aug. 13—England declares war on Austria; Belgians beat off Germans in two-day fight; Namur defenses strengthened; battles at Diest, Haelen, and Eghezee; Germans shoot woman accused of attempt to blow up Alsatian tunnel; British, French, and Belgians charge cruelties by German troops; report that Germans hold Diest; German guns reported wrecked by fire from Liège forts; French report severe defeat of Germans by counterattack at Pont-a-Mousson; Swiss report that Germans lost 10,000 in Alsace; Swiss disarm German troops; Italy's troops guard Alpine passes.
- Aug. 14—Germans mass to attack Allies and move toward Brussels; bombardment of Liège renewed; attempt to storm Pontisse fails; British Commander French and French Gen. Joffre meet at headquarters; French and Belgian forts exchange officers; French win in battle in Vosges Mountains.
- Aug. 15—Armies of Germany and Allies face each other on 248-mile battle front; French storm three towns and retake Thann in Alsace; battling at Liège forts continues; Germans said to have shot innocent people in Linsmeau for slaying an officer.
- Aug. 16—Fighting at Mülhausen renewed; French take offensive along line from Lunéville to Saarburg; clash near Dinant;

- Germans damage Vise; general advance of French on eastern frontier; South Belgium barricaded; Belgian cyclists fight strong German force; rumor that Austrians are in Belgium.
- Aug. 17—French forces sweep on toward Strassburg; desultory fighting clears ground between Germans and Allies; Belgians say Germans torture prisoners; Belgian seat of Government moved to Antwerp.
- Aug. 18—British force lands in France; German advance on Brussels checked; Germans evacuate Saarburg; French take two batteries; Germans start second fire in Vise.
- Aug. 19—Fighting near Altkirch; Paris prepares for eventualities; Allies fall back and may quit Brussels; Germans occupy Louvain; French report further advance into Alsace; Germans retake Ville.
- Aug. 20—French reoccupy Mülhausen, but are checked in Lorraine; other French gains in Alsace; German cavalry occupies Brussels; Belgian Army retires on Antwerp; French victory near Lunéville; Germans defeat Belgians at Aerschot.
- Aug. 21—French withdraw from Lorraine; Germans rush through Brussels, capture Ghent, levy war taxes on Brussels and Liège, and will try to seize Ostend; England says tax levy is violation of Hague treaty; German assault on Namur begins; report of German vengeance on town of Tongres; Antwerp, new seat of Government, prepares for defense; Germans hold Audun-la-Roman and continue to cross the Meuse.
- Aug. 22—French deny German report of victory between Metz and the Vosges; Germans continue bombardment of Namur forts and face Allies on twenty-mile front to Charleroi; main force is aimed at Lille; battle between English and Germans at Waterloo; French close in on Colmar; fight between German and English cavalry at Colmar; fear that Belgian cities may not be able to pay indemnity; Germans accused of shooting Burgomaster and citizens of Aerschot without provocation.
- Aug. 23—Allies take offensive against Germans along 150-mile line from Mons to Luxemburg; Belgian commander blows up one Liège fort; others hold out; French repel three days' attack on Mülhausen in-trenchments; France protests to Hague against use of dum-dum bullets by Germans.
- Aug. 24—Allies fall back before German attack on Belgium; report that Namur has fallen; account made public of battle at Charleroi; Germans, led by Crown Prince in Lorraine, pursue French beyond Longwy; success of force headed by Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria at Lunéville, Blamont and Cirey; French defeated at Neuf-chateau by forces under Grand Duke Albrecht of Württemberg; Germans begin another attack on Mülhausen; English cavalry brigade defeated by Germans south of Brussels; Germans set fire to Hussigny and resume fire at Liège.
- Aug. 25—Battle on new 200-mile line between Germans and Allies; Germans capture five Namur forts and are attacking others; French withdraw from Alsace to frontier; Allies gain to the south; Germans levy tax on Brabant; report that Lorrainers betrayed French troops to Germans.
- Aug. 26—Allies fall back a short distance in Belgium; Belgian success at Malines; French claim success near Nancy and Lunéville; report that Lille is abandoned; big battle in Lorraine; Germans fire houses in Liège; Berlin announces British rout at Maubeuge.
- Aug. 27—Germans take Longwy and all Namur forts; British-French line falls back on right flank; French reoccupy Lille; details given out of fighting at Mons; Germans take Malines and tax Tourant and Charleroi; announcement of German bombardment of Malines; Paris prepares for possible siege.
- Aug. 28—Austria declares war on Belgium; Belgians retake Malines and advance to Brussels; Germans defeat Allies along entire line; report that fall of Namur was due to heavy fog; Germans sack and burn Louvain; art treasures destroyed.
- Aug. 29—German force withdrawn from Belgium to meet Russians; French right wins at Guise, left reinforced but repulsed; Germans march on Le Fere; Allies evacuate Boulogne; account made public of the heroic defense of Longwy; details given out of fall of Namur; Germans blow up bridges on railway from Antwerp to frontier; French bayoneted company of Germans accused of treachery; Military Governor of Paris orders destruction of houses obstructing forts' fire.
- Aug. 30—French left wing again driven back; Allies' lines reinforced; Germans recalled to Brussels to hold city; French reported successful near Amiens.
- Aug. 31—Paris defense plans rushed; Allies' left flank again driven back.
- Sept. 1—Allies' centre hard pressed; German attack on Belfort fails; British flank reinforced; Germans fortify Brussels.
- Sept. 2—French move capital temporarily to Bordeaux to allow Allies to pivot left wing on Paris; German cavalry corps defeated by British near Compiègne; another pushes on to Soissons; French report success in Lorraine.
- Sept. 3—Report that Russian troops have been transported to Belgium; Germans take La Fere and Amiens and move to attack Laon and Rheims; Austrians sent to reinforce German left wing; Germans are twenty-five miles from Paris.

- Sept. 4—Germans neglect Paris and move eastward; German right wing reported checked and driven back to St. Quentin; Allies driven back behind Conde; Germans move toward Verdun; Germans bombard Termonde; fighting in Alost.
- Sept. 5—Germans take Rheims and three forts at Maubeuge; Belgians trap Germans in flooded area near Malines; Germans take Termonde; Germans abandon attack on Belfort.
- Sept. 6—German right wing checked near Paris; Kaiser directs attack on Nancy; account made public of evacuation of Senlis and Chantilly.
- Sept. 7—It is now plain that the German march on Paris has been deflected; Allies force Germans back in 160-mile battle from Nanteuil-le-Hardouin to Verdun and report defeat of Crown Prince's army; Germans defeat Belgians near Melle and March to occupy Ghent; repulsed at Capelle-au-Bois.
- Sept. 8—British push German right over the Marne; French win on the Ourcq; fighting at Vitry.
- Sept. 9—Germans claim capture of Maubeuge; British cross the Marne; Germans fall back; have evacuated Upper Alsace.
- Sept. 10—Gen. von Stein admits defeat by Allies; Belgians reoccupy Termonde, Aerschot, and Diest; French join British across Marne in pursuing Germans; fighting near Vitry and other points in centre.
- Sept. 11—German line west of Revigny retreats, but captures fort near Verdun; Gen. Pau seizes German supply train; British report annihilation of German Jaeger regiment; French deny fall of Maubeuge and recapture Mülhausen; Germans march south from Ghent, Belgians in pursuit.
- Sept. 12—Belgians cut German Army in two by victory at Cortenberg; whole German line in France retreats, Lunéville retaken; Belgians repulse German sortie at Louvain and advance on Brussels.
- Sept. 13—Germans repulsed at Nancy and Lunéville, evacuate Amiens, lose Revigny and Brabant-le-Roi; Crown Prince's Army threatened; fighting at Louvain and Malines; heavy fighting at Bortzy; battle between Thann and Sennheim.
- Sept. 14—Amiens reoccupied by French; Fort of Troyon relieved; Germans make stand on the Aisne; Germans lay waste to Senlis.
- Sept. 15—German Crown Prince's army driven back to the Orne; French reoccupy Rheims; fighting on the Aisne; new intrenched positions taken by German armies; La Ferte ransacked by Germans; Franco-Belgian successes at Alost and Rousbrugge.
- Sept. 16—New battle on from Noyon to Verdun; army from Douen is circling von Kluck's corps; Germans move nearer Antwerp.
- Sept. 17—German Army strengthened between Berry-au-Bac and Argonne; French advance in Woivre district; deadlock on right flank; Belgians repulse attack on Termonde.
- Sept. 18—Germans complete bombardment of Termonde; now known that Maubeuge has fallen; Allies' left advances six miles; Germans report gain in centre; Germans intrench on the Sambre; Germans send scouting parties into Belgium.
- Sept. 19—Germans fortify along the Rhine; Allies advance on left and right wings and drive back army of German Crown Prince; heavy fighting at Rheims; Germans capture Beaumont; German shells hit Cathedral of Notre Dame and Church of St. Remi in Rheims.
- Sept. 20—Germans badly damage Rheims; Allies make slight gains; fighting near Soissons; Germans report offensive move; Allies capture Souain; Belgians retake Lanaeken; Germans bring siege guns up to Antwerp.
- Sept. 21—Allies gain between Rheims and Argonne, take Massiges and Mesnil; Germans claim capture of Craonne hills and Betheny; Belgians repulse German assault on Fort Waelhem; Termonde under fire again.
- Sept. 22—Germans claim victories at Craonne and Betheny; their right turned between Peronne and St. Quentin; desultory fighting near Malines and Alost.
- Sept. 23—Allies advance on left wing near Lassigny; Germans bombard Verdun; Germans prepare for campaign in Southern Belgium.
- Sept. 24—French take Peronne; Germans take Varennes; Belgians report victory near Antwerp.
- Sept. 25—Allies beaten back by Germans at Noyon, but renew offensive after being reinforced; Germans advance southeast of Verdun; quarries from Giraumont to Machemok strengthen German position; campaign in Alsace halted by snow.
- Sept. 26—Germans take Fort des Romaines and cross the Meuse; Germans burn Bilsen; Austrian and German artillery menace Antwerp.
- Sept. 27—Allies repulse charges on right and left wings; Germans gain in centre; Verdun forts withdraw fire; French reinforced on the Meuse; Germans again bombard Malines.
- Sept. 28—Allies make slight progress on heights of the Meuse; fog in Woivre district causes suspension of fighting; Belgians retake Alost and repulse Germans at Malines.
- Sept. 29—Germans occupy Moll and Malines, bombard Lierre, and shell outer forts of Antwerp; fighting on the Aisne continues.
- Sept. 30—Allies drive back both German wings and retake St. Mihiel; French trap



- Germans in quarries; Germans destroy town of Orchies; Belgians renew bombardment of Lierre.
- Oct. 1—Belgians repulse German attacks on Antwerp forts; Germans capture Roze and claim success in attack on Albert; French report gains; French shell Germans in quarries; Scheldt River interferes with attack of Germans on Antwerp; Belgians bombard church at Termonde to drive Germans from steeple.
- Oct. 2—Allies checked after pushing north to Arras; Germans driven back across the Meuse; Germans report two Antwerp forts silenced; Cologne prepares for defense; Belgians report German repulse at one Antwerp fort and at Termonde.
- Oct. 3—Battle at Roze; Germans claim victory near Toul; Belgians near Antwerp fall back.
- Oct. 4—Berlin reports capture of Forts Wavre, St. Catherine, and Dorpweid, and of Termonde; Allies defeat flanking movement and battleground shifts to vicinity of Arras; Allies claim success in Woevre and Soissons regions; British forces aid in defense of Antwerp; Fort Walheim damaged; Germans take two villages on Dutch border near Maastricht.
- Oct. 5—Germans gain on right wing, take three Antwerp forts, and resume offensive in Argonne district and along the Meuse.
- Oct. 6—Antwerp warned that bombardment is near; desperate fighting on the Oise; Allies gain at Soissons; German column near Lille; French hold strong positions in Alsace.
- Oct. 7—Germans report bombardment of Lanaeken when civilians attack them; Germans closing in on Antwerp and have crossed the Nethe; fighting near Ghent; Allies drive German cavalry back from Lille and gain at Roze; skirmish at Ypres; Allies reinforced; Germans are still shelling Rheims.
- Oct. 8—Antwerp bombarded by German siege guns and Zeppelins; Germans cross the Scheldt; Allies gain near Arras, which is being shelled by Germans; Germans cut railway lines near Ypres; cavalry fights on the Belgian frontier.
- Oct. 9—Germans claim progress near St. Mihiel and in the Argonne district; Germans report fall of Fort Breendonk; Antwerp aflame; fighting around Roze; cavalry battles near Lille; Germans occupy Courtrai and destroy bridges between Brussels and Mons.
- Oct. 10—Antwerp surrenders, Belgian Army escapes; widespread ruin in city; some British troops driven into Holland; fighting at Arras continues; Germans bombard Lokeren; Germans report gains at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne region.
- Oct. 11—Germans occupy Antwerp; main British and Belgian defending armies reach Ostend; fighting near Soissons; German attacks in Caronne region repulsed; Allies win in centre; Arras free from Germans; British official report tells how the Germans were routed near Bray.
- Oct. 12—Germans enter Ghent; Allies fight to check German reinforcements; fighting at Lassigny and Lens; Germans mass around Ypres; cavalry fighting near Lille.
- Oct. 13—Germans press on toward Ostend; severe fighting in Argonne district; Germans take Lille and occupy Hazebrouck and Ypres; Germans occupy Ghent and move on Bruges.
- Oct. 14—Belgian Army leaves Ostend and joins Allies in field; Allies reoccupy Ypres; French gain near border; German battalion trapped in canal in Lorraine.
- Oct. 15—Allies retake Estaires and report gains at several points; Germans deny repulses and occupy Bruges; Thielt, Daume, and Esschen; German convoy captured by French.

## CAMPAIGN IN THE FAR EAST.

- Aug. 4—Japanese Government's proclamation prepares people for war in behalf of England.
- Aug. 6—Germans fortify Tsing-tau.
- Aug. 11—Japan requisitions transports.
- Aug. 16—Japan sends ultimatum to Germany demanding withdrawal of fleet in Far Eastern waters and giving up of Kiaochau.
- Aug. 17—Official announcement that Japan's action will be limited to China Sea and to protection of her trade; ultimatum to Germany made with concurrence of England.
- Aug. 18—Count Okuma emphasizes Japan's limitation of war and England reassures United States.
- Aug. 19—Germany will reject Japan's demands.
- Aug. 20—Kaiser orders resistance to Japan at Kiaochau; Japanese Foreign Office makes statement explaining ultimatum to Germany.
- Aug. 22—Germany ignores Japan's demands; time limit ends, Japanese envoy ordered to leave Berlin; Japan is expected to make war move at once.
- Aug. 23—Japan declares war on Germany.
- Aug. 24—Germans blow up bridges to halt Japanese invasion of Kiaochau.
- Aug. 26—War declared by Austria against Japan; British destroy German wireless and cable stations on Island of Yap.
- Aug. 29—Germans lay mines at Kiaochau and fire at landing party at Cape Jaeschke.
- Aug. 30—Japanese troops landed near Kiaochau; forts fire at destroyer.
- Aug. 31—Japanese occupy two islands.
- Sept. 2—Japan lands force at Lung-kow; German Legation protests against violation of China's neutrality.
- Sept. 3—Japanese occupy seven islands near Kiaochau, clear waters of mines, and land more troops at Lung-kow; China

protests against violation of her neutrality.

Sept. 9—Japanese advance southward in Shantung.

Sept. 14—Japanese flank Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 15—Japanese cavalry captures Chimo; vanguard of Japanese Army reaches Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 19—Japanese seize Kiao-Chau station and train and land troops at Laoshan.

Sept. 20—Japanese cavalry in clash with German outposts near Tsing-tau.

Sept. 22—Australians seize German wireless station on Island of Nauru.

Sept. 24—British troops land near Laoshan, China.

Sept. 26—Japanese advance on Fangate, where Germans hold valuable mines.

Sept. 27—Japanese defeat Germans on outskirts of Kiao-Chau; food supply in city short.

Sept. 28—Japanese approach Tsing-tau.

Sept. 29—Japanese invest Tsing-tau; Chinese blow up railroad bridges to hinder progress of Japanese troops.

Sept. 30—Germans abandon artillery as Japanese reach Lao-Che.

Oct. 1—Germans destroy railroad bridge at Ta-yu-ho.

Oct. 4—Japanese march along railroad to Wei-Hsein; one Chinese killed.

Oct. 5—Japanese repulse night attack of Germans at Tsing-tau.

Oct. 6—Germans plan to destroy Shantung Railway.

Oct. 7—Japanese seize Island of Yap; Japanese bring siege guns before Tsing-tau.

Oct. 8—German fire slackens at Tsing-tau.

Oct. 13—Arrangements made for departure of non-combatants before final attack on Kiao-Chau.

### CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA.

Aug. 8—British seize Port Lome, Togoland.

Aug. 9—French are in Togoland.

Aug. 26—Germans surrender Togoland.

Aug. 28—German troops attack Belgian Congo.

Sept. 10—Germans defeated by British in Nyassaland.

Sept. 13—Germans occupy Karangu, British East Africa.

Sept. 15—British defeat Germans in Namaqualand.

Sept. 18—Germans defeated by garrison of seven British at Nakob.

Sept. 22—Germans repulsed in attack on fort in Voi district.

Sept. 24—Germans at Schuckmannsberg surrender to police.

Sept. 25—Australian force takes German New Guinea.

Sept. 26—French seize Coco Beach, Kamerun; British occupy Luederitz Bay; Germans raid Walfish Bay.

Sept. 28—German Congo seized by British and French.

Oct. 13—Detachment of Boers under Col. Maritz rebels because of the pro-British

stand taken by the Government of South Africa; martial law proclaimed in colony; British imprison Germans in British East Africa and Germans imprison British in German East Africa.

Oct. 14—There are but few men in the Maritz rebel force; silence of Boer leaders is found disquieting in England.

Oct. 15—Col. Brits's force captures eighty rebels under Col. Maritz; Gen. Botha takes field; prominent men arrested on charge of treason.

### NAVAL RECORD

July 26—British and French fleets ready for action; Servian vessels in Danube seized by Austrians; German fleet ordered concentrated in home waters; Italy masses fleet.

July 29 and 30—British fleet leaves Portland; British and German fleets in Far East mobilize.

July 31—German squadron stops merchant vessels in Danish waters; British warships near; Montenegrin King's yacht escapes Austrian destroyers.

Aug. 2—Fight between German and Russian cruisers off Libau; German High Sea Fleet seizes Wilson liner Castro and a collier; fleets assemble in Far East.

Aug. 3—Germans chase Norwegian food ship.

Aug. 4—Rival warships off Port of New York; British mine layer sunk by German fleet; British fleet will aim to destroy Kiel Canal.

Aug. 5—British third flotilla has battle with Germans in North Sea; cruiser Amphion damaged; German mine layer Koenigen Luise sunk; many German merchant ships seized by English, French, and Russians; Germans bombard Sveaborg, torpedo boat blown up.

Aug. 6—British cruiser Amphion sunk by mine; French capture German tank steamer; Germans capture Russian ship.

Aug. 7—British and German cruisers reported in fight off Brazilian coast; British steamers destroyed by mines off German and Turkish coasts; British capture German steamer Schlesien; German merchant ship captured by French; Germans capture Russian cruiser; Japanese warships off port of Tsing-tau; German cruisers Goeben and Breslau leave Genoa.

Aug. 8—Thirty-six German ships seized by Belgians; Russians capture Austrian and German merchant steamers; British capture German ship, said to be North German Lloyd liner; naval fight in Adriatic; interest in position of Goeben and Breslau; bombardment of Libau reported by ship Captain.

Aug. 9—British sink German submarine; cruiser Essex takes ship at sea; Goeben and Breslau in the Dardanelles; two German steamers taken at Rouen and one at Colombo; England and France protest against German steamer Karlsruhe coaling at Porto Rico; firing off Shanghai;

- British fleet proceeds to Tsing-tau; Austrian cruisers bombard Antivari.
- Aug. 10—Cruiser Birmingham sinks German submarine U-15; British close North Sea to fishing fleets; Dutch steamer sunk in Baltic; Belgians seize two Austrian steamers; English and Canadian steamers hunt in Atlantic for German cruisers.
- Aug. 11—Battle in the Adriatic; Russians capture twenty German merchant vessels in Baltic.
- Aug. 12—German destroyer sunk by mine off South Gedser
- Aug. 13—German cruisers bombard Windau; France will check Austria's navy; British said to have bottled up German Far Eastern squadron; German cruisers Goeben and Breslau are flying Turkish flag.
- Aug. 15—Japanese Navy sails to join British fleet; Triple Entente demands that Turkey repatriate crews of German cruisers; Austrian liner blown up by mine in the Adriatic; British capture Austrian liner Marienbad; German steamer W. W. Schneefels brought to Gibraltar as war prize.
- Aug. 16—French fleet said to have sunk two Austrian ships in the Adriatic.
- Aug. 17—German dreadnought said to be damaged in Norwegian port; French sink Austrian cruiser in the Adriatic; German cruiser Karlsruhe said to have sunk four British merchantmen; British cruisers capture Hamburg-American liners Cap Ortel and Santa Catharina.
- Aug. 18—Two German cruisers captured and taken to Hongkong; fight between British and German patrol fleets.
- Aug. 20—British steamer Hostillus captured by German cruiser Dresden; German fleet said to have shelled three Russian ports.
- Aug. 21—British and French warships and Montenegrin batteries bombard Cattaro; two German Hansa liners seized at Bombay and Hamburg-American ship at Rangoon.
- Aug. 22—Steamers Maryland and Broberg sunk by mines in North Sea; two Dutch steamers reported sunk; German cruiser Dresden sinks British steamer Hyades; British cruiser Glasgow captures German ship Santa Kathina; French capture German four-master and Austrian steamer; account made public of sinking of Austrian battleship Zrinyi.
- Aug. 23—Anglo-French fleets destroy Austrian cruiser Zenta and bombard Cattaro; Dutch steamer Alcor blown up by Russians to block Hango harbor; report that French, English, and Russian vessels are aiding Japan to blockade Kiao-Chau.
- Aug. 24—Japanese fleet has begun bombardment of Tsing-tau; Cattaro badly damaged by British and French fleets.
- Aug. 25—German steamer Elizabeth sunk.
- Aug. 26—British defeated in battle with German torpedo boat off Kiao-Chau.
- Aug. 27—British cruiser Highflyer sinks Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse; British marines occupy Ostend; German cruiser Magdeburg sunk in Gulf of Finland; mines in North Sea sink a Danish and a Norwegian steamer; Japanese bombard island near Kiao-Chau and blockade port.
- Aug. 28—British fleet sinks two German cruisers, sets fire to third, and sinks two torpedo boats off Heligoland; Germans fire at Japanese fleet near Kiao-Chau; Austrian destroyer sunk by British off Corfu; British cruiser Welland sinks German torpedo destroyer; other German ships captured; six vessels blown up in North Sea by mines; Russians capture crew of German cruiser Magdeburg.
- Aug. 29—Port of Cape Jaeschke blocked by Japanese warships; passenger steamer destroyed by mines near Russian port.
- Aug. 30—British official account of battle off Heligoland; New Zealand expeditionary force captures Apia.
- Aug. 31—German gunboat shells abandoned Japanese destroyer at Kiao-Chau.
- Sept. 2—British and French ships again bombard Cattaro; steam drifter Eyric sunk by mine in North Sea.
- Sept. 4—British cruiser sinks Austrian steamer Bathori in Bay of Biscay; British gunboat Speedy sunk by mine in North Sea; British steamship Bowes Castle sunk by German cruiser off St. Lucia.
- Sept. 5—German ships sink fifteen British trawlers in North Sea.
- Sept. 6—Cruiser Pathfinder destroyed by mine.
- Sept. 7—British submarine strikes German warships in Bremerhaven Harbor.
- Sept. 10—British capture German collier.
- Sept. 11—Germans destroy Russian steamer Uleaborg.
- Sept. 12—Australian Navy occupies Herbertshoehe in Bismarck Archipelago; British take German coal ship Heinze.
- Sept. 14—Germans capture Fanning Island and cable station; German cruiser Hela sunk.
- Sept. 17—German fleets fire on each other in Baltic by mistake; British cruiser seizes Holland-America liner Ryndam; French cruiser Conde captures German storeship Helna; Canadian Pacific liner made a British cruiser in Pacific; German cruiser Luxemburg reported to have sunk three British freighters in West Indies.
- Sept. 19—Australian submarine AE-1 lost; Austrian warship Viribus Unitis damaged in Adriatic.
- Sept. 20—Carmania sinks German merchant cruiser Cap Trafalgar; German cruiser Königsberg disables British cruiser Pegusus; fighting between British and German ships in Kamerun River, Africa; six British ships captured by German cruiser Emden; damaged Russian warships arrive at Helsingfors; Austrian torpedo boat 27 sunk at Pola; German cruiser Stettin fights British warships.



- Sept. 21—British steamer *Clan Matheson* sunk by German cruiser *Emden*; crews of six captured vessels landed in India.
- Sept. 22—British cruiser *Berwick* captures Hamburg-American liner *Spreewald* and two German colliers; German submarine U-9 sinks British cruisers *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, and *Hogue* in North Sea; British steamer *Belgian King* sunk near Cape Kureli.
- Sept. 23—Russian cruiser *Bayan* sinks German cruiser and two torpedo boats; Germany says submarine U-9 sunk British ships unaided in North Sea fight yesterday; Austrian cruisers *Marie Theresa* and *Admiral Staun* damaged; trawler *Kilmarnock* sunk by mine.
- Sept. 24—Two Austrian torpedo boats and one destroyer sunk by mines in the Adriatic; Norwegian steamer *Hesvik* sunk in North Sea; cruiser *Emden* bombards Madras; Anglo-French fleet again bombards Cattaro.
- Sept. 25—Kronprinz *Wilhelm* sinks British steamer *Indian Prince*; British charge that Germans fired on *Carmania* after white flag was raised.
- Sept. 26—Fortress of *Pelagosa* dismantled by Anglo-French fleet; British cruiser *Cornwall* seizes Dutch steamer with coal consigned to Rio de Janeiro; French gunboat *Surprise* sinks two German ships and seizes *Coco Beach*, West Africa; British capture German ship *Ossa* and seize American ship *Lorenzo* and Norwegian ship *Thor* accused of coaling German cruiser.
- Sept. 28—French warship sunk at Cattaro by forts.
- Sept. 29—German cruiser *Emden* has sunk five British steamers in Gulf of Bengal and has destroyed all tank steamers at Madras; British warships bombard Tsing-tau forts.
- Sept. 30—British cruiser *Cumberland* captures Hamburg-American liner *Arnfrid* and nine merchant steamers; Italian ships sunk by Austrian mines.
- Oct. 1—Account given out of bombardment of Windau by German squadron; fighting between German and Japanese warships in Kiao-Chau Harbor.
- Oct. 2—British Admiralty plans to lay mines as counterstroke to German policy; German cruisers shell Papeete, capital of French Island of Tahiti; French gunboat sinks German auxiliary ships *Rhios* and *Ito*; German cruiser *Leipzig* sinks Union oil tanker *Elsinore*.
- Oct. 3—German cruiser *Karlsruhe* sinks seven British ships; British steamer *Dawdon* and Norwegian steamer *Thomos* sunk by mines; German steamer *Mark* bottled up in Philippine port; Italian boat sunk by Austrian mine; Japanese cruiser blown up by mine in Laoshan Bay.
- Oct. 4—Anglo-French fleet bombards Cattaro and destroys *Lustica*; Dutch steamer *Neuwlant* sunk by mine in North Sea; Rear Admiral Troubridge recalled from Mediterranean to London to explain escape of German cruisers *Goeben* and *Breslau*.
- Oct. 5—Japanese capture Jaluit Island; British grain ship sunk by mine near Dover; Japanese shells hit German gunboat *Itlis* in Tsing-tau Harbor.
- Oct. 6—French lay mines in Adriatic to offset similar action by Austrians.
- Oct. 7—British submarine sinks German destroyer off mouth of River Ems; six Austrian torpedo craft reported sunk by mines in the Adriatic; British trawler blown up in the North Sea.
- Oct. 9—It is announced that thirty-two German merchant ships were destroyed at Antwerp.
- Oct. 10—Japanese warships silence *Itlis* forts.
- Oct. 11—French fleet sinks two Austrian torpedo boats.
- Oct. 12—German submarine sinks Russian cruiser *Pallada*.
- Oct. 13—Russians claim that Germans lost two submarines in attack on *Pallada*.
- Oct. 14—Report denied by Germans.
- Oct. 15—British cruiser *Yarmouth* sinks German liner *Markomannia*.

## AERIAL RECORD

- Aug. 2—Report that French aviators have dropped bombs on Nürnberg; German troops shoot down French aeroplanes near Wesel; report that Garros, French aviator, wrecked German airship at Longwy; French aeroplanes dispatched toward Nancy.
- Aug. 3—German airships fly over Belgium.
- Aug. 5—Duel between Belgian and German aviators; Austrians report destruction of Russian aeroplane.
- Aug. 13—German aeroplane pursued by Belgians; German aviator throws bomb on Vesoul.
- Aug. 15—Harmless bombs thrown by German aviators on Vesoul and Lure; French aviators throw bombs on Zeppelins in Metz; five men wounded in Namur by bombs thrown from German aeroplanes.
- Aug. 18—Three Zeppelins wrecked by gunfire, one by fall; German monoplane drops bombs on Lunéville; German aeroplane destroyed near Sanno, Russia.
- Aug. 19—German monoplane captured in Belgium.
- Aug. 20—Pegoud's airship destroyed in flight to drop bombs in Germany; Dutch capture German aeroplanes.
- Aug. 23—French destroy Zeppelin.
- Aug. 24—France believes five German Zeppelins are out of action.
- Aug. 25—Zeppelin bombs fall in Antwerp.
- Aug. 29—Russians bring down Zeppelin.
- Aug. 30—German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris; French Embassy in Washington denies that aeroplanes bombarded Nürnberg.
- Aug. 31—German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris.

Sept. 1—German aeroplane drops bombs on Paris.

Sept. 2—Fight between French and German aeroplanes; Zeppelin renews attack on Antwerp.

Sept. 3—German aeroplanes drop bombs on British transport on the Seine and on Belfort; German aeroplane over Paris destroyed, aviators killed.

Sept. 4—Three German aeroplanes wrecked by French.

Sept. 9—Russian and Austrian aviators killed in battle.

Sept. 12—German aviators killed in battle with French near Troyes.

Sept. 14—Japanese aeroplanes drop bomb in Kiao-Chau.

Sept. 17—Berlin claims that no Zeppelins have been destroyed.

Sept. 18—Bomb dropped on Antwerp; Japanese aviator sets fire to ship in Kiao-Chau Bay.

Sept. 20—Vedrine kills German aviator; French aviator Chevilliard captured by Germans.

Sept. 21—Japanese aeroplanes wreck two forts at Tsing-tau.

Sept. 23—British drop bombs on Zeppelin shed at Düsseldorf; London fears Zeppelin attacks and reduces lights to minimum.

Sept. 24—Zeppelin drops three bombs in Belgium; French capture five Taube machines from Germans; destruction of Zeppelin by Russians near Sieradz.

Sept. 25—Duel between Belgian and German aviators over Brussels; Zeppelin drops bombs in Ostend; London prepares to repel attacks.

Sept. 26—Zeppelin raids Warsaw.

Sept. 27—Man killed and child crippled in Paris; three killed in Warsaw.

Sept. 29—Zeppelin drops bombs on two Belgian towns.

Sept. 30—Japanese aeroplanes attack Kiao-Chau Harbor.

Oct. 1—Zeppelin drops bomb near Antwerp, but is driven off.

Oct. 2—Germans report capture of thirty French aeroplanes; it is learned that aviators patrolled the Straits of Dover during passage of British expeditionary force; German aviators drop messages to Russian troops.

Oct. 5—Searchlight tests made in London in preparation for Zeppelin raids.

Oct. 6—It is announced that German airship aided in sinking British cruisers; commander and crew decorated by Kaiser.

Oct. 7—London insures against damage from Zeppelin raids as air fleet is prepared at Wilhelmshaven; French aviators set fire to German aeroplanes.

Oct. 8—German aeroplanes drop bombs on Paris and Antwerp.

Oct. 9—British air squadron destroys Zeppelin in hangar at Düsseldorf.

Oct. 11—Three killed, fourteen injured from bombs dropped on Paris by German avia-

tors; Zeppelin over Ostend driven away by guns; Japanese drop bombs in Tsing-tau.

Oct. 12—Six more bombs dropped on Paris.

Oct. 13—French rout German aviators near Paris.

Oct. 14—French aviator decorated for bringing down German; Cossacks bring down Zeppelin near Warsaw; bombs dropped on Nancy.

## AMERICAN INTERESTS

July 26—Americans are leaving Carlsbad and other resorts.

July 29—Tourists in Paris abandon plans to go eastward; many in London take chances and go into Austria.

July 31—Exodus from Geneva; war panic among American tourists in Paris; President Wilson directs State Department to ask Ambassador Herrick to remain at his post; many left in London as sailing of the Emperor is canceled.

Aug. 1—Many demand passports in France; Americans in London will organize for relief work.

Aug. 2—Americans in Paris form committee to aid countrymen; refugees from Continent arrive in London; Ambassador Gerard appeals for funds; State Department has no funds, but will forward deposits for refugees.

Aug. 3—Bankers and Treasury Department officials agree on plan for \$3,500,000 gold shipment to tourists; hundreds reach Paris after many hardships; fear in Berlin; both houses of Congress pass bill appropriating \$250,000 for relief; embassies will distribute funds.

Aug. 4—Mrs. O. H. Kahn loses automobiles in France; tourists unable to leave Germany; many destitute in Paris; automobiles requisitioned for war; President Wilson approves plan to send \$5,000,000 from bankers and national appropriation of \$2,500,000 in gold; cruiser Tennessee will carry it.

Aug. 5—Ambassador Herrick issues transports to stranded in Paris; millionaires leave in cattle train for Havre; Ambassador Page praises spirit of refugees; two committees in London to relieve distress; cruiser Tennessee prepares to sail with relief fund; Congress votes \$2,500,000 appropriation; cruiser North Carolina will follow with more gold if needed; Mayor Mitchel appoints relief committee.

Aug. 6—Americans in London get funds from Transportation Committee; many obtain certificates of American citizenship in Paris; Tennessee leaves with gold; Secretary Garrison will use transports rather than pay exorbitant prices to charter ships; Board of Relief named to supervise distribution of funds appropriated by Congress.

Aug. 7—Baroness von Andre and Anne W. N. Davis tell of brutal treatment by German

- soldiers; Mrs. Philip Lydig tells of kind treatment by French; Mrs. Herrick's American Ambulance Corps organized; \$100,000 sent by Treasury to Paris and \$25,000 to Italy; many Americans leave via Denmark; French and German railways will be open for departure of Americans after mobilization is completed.
- Aug. 8—A. M. Huntington and wife reported to be arrested in Bavaria and held as spies; 7,000 Americans leave England; committee of American and English bankers formed to administer \$3,000,000 gold shipment; Secretary Garrison confers with Haniel von Heimhausen, German Chargé d'Affaires, who says Americans will be allowed to leave Germany.
- Aug. 9—One thousand five hundred Americans apply at Paris Embassy for transports, refugees arrive on the New York; mines menace relief cruisers.
- Aug. 10—Mayor of Berlin and others move to care for refugees in Germany; many stranded in Bermuda.
- Aug. 11—Cancellation of sailing of Olympic causes rush for steerage on ships leaving London; Mrs. W. H. Page heads committee to look after school teachers; Secretary Bryan orders Ambassador Gerard to make representations regarding Mr. and Mrs. Huntington.
- Aug. 12—One thousand refugees arrive in New York on S. S. Philadelphia; Embassy in Paris arranges for relief of tourists all over France; Secretary Bryan says Huntingtons are safe; refugees arrive on Holland-America liner Potsdam.
- Aug. 13—Ambassador Page is seeking ships that may be chartered in London; army officers will aid relief work in Paris; fourteen tourists reached England via Arctic Sea; Secretary Bryan warns all Americans going abroad to get passports; emergency passports to be issued; people in Berlin open homes to Americans; Minister Whitlock reports Consulate at Liège exposed to fire.
- Aug. 14—More than 300 Americans arrive in Rotterdam from Berlin.
- Aug. 15—Seven ships leave England; less need for transport; German Foreign Office says Huntington was not arrested; Ambassador Herrick arranges for sailings of the Espagne and the Rochambeau; refugees in Rotterdam report generous treatment while in Germany; Germany will provide trains to carry Americans to Bremen and will let cruiser Tennessee land there; Gerard says Americans are now free to leave Germany; ships leaving Italian ports.
- Aug. 16—Cruisers Tennessee and North Carolina arrive at Falmouth with gold.
- Aug. 17—Eighteen ships that will leave England within a week can accommodate 20,000; London refugees given gold from cruiser Tennessee; 5,000 stranded in Italy; Nieuw Amsterdam and Laconia reach New York.
- Aug. 18—Refugees from Copenhagen arrive on the United States; tourists flock into Genoa; members of Mayor Mitchel's Committee meet every steamer and are prepared to help the needy.
- Aug. 19—Relief cruiser North Carolina reaches Cherbourg with Major Hedekin; Miss Morgan's villa accepted as hospital; the Tennessee held at Falmouth.
- Aug. 20—Payment on funds sent on Tennessee delayed in London.
- Aug. 21—American Rhodes scholars help in harvesting in Brittany; missionaries urge sending ship with gold to Turkey; gold from the North Carolina sent to Italy.
- Aug. 22—Refugees arrive on Campania, Baltic, and St. Louis; Ambassador Gerard denies that Americans have been ill-treated in Germany; cruiser Tennessee at Rotterdam.
- Aug. 23—Refugees in London tell of kindness of Austrians; the Tennessee left too little gold in England and France.
- Aug. 24—Assistant Secretary Breckinridge reaches Berlin with gold; Ambassador Herrick makes arrangements for Americans in Switzerland.
- Aug. 26—Art students in Paris in sad plight; few tourists now ask aid in London; students leave German universities; refugees from Italy express satisfaction with arrangements of Government Relief Committee; relief bureau established at The Hague.
- Aug. 27—Cruiser North Carolina sent to Turkey.
- Aug. 28—German Government furnishes gold to Ambassador Gerard.
- Aug. 31—London again crowded with refugees; tourists in Denmark safe.
- Sept. 3—Turkish Government will not permit the North Carolina to go to Constantinople; Americans in London help Belgian refugees.
- Sept. 4—Tennessee takes Americans across Channel; British soldiers give up quarters for them at Havre; North Carolina starts for Smyrna.
- Sept. 9—Refugee aid cost \$100,000 in five days in London.
- Sept. 10—Passports to be required of all in England.
- Sept. 12—Major Hedekin reports nearly all tourists out of France and Switzerland.
- Sept. 13—Treasury Department will receive no further deposits; sailors on the Tennessee cheer British transport.
- Sept. 23—Money from North Carolina reaches Constantinople.
- Sept. 28—Americans leaving Brussels.
- Sept. 29—Tennessee ordered to Adriatic.
- Oct. 10—Consul Deedmeyer says he was forced to leave Chemnitz because of bad treatment from Germans.

## AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

- July 24—Minister at Belgrade prepares to leave.
- July 25—Diplomatic relations severed with



- Servia; martial law proclaimed; Servian Gen. Putnik seized.
- July 26—Servian envoy dismissed; Emperor Francis Joseph takes decisive part in country's action; war measures taken.
- July 27—Army deserters sought in Cuba.
- July 28—Emperor will take command at Vienna headquarters; food prices raised in Vienna.
- July 29—Emperor sends letter to the Czar.
- July 30—Government may declare war on Russia; newspaper correspondents expelled from Semlin; Emperor cheered in Vienna; men up to 50 years of age called to service; Count Salm-Hoogstraeten says Slavs in Austrian Army will be loyal.
- July 31—Government assures Italy that there is no desire for more territory.
- Aug. 1—Whole nation wants war; Government was pressed by Germany to discuss matters with Russia and to localize war.
- Aug. 2—Cadets in military academies made Lieutenants; Countess Széchényi places palace at disposal of army
- Aug. 5—United States represents France at Vienna and Austria at Paris; food prices fixed; Church permits marriages without publication of bans.
- Aug. 6—Russian Ambassador receives passports
- Aug. 7—Pressure brought to bear on Italy to aid.
- Aug. 8—Threat to declare war on Italy; full text published of ultimatum to Servia, of Servia's reply, of circular note to powers, and of notes exchanged with Germany.
- Aug. 10—Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.
- Aug. 11—Army corps marches along Swiss border to relieve Germans in Alsace; Italy demands explanation of shelling of Antivari; United States will look after French interests.
- \* Aug. 13.—Troops mutiny on southern frontier; United States will look after interests in England; Prince Hohenlohe arrested in Canada.
- Aug. 14—Currency question acute; insubordination of troops; Government tells Italy British declaration of war was based upon lies.
- Aug. 16—Martial law proclaimed on Italian border; Consul arrested in St. Petersburg.
- Aug. 18—Army mobilization accompanied by disorder and mutiny.
- Aug. 19—Massacre at Prague after Czech uprising.
- Aug. 25—Troops massing on Italian frontier; Government will join war with Japan; passports handed to Ambassador.
- Aug. 27—Fortification of Vienna begun; children of murdered Archduke sent to Switzerland.
- Aug. 29—Country reported seething with rebellion.
- Aug. 30—Servians charge atrocities by retreating Austrians.
- Sept. 3—Troops sent to reinforce German left wing.
- Sept. 4—Mutiny of Czech soldiers in Vienna, many shot; Gen. Bobrinsky appointed Governor of Galicia.
- Sept. 5—Reports that Italians in Istria and Goerz have been shot for treason without trial stir Italy; England releases Austrian ships from her ports.
- Sept. 6—Year's provisions seized at Lemberg; England orders Consular officers out of Egypt.
- Sept. 7—Vienna makes hasty preparations for defense; possibility of famine.
- Sept. 8—Government appeals to Jews in Poland to fight against Russia.
- Sept. 10—Panic in Cracow; Archduke Frederick admits loss of 120,000 men in Galicia.
- Sept. 11—Berlin paper tells of agreement with Germany before war started not to make peace separately.
- Sept. 14—Troops admit that there have been no Russian cruelties; Vienna official report claims victories.
- Sept. 16—Guns taken by Russians bear initials of German Emperor.
- Sept. 17—Report of preliminary steps for peace with Russia; all available men called to arms.
- Sept. 18—Police forbid public to spread unfavorable war news.
- Sept. 21—Field Marshal Vodinowski executed on charge of aiding Russians; Field Marshal Foreich commits suicide after being cashiered for defeat.
- Sept. 23—Serbs captured at Shabats to be court-martialed for firing at troops.
- Sept. 24—Italian frontier fortified.
- Sept. 27—Cholera spreading among wounded soldiers.
- Oct. 2—Emperor is urged to shift Government from Vienna.
- Oct. 3—Alarm in Vienna over possibility of Russian invasion.
- Oct. 8—Panic in Hungary as Russians advance.
- Oct. 9—Much distress in Vienna.
- Oct. 12—Archbishop accuses Hungarian soldiers of atrocities in Russian Poland.
- Oct. 13—Report that eight commanders have been dismissed and two have killed themselves.
- Oct. 14—Austrian guns were used by Germans at Antwerp.

## BELGIUM

- July 29—Antwerp's trade paralyzed.
- July 30—Forts provisioned; export of horses and vehicles prohibited.
- July 31—State Railway trains into Germany suspended.
- Aug. 1—Government buys entire wheat supply in Antwerp.
- Aug. 2—Neutrality an issue with England; German Ambassador said to have promised that there will be no invasion; guards mobilized at Liège and Namur to hold

- bridges; Civic Guard called out; Parliament summoned.
- Aug. 3—Antwerp in state of siege; King appeals to King George; England will defend neutrality; frontier being intrenched.
- Aug. 4—King addresses Parliament; Socialist Leader Vandervelde joins Cabinet.
- Aug. 5—King Albert takes command of troops.
- Aug. 7—King issues proclamation to army.
- Aug. 8—King thanks President Poincaré for aid.
- Aug. 9—Gratitude to Belgian people expressed by French Academy; English and French stamps sold in Post Offices.
- Aug. 10—Germans mobbed in Brussels.
- Aug. 11—Government asks Holland's intentions if neutrality is violated; Germany tries to negotiate for passage of her army.
- Aug. 13—Tribute to Belgians from Premier Asquith; Government will appeal to neutrals because of alleged German atrocities; German prisoners treated kindly.
- Aug. 14—American Vice Consul Duras says Germans underrated Belgians; fighting spirit due to inspiration of growing democracy; people of Liège deprived of all means of communication; Government feeds soldiers' children.
- Aug. 15—Refugees say that Germans executed priest held as hostage.
- Aug. 22—France pledges aid; report that Minister Whitlock offered to take Brussels under American protection at time of its surrender.
- Aug. 23—Report persists, but United States denies that he was authorized to offer protection; panic in Ghent and Ostend; German General's proclamation to Brussels; Cologne Gazette defends levy on Brussels; country praised in French army bulletin.
- Aug. 24—Government rejects another German plea for free passage for troops; Brussels pays first installment of fine; documents sent to London in support of atrocity charges against Germans; Minister at Washington protests to State Department against German statements of Belgium's conduct on battlefield; legation in London issues note protesting against reprisals.
- Aug. 25—Minister Whitlock reports to Secretary Bryan that he persuaded Brussels authorities not to oppose Germans; statement made by Minister in London charging German atrocities; text published of communications with Germany concerning passage of troops; fugitives rush to Holland.
- Aug. 26—Refugees flock to Paris; Ministers of foreign powers protest to Berlin against Zeppelin attack on Antwerp; Foreign Minister sends protest to Washington; Baron von der Goltz made military ruler in part occupied by Germans.
- Aug. 27—Resolution in British Parliament for expression of gratitude to Belgian heroes.
- Aug. 28—Men in captured towns ordered by Germans to help with harvest; Germans name hostages because of failure of Brussels to pay war levy.
- Aug. 29—Germany defends destruction of Louvain and other repressive measures; commission to protest against atrocities may not be received by President Wilson.
- Aug. 30—Gen. Leman's defense of Liège praised by German officer; Antwerp in darkness to guard against Zeppelin attacks; Government's reply to Austria's declaration of war; Gen. von Stein says Germany will grant no concession.
- Sept. 1—Mrs. H. H. Harjes tells of German cruelties; refugees must leave Antwerp because of scarcity of food; four men guarantee payment of Brussels fine; Dutch artists protest to Kaiser against destruction of Louvain.
- Sept. 2—English residents ordered out of Brussels.
- Sept. 4—Namur citizens starving; officials at Brussels warn citizens against giving Germans excuse for reprisals.
- Sept. 5—Germans change clocks to German time; new official German statement accuses citizens.
- Sept. 6—American newspaper correspondents say they saw no cruel acts by Germans; names announced of famous paintings ruined in Louvain and of buildings lost and saved; refugees flock to London.
- Sept. 7—Officers tell of German atrocities; charges that Germans destroyed Dinant and shot many inhabitants.
- Sept. 8—Survivors tell of attack on Namur; list of fines made public imposed on Belgian cities.
- Sept. 9—Mayor of Ghent sends appeal to President Wilson concerning German atrocities; council of defense formed.
- Sept. 10—Stories of German atrocities greatly exaggerated, says Bank Director Helfferich.
- Sept. 11—Gen. Leman asks King to pardon him for losing Liège; Prince Henry of Reuss charges atrocities; Mrs. N. L. Dur-ye describes horrors of German invasion; Gen. von Boehn replies to charges of German atrocities in Aerschot; London Daily News says Termonde was burned for lack of ransom; destruction in towns near Namur; lawyers and Judges in Brussels refuse to adopt German customs.
- Sept. 15—Foreign diplomats inspect conditions in Malines.
- Sept. 16—Belgian Commission which charges German atrocities received by President Wilson.
- Sept. 21—German official statement issued on destruction of Louvain.
- Sept. 22—Only newspapers published in Germany allowed to be sold in Brussels.
- Sept. 25—Nobleman charges that American and Spanish investigators were deceived by Germans on sacking of Louvain.

- Sept. 26—Ostend protests to President Wilson against dropping of bombs by Germans; outrages against Germans charged by Bethmann-Hollweg.
- Oct. 4—Government issues "Gray Paper" on negotiations with Germany, showing negotiations with Germany and other powers concerning the war, (printed in full in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Oct. 18.)
- Oct. 7—Government moved from Antwerp to Ostend; all able-bodied men of Antwerp called out for defense of city.
- Oct. 8—King and part of army move out of Antwerp; refugees flee in great numbers to Holland and England.
- Oct. 9—Government protests to neutrals against monopolizing by Germans of food-stuffs in Brussels.
- Oct. 10—Germans deny that there is famine in Brussels; much suffering among Antwerp refugees; German coin put on same basis as Belgian.
- Oct. 12—Large quantities of stores fall into German hands in Antwerp and many prisoners taken; refugees crowd Ostend; people will be allowed to return to their homes in Antwerp.
- Oct. 13—Government moves to France, and will be established at Havre.

### CANADA

- July 30—Halifax garrison active.
- Aug. 1—Cab'net meets, will send to England offer of men.
- Aug. 2—Ten thousand men volunteer; Royal Naval Reserve called out; fishermen will respond.
- Aug. 3—Ports of Quebec and Montreal in charge of military authorities; militia called to duty; reserves to sail for England.
- Aug. 4—Cabinet meeting; mobilization of expeditionary force begins; message of appreciation from King George; British and French reservists sail.
- Aug. 5—Country-wide response to call for service; Government buys two submarines built for Chilean Navy; Montreal port guarded; German Consulate at Vancouver attacked.
- Aug. 6—Austrian and German Consulates stoned in Winnipeg; England accepts offer of expeditionary force; Sydney is being fortified.
- Aug. 7—German Consuls asked to leave country.
- Aug. 9—Canada's offer of 1,000,000 bags of flour accepted by England.
- Aug. 10—Cruisers hunt in Atlantic for German ships; ports closed; much grain goes to England.
- Aug. 14—National Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire will equip hospital ship for Admiralty; married men not accepted for service without permission of wives; cruiser Good Hope arrives at Halifax; American mass meeting called in Toronto.

- Aug. 15—Japanese of British Columbia want to form regiment.
- Aug. 17—Americans of Toronto will raise fund for soldiers' families.
- Aug. 18—Emergency session of Parliament opened by Duke of Connaught; war vote to be \$50,000,000.
- Aug. 19—Parliament indorses England's participation in war; speeches by Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; women exercise veto power to prevent husbands from going to war.
- Aug. 21—Move in Parliament to contribute million bags of flour to Belgium; all war measures passed; Bank of Montreal will contribute \$100,000 for patriotic purposes; two cruisers added to naval force at Esquimalt.
- Aug. 22—War session of Parliament ended; troops on way to Quebec.
- Aug. 23—Princess Patricia presents flag to Light Infantry.
- Aug. 25—Second army is being mobilized.
- Aug. 26—Applications by letter from American citizens for army service refused.
- Aug. 29—All available troops to be maintained under arms; Princess Patricia Light Infantry sails from Montreal.
- Aug. 30—Troops delayed at Quebec.
- Aug. 31—England accepts food offers from Alberta and Quebec; unsuccessful attempt to wreck troop train near Montreal; volunteers will replace Bermuda garrison.
- Sept. 10—Declared that Department of Militia and Defense kept secret the passage of Indian troops through the Dominion.
- Sept. 11—Passage of Indian troops denied; officials of White Pass & Yukon Railway warn Germans and Austrians not to try to pass through the Yukon.
- Sept. 24—Thirty-two thousand troops sail.
- Sept. 28—Laurier wants French-Canadiar regiment.
- Sept. 30—Cadets from Royal Military College sail for England.
- Oct. 5—Col. Hughes, Minister of Militia, says he can raise another large contingent of men; second expeditionary force is to be organized.
- Oct. 7—New York Staats-Zeitung barred from the mails.
- Oct. 8—First contingent of troops reaches Southampton.

### ENGLAND

- July 24—England will side with Russia in event of hostilities with Austria.
- July 27—Sir Edward Grey asks France, Italy, and Germany to confer with England to avert general conflict.
- July 28—Germany refuses to accept Sir Edward Grey's proposal for conference, but sends conciliatory reply; nation averse to war, but will aid Allies; Home Rule strife forgotten.
- July 29—Report that Grey is forming new peace proposals; London Times pessimistic.



- July 30—Unionist papers declare England must fight if Germany attacks France; war preparations continue; political parties declare truce; amending bill to Home Rule bill dropped; preparations in Far East, at Malta, and Cape Town.
- July 31—Government joins France in trying to adjust matters between Russia and Austria; country is calm; preparations at Hongkong for hostilities.
- Aug. 1—Sir Edward Grey favors throwing weight of navy at once in favor of France and Russia; Lloyd George does not favor participation; special meeting of Cabinet called; King George appeals to Czar for peace; Cabinet in night session; Belgian neutrality an issue; London Times denounces Germany.
- Aug. 3—Sir Edward Grey addresses House of Commons; country will defend French coast; Redmond pledges Ireland's aid.
- Aug. 4—Ambassador leaves Berlin; King issues call to arms and thanks colonies for their support; Government controls railways and takes foreign warships building in her ports; Vice Admiral Jellicoe takes command of fleet; papers in London reduced in size; people advised to economize.
- Aug. 5—Food prices rise; order specifying contrabands of war; bill passes House of Commons to restrain movements of undesirable aliens; many spies arrested; women volunteer as nurses; King's message to fleet; Prince of Wales wants to fight; United States will care for interests in Germany; German cable cut at Azores.
- Aug. 6—House of Commons grants army increase of 500,000 men; royal decrees revoke prohibition against importation of arms into Ireland, making trading with enemy illegal, prohibit English vessels from carrying contraband of war between foreign ports, and make it high treason to lend money to Germany; Asquith says "White Paper" issued by Government shows how Sir Edward Grey tried to obtain peace; coast towns arm; contraband of war announced.
- Aug. 7—Rush of volunteers; Prince of Wales receives commission in Grenadier Guards; Embassies stoned in Dresden and Berlin.
- Aug. 8—Parliament passes bill providing for Government seizure of foodstuffs; Capt. Fox, commander of the lost Amphion, given new command.
- Aug. 9—More Germans arrested.
- Aug. 10—Newfoundland offers men; Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.
- Aug. 11—King inspects troops at Aldershot; mobilization of Territorials completed; Information Bureau gives out official war news; Admiralty notifies United States of planting of mines in North Sea; Secretary Bryan transmits Germany's request for permission to send messages through London to the United States; Admiralty says Atlantic is safe, but that Germans have laid mines in North Sea.
- Aug. 12—Exports of foodstuffs forbidden, no Americans barred.
- Aug. 14—Prisoners of War Information Bureau formed; money situation improved; embassy informs Secretary Bryan of rules governing aliens; Kitchener's plan for raising new army contemplates long war.
- Aug. 15—College men volunteer.
- Aug. 16—Refugees from Berlin reach Scotland and tell of abuses; J. E. Redmond says he has rifles for Irish volunteers.
- Aug. 17—Government reassures the United States that Japan's activities will be limited.
- Aug. 20—Troops impress French favorably.
- Aug. 21—Public told to watch for notes from aeroplanes; country protests against German levy of war tax on Liège and Brussels; press asks President Wilson to try to stop violation of rules of war.
- Aug. 22—Admiralty says Germany violates Hague rules by planting mines in North Sea; protest to United States against allowing fuel to be carried to German cruisers at sea.
- Aug. 24—First casualty list of expeditionary army includes Earl of Leven and Melville.
- Aug. 25—Kitchener appeals for men; probability of three years' war discussed.
- Aug. 26—Recruiting active; Indian Moslems loyal; members of staffs in Munich complain of bad treatment by German military authorities; Daily Chronicle warns against quarrel with United States on contraband question; army's marching song for this war is "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."
- Aug. 27—Army's pluck lauded by Gen. Joffre; Parliament votes expression of admiration of Belgians.
- Aug. 28—Sir John French's report on activities of troops read in Parliament; Peers sign letter expressing devotion to country.
- Aug. 29—Message to Scots Grays from Russian Czar; Lord Roberts says hundreds of thousands of men will be needed and assaults young men who go on playing games; navy congratulated by Canadian Premier and Sir John French.
- Aug. 30—Lord Kitchener tells of British share in fighting in Belgium and France and of loss of life, but says troops have been reinforced.
- Sept. 1—Government asks United States to care for her interests in event of war with Turkey; Anglo-American corps being formed in London.
- Sept. 3—Many recruits join army.
- Sept. 4—Asquith, Balfour, Bonar Law, Churchill, and others speak in London Guildhall, appealing for volunteers; 700 Ulster volunteers enroll in one hour.

- Sept. 5—Allies sign agreement that none shall make peace without consent of all; official denial that dum dum bullets were used; London agreement regarding contraband will be adhered to as far as is practicable.
- Sept. 6—Churchill announces formation of one marine and two naval brigades.
- Sept. 8—Gen. Joffre expresses thanks for army's support; Kitchener's reply; five thousand recruits in one day; German prisoners held in concentration camps.
- Sept. 9—Government will not consent to peace proposals unless Germany will acknowledge that Belgium is entitled to redress; troops praised by Belgians.
- Sept. 10—House of Commons votes to add 500,000 men to regular army.
- Sept. 12—Permission from Greece to establish naval base at Lemnos; complete equipment for Territorials lacking.
- Sept. 16—John Redmond calls Irish to arms.
- Sept. 17—Prize courts established.
- Sept. 19—Lloyd George appeals for Welsh recruits.
- Sept. 20—Casualty list shows many officers killed or wounded.
- Sept. 21—Percentage of officers in casualty lists out of proportion to number of men.
- Sept. 24—Censorship tightened.
- Sept. 25—Admiralty publishes report on sinking of three cruisers in North Sea, saying disabled ships must look after themselves; shortage of rifles denied in London Spectator; Asquith and Redmond appeal to Ireland for aid.
- Oct. 4—Thousands of Irish enlist.
- Oct. 8—Sportsmen's Battalion organized by Mrs. Cunliffe Owen.
- Oct. 9—Government will not allow American army and navy officers to observe operations.
- Oct. 11—Loss of officers is a peril.
- Oct. 12—Fall of Antwerp aids recruiting; infantry standard lowered to admit more men; London Morning Post condemns Churchill's attempt to relieve Antwerp with small naval force.
- Oct. 14—Foreign Office denies existence of secret agreement with Belgium, which Germans charge is shown by documents found in Brussels.

## FRANCE

- July 24—Government will side with Russia in event of hostilities with Austria.
- July 25—Paris mobs want war; President Poincaré and Premier Viviani absent from France.
- July 26—Emergency council of Cabinet held; people see hand of Germany.
- July 27—Government agrees to Sir Edward Grey's proposal for conference to avert conflict; general impression that Germany inspired Austria's act; President Poincaré hurries home; anti-war demonstrations in Paris; Ambassador tries to enlist Germany's aid for mediation.

- July 28—Army moves to frontier; Socialists protest against war.
- July 29—Demonstration as Poincaré returns from Russia; Cabinet council; business at standstill in Paris.
- July 30—Troops guard railroad.
- July 31—Answer to Germany's note about Russia; Government joins with England in trying to adjust matters between Russia and Austria; steamship La France taken over in service of Government.
- Aug. 1—President Poincaré orders mobilization after Germany asks intention of Government concerning her ultimatum to Russia; Cabinet council; Delcassé becomes War Minister; American Ambassador and Consul will look after German affairs; Government promises to respect Belgian neutrality unless another power violates it; German Ambassador is leaving.
- Aug. 2—Ambassador Cambon blames Germany for conflict; state of siege declared in France and Algiers; Socialists patriotic; railway communication with Germany and Belgium cut off.
- Aug. 3—Berlin reports acts of hostility by French; Ambassador leaves Berlin and German Ambassador leaves Paris; riots in Paris.
- Aug. 4—Paris newspapers reduced in size; General Staff prepared for German moves; Prince Roland Bonaparte offers services; Gen. Joseph Joffre leaves for frontier; statement by Premier Viviani in Chamber of Deputies; war measures passed; many Americans want to fight for France.
- Aug. 5—War bills voted in Parliament; United States represents Austria at Paris and France at Vienna; President Poincaré's address to nation; Gen. Pau will command one arm.
- Aug. 6—Ambassador embraced by the Czar; Premier Viviani asks women to gather crops; army under command of Gen. Joffre.
- Aug. 8—President Poincaré replies to King Albert's message of thanks; Paris City Council changes name of Rue de Berlin to Rue de Liège.
- Aug. 9—Academy salutes Belgians; martial law proclaimed.
- Aug. 10—J. G. Demombynes, student, tells how Germans killed French refugees on frontier; diplomatic relations with Austria broken off; Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.
- Aug. 13—Dr. Alexis Carrel goes to front as surgeon.
- Aug. 17—Garibaldi offers to raise army; Prince Antoine of Orleans wants to fight for France.
- Aug. 18—American volunteer corps raised in Paris; severe military law enforced; Carthusian monks, who were expelled, return to fight.
- Aug. 19—Third reserve army raised; Gen. Joffre in supreme command.

- Aug. 20—Government will protest to powers against German atrocities which it charges.
- Aug. 21—Prefects ordered to take note of atrocities; foreign volunteers mobilize in Paris; service of Anglo-American Rough Riders accepted.
- Aug. 22—Government charges Germans with using dum dum bullets; Paris food prices low.
- Aug. 23—Government protests to The Hague against use of dum dum bullets by Germans; army bulletin praises Belgians; success of Gen. Pau thrills people.
- Aug. 26—Refugees from frontier flock to Paris; American volunteers go to Rouen to enter training.
- Aug. 27—Government presents affidavits to neutral countries that German officer shot at Red Cross nurses.
- Aug. 30—1914 reserves to be called out; Paris stores food; Vice Admiral de Lapeyrière will command allied forces in Mediterranean.
- Sept. 2—Germans accused of setting fire to wood that sheltered St. Quentin refugees.
- Sept. 3—Gen. Gallieni issues proclamation to people of Paris; many leave city; Government in Bordeaux; Havre guarded.
- Sept. 4—Exodus from Paris continues; sanitary precautions taken.
- Sept. 5—Schools of Paris closed; Cabinet takes steps to send food to country districts.
- Sept. 6—Gen. Joffre warns troops against premature attacks in mass; siege awaited calmly; 1915 recruits called out; neutral diplomats want Ambassador Herrick to ask United States to protest against possible destruction of Paris art treasures; Germans levy war taxes on captured cities.
- Sept. 8—Suggestion to have art works regarded as international property taken into consideration by President Wilson.
- Sept. 9—Decree ordering all men exempt from service because of ill-health to be re-examined; many regret flight from Paris.
- Sept. 10—Gens. Exelmans and Toutee wounded; military authorities warn Parisians against overconfidence; intrenchments dug.
- Sept. 11—President Poincaré sends message to President Wilson in answer to Kaiser's charges on dum dum bullets; Government commandeers all automobiles; Gen. Joffre and army congratulated by President Poincaré.
- Sept. 12—Road from Havre to Paris reopened, rail service being resumed; fresh troops ready in Paris.
- Sept. 14—Much booty has been taken from Germans; Senlis laid waste.
- Sept. 16—Troops accused of destroying German field hospital and killing doctors.
- Sept. 18—Stricter watch on spies; minors allowed to enlist, with permission of mothers.
- Sept. 19—Suffering in Lunéville; statement issued by Washington Embassy to show that Germany began the war.
- Sept. 20—Northern France is being laid waste; Menier château raided.
- Sept. 21—Foreign Office sends protest to neutrals against bombardment of Rheims Cathedral; Ambassador Jusserand lays complaint before United States State Department.
- Sept. 22—Loss in officers very heavy; their uniforms may be changed; refugees return to Paris.
- Sept. 23—Germans say they were compelled to bombard Rheims.
- Sept. 24—Germans admit aiming one shell at Rheims Cathedral to drive out observers; refugees advertise in newspapers for relatives.
- Sept. 25—Germans again shell Rheims Cathedral; formal complaint of German atrocities filed at United States State Department; statement by Ambassador Jusserand.
- Sept. 26—Stricter news censorship in Paris; Belgian refugees aid in gathering grapes at Bordeaux.
- Sept. 28—Joffre denies Rheims Cathedral was being used for observatory; two German spies shot.
- Sept. 30—Association of Architects expels German members.
- Oct. 2—French soldiers are charged by German Foreign office with torturing wounded at Orchies.
- Oct. 4—German charges officially denied.
- Oct. 6—German prisoners sentenced to die for looting.
- Oct. 7—French are charged by Germans with themselves pillaging French towns, an alleged order of Gen. Joffre being quoted.
- Oct. 11—Problem of caring for refugees becomes serious.
- Oct. 15—Learned societies plan expulsion of German members.

## GERMANY

- July 23—Government approves of Austria's course in Servian trouble.
- July 25—Berlin mobs want war; Kaiser leaves Norway for Berlin.
- July 26—War spirit in Berlin; French believe Government had hand in trouble, despite explanation of Baron von Schoen; Government wants Austro-Servian quarrel localized.
- July 27—Kaiser returns to Berlin and confers with military officers; Government was warned of mobilization of entire Russian Army; France still suspects that Government inspired Austria's note to Servia.
- July 28—Socialist anti-war meetings fail.
- July 29—Kaiser holds naval council of war and exchanges messages with the Czar.
- July 30—Government calls on Russia to stop mobilization within twenty-four hours; three questions put to Russia; panic at



- Saarbrücken; Cabinet meets at Potsdam; troops massing at Tsing-tau.
- July 31—Nation put under martial law; Kaiser makes speech in Berlin; "nuptials of war" of Prince Oscar and Countess von Bassewitz; Reichstag summoned; Crown Prince assigned to command.
- Aug. 1—Government's inquiry about France's intentions concerning ultimatum to Russia causes French mobilization; Kaiser signs mobilization order; Reichstag convoked; war speech by Chancellor; Government pressed Austria hard for understanding with Russia and tried to localize war; reserves in China go to Tsing-tau; officials in South Africa hurry home.
- Aug. 2—Russian Ambassador receives passport; ships at sea ordered to seek neutral port; Minister von Pourtales made demands upon Russian Foreign Minister three times; Albert Ballin says Kaiser sought peace; martial law declared in Kiaochow.
- Aug. 3—Rumor of invasion of Holland, but Minister gives assurance that neutrality will be respected; United States will protect German interests in Russia and other countries.
- Aug. 4—British envoy leaves Berlin; appeal made to Italy; Reichstag opens; speeches by Kaiser and by Chancellor, who promises to make reparation to Luxemburg and Belgium after the war; emergency measures.
- Aug. 5—Russian Ambassador and staff assaulted in Berlin; Embassy in St. Petersburg wrecked; school children sent to warmer crops.
- Aug. 7—Report that pressure was brought to bear on Italy to secure aid; Kaiser's proclamation to nation; soldiers march cheerfully to war; British Embassies stoned in Dresden and Berlin.
- Aug. 8—Threat to declare war on Italy; Russian official papers blame Germany for war; papers say Government is traduced.
- Aug. 9—Hermann Wendel, Socialist member of Reichstag, volunteers for service in the army.
- Aug. 10—Men of the Landsturm being mobilized.
- Aug. 11—Anti-war riots in Berlin.
- Aug. 12—Official hints that Kaiser halted attack on Liège to prevent further loss of life; attempt on life of Crown Prince at Aix-la-Chapelle; receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices acknowledged.
- Aug. 13—Troops in Belgian Luxemburg said to be starving; British, French, and Belgians charge cruelties by troops.
- Aug. 14—Chancellor states Germany's case and calls war a life-and-death struggle of the German and the Slav; report that Kaiser sent personal telegrams to Belgian King demanding surrender of Liège forts; aviators drop pamphlets over Poland urging revolt against Russia.
- Aug. 15—Government said to have asked Ambassador Whitlock to repeat to Belgium offer of increased territory in return for free passage of troops; belief that acquisition of Russian Poland is sought; many members of Hohenzollern family in field; French and English signs removed from shops.
- Aug. 16—Prisoners well treated by French; French say officers' corps is tyrannical and demoralized; Russians accused of cruelty.
- Aug. 17—Untrained men called to colors; Paris journal reports prisoners bitter against Kaiser.
- Aug. 18—Chancellor said to have called treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality a "scrap of paper"; E. G. Treat says Kaiser called the Czar an Asiatic barbarian.
- Aug. 19—Speech in Reichstag shows that Socialists are backing Government.
- Aug. 20—Alsation Deputies escape to France; Kaiser said to be responsible for attacks on Liège; Government asks United States to represent her in Far East in event of war with Japan.
- Aug. 21—Committee of merchants works to aid trade and addresses explanation of the war to Americans; French charge German prisoners with robbing the dead.
- Aug. 22—Japanese envoy ordered to leave Berlin; American Ambassador will look after interests of Japan; dum-dum bullets not used by Germans, it is declared; great mortality of officers attracts attention; England protests to United States against allowing fuel to be carried to cruisers at sea.
- Aug. 24—Full text of German "White Paper" printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES; German-Japanese Commercial Treaty will cease to be effective; statements on Belgium's conduct on battlefield protested against by Belgian Minister at Washington; Berlin newspapers given to returning Americans to meet alleged false reports.
- Aug. 25—Kaiser decorates two sons and Duke of Württemberg for bravery; tax levied on Brabant; boys from 16 to 19 years ordered to drill.
- Aug. 26—Prince of Saxe-Meiningen killed at Namur; food supply limitless, says Count von Bernstorff.
- Aug. 27—Food prices fixed by Government.
- Aug. 28—Emperor orders Ministry to care for fleeing population of East Prussia; army to be sent from Alsace.
- Aug. 29—Force withdrawn from Belgium to meet Russians; name of Englische Strasse in Berlin changed to Deutsche Strasse; Japanese State debt seized.
- Aug. 31—Fourteen staff officers captives of Allies; many losses have occurred in charges of massed infantry; Gen. von Stein says there will be no concession to Belgium; railways again open.

- Sept. 1—German officers take charge of mobilization of Turkish Army; Socialist manifesto assailing the Kaiser.
- Sept. 2—Casualty lists show heavy losses; new gun developed by Krupp hurls powerful shell; wireless reports to Washington Embassy accuse Russians of atrocities.
- Sept. 4—Czar says he will take from Prussia more than Kaiser gets in Belgium; Namur citizens starving.
- Sept. 5—Six hundred Japanese students captured on Dutch frontier; new official statement puts blame for destruction of Louvain on citizens; Prince Lichnowsky goes to front; Russian refugees from Germany charge cruelty.
- Sept. 6—Reichstag leaders pledge nation's entire strength.
- Sept. 8—Professors in universities will renounce distinctions conferred upon them by British universities.
- Sept. 9—Attempts made to obtain Dutch sympathy; Kaiser sends message to President Wilson, charging use of dum-dum bullets by Allies.
- Sept. 10—Experts from Krupp works brought down in aeroplane by Belgians.
- Sept. 11—Prince Engalitcheff charges atrocities on Russian border; Consular officers leave Egypt; aviators decorated by Kaiser.
- Sept. 12—Crown Prince appeals for tobacco for men; many officers and men decorated.
- Sept. 13—Gen. von Boehn's reply to Belgian charges of atrocities in Aerschot.
- Sept. 16—Government notifies China that Germany reserves right to deal with Chinese Empire as she sees fit because of breach of neutrality; placard set up in Compiègne asserting sovereignty over territories occupied.
- Sept. 17—Ambassador Gerard reports peace talk with Chancellor, who suggests that United States ask Allies their terms; heavy losses reported.
- Sept. 18—Prussian Guard Corps said to be wiped out; eight army corps leave Belgium and France for eastern frontier; Crown Prince appeals for clothing for soldiers.
- Sept. 19—Prince August William receives the Iron Cross; stories of looting in French towns; fine demanded of Lunéville; food problem acute for army in the west.
- Sept. 20—Some States of empire said to resent Prussia's plunging country into war.
- Sept. 21—Dutch traffic along the Rhine halted; soldiers' diaries show shortage of rations; discontent among Bavarian troops; French find iron crosses inscribed "1814-1914."
- Sept. 22—Troops accused of atrocities in report of Sir John French; Frenchwoman says artillerymen shelled hospital at Etain.
- Sept. 24—Fine of \$600,000 exacted from Tournai, Belgium, for death of one Uhlan.
- Sept. 25—General Staff lists prisoners for exchange and admits totals announced were erroneous; thirty-first casualty list given out.
- Sept. 26—Krupp works running night and day.
- Sept. 27—Epidemic of typhoid among soldiers.
- Sept. 28—Brussels used as intrenched camp; shortage of horses.
- Sept. 29—Big Krupp guns being placed on warships; Winter clothing for army ordered; Rotterdam hears that soldiers are ill from lack of food because commissariat broke down.
- Sept. 30—Krupp guns are dubbed "Busy Berthas"; women give gold ornaments in exchange for iron rings.
- Oct. 4—The King of Bavaria is in command of six army corps in Silesia.
- Oct. 5—Losses at Antwerp shown to be heavy.
- Oct. 8—Director of Berlin Royal Museum says that works of art brought into Germany will not be retained.
- Oct. 12—Prussia's losses estimated at 211,000; officials guard Antwerp from plunderers.
- Oct. 14—Notice sent to Holland that status of River Scheldt will be continued as heretofore; rejoicing in Berlin over fall of Antwerp.

## HOLLAND

- July 30—Government declares neutrality.
- July 31—Mobilization of army ordered; Austrian Government steamer detained for time, but released.
- Aug. 2—Country may be flooded to prevent invasion; fear that Germany may not respect neutrality; bill in Parliament to stabilize food prices.
- Aug. 3—Rumor of invasion, but German Minister promises that neutrality will be respected.
- Aug. 5—Reservists in America summoned.
- Aug. 6—Neutrality in Anglo-German and Belgo-German wars declared.
- Aug. 8—Frontier guarded.
- Aug. 9—Uhlans captured and disarmed at Maastricht.
- Aug. 10—Queen Wilhelmina suggests formation of committee to aid the needy.
- Aug. 11—Martial law in several provinces.
- Aug. 13—Troops massed on frontier; some districts flooded.
- Aug. 15—Queen orders Court festivities canceled.
- Aug. 16—Paralysis of trade in Rotterdam will render thousands destitute.
- Aug. 18—Everything ready to flood frontier if Germany strikes.
- Aug. 20—Food supply causes anxiety; patrols capture German aeroplane.
- Aug. 21—Country prepared against invasion; soldiers fire on Zeppelin using searchlight; declaration of neutrality renewed; bakers making bread from potatoes; people of Tongres flee from Germans.
- Aug. 23—Minister of Industry and Commerce assures England that goods will not be improperly supplied to Germany.
- Aug. 25—Mobilization ceased.

- Aug. 29—Southern frontier under martial law.
- Sept. 9—Germans want people's sympathy; some places put in state of siege; rice substituted for wheat flour.
- Sept. 15—Artists protest to German Emperor against destruction of Louvain.
- Sept. 26—Martial law on eastern frontier to stop smuggling of goods into Germany.
- Oct. 2—Neutrality is being maintained at great cost; trade is paralyzed.
- Oct. 3—Severe embargo on foodstuffs.
- Oct. 7—Amsterdam fixes price of wheat.

## INDIA

- Aug. 15—Mass meetings in Calcutta and Bombay to voice people's loyalty to England.
- Aug. 26—Moslems still loyal to England.
- Aug. 28—Troops will be sent to France.
- Sept. 9—Men and money offered to England; message from Viceroy read in House of Commons.
- Sept. 14—German tale of revolution denied; loyalty reported by British Foreign Office.
- Sept. 15—Mussulmans in Russia support declaration of loyalty to England.
- Sept. 21—Aga Khan, leader of Moham-medans, offers to enlist; potentates eager to serve.
- Sept. 24—Preparations for comfort of soldiers being made in England.
- Oct. 1—Troops land in France; message to them from King George.
- Oct. 2—Great welcome given to troops at Marseilles.

## ITALY

- July 24—Country will simply safeguard her interests in the Balkans and on the Adriatic; appeal made to other countries to be conciliatory.
- July 25—No disposition to espouse Austria's cause.
- July 26—Government looks to England to prevent war.
- July 28—Concentration of the first and second naval squadrons ordered at Gaeta; warships on the Clyde ordered home.
- July 31—Government assured that Austria is not seeking more territory.
- Aug. 1—Government informs Germany of neutrality and says obligations under Triple Alliance apply only to defensive war.
- Aug. 2—Cabinet ratifies declaration of neutrality; Government orders all Bourses closed.
- Aug. 3—Fleet assembles in Far East; neutrality formally proclaimed, but reserves are called to colors.
- Aug. 5—Report of German ultimatum to Italy; war may be declared on Austria.
- Aug. 6—Ambassador to London justifies attitude of neutrality.
- Aug. 7—Germany and Austria bring strong pressure to bear to obtain aid.
- Aug. 8—Germany and Austria threaten war;

- King said to be indignant at reported offer of colonies in return for aid.
- Aug. 13—Alpine passes and northern frontier guarded.
- Aug. 14—Government aroused by report that Turkey has purchased two German cruisers.
- Aug. 16—Strong feeling in favor of England.
- Aug. 19—Refugees from Germany complain of outrages.
- Aug. 21—Prefects vote against joining with Germany.
- Aug. 24—German Ambassador's efforts fail to persuade press to advocate intervention; Allies are pressing Italy.
- Aug. 31—Romans leave cards at Belgian Legation to show sympathy over Louvain.
- Sept. 7—Social Reform Party indorses neutrality.
- Sept. 13—Populace of Rome cheers for France.
- Sept. 14—Radicals favor war; anti-Austrian demonstration in Rome.
- Sept. 16—Rioters in large cities demand aid to Allies.
- Sept. 20—More than 500,000 men are under arms.
- Sept. 21—Damage to Rheims Cathedral arouses sympathy for France; British Embassy in Rome cheered.
- Sept. 22—Thousands offer to enlist in British Army.
- Sept. 30—Gabriele d'Annunzio urges country to join Allies.

## JAPAN

- July 30—Alliance with England may involve Government in war in case of attack on British warships.
- Aug. 1—Navy prepared.
- Aug. 2—Emperor summons Council and asks War Minister to report on condition of army; warships get ready.
- Aug. 4—Proclamation prepares people for war on behalf of England.
- Aug. 5—Count Okuma says Japan would have liked to join the United States in Mediation offer.
- Aug. 7—Warships off Tsing-tau; reserve army officers told to be ready; navy squadron organized.
- Aug. 11—Army aboard transports.
- Aug. 12—Telegraphic communication with Europe interrupted; Ambassador confers with Russian Foreign Minister.
- Aug. 17—Official announcement in London that Japanese operations will be confined to China Sea and to protection; ultimatum to Germany made with concurrence of England.
- Aug. 18—Count Okuma emphasizes war limitation and England reassures the United States; ultimatum to Germany was not inspired by England.
- Aug. 20—Count Okuma denies that Government has territorial ambitions.
- Aug. 21—United States sends formal declaration of policy bearing on ultimatum.



- Sept. 5—Baron Kato makes speech in Diet outlining events leading up to war with Germany and break with Austria, and thanking United States for good offices.
- Sept. 10—Government tells Russia that no peace will be concluded until Allies consent.
- Sept. 15—Papers controlled by Germans ordered suppressed.
- Sept. 26—Charges of misconduct on part of troops in China denied at Washington Embassy.
- Oct. 5—Assurance given to China that Shantung Railroad will only be used temporarily.
- Oct. 7—Ambassador Guthrie and embassy at Washington assure State Department that taking of Jaluit Island is only a temporary move.
- Oct. 15—England tells China that she cannot interfere with the occupation of railroad.

### RUSSIA

- July 21—Belief that Government will aid Serbia in possible conflict with Austria.
- July 24—Cabinet meets; Government will ask Austria to extend time allowed for Serbia's answer to ultimatum.
- July 25—Army is mobilizing.
- July 26—Warning to Germany against invasion of Serbia; army manoeuvres countermanded, but Government still hopes for peace.
- July 27—Czar warns Germany of general mobilization of army.
- July 28—Force masses on eastern border; lights along Black Sea coast ordered extinguished.
- July 29—Intervention imminent; prayers for Serb victory; Baltic lights out; Czar summons reservists.
- July 30—Germany demands halting of mobilization within twenty-four hours and sends Grand Duke of Hesse to urge peace; war activity in Warsaw; railroads taken over.
- July 31—Railway bridge on Vienna-Warsaw line blown up; no reply sent to German note; mobilization order.
- Aug. 3—Czar issues statement outlining events leading up to war.
- Aug. 8—Czar addresses Duma and Council of Empire; Duma pledges people to country's defense.
- Aug. 9—Minister Sazonof, in speech before Duma, blames Austria for war.
- Aug. 10—Government acknowledges receipt of President Wilson's offer of good offices.
- Aug. 14—Army works in secret, 5,500,000 men mobilized; Poles support Russia.
- Aug. 15—Home rule promised to Poland after war if people remain loyal.
- Aug. 16—Poles enthusiastic over promise of autonomy.
- Aug. 17—Unrestricted use of Dardanelles demanded of Turkey.
- Aug. 18—Many Poles join army.
- Aug. 24—Finns loyal.
- Aug. 27—Poles loyal; St. Petersburg well supplied with food.
- Sept. 1—Name of St. Petersburg changed to Petrograd; other cities with German names would have them Russianized; Germany charges atrocities in East Prussia.
- Sept. 3—Report that soldiers have been sent to Belgium through Scotland.
- Sept. 4—Gen. Bobrinsky appointed Governor of Galicia.
- Sept. 6—Year's provisions seized at Lemberg, which is to be called Lvov.
- Sept. 12—Prisoners are proving a problem.
- Sept. 14—British Press Bureau denies that troops have landed in Belgium or France.
- Sept. 16—Proclamation issued to captured Austrian districts.
- Sept. 21—"Orange Book" shows Government's negotiations in cause of peace.
- Sept. 27—Full text of "Orange Book" printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES.
- Sept. 28—Soldiers occupy Tilsit estate of German Emperor; war fund presented to Czar by Petrograd bankers.
- Oct. 8—Lemberg made a province.
- Oct. 15—Refugees are a serious problem in Warsaw.

### SERVIA

- July 25—Parliament will meet in special session; King Peter moves capital from Belgrade to Kraguyavatz.
- July 26—Army mobilizing; Crown Prince will command it; panic in Belgrade as people flee.
- July 28—King Peter goes to Nish.
- Aug. 4—Sending of press dispatches forbidden.
- Aug. 8—Full text given out of Austria's ultimatum and of reply.
- Sept. 19—Government will conclude peace with Austria only by acting with Triple Entente.

### RESERVISTS

- July 26—Ambassador Dumba tells Consuls to warn Austrian reservists to prepare to return for service; Serbs in New York ready to sail.
- July 27—Austrians await call.
- July 28—Chicago Serbs anxious to return home.
- July 29—Reservists ordered to return to Austria; Servians in Indiana ordered to await call.
- July 30—Servians in New York prepare to sail; Giuseppe Garibaldi will fight for Serbia if Italy remains neutral.
- Aug. 1—Mass meeting of Slavs in Central Opera House, New York City; Dr. Winter issues proclamation for general mobilization of Austrians in New York district.
- Aug. 2—Swiss called to colors; Germany and France recall all military reserves; England sends for naval reserves.
- Aug. 4—Many flock to consulates; Servians fight to sail on Greek ship; French and British reservists leave Canada; Austro-

- Hungarian Military Benevolent Society formed in New York; hotels affected by leaving of French chefs.
- Aug. 5—Canadians respond to call; 2,000 Frenchmen sail on La Lorraine.
- Aug. 6—Attempt to ship Austrians, Hungarians and Germans given up; English and French to go; many leave destitute families.
- Aug. 7—Reservists will go as individuals, not as organized parties, by order of Department of Commerce.
- Aug. 15—Many Frenchmen sail on the Rochambeau; Dutch and Germans on the Potsdam; Secretary Bryan says men in America cannot be forced to join foreign armies.
- Aug. 22—British ordered to be ready for call to colors.
- Aug. 25—German and Austrian reservists on the Potsdam taken prisoners at Falmouth, England.
- Aug. 31—British vessels take Austrian and German reservists from two Pacific Mail liners near Hongkong.
- Sept. 5—German reservists from Holland-America liner Nieuw Amsterdam held prisoners by France; French reservists sail on the Espagne; Germans from Puerto Colombia reach New York.
- Sept. 9—British cruiser captures the Noordam and makes German reservists prisoners.
- Sept. 25—Germans taken from Holland-America liner Absteldyk by British.

### RELIEF WORK

- Aug. 1—Hungarians form committee to aid New York families.
- Aug. 2—Austrian headquarters established in New York City.
- Aug. 6—Prince of Wales starts fund.
- Aug. 7—American women of title in England start fund; American Ambulance Corps organized in Paris by Mrs. Herrick.
- Aug. 8—Committee of American women formed in London to aid sufferers; gift from Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and many other contributions; Belgians in New York form relief committee; French fund started in New York.
- Aug. 10—French-Belgian relief fund started in New York.
- Aug. 11—Ambassador Herrick asks Red Cross to send hospital supplies to Paris.
- Aug. 12—Duchess of Sutherland is at head of French Red Cross work in Brussels.
- Aug. 13—Rothschilds give \$200,000 to French fund.
- Aug. 14—Prince of Wales fund reaches \$5,000,000.
- Aug. 15—English nurses arrive in Brussels; Germans in New York start fund.
- Aug. 17—Servian societies aid Servian Red Cross.
- Aug. 21—Relief fund started in New York by German Historical Society, which gives iron ring as souvenir to contributors.
- Aug. 24—Ex-Empress Eugénie contributes to French fund.
- Aug. 27—Noblemen in England offer homes to Red Cross.
- Aug. 31—Appeal for aid in equipment of American Hospital in Paris.
- Sept. 1—British War Office accepts Oldway House equipped as hospital by American women; large contributions in London.
- Sept. 7—American ambulance corps first on field near Paris.
- Sept. 8—Mrs. W. E. Corey places château in France at the disposal of the Red Cross.
- Sept. 12—Hanotiaux issues appeal for French refugees; Duchess of Marlborough to aid servants out of work; Duchess of Westminster a nurse.
- Sept. 13—Briand thanks American women for care of wounded in Paris; Ambassador Jusserand will forward money for French Red Cross.
- Sept. 14—Chinese send Red Cross men to aid Japanese and Germans at Kiao-Chau; American Red Cross steamship Red Cross sails from New York.
- Sept. 15—Work of rich American women praised by French Socialist organ; Mrs. Penfield organizes corps of Red Cross workers in Vienna; Prince of Wales fund increased by soccer teams.
- Sept. 17—Babies and Mothers' League formed in London.
- Sept. 19—Committee of Mercy formed in New York City.
- Sept. 20—Belgian Legation in Washington plans aid for women and children.
- Sept. 23—Lady Paget appeals to American women for socks.
- Sept. 25—American Women's Fund in London gives six motor ambulances; home of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Depew on the Oise used for hospital.
- Sept. 28—Appeal for Belgian relief addressed to Canada repeated to United States.
- Sept. 29—England generous in offering homes to Belgian refugees.
- Sept. 30—Duchess of Marlborough to act for Committee of Mercy in Great Britain.
- Oct. 5—Prince of Wales fund reaches \$15,000,000.
- Oct. 8—Mrs. J. P. Morgan on shipboard knits socks for soldiers; praise is given to the work done by the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris under Dr. J. A. Blake.

### PEACE AND MEDIATION

- Sept. 7—Germany reported ready for peace; Oscar Straus and diplomats confer with Secretary Bryan.
- Sept. 8—Secretary Bryan and Ambassador Spring-Rice deny peace proposals.
- Sept. 10—Bankers' peace movement afoot; German banks feel strain; Pope issues appeal.
- Sept. 11—Apostolic Delegate in Washington has mission on mediation to President Wilson; opinion in England that peace moves must wait.

Sept. 12—Kaiser has received informal inquiry from United States Government; Allies will unite in demanding compensation for Belgium.

Sept. 17—Report of preliminary steps for peace between Austria and Russia; Ambassador Gerard reports conversation with German Chancellor, suggesting that Allies state terms.

Sept. 18—England denies that Germany and Austria have made peace proposals; Gerard's message will probably be sent to Allies, but United States will make no further move at present; President Wilson receives appeal from women of all nations and from General Conference of Friends.

Sept. 19—Ambassador Gerard's message has not been forwarded to any embassy; National Peace Council in England thanks President Wilson for mediation offer.

Sept. 21—President Wilson believes time has not come to move for peace; he receives appeal from suffragists.

Sept. 23—Ambassador von Bernstorff denies that German Government initiated peace propositions.

Sept. 26—Churches start peace campaigns to further efforts made by President Wilson.

Oct. 4—Prayers for peace held in churches throughout United States in accordance with request in proclamation by President Wilson.

## THE MEN OF THE EMDEN

By THOMAS R. YBARRA

WHAT matter if you  
Be stanch and true  
To the British blood in the veins of  
you,

When it's "hip hurrah!" for a deed well  
done,

For a fight well fought and race well  
run—

What matter if you be true?

Hats off to the Emden's crew!

Theirs was the life of the storm-god's folk,  
Uncounted miles from the Fatherland,

With a foe beneath every wisp of smoke,  
And a menace in every strip of strand.

Up, glasses! Paul Jones was but one of  
these,

Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, their brothers,  
too!

(Ha! those pirate nights

In a ring of foes,

When you douse your lights

And drive home your blows!)

Hats off to the Emden's crew!

Erect on the wave-washed decks stood they  
And heard with a Viking's grim delight

The whirl of the wings of death by day

And the voice of death in their dreams by  
night!

Under the sweep of the wings of death,  
By the blazing gun, in the tempest's breath,

While a world of enemies strove and fumed,  
Remote, unaided, undaunted, doomed,

They stood—is there any, friend or foe,  
Who will choke a cheer?—who can still but

scoff?

No, no, by the gods of valor, no!

To the Emden's crew—

Hats off!



## PERIOD V.

Russia and Europe's War—Appeal for the Poles—Prohibition of the Sale of Vodka—The Russian Juggernaut—Confiscation of German Patents—Fate of the Jews in Poland—With the German Army—The Raid on Scarborough—The Battle of New Year's Day—Belgrade as a Skeleton City—The "Chant of Hate"—Germany's Strategic Railways.

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# The New Russia Speaks

## An Appeal by Russian Authors, Artists, and Actors

[From the *Russkia Vedomosti*, Sept. 28, (Oct. 11,) 1914]

**W**E appeal to our country, we appeal to the whole civilized world.

What our heart and our reason refused to believe has come indisputably true, to the greatest shame of humanity. Every new day brings new horrible proofs of the cruelty and the vandalism of the Germans in the bloody clash of nations which we are witnessing, in that mutual slaughtering of brothers provoked by the madness of these same Germans; in their vainglorious ambition to rule the world with violence, they are throwing upon the scales of the world's justice nothing but the sword. We fancy that Germany, oblivious of her past fame, has turned to the altars of her cruel national gods whose defeat has been accomplished by the incarnation of the one gracious God upon earth. Her

warriors seem to have assumed the miserable duty of reminding humanity of the latent vigor of the aboriginal beast within man, of the fact that even the leading nations of civilization, by letting loose their ill-will, may easily fall back on an equal footing with their forefathers—those half naked bands that fifteen centuries ago trampled under their heavy feet the ancient inheritance of civilization. As in the days of yore, again priceless productions of art, temples, and libraries perish in conflagration, whole cities and towns are wiped off the face of the earth, rivers are overflowing with blood, through heaps of corpses savage men are hewing their path, and those whose lips are shouting in honor of their criminal supreme commander are inflicting untold tortures and infamies upon defenseless people, upon

aged men and women, upon captives and wounded.

Let these horrible crimes be entered upon the Book of Fate with eternal letters! These crimes shall awake within us one sole burning wish—to wrest the arms from the barbarous hands, to deprive Germany forever of that brutal power upon whose achievement she has concentrated all her thoughts. Already the seed of national pride and of hatred, widely sown by her, has awakened a magnificent growth. This hatred may spread like wildfire among other nations, and then will resound the voice of those blinded by wrath, the voice of those demanding vengeance, the voice of those repudiating everything great and

beautiful among the creations of the German genius to the rejoicing and for the benefit of all mankind.

But let us remember the disastrous results of such a course—for the black crimes thrust by Germany upon herself by drawing the sword, and the outrages in which she has indulged herself while drunk with victory are the inevitable fruits of the darkness which she has voluntarily entered. At present she is pursuing this course, encouraged even by her poets, scientists, and social and political leaders.

Her adversaries, carrying peace and victory to their peoples, shall indeed be inspired solely by holy motives.

*Signed by:*

- K. ARSENIYEV, I. BUNIN, A. VESSELOVSKI, NESTOR KOTLIAREVSKI, and D. OVSIANIKO-KULIKOVSKI, Honorary members of the Academy.
- F. KORSCH, Regular Member of the Academy.
- A. GRUZINSKI, President of the Society of the Amateurs of Russian Literature.
- Prof. P. SAKULIN, Vice President.
- Prof. L. LOPATIN, President of the Moscow Psychological Association.
- N. DAVYDOV, President of the Tolstoy League of Moscow.
- Prince V. GOLYTZIN, President of the Literary, Dramatic and Musical Society of A. N. Ostrovski.
- S. SHPAZINSKI, President of the League of Russian Authors and Composers.
- I. KONDRATIEV, Secretary.
- I. POPOV, President of the Literary-Artistic Circle.
- S. IVANTZOV, Vice President.
- V. FRITSCH, President of the Council of the Newspaper Writers and Authors' Association.
- V. ANZIMIROV, Chairman of the Board.
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M. IPPOLITOV-IVANOV, Director of the Moscow Conservatory; ancient professor, I. GRZHIMALI; professor, A. ILINSKI.

P. KOTSCHETOV, Director of the Musical and Dramatical School of the Philharmonic Society; A. BRANDUKOV, Inspector of same school; professor, A. KORESHTSCHENKO.

Y. VASILIEVA, President of the Actors' Aid Society.

## Russia in Literature

### By British Men of Letters

*The following address, signed by a number of distinguished writers in Great Britain, and intended for publication in Russia, appeared in The London Times on Dec. 23, 1914:*

TO Our Colleagues in Russia: At this moment, when your countrymen and ours are alike facing death for the deliverance of Europe, we Englishmen of letters take the opportunity of uttering to you feelings which have been in our hearts for many years. You yourselves perhaps hardly realize what an inspiration Englishmen of the last two generations have found in your literature.

Many a writer among us can still call back, from ten or twenty or thirty years

ago, the feeling of delight and almost of bewilderment with which he read his first Russian novel. Perhaps it was "Virgin Soil" or "Fathers and Sons," perhaps "War and Peace" or "Anna Karenina"; perhaps "Crime and Punishment" or "The Idiot"; perhaps, again, it was the work of some author still living. But many of us then felt, as our poet Keats felt on first reading Homer,

"like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken."



It was a strange world that opened before us, a world full of foreign names which we could neither pronounce nor remember, of foreign customs and articles of daily life which we could not understand. Yet beneath all the strangeness there was a deep sense of having discovered a new home, of meeting our unknown kindred, of finding expressed great burdens of thought which had lain unspoken and half-realized at the depths of our own minds. The books were very different one from another, sometimes they were mutually hostile; yet we found in all some quality which made them one, and made us at one with them. We will not attempt to analyze that quality. It was, perhaps, in part, that deep Russian tenderness, which never derides but only pities and respects the unfortunate; in part that simple Russian sincerity which never fears to see the truth and to express it; but most of all it was that ever-present sense of spiritual values, behind the material and utterly transcending the material, which enables Russian literature to move so naturally in a world of the spirit, where there are no barriers between the ages and the nations, but all mankind is one.

And they call you "barbarians"! The fact should make us ask again what we mean by the words "culture" and "civilization." Critics used once to call our Shakespeare a barbarian, and might equally well give the same name to Aeschylus or Isaiah. All poets and prophets are in this sense barbarians, that they will not measure life by the standards of external "culture." And it is at a time like this, when the material civilization of Europe seems to have betrayed us and shown the lie at its heart, that we realize that the poets and prophets are right, and that we must, like them and like your great writers, once more see life with the simplicity of the barbarian or the child, if we are to regain our peace and freedom and build up a better civilization on the ruins of this that is crumbling.

That task, we trust, will some day lie

before us. When at last our victorious fleets and armies meet together, and the allied nations of East and West set themselves to restore the well-being of many millions of ruined homes, France and Great Britain will assuredly bring their large contributions of good-will and wisdom, but your country will have something to contribute which is all its own. It is not only because of your valor in war and your achievements in art, science, and letters that we rejoice to have you for allies and friends; it is for some quality in Russia herself, something both profound and humane, of which these achievements are the outcome and the expression.

You, like us, entered upon this war to defend a weak and threatened nation, which trusted you, against the lawless aggression of a strong military power; you, like us, have continued it as a war of self-defense and self-emancipation. When the end comes and we can breathe again, we will help one another to remember the spirit in which our allied nations took up arms, and thus work together in a changed Europe to protect the weak, to liberate the oppressed, and to bring eventual healing to the wounds inflicted on suffering mankind both by ourselves and our enemies.

With assurances of our friendship and gratitude, we sign ourselves,

|                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| WILLIAM ARCHER,     | J. W. MACKAIL,        |
| MAURICE BARING,     | JOHN MASEFIELD,       |
| J. M. BARRIE,       | A. E. W. MASON,       |
| ARNOLD BENNETT,     | AYLMER MAUDE,         |
| A. C. BRADLEY,      | ALICE MEYNELL,        |
| ROBERT BRIDGES,     | GILBERT MURRAY,       |
| HALL CAINE,         | HENRY NEWBOLT,        |
| G. K. CHESTERTON,   | GILBERT PARKER,       |
| ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, | ERNEST DE SELINCOURT, |
| NEVILL FORBES,      | MAY SINCLAIR,         |
| JOHN GALSWORTHY,    | D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, |
| CONSTANCE GARNETT,  | EDWARD GARNETT,       |
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| THOMAS HARDY,       | H. G. WELLS,          |
| JANE HARRISON,      | MARGARET L. WOODS,    |
| ANTHONY HOPE,       | C. HAGEBERG WRIGHT    |
| HENRY JAMES,        |                       |

# RUSSIA AND EUROPE'S WAR

By Paul Vinogradoff

*The following letter to The London Times by Paul Vinogradoff, Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford University, appeared on Sept 14, 1914. Prof. Vinogradoff was invited to return to Russia a few years ago to become a Minister of State, but on going there he found the Ministry not liberal enough for him, and returned to Oxford.*

IN this time of crisis, when the clash of ideas seems as fierce as the struggle of the hosts, it is the duty of those who possess authentic information on one or the other point in dispute to speak out firmly and clearly. I should like to contribute some observations on German and Russian conceptions in matters of culture. I base my claim to be heard on the fact that I have had the privilege of being closely connected with Russian, German, and English life. As a Russian Liberal, who had to give up an honorable position at home for the sake of his opinions, I can hardly be suspected of subserviency to the Russian bureaucracy.

I am struck with the insistence with which the Germans represent their cause in this worldwide struggle as the cause of civilization as opposed to Muscovite barbarism; and I am not sure that some of my English friends do not feel reluctant to side with the subjects of the Czar against the countrymen of Harnack and Eucken. One would like to know, however, since when did the Germans take up this attitude? They were not so squeamish during the "war of emancipation," which gave birth to modern Germany. At that time the people of Eastern Prussia were anxiously waiting for the appearance of Cossacks as heralds of the Russian hosts who were to emancipate them from the yoke of Napoleon. Did the Prussians and Austrians reflect on the humiliation of an alliance with the Muscovites, and on the superiority of the code civil when the Russian

Guard at Kulm stood like a rock against the desperate onslaughts of Vandamme? Perhaps by this time the inhabitants of Berlin have obliterated the bas-relief in the Alley of Victories, representing Prince William of Prussia, the future victor of Sedan, seeking safety within the square of the Kaluga regiment! Russian blood has flowed in numberless battles in the cause of the Germans and Austrians. The present Armageddon might perhaps have been avoided if Emperor Nicholas I. had left the Hapsburg monarchy to its own resources in 1849, and had not unwisely crushed the independence of Hungary. Within our memory, the benevolent neutrality of Russia guarded Germany in 1870 from an attack in the rear by its opponents of Sadowa. Are all such facts to be explained away on the ground that the despised Muscovites may be occasionally useful as "gun meat," but are guilty of sacrilege if they take up a stand against German taskmasters in "shining armor"? The older generations of Germany had not yet reached that comfortable conclusion. The last recommendation which the founder of the German Empire made on his deathbed to his grandson was to keep on good terms with that Russia which is now proclaimed to be a debased mixture of Byzantine, Tartar, and Muscovite abominations.

Fortunately, the course of history does not depend on the frantic exaggerations of partisans. The world is not a classroom in which docile nations are distributed according to the arbitrary stand-

ards of German pedagogues. Europe has admired the patriotic resistance of the Spanish, Tyrolese, and Russian peasants to the enlightened tyranny of Napoleon. There are other standards of culture besides proficiency in research and aptitude for systematic work. The massacre of Louvain, the hideous brutality of the Germans—as regards non-combatants—to mention only one or two of the appalling occurrences of these last weeks—have thrown a lurid light on the real character of twentieth-century German culture. “By their fruits ye shall know them,” said our Lord, and the saying which He aimed at the Scribes and Pharisees of His time is indeed applicable to the proud votaries of German civilization today. Nobody wishes to underestimate the services rendered by the German people to the cause of European progress, but those who have known Germany during the years following on the achievements of 1870 have watched with dismay the growth of that arrogant conceit which the Greeks called *ubris*. The cold-blooded barbarity advocated by Bernhardi, the cynical view taken of international treaties and of the obligations of honor by the German Chancellor—these things reveal a spirit which it would be difficult indeed to describe as a sign of progress.

One of the effects of such a frame of mind is to strike the victim of it with blindness. This symptom has been manifest in the stupendous blunders of German diplomacy. The successors of Bismarck have alienated their natural allies, such as Italy and Rumania, and have driven England into this war against the evident intentions of English Radicals. But the Germans have misconceived even more important things—they set out on their adventure in the belief that England would be embarrassed by civil war and unable to take any effective part in the fray; and they had to learn something which all their writers had not taught them—that there is a nation's spirit watching over England's safety and greatness, a spirit at whose mighty call all party differences and racial strifes fade into insignificance. In the same way they had reck-

oned on the unpreparedness of Russia, in consequence of internal dissensions and administrative weakness, without taking heed of the love of all Russians for Russia, of their devotion to the long-suffering giant whose life is throbbing in their veins. The Germans expected to encounter raw and sluggish troops under intriguing time-servers and military Hamlets whose “native hue of resolution” had been “sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought.” Instead of that they were confronted with soldiers of the same type as those whom Frederick the Great and Napoleon admired, led at last by chiefs worthy of their men. And behind these soldiers they discovered a nation. Do they realize now what a force they have awakened? Do they understand that a steadfast, indomitable resolution, despising all theatrical display, is moving Russia's hosts? Even if the Russian Generals had proved mediocre, even if many disappointing days had been in store, the nation would not belie its history. It has seen more than one conquering army go down before it—the Tartars and the Poles, the Swedes of Charles XII., the Prussians of Frederick the Great, the Grand Army of Napoleon were not less formidable than the Kaiser's army, but the task of mastering a united Russia proved too much for each one of them. The Germans counted on the fratricidal feud between Poles and Russians, on the resentment of the Jews, on the Mohammedan sympathies with Turkey, and so forth. They had to learn too late that the Jews had rallied around the country of their hearths, and that the best of them cannot believe that Russia will continue to deny them the measure of justice and humanity which the leaders of Russian thought have long acknowledged to be due to them. More important still, the Germans have read the Grand Duke's appeal to the Poles and must have heard of the manner in which it was received in Poland, of the enthusiastic support offered to the Russian cause. If nothing else came of this great historical upheaval but the reconciliation of the Russians and their noble kinsmen the Poles, the sacrifices which this crisis demands



would not be too great a price to pay for the result.

But the hour of trial has revealed other things. It has appealed to the best feelings and the best elements of the Russian Nation. It has brought out in a striking manner the fundamental tendency of Russian political life and the essence of Russian culture, which so many people have been unable to perceive on account of the chaff on the surface. Russia has been going through a painful crisis. In the words of the manifesto of Oct. 17, (30,) 1905, the outward casing of her administration had become too narrow and oppressive for the development of society with its growing needs, its altered perceptions of rights and duties, its changed relations between Government and people. The result was that deep-seated political malaise which made itself felt during the Japanese war, when society at large refused to take any interest in the fate of the army; the feverish rush for "liberties" after the defeat; the subsequent reign of reaction and repression, which has cast such a gloom over Russian life during these last years. But the effort of the national struggle had dwarfed all these misunderstandings and misfortunes as in Great Britain the call of the common fatherland has dwarfed the dispute between Unionists and Home Rulers. Russian parties have not renounced their aspirations; Russian Liberals in particular believe in self-government and the rule of law as firmly as ever. But they have realized as one man that this war is not an adventure engineered by unscrupulous ambition, but a decisive struggle for independence and existence; and they are glad to be arrayed in close ranks with their opponents from the Conservative side. A friend, a Liberal like myself, writes to me from Moscow: "It is a great, unforgettable time; we are happy to be all at one!" And from the ranks of the most unfortunate of Russia's children, from the haunts of the political exiles in Paris, comes the news that Bourtzeff, one of the most prominent among the revolutionary leaders, has addressed an appeal to his comrades

urging them to stand by their country to the utmost of their power.

I may add that whatever may have been the shortcomings and the blunders of the Russian Government, it is a blessing in this decisive crisis that Russians should have a firmly knit organization and a traditional centre of authority in the power of the Czar. The present Emperor stands as the national leader, not in the histrionic attitude of a war lord but in the quiet dignity of his office. He has said and done the right thing, and his subjects will follow him to a man. We are sure he will remember in the hour of victory the unstinted devotion and sacrifices of all the nationalities and parties of his vast empire. It is our firm conviction that the sad tale of reaction and oppression is at an end in Russia, and that our country will issue from this momentous crisis with the insight and strength required for the constructive and progressive statesmanship of which it stands in need.

Apart from the details of political and social reform, is the regeneration of Russia a boon or a peril to European civilization? The declarations of the Germans have been as misleading in this respect as in all others. The master works of Russian literature are accessible in translation nowadays, and the cheap taunts of men like Bernhardi recoil on their own heads. A nation represented by Pushkin, Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky in literature, by Kramskoy, Verestchagin, Repin, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Tchaikovsky in art, by Mendeleiff, Metchnikoff, Pavloff in science, by Kluchevsky and Solovieff in history, need not be ashamed to enter the lists in an international competition for the prizes of culture. But the German historians ought to have taught their pupils that in the world of ideas it is not such competitions that are important. A nation handicapped by its geography may have to start later in the field, and yet her performance may be relatively better than that of her more favored neighbors. It is astonishing to read German diatribes about Russian backwardness when one remembers that as recently as fifty years ago Austria and Prus-

sia were living under a régime which can hardly be considered more enlightened than the present rule in Russia. The Italians in Lombardy and Venice have still a vivid recollection of Austrian jails; and, as for Prussian militarism, one need not go further than the exploits of the Zabern garrisons to illustrate its meaning. This being so, it is not particularly to be wondered at that the eastern neighbor of Austria and Prussia has followed to some extent on the same lines.

But the general direction of Russia's evolution is not doubtful. Western students of her history might do well, instead of sedulously collecting damaging evidence, to pay some attention to the building up of Russia's universities, the persistent efforts of the Zemstovs, the independence and the zeal of the press. German scholars should read Herten's vivid description of the "idealists of the forties." And what about the history of the emancipation of the serfs, or of the regeneration of the judicature? The "reforms of the sixties" are a household word in Russia, and surely they are one of the noblest efforts ever made by a nation in the direction of moral improvement.

Looking somewhat deeper, what right have the Germans to speak of their cultural ideals as superior to those of the Russian people? They deride the superstitions of the mujikh, as if tapers and genuflexions were the principal matters of popular religion. Those who have studied the Russian people without prejudice know better than that. Read Selma Lagerloef's touching description of Russian pilgrims in Palestine. She, the Protestant, has understood the true significance of the religious impulse which leads these poor men to the Holy Land, and which draws them to the numberless churches of the vast country. These simple people cling to the belief that there is something else in God's world besides toil and greed; they flock toward the light, and find in it the justification of their human craving for peace and mercy. For the Russian people have the Christian virtues of patience in suffering; their pity for the poor and op-

pressed are more than occasional manifestations of individual feeling—they are deeply rooted in national psychology. This frame of mind has been scorned as fit for slaves! It is indeed a case where the learning of philosophers is put to shame by the insight of the simple-minded. Conquerors should remember that the greatest victories in history have been won by the unarmed—by the Christian confessors whom the Emperors sent to the lions, by the "old believers" of Russia who went to Siberia and to the flames for their unyielding faith, by the Russian serfs who preserved their human dignity and social cohesion in spite of the exactions of their masters, by the Italians, Poles, and Jews, when they were trampled under foot by their rulers. It is such a victory of the spirit that Tolstoy had in mind when he preached his gospel of non-resistance, and I do not think even a German on the war path would be blind enough to suppose that Tolstoy's message came from a craven soul. The orientation of the so-called "intelligent" class in Russia—that is, the educated middle class, which is much more numerous and influential than people suppose—is somewhat different, of course. It is "Western" in this sense, that it is imbued with current European ideas as to politics, economics, and law.

It has to a certain extent lost the simple faith and religious fervor of the peasants, but the keynote of popular ideals has been faithfully preserved by this class. It is still characteristically humanitarian in its view of the world and in its aims. A book like that of Gen. von Bernhardt would be impossible in Russia. If anybody were to publish it it would not only fall flat but earn for its author the reputation of a bloodhound. Many deeds of cruelty and brutality happen, of course, in Russia, but no writer of any standing would dream of building up a theory of violence in vindication of a claim to culture. It may be said, in fact, that the leaders of Russian public opinion are pacific, cosmopolitan, and humanitarian to a fault. The mystic philosopher Vladimir Solovieff used to dream of the union of the churches with

the Pope as the spiritual head, and democracy in the Russian sense as the broad basis of the rejuvenated Christendom. Dostoyevsky, a writer most sensitive to the claims of nationality in Russia, defined the ideal of the Russians in a celebrated speech as the embodiment of a universally humanitarian type. These are extremes, but characteristic extremes pointing to the trend of national thought. Russia is so huge and so strong that material power has ceased to be attractive to her thinkers. But we need not yet retire into the desert and

deliver ourselves to be bound hand and foot by civilized Germans. Russia also wields a sword—a charmed sword, blunt in an unrighteous cause, but sharp enough in the defense of right and freedom. And this war is indeed our “Befreiungskrieg.” The Slavs must have their chance in the history of the world, and the date of their coming of age will mark a new departure in the growth of civilization. Yours truly,

PAUL VINOGRADOFF.

Court Place, Iffley, Oxford.

## Russian Appeal for the Poles

By A. Konovalov

*Member of the Russian Duma*

[A Letter to the *Russkia Vedomosti*, Oct. 8, 1914]

THE population of Poland has been forced to experience the first horrible onslaught of the wrathful enemy. All points within the sphere of the German offensive offer a picture of utter desolation. The people are fleeing in horror before the advancing enemy, leaving their homes and their property to sure destruction. An uninterrupted line of arson fire shines on the sorrowful path of the exiles. Their fields have been devastated and furrowed by the trenches, their animals have been taken away, their savings have been wasted, and all their chattels destroyed. The prosperity of millions has been destroyed and men have been turned into homeless beggars without a morsel of bread.

The flight of these people is beyond description. One cannot fail to realize the stupefying horrors of such a deep and overwhelming national calamity. The strokes of fate have come down upon

the people of Poland with a most merciless cruelty. Shall we gaze upon these horrors with indifference? Can the Russian people remain neutral witnesses of the sufferings and privations thrust upon the population of the devastated country?

The Russians are making heavy sacrifices for the war, but in these historic days we must speed up our energies still more, we must double and treble our sacrifices. Let us not forget that despite all our sacrifices, despite all our sorrow and alarm, we are not deprived of peaceful work, we have not been drawn into destruction as the people of Poland have been. Without further delay we have to hasten to their aid.

A widely organized social aid must be brought to the fleeing people. We must provide them with shelter and food. These victims are flocking to the central provinces of Russia, to Moscow, and they must be assisted up to the time when



they shall be able to return to their country. It is necessary to ascertain the degree of their distress and to help to provide them with the necessities of life in places already cleared from the enemy by the aggressiveness of the Russian Army.

Of course, the main duty in the regaining of the prosperity of Poland lies with the Government. Only the Government is able to stand the expense of millions required for this task, only the State through its legislative organs is capable of creating the social, economic, and political conditions making possible the reconstruction of the civilization of Poland. But we also owe a duty of help, a sacred duty of immediate sympathy to those stricken with disaster.

To carry out our task we need funds. In submitting this problem to the Russian people, in calling upon it for the solution of this tremendous and pressing issue, as far as possible, I herewith for-

ward my little contribution of 10,000 rubles for aid to the people of Poland suffering from war.

A. KONOVALOV,  
Member of the Duma.

Moscow, Oct. 7, (20,) 1914.

Note.—Kononov's appeal met with a most generous response. Not only individuals and charitable associations came forward with funds and food, but a large number of Russian cities organized permanent aid committees for the benefit of the war victims in Poland. Street and house-to-house collections were organized, and considerable funds have already been collected. Not only Russians, but also the Armenians, the Jews, and other nationalities of Russia have shown a deep and substantial sympathy for the Poles.

Prince Trubetskoi's appeal emphasized the political side of this campaign of succor, while Mr. Kononov has given prominence to the human side of it. Prince Trubetskoi's appeal follows.

## I AM FOR PEACE!

By LURANA SHELDON

I AM of New England! A daughter of mountains,  
Wide-stretching fields, broad rivers that smile  
With the sun on their breasts. I am of the hills—  
The great, bald hills where the cattle roam.  
The peace of the valleys still clings and thrills,  
And the joy of the tinkling fountains,  
Where the deep-creviced boulders pile.  
I am of it, New England, my home!

The tenure of conflicts, the feeble thriving,  
Are lore of the past. Now the giant peaks  
May sleep and sleep. Their watch is ended.  
The beacon towers may crumble and fall.  
So well have my people defended—  
So well have they prospered through striving—  
Today her triumph New England speaks  
In the mantling calm that envelops all.

They have come to New England, the woeful invaders.  
The hills attracted, the valleys lured;  
They have sowed their seeds of disturbance and fear.  
They wrought for destruction, but all in vain.  
They were told that order was master here.  
The hills turned censors, the streams, up-braiders.  
No war of men should be fought, endured!  
They need wage no battle for peace again!

Like my native hills, my strife is ended;  
Like my sleeping hills, I have earned life's calm.  
The sun that smiles on New England's streams  
Bids human conflicts forever cease.  
Let those who must, writhe in their dreams  
At thought of days with horror blended.  
For me, the meadow's gentle balm—  
I am of New England—where all is peace!

# UNITED RUSSIA

By Peter Struve

[Prof. Peter Struve, editor of the monthly, *Russian Thought*, is recognized as one of the most acute political thinkers in Europe. He was one of the chief founders of the Constitutional Democratic Party (the Cadets) and was member for St. Petersburg in the Second Duma. He is also known as an economist of great erudition.]

PETROGRAD, Sept. 16, 1914.

THE future historian will note with astonishment that official Germany, when she declared war on Russia, was in no way informed of the state of public opinion in our country.

This is all the more astonishing because not a single country to the west of Russia maintains so close a communication with Russia as Germany. The Germans, better than other peoples, could and should have known Russia and her material resources, her internal state, and her moral condition. When she declared war on Russia, Germany evidently counted, above all, on the weakness of the Russian Army. There was nothing, however, to justify such an estimate of the armed forces of Russia. Certainly Russia had been beaten in the Japanese war, but in that war the decision was reached on the sea, and after the fall of Port Arthur the land war had no object. The Germans have probably convinced themselves already how superficial was such an estimate of the forces of Russia, but in reality their mistake was due to an entirely superficial view of the national culture of Russia and an extremely elementary idea of our internal development. The Germans did not believe that there is in Russia a genuine and growing national civilization, and did not understand that the liberation movement in Russia had not only not shaken the power of the Russian State, but had, on the contrary, increased it.

Not understanding this, they thought

that any blow from outside would tumble over the Russian State like a rotten tree. German aggression, on the contrary, united the whole population of Russia, and by this alone strengthened a hundredfold her external power. This, of course, would have been the natural effect of any attack from without upon any sound people or any State that was not in decomposition. But in this case there was something else. Such a war as this could not fail to take on at once the character both of a world war and of a national war. That is why in this struggle with Germany and Austria-Hungary, elemental forces united in one impulse and spirit both the Russian Radicals, with their tendency to cosmopolitanism, and the extreme Nationalist Conservatives. Nay, more than that, all the races of Russia understood that a challenge had been thrown out to Russia by Germany that morally compelled her, in the interests of the whole and of the various parts, to forget for the time all quarrels and grievances.

This showed itself in the most natural and inevitable way with the Poles, of whose national culture Germanism is the sworn foe. The well-known manifesto of the Commander in Chief did not awake this feeling among the Poles of Russia, but simply met it and gave it support. Equally natural and elemental was the patriotic outburst that spread among the Jews of Russia. In their case the political and social Radicalism which we always find in the Jews turned by some sound instinct against

German militarism, which had shown itself the chief cause and occasion of a world catastrophe.

The German declaration of war on Russia at once dispersed all doubts and hesitations in the many millions of the population of the Russian Empire. Some may put in the forefront of this war the struggle with the uncivilizing militarism of Prussia. Others may see in it, above all things, a struggle for the national principle and for the inured rights of nationalities—Serbians, Poles, and Belgians. Others, again, see in the war the only means of securing the peaceful future of Russia and her allies from the extravagant pretensions of Germany. But all alike feel that this war is a great, popular, liberating work, which starts a new epoch in the history of the world. Thus the war against United Germany and Austria-Hungary has become in Russia a truly national war. That is the enormous difference between it and the war with Japan, whose political grounds and objects, apart from self-defense against a hostile attack, were alien to the public conscience.

There is one other consideration which cannot be passed over in silence. In Russia many are convinced, and others instinctively feel, that a victorious war will contribute to the internal recovery and regeneration of the State. Many barriers have already fallen, national and political feuds have been softened, new conditions are being created for the mutual relations of the people and the Government. There is every reason to think that some members of the Government—unfortunately, it is true, not all—have understood that at the present time of complete national

union many of the old methods of administration and all the old Government psychology are not only out of place, but simply impossible. In one question, the Polish, this conviction has received the supreme sanction of the sovereign and of the Commander in Chief, and a striking expression in the latter's manifesto to the Poles. Further than this, the actual attitude of Russian Liberals and Radicals toward a whole series of problems and relations cannot fail to be changed. Thus the war will help to reconcile and soften many internal contradictions in Russia.

How far we are, with this state of public opinion and these perspectives of the internal development of Russia, from those fantastic pictures of civil disunion and revolutionary conflagration which were anticipated before the war and have sometimes been, even since the war, portrayed in the German and Austro-Hungarian press! Our enemies counted on these domestic divisions, and they have made a bitter mistake. Constitutional Russia, precisely because of the radical internal transformation which it has experienced in the period that began with the Japanese war, has proved to be fully equal to the immense universal and national task that has devolved upon it. The national and political consciousness of Russia not only has not weakened, but has wonderfully strengthened and taken shape. As one who has had a close and constant share in the struggle for the Russian Constitution, I can only note with the greatest satisfaction the striking result of Russia's entry into the number of constitutional States, a result which has so plainly showed itself in the tremendous part that Russia is playing in the great world-crisis of 1914.



# Prince Trubetskoi's Appeal to Russians to Help the Polish Victims of War

[Russkia Vedomosti, Oct. 8, (21,) 1914]

A NEW era of Russian-Polish relations has begun, and the noble initiative of A. J. Konovalov, who has donated 10,000 rubles for the needs of the war victims of Poland, offers a shining testimony.

Up to the present the Polish people have had relations with official Russia only. The war has brought them for the first time into immediate touch with *the Russian people*. Thousands of Polish exiles have gone forth to our central provinces. In Moscow alone there are not less than 1,000 former inhabitants of Kalisz, to say nothing of fleeing people from other provinces. Moscow, of course, attracts the largest number of these unfortunates. Some particular instinctive faith draws the Poles to Moscow, to the centre of popular Russia. To my query why she had chosen Moscow among all Russian cities, a poor Polish woman, the wife of a reservist, said:

"I was sent here by the military chief. 'Go to Moscow,' said he. 'You won't perish there.'"

And indeed in Moscow the Polish exiles have not perished. They have found here brotherly love, shelter, and food. The municipality of Moscow, numerous philanthropists, both Polish and Russian, are rendering them assistance.

It is needless to describe the impression made upon the Poles by this attitude of the people of Russia. A prominent municipal worker of the City of Kalisz, with tears in his eyes, told me: "Up to the present moment Poland has been segregated from Russia by a wall of officialdom erected by the Germans;

now for the first time this wall has been broken down, two peoples are seeing each other and feeling each other."

A tremendous process of mutual understanding has begun before our eyes! It has barely begun as yet; for what has been accomplished by Russia for Poland is but a drop as compared with what still remains to be done. It is not enough to help the Polish immigrants in our central provinces. Our help must be carried to the provinces devastated by the German and Austrian hordes. Right there the scenes of misery make the hair stand upon our heads.

Let us realize that the City of Kalisz alone has suffered not less than 40,000,000 rubles in loss of property. Representatives of Polish municipalities with whom I had opportunity to discuss the situation told me that in the City of Kalisz there is no longer a single drug store, nor a grocery store, and there were about three thousand of them before.

There are numerous cities and villages where everything has been pillaged by the German requisitions. Horses, cows, food, even mattresses, have been taken away, and for all these ironical receipts have been tendered: "So much worth of goods have been taken; the payment for same will be made by the Russian Government."

Owing to the destruction of the inventory and the stock in the villages, there is nothing to till the soil with, and the fields have to remain unseeded.

Poland is indeed the Belgium of Russia. Belgium is aided by England and France, but there is nobody to help Poland except us. The appeal of the

Commander in Chief has promised, in case of Russian victory, the political regeneration of Poland, with her own religion, with her own language, and with her own self-government. But before the political regeneration we have to think of the saving of the unfortunate country from starvation.

*This must be above all our national, Russian affair.* Let the exhausted, suffering people of Poland feel that the people of Russia are their real brothers; let them see that our words are backed up by deeds. Perhaps in this way we shall forever clear away their ancient distrust toward us, a distrust which unfortunately had ground in the past relations between Russia and Poland.

We are not speaking of a commonplace charity at the present moment. There is need for a help which should mark the beginning of a historical change in the lives of both peoples. Both peoples should not only silence their material sufferings, but they should draw a spiritual comfort from this great historical trial and make it a source of their moral vigor.

They should feel that their sufferings and their sacrifices have not been in vain, that no matter what their further resolutions might be the popular affair should by all means be carried on right now, and that irrespective of the outcome of the present war one tremendous result has already been accomplished. The Polish affair has already become a Russian national affair. And this means that henceforth there shall be no discrepancy between words and deeds in the relations of both peoples.

The whole might of the people of Russia and their ideals, expressed by the Supreme Commander in Chief, shall be the bond for the Poles, guaranteeing them the realization of the dreams of their forefathers for the resurrection of Poland.

Let us Russians prepare this resurrection and help it by all means within our power. Now or never the aid to the suffering people of Poland shall grow into a national Russian demonstration. Let all Russian papers throw open their col-

umns for subscriptions for aid to the people of Poland suffering from war, without prejudice to their religion and race. As the funds will be forthcoming, a national Russian committee shall be organized to take charge of their distribution.

Let us not fear for the modest beginnings. The tremendous wave of sympathy and love which has now swept over the Russian people can create wonders, if need be, for the success of the Russian national issue.

Let us hope that wonders will happen even now. I myself witnessed in our neighborhood the following dramatic scene: The small provincial City of Kaluga was getting ready in August to receive the wounded. Unexpectedly it got many times more than at first had been contemplated. The wounded had to be placed on the floor, without straw, without linen, without food. But within two days all were comfortably placed, fed, and clothed. *Unknown* persons secured straw, other *unknown* persons sent mattresses, linens, and pillows, *unknown* peasants brought food from their villages.

All this was done as a matter of course, without a previous concert, without any organization, through an elementary popular movement.

This elementary movement which can heal the wounds is needed at this moment in most tremendous proportions. It is not a question of a few wounded individuals, not even a question of thousands of wounded, but the problem of a whole wounded Polish nation.

Let the great Russian tide of sympathy rise to its aid, without a previous agreement, without a previous organization. Let this impulse show Poland her protector—*Russia, the liberator of nations.*

This movement of sympathy for a brotherly people shall be our guarantee that our coming victory over Germany will call forth the triumph of light in Russia herself.

Prince EUGENE TRUBETSKOI.  
Moscow, October 7, (20,) 1914.

# How Prohibition Came to Russia

Interview With the Peasant-Born Millionaire  
Reformer, Michael Tchelisheff

PETROGRAD, Nov. 18, 1914.—There is prohibition in Russia today, prohibition which means that not a drop of vodka, whisky, brandy, gin, or any other strong liquor is obtainable from one end to the other of a territory populated by 130,000,000 people and covering one-sixth of the habitable globe.

The story of how strong drink has been utterly banished from the Russian Empire was related by Michael Demitrovitch Tchelisheff, the man directly responsible for putting an end to Russia's great vice, the vodka habit.

It should be said in the beginning that the word prohibition in Russia must be taken literally. Its use does not imply a partially successful attempt to curtail the consumption of liquor, resulting in drinking in secret places, the abuse of medical licenses and general evasion and subterfuge. It does mean that a vast population who consumed \$1,000,000,000 worth of vodka a year, whose ordinary condition has been described by Russians themselves as ranging from a slight degree of stimulation upward, has been lifted almost in one day from a drunken inertia to sobriety.

On that day when the mobilization of the Russian Army began, special policemen visited every public place where vodka is sold, locked up the supply of the liquor, and placed on the shop the imperial seal. Since the manufacture and sale of vodka is a Government monopoly in Russia, it is not a difficult thing to enforce prohibition.

From the day this step was taken drunkenness vanished in Russia. The results are seen at once in the peasantry;

already they are beginning to look like a different race. The marks of suffering, the pinched looks of illness and improper nourishment have gone from their faces. There has been also a remarkable change in the appearance of their clothes. Their clothes are cleaner, and both the men and women appear more neatly and better dressed. The destitute character of the homes of the poor has been replaced with something like order and thrift.

In Petrograd and Moscow the effect of these improved conditions is fairly startling. On holidays in these two cities inebriates always filled the police stations and often lay about on the sidewalks and even in the streets. Things are so different today that unattended women may now pass at night through portions of these cities where it was formerly dangerous even for men. Minor crimes and misdemeanors have almost vanished.

Tchelisheff, the man who virtually accomplished this miracle, was a peasant by birth, originally a house painter by profession, then Mayor of the city of Samara, and now a millionaire. Physically he is a giant, standing over 6 feet 4 inches in his stocking feet, and of powerful build. Although he is 55 years old, he looks much younger. His movements display the energy of youth, his eyes are animated, and his black hair is not tinged by gray.

In Petrograd Mr. Tchelisheff is generally found in a luxurious suite of rooms in one of the best hotels. He goes about clad in a blue blouse with a tasseled girdle, and baggy black breeches tucked into heavy boots. He offers his visitors tea from a samovar and fruit from the



Crimea. Speaking of what he had accomplished for the cause of sobriety in Russia, Mr. Tchelisheff said:

"I was reared in a small Russian village. There were no schools or hospitals or any of the improvements we are accustomed to in civilized communities. I picked up an education from old newspapers and stray books. One day I chanced upon a book in the hands of a moujik, which treated of the harmfulness of alcohol. It stated among other things that vodka was a poison.

"I was so impressed with this, knowing that everybody drank vodka, that I asked the first physician I met if the statement were true. He said yes. Men drank it, he explained, because momentarily it gave them a sensation of pleasant dizziness. From that time I decided to take every opportunity to discover more about the use of vodka.

"At the end of the eighties there came famine in Russia, followed by agrarian troubles. I saw a crowd of peasants demand from a local landlord all the grain and foodstuffs in his granary. This puzzled me; I could not understand how honest men were indulging in what seemed to be highway robbery. But I noted at the time that every man who was taking part in this incident was a drinking man, while their fellow-villagers, who were abstemious, had sufficient provisions in their own homes. Thus it was that I observed the industrial effects of vodka drinking.

"At Samara I decided to do more than passively disapprove of vodka. At this time I was an Alderman, and many of the tenants living in my houses were workingmen. One night a drunken father in one of my houses killed his wife. This incident made such a terrible impression on me that I decided to fight vodka with all my strength.

"On the supposition that the Government was selling vodka for the revenue, I calculated the revenue received from its consumption in Samara. I then introduced a bill in the City Council providing that the city give this sum of money to the Imperial Treasury, requesting at the same time that the sale of vodka be

prohibited. This bill passed, and the money was appropriated. It was offered to the Government, but the Government promptly refused it.

"It then dawned upon me that Russian bureaucracy did not want the people to become sober, for the reason that it was easier to rule autocratically a drunken mob than a sober people.

"This was seven years ago. Later I was elected Mayor of Samara, capital of the Volga district, a district with over a quarter of a million inhabitants. Subsequently I was elected to the Duma on an anti-vodka platform. In the Duma I proposed a bill permitting the inhabitants of any town to close the local vodka shops, and providing also that every bottle of vodka should bear a label with the word poison. At my request the wording of this label, in which the evils of vodka were set forth, was done by the late Count Leo Tolstoy. This bill passed the Duma and went to the Imperial Council, where it was amended and finally tabled.

"I then begged an audience of Emperor Nicholas. He received me with great kindness in his castle in the Crimea, not far from the scene of the recent Turkish bombardment. He listened to me patiently. He was impressed with my recital that most of the revolutionary and Socialist excesses were committed by drunkards, and that the Svesborg, Kronstadt, and Sebastopol navy revolts and the Petrograd and other mutinous military movements were all caused by inebriates." Having heard me out, his Majesty promised at once to speak to his Minister of Finance concerning the prohibition of vodka.

"Disappointed at not having been able to get through a Government bill regulating this evil, I had abandoned my seat in the Duma. It was evident that the bureaucracy had been able to obstruct the measure. Minister of Finance Kokovsoff regarded it as a dangerous innovation, depriving the Government of 1,000,000,000 rubles (\$500,000,000) yearly without any method of replacing this revenue.

"While I lobbied in Petrograd the Emperor visited the country around Mos-

cow and saw the havoc of vodka. He then dismissed Kokovsoff, and appointed the present Minister of Finance, M. Bark.

"Mobilization precipitated the anti-vodka measure. The Grand Duke, remembering the disorganization due to drunkenness during the mobilization of 1904, ordered the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks except in clubs and first-class restaurants. This order, enforced for one month, showed the Russian authorities the value of abstinence.

"In spite of the general depression caused by the war, the paralysis of business, the closing of factories, and the interruption of railroad traffic, the people felt no depression. Savings banks showed an increase in deposits over the preceding month, and over the corresponding month of the preceding year. At the same time there was a boom in the sale of meats, groceries, clothing, dry goods, and housefurnishings. The 30,000,000 rubles a day that had been paid for vodka were now being spent for the necessities of life.

"The average working week increased from three and four days to six, the numerous holidays of the drinker having been eliminated. The working day also became longer, and the efficiency of the worker was perhaps doubled. Women and children, who seldom were without marks showing the physical violence of the husband and father, suddenly found them-

selves in an undreamed-of paradise. There were no blows, no insults, and no rough treatment. There was bread on the table, milk for the babies, and a fire in the kitchen.

"I decided to seize this occasion for a press campaign, so far as this is a possible thing in Russia. I organized delegations to present petitions to the proper authorities for the prolonging of this new sobriety for the duration of the war. This step found favor with his Imperial Majesty, and an order was issued to that effect. Another similar campaign to remove the licenses from privileged restaurants and clubs was successful, and strong liquor is no longer available anywhere in Russia.

"The second month of abstinence made the manifold advantages so clear to everybody that when we called upon his Majesty to thank him for his orders, he promised that the vodka business of the Government would be given up forever. This promise was promulgated in a telegram to the Grand Duke Constantine.

"There remains only now to find elsewhere the revenue which up to the present time has been contributed by vodka. There has been introduced in the Duma a bill offering a solution of this question. The aim of this bill is not the creation of new taxes or an increase in the present taxes, but an effort to render the Government domains and possessions more productive."



# Influence of the War Upon Russian Industry

*In the Autumn of 1914 the Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry published the preliminary results of an inquiry into the changes in industry which had occurred during the first two and one-half months of the war, Aug. 1 to Oct. 14, 1914. The following summary of the document is translated from the Russkia Vedomosti of Nov. 11 (Nov. 24):*

**A**LTOGETHER 8,550 of the largest industrial establishments, excepting those of Poland, have been investigated. These employ 1,602,000 workers. Of those investigated 502 factories employing 46,586 employes had to be closed down entirely, while 1,034 establishments with 435,000 wage-earners have cut down their working force to 319,000. Thus about one-third of the total industrial wage-earning force has felt the effects of the war either through total discharge or through diminished output.

The lack of trained labor power and the failure to obtain funds have affected 222 establishments with 58,000 workers. Lack of funds has been very severely felt in the Baltic provinces, (there, especially, in the chemical industry,) affecting fourteen establishments with 15,701 workers. Altogether 132 establishments with 50,000 employes have cut down their operations, and of these 30 per cent. employing 15,000 workers belonged to the chemical industry. Also twenty establishments of the metal working (fine machinery) industry with 11,000 employes had to curtail their volume of business. In other industries the lack of labor supply has not been felt. Evidently only the industries requiring highly qualified labor have suffered from this cause. The shortage of fuel forced 108 establishments with 49,000 workers to diminish their output, and eleven establishments with 3,000 workers had to close down altogether.

The lack of fuel was very severely felt

in the provinces of Petrograd and in the Baltic, owing to the stoppage of the importation of British coal. Of all establishments closed down for this reason, about 60 per cent. belong to the provinces of Petrograd, Livland, and Estland.

In other regions this want was felt less severely. The output of coal in the Donetz basin and of naphtha in the Baku region has increased, and the decreased demand for fuel owing to the diminished production has somewhat lowered the prices of naphtha. Thus in 1913 the average monthly price of light naphtha in Balakhany was 42 copecks per pood, (two-thirds of a cent per pound,) but in September, 1914, it was 36, and on Nov. 5 it fell to 25-26 copecks per pood, (13 cents per thirty-six pounds—a little over 1-3 cent per pound.)

The main difficulty in the fuel supply lies, however, in the inadequate transportation facilities.

The next obstacle in the way of normal development of industry is the lack of transportation facilities. This cause alone forced 223 factories with 128,000 workers to curtail their output, and fifty-six factories with 5,300 workers stopped production.

But the most disastrous effect upon the Russian industry has been produced by the diminished demand and by the lack of raw materials. For lack of market, 671 establishments with 219,000 workers reduced their output. The greatest sufferers have been the building trades and the industries connected there-



with—structural iron, cement, (concrete,) brickmaking, &c.

The railroads have suffered greatly through the cancellation of registered orders and by the stoppage of further orders from Poland, also by the military mobilization.

During the month of August, 1914, the gross earnings of the Russian railroads, both State and private, were only half of their gross earnings for August the year before.

The unexpected prohibition of alcoholic beverages has almost ruined the liquor industry.

For lack of demand 83 textile factories with 95,000 employes have reduced

their output. The lack of raw material forced 103 cotton mills with 188,000 weavers to cut down their output. This makes 40 per cent. of the total cotton mills of Russia. Similar reductions have occurred in the silk, woolen, linen, and hemp industries.

The Ministry has withheld the data as to the exact nature of the raw materials wanting, but it may be surmised that raw cotton and dyestuffs are among the chief items.

Among the remedies suggested are better credit facilities and the resumption of interrupted intercourse with friendly and neutral powers for the securing of raw material.

## Declaration of the Russian Industrial Interests

[*Russkia Vedomosti*, Sept. 21, (Oct. 4,) 1914]

**R**EFERRING to the abundance of donations forthcoming from the industrial interests for the victims of war, the Council of the Conventions of the industrial interests declares its confidence in the ability of Russian industry to bear the burden of war cheerfully and whole-heartedly.

The Council finds the proposed measures of the Government for its financing of the campaign insufficient, and promises to come forward with its own project of a special single property and personal war tax.

Then the causes of the war are summed up and the importance of the war for the industrial interests is outlined. The chief cause of the war is assigned to the irreconcilable economic conflict between the German and Russian interests created by commercial treaties favorable to Germany.

Victorious Russia should dictate her own economic programme to the defeated enemy. Without such a result all sac-

rifices made will be in vain, and will fall as a heavy and unbearable burden upon the shattered economic organization of the country.

The industrial interests desire a war to the finish, and they say:

"Let the Government know how to cultivate in the future among the people the conviction that the war will be brought to an end, then the task of finding the means for carrying on the campaign will be greatly facilitated; for no sacrifice is too great for us for the overthrow of the economic yoke of Germany and for the conquest of economic independence. Nothing but strong will and determination are needed."

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The Council of Industrial Conventions is a permanent organization corresponding roughly to the executive board of the National Manufacturers' Association of the United States. All big industrial interests, like the mining companies, the textile manufacturers, iron manufacturers, are represented in the council.—Translator.

# A Russian Financial Authority on the War

*Prof. Migoulin, member of the Council of the Russian Ministry of Finance and the author of several works on Russian indebtedness, in his article, published in the Russkia Vedomosti of July 22, (Aug. 4,) 1914, before the position of Italy had become generally known, thus sums up the war situation:*

THE moment for the declaration of war has been well chosen and carefully planned by Germany and Austria. Russia had her hands full with the numerous labor strikes and poor crops in certain parts of the country.

England had her troubles with the Ulsterites, and the President of France was absent from his country when the Austrian ultimatum was handed to Serbia.

Austria had already mobilized large numbers of her troops in Bosnia under the pretext of manoeuvres, Italy had a partial mobilization, and Germany was preparing herself for a grand army show.

The German strategists are looking for a brief campaign. But they are mistaken. Even with the capture of Petrograd the war will have barely begun, for Petrograd is only the frontier of Russia.

Our troops are numerous and well equipped. The vastness of our country, her poor roads, and her severe climate are her defenses. The French frontier is strongly fortified. A quick surrender is unthinkable, and there is no reason for surrender, for the war will continue to the bitter end.

But a long campaign threatens Germany. She is a country with highly developed industry and with a tremendous foreign commerce, the breakdown of which cannot be compensated for by any territorial conquest. A war of Germany against England, France, and Russia

will stop her commerce entirely. It will be impossible for her to export her goods and to import foodstuffs. Her manufactures and her commerce will come to a deadlock, and unemployment will threaten her cities. All the victories of her army will be of no avail. If her enemies draw out the war for a year or two Germany will be exhausted. We are not talking of the possibility of a German defeat, although Germany is not invincible.

The gold reserve of Russia, France, and England amounts to about 350,000,000 rubles, (\$155,000,000,) while the gold reserve of Germany, Austria, and Italy is only about 160,000,000 rubles.

The gold currency of the first three countries amounts to about 7,000,000,000 rubles, (\$3,500,000,000,) while the gold currency of the other three is only \$1,500,000,000.

The food supply of Russia is inexhaustible. Her industries are working chiefly for the home market. They can only win by the campaign. The curtailing of food and raw material exports may benefit her home industries by cheapening production.

In case of a shortage of war supplies Russia will be able to get them from neutral countries—for example, from the United States. But where will Germany get them? What shall she do when her stock of saltpetre runs out? For the time being saltpetre is obtained by all countries from Chile only.

France is an agricultural country which has large supplies of food. Her manu-

factures are poorly developed, and they are working for a foreign market which will not be closed. Her resources are so large that she will be able to stand the campaign with comparative ease.

Owing to her insular position, England will lose but very little through this war, provided she is able to maintain the

supremacy of her navy over the German fleet. The British merchant marine and her manufactures will gain quite considerably.

The public credit of France and Great Britain is inexhaustible, and it will not be restricted to Russia, while she is an ally of these countries.

## Proposed Internal Loans of Russia

[*Russkia Vedomosti*, Sept. 27, (Oct. 3,) 1914]

PROF. MIGOULIN has submitted to the Russian Minister of Finance a scheme for new internal loans to meet the extraordinary expenditures caused by the present war.

It is proposed to enlist the support of various groups of capitalists and of small property holders and to obtain from them about 2,500,000,000 rubles, (\$1,500,000,000.)

Four different loans are contemplated. Persons desiring to invest their savings at a small but sure interest rate will be able to buy the certificates at a 5 per cent. loan. These certificates will have a face value of 100 rubles, and they will sell at \$90. The interest rate will not be changed within the next fifteen or twenty years. Therefore, the actual interest rate will be 5.56 per cent. on the original investment.

A 6 per cent. loan will cater to those investors who like to place their loans at shorter terms. The certificates of this loan will be sold at premiums. Five-year certificates will be sold at ninety-six for a hundred rubles face value, four-year certificates at ninety-seven, three-year certificates at ninety-eight, two-year certificates at ninety-nine, and one-year certificates at par. This loan will be free from the interest (coupon) tax, but not from the income and inheritance taxes. In case of success one billion

worth of these certificates will be issued. For persons interested in the changes of values upon Stock Exchange different loans will be issued. In the first place, no interest-bearing ten-ruble certificates with a large number of winners will be issued. A considerable number of these certificates will be redeemed each year. It is proposed to have one winner of 200,000 rubles, one of 100,000, two of 50,000, one of 25,000, about fifty of 10,000 rubles each, some 3,950 "chances" of from 100 to 500 rubles each. The whole loan may amount to 100,000,000 rubles. It is to be redeemed within fifty years.

Should this loan prove a success it will be followed by another of equal amount.

Finally, Prof. Migoulin proposes to obtain about 200,000,000 rubles by selling 4 per cent. Government bonds in fifty-ruble denominations. This loan, too, will be equipped with the winners at the annual draw for the redemption.

The first of the proposed loans will be realized soon. The Government has decided to obtain 500,000,000 rubles at 5 per cent. This new loan will increase the present debt of the Russian Government of 8,838,000,000 rubles (\$4,500,000,000) to 9,338,000,000 rubles. Russia has to pay 370,000,000 rubles annually for the interest on her debts. About one-half of her indebtedness is due to railroad building and to other more or less



productive expenditures. But the other half of her indebtedness has been spent on armaments, wars, and other unproductive items.

Russia's new budget is about 3,500,000,000 rubles, (\$1,800,000,000.) The interest on the new loan will increase this budget only 6 per cent. But this new loan increases again her unproductive debt and places a heavy burden upon the taxpayer for whom the Government has prepared many "surprises" this year.

The possibilities of *internal* loans are

not very great. During the first month of the war about 380,000,000 rubles of savings were withdrawn from the banks. Of this sum only 76,000,000 were redeposited later, when the first excitement had passed. The rest of the money evidently was either used up for production, for consumption, or for private storing of ready cash. How much of this money will come forth to buy the various short-time loans no one is able to tell beforehand. But the big manufacturing interests are craving for *foreign gold loans*, not for internal paper money loans.

## How Russian Manufacturers Feel

[Summarized from *Russkia Vedomosti*, Nov. 18, (Dec. 1,) 1914]

THE manufacturers of war supplies are making large profits through the war. All they need is Government advances to buy their raw material. The Government permits them to borrow from the State bank upon Government orders for war supplies. The only difficulty lies in the extent of the credit. The Government would not permit borrowing more than one-third of the amount of its orders, while the manufacturers are asking for two-fifths.

The manufacturers who are using imported raw material and are working for the private consumer are suffering heavily from the war. The lack of coal, of hides, of wool and of cotton is threatening Russian industry with a crisis. There is a great want of hydrosopic (absorbent) cotton, since the only factory for this product was in Poland (City of Zgerze) and has been destroyed. Lack of dyestuffs and other chemicals is hampering many other industries. The importation of tea and coffee has been curtailed considerably.

Russian cotton mills used to get 45 per cent. of their raw material from the United States, since only 55 per cent. of their demand can be supplied by Central Asia.

Furthermore, this Asiatic cotton can be used for the coarser grades of manufacturing only.

The war has cut off the American supply altogether.

Moreover, the manufacturers need cash to buy the cotton available. But they have none. They have already applied for some hundred million rubles gold loan from the Treasury, but the Government has promised them only about eight million from the new loan.

The wool manufacturers are faring no better than the cotton interests. The only way to get raw wool seems to be to ship it from Australia via Vladivostok. But the lack of foreign exchange prevents them from using this source.

The tea trade of Russia will be paralyzed soon for the same reason.

The big manufacturers see only three possibilities of remedying this situation.

The first would be to export gold, the other to export Russian commodities on a large scale, and the third—to get a gold loan from Great Britain.

The first proposition is impossible since the Government will not permit any exportation of gold at this moment. The second proposition won't work owing to the demoralized transportation. Thus the only escape from a serious national

crisis seems to lie in a large foreign gold loan.

This idea is favored by such prominent manufacturers as S. I. Tschetverikov, G. M. Mark, and A. E. Vladimirov of Moscow, the first speaking for the wool interests and the other two for the tea wholesalers. Mr. N. A. Vtovov voices the same sentiments on behalf of the Russian cotton mill owners.

## New Sources of Revenue Needed

By A. Sokolov

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, July 26, (Aug. 8,) 1914]

**R**USSIA entered upon the present war better equipped financially than ever before in her history.

But it is evident that her ordinary resources will not suffice, and the Ministry of Finance will have to find new sources of revenue to meet the gigantic expenditures. The Ministry of Finance has begun the usual banking and credit operations—the supervision of specie payments, the issuance of paper money, and the discounting of the Treasury notes in the State Bank. In addition to these the Ministry is ready to turn to new taxes.

It proposes to increase the tax on tobacco and to raise the price of whisky. Both are desirable objects of taxation. The tobacco tax has been relatively low in Russia. Only the poorer grades of tobacco have been taxed 100 per cent. ad valorem, while the higher grades have been taxed at a lower rate.

Any increase of indirect taxation can be justified only by the present emergency. We should bear in mind that already three-fourths of the Russian revenue raised by taxation comes through indirect taxes. Further increase of these taxes will inflict new heavy burdens upon

the poorer classes, who in any case will have to bear the heaviest burden of the war.

The present historical moment is of such magnitude that it can be compared only with the Napoleonic wars. But at that time also the higher classes had to contribute to the war expenditures. In 1810 an income tax was put upon the landed nobility. Wishing to make it appear that the war tax is a voluntary contribution, the Government levied it according to the declarations of the taxpayers and refused to listen to informers as to tax-dodging. The tax rate was progressive, with a maximum of 10 per cent. All incomes below 500 rubles (\$250)\* were exempt.

It is to be hoped that the great memory of the year 1812 will induce the well-to-do classes to contribute their share to the expenditures inflicted upon us by the war. An income tax and possibly a temporary property tax should be accepted by them.

A. SOKOLOV.

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\*It should be noted that the purchasing power of money was then approximately four times higher than at present.

# Our Russian Ally

By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace

LAIDLAWSTIEL, Oct. 5, 1914.

THE Publications Committee of the Victoria League, which is endeavoring to enlighten the general public on the origin and issues of the war, has suggested to me that, as Russia is now in alliance with us, I might write an article on her recent advance in civilization and the ideals of her people. To condense satisfactorily such a big subject into a few pages seems to me hardly possible; but, considering that we are embarking on a great national undertaking in which it is the sacred duty of every loyal subject to lend a hand according to his abilities, I cannot refuse to comply with the committee's suggestion.

To many thoughtful observers of current events it must seem strange that in the present worldwide convulsion we should be fighting vigorously on the same side as Russia, who has long been regarded as one of our natural enemies. Some worthy people may even feel qualms of conscience at finding themselves in such questionable company, and may be disposed to inquire how far we are politically and morally justified in thus putting aside, even for a time, our traditional convictions. It is mainly for the benefit of such conscientious doubters, who deserve sympathy, that I have undertaken my present task; and I propose to place before them certain facts and considerations which may help them in their difficulties. For this purpose I begin by examining the grounds on which the traditional conceptions are founded.

If we were to question a dozen fairly intelligent, educated Englishmen why Russia has usually been regarded as a hereditary enemy and an impossible ally, they would probably give two main

reasons: First, that she is the modern stronghold of barbarism, ignorance, and tyrannical government, and, secondly, that she threatens our interests in Southeastern Europe and Central Asia. Let us examine dispassionately these two contentions.

As to barbarism, there is no doubt that in the general march of civilization Russia long remained far behind her West European sisters and that she has not yet quite overtaken them, but it should be remembered—and here I appeal to the Englishman's proverbial love of fair play—that she did not get a fair start. Living on an immense plain which stretches far into Asia, her population was for centuries constantly exposed to the incursions of lawless, predatory hordes, and this life-and-death struggle culminated in the so-called Mongol domination, during which her native Princes were tributary vassals of the great Tatar Kahn. Under such circumstances she could hardly be expected to make much social progress, and she was further impeded by difficulties of intercourse with the more favored nations of the West, from whom she was separated by differences of language, customs, and religious beliefs. It was as if Europe had been divided into two halves by a formidable barrier, which condemned the unfortunate Russians to isolation. The herculean task of demolishing this barrier was, as we all know, begun by Peter the Great. He built for himself a new capital on the northwest frontier of his dominions—the beautiful city on the Neva, recently christened Petrograd—in order to have, as he expressed it, a window through which he might look into Europe. He looked into Europe with very good results, and his successors have



done likewise; but the demolition of the barrier proved a very tedious undertaking, and it was not completed till comparatively recent times.

The laudable efforts of the Russians to make up for lost time have been particularly successful during the last fifty years. Immediately after the Crimean War, which some of us are old enough to remember distinctly, a new era of progress began. The Czar of that time, Nicholas I., whose name is still familiar to the present generation, was a patriotic, chivalrous, well-intentioned man, but unfortunately as a ruler he belonged to the mailed-fist school, delighted in shining armor, and put his faith largely in drill sergeants. Even in the civil administration he fostered the spirit of military discipline, and he was at no pains to conceal his contemptuous dislike of the self-government and constitutional liberties of other countries. By unsympathetic critics he has been not inaptly described as "the Don Quixote of Autocracy," and for thirty years he remained faithful to his principles; but toward the close of his reign, in his struggle with England and France, he learned by bitter experience that true national greatness is not to be found in militarism. This salutary lesson was happily laid to heart by his son and successor, Alexander II., and the more enlightened of his subjects. The period of triumphant militarism was accordingly followed by a period of national repentance, which was also a memorable epoch of beneficent reforms and genuine progress.

No sooner was peace concluded in 1856 than premonitory symptoms of the new order of things became apparent in St. Petersburg, in Moscow, and throughout the country generally. To all who had eyes to see and ears to hear, the war had proved that if their country was to compete successfully with its rivals, it must adopt a whole series of administrative and economic reforms; and there was a general desire that those reforms should be undertaken as speedily as possible. The young Czar took the lead in the work of national

regeneration, and he had the good fortune to find sympathy and co-operation among the educated classes. For the first time in Russian history—for on previous occasions the efforts of reforming Czars had always encountered a good deal of passive resistance—the Government and the people were anxious to aid each other, and the main results may be described as eminently satisfactory. Three great reforms deserve special mention—the emancipation of the serfs, the radical reorganization of the civil and criminal courts, and a great extension of local self-government.

By the emancipation decree of 1861, which had been carefully prepared by liberal-minded officials in conjunction with local committees of the landed proprietors, the millions of serfs, who had been habitually bought and sold with the estates on which they were settled, and who had known no law except the arbitrary will of their masters, were transformed suddenly into a class of free and independent citizens! Next came the reorganization of the judicial administration, by which a similar beneficent change was effected. In the old times the civil and criminal tribunals had been hotbeds of bribery and corruption to such an extent that a satirical author had once ventured to write a comedy with the significant title, "An Unheard-of Wonder; or, The Honest Clerk of Court!" Now they were thoroughly cleansed, and during some half a dozen years, when I traveled about the country in search of information, I never heard of a Judge suspected of taking bribes. The lawsuits, which were previously liable to be prolonged for a lifetime, were curtailed by simplifying the procedure; trial by jury was introduced for criminal cases; and the condition of the prisoners was greatly improved both materially and morally. Some of the new prisons were quite excellent. A big reformatory, for example, founded by a benevolent society in Moscow and largely supported by voluntary contributions, seemed to me the best institution of the kind I had ever seen.

Regarding the new system of local

self-government, I may say briefly that I was very favorably impressed by the results. The first time I followed, as an attentive spectator, the proceedings of a Provincial Assembly I was fairly astonished. It was in 1870—only nine years after the beginning of the great reforms—and already the local affairs were being discussed, on a footing of perfect equality, by noble landed proprietors in fashionable European costume and emancipated serfs in sheepskins. Some of the peasants were very able, unpretentious speakers, and in one respect they had an advantage over some of their former masters—they knew thoroughly what they were talking about. While the frock-coated young gentlemen who had finished their education in a university or agricultural college were often inclined to deal in scientific abstractions, their humble colleagues, who had come direct from the plow, confined themselves to thoroughly practical remarks, and usually exercised a very beneficial influence on the discussions.

The favorable impressions which I received from this Provincial Assembly were subsequently confirmed by wider experience, especially when I worked regularly during a Winter in the head office of the local administration of the Novgorod province. The chief defect of the new institutions seemed to me to be the very pardonable habit of attempting too much, without duly estimating the available resources. This illustrates a very important national characteristic—intense impatience to obtain gigantic results in an incredibly short space of time. Unlike the English, who crawl cautiously along the rugged path of progress, looking attentively to the right and to the left, and seeking to avoid obstacles and circumvent opposition by conciliation and compromise, the Russian dashes boldly into the unknown, keeping his eyes fixed on the distant goal, and striving to follow a bee-line, regardless of obstacles and pitfalls. The natural consequence is that his moments of sanguine enthusiasm are frequently followed by hours of depression border-

ing on despair, when he is inclined to attribute his failure to some malign influence rather than to his own recklessness. When in this depressed mood the more violent natures are apt to have recourse of extreme measures.

By bearing in mind this national peculiarity the reader will more easily understand the strange events which followed close on the heels of the great reforms which I have just mentioned. Alexander II. was preparing to advance further along the path on which he had entered so successfully when his reforming ardor was suddenly cooled by alarming symptoms of a widespread revolutionary agitation. Many members of the young generation, male and female, had imbibed the most advanced political and socialist theories of France and Germany, and they imagined that, by putting these into practice, Russia might advance by a single bound far beyond the more conservative nations and set an example for imitation to the future generations of humanity! The less violent of these enthusiasts, recognizing that a certain amount of preparatory work was necessary, undertook a campaign of propaganda among the lower classes, as factory workers in the towns and school teachers in the villages. The more violent, on the contrary, considered that a quicker and more efficient method of attaining the desired object was the destruction of autocracy by revolvers and bombs, and several attempts were accordingly made on the lives of the Czar and his advisers. For more than ten years, undismayed by these revolutionary manifestations, Alexander II. clung to his ideas of reform, but at last, in 1881, on the eve of issuing a decree for the convocation of a National Assembly, he fell a victim to the bomb throwers.

The practical result of all this was that for the next quarter of a century no great reforms were initiated, but those already effected were consolidated, and some progress was made in a quiet, unostentatious way, especially in the sphere of economic development.

A new period of reform began after

the Japanese war, and this time the reform current took the direction of parliamentary institutions. At last, after much waiting, the political aspirations of the educated classes were partially realized, so that Russia has now a Chamber of Deputies, called the Imperial Duma, freely elected by the people, and an upper house, called the Imperial Council, whose members are selected partly by election and partly by nomination.

What strikes a stranger on first entering the Duma is the variety of costumes, showing plainly that all classes of the population are represented. There are landed proprietors not unlike English country squires; long-haired priests in ecclesiastical robes; workingmen from the factories and peasants from the villages in their Sunday clothes; one or two Cossacks in uniform; Mussulmans from the eastern provinces in semi-Oriental attire. The various nationalities seem to live happily together—Great Russians, Little Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Russo-Germans, Circassians, Tartars, &c. Almost as numerous as the nationalities are the recognized political parties—Conservatives, Nationalists, Liberals, Radicals, Labor Members, Social Democrats, and Socialists. Great liberty of speech is allowed, but the President has generally no difficulty in keeping order.

Thus, to all appearance, the Duma seems exactly what was required to complete the edifice of self-government founded fifty years ago; but we must not suppose that a Constitution not yet ten years old can be as strong and efficient as a Constitution which has gradually emerged from centuries of political struggle. In other words, the Russian Duma differs in many respects from the British House of Commons. One fundamental difference may be cited by way of example. In England, as all the world knows, the Cabinet is practically chosen by the party which happens to be predominant for the moment, and as soon as it fails to command a majority it must resign; where-

as in Russia, as in Germany, the Cabinet is nominated by the Emperor. This is, of course, a very important difference, and all to our advantage, but it is not so great in practice as in theory. The Czar, though free theoretically to choose his Ministers as he pleases, must choose such men as can obtain a working majority in the Assembly; otherwise, the whole parliamentary machinery comes to a standstill. Such a deadlock actually occurred in the First Duma. Smarting under the humiliation of the Japanese war, attributing the defeats to the incurable incapacity of the Supreme Government, and believing that the old system had become too weak to withstand a vigorous assault, the majority of the Deputies resolved to abolish at once the autocratic power and replace it by ultra-democratic institutions. They accordingly adopted, from the very first day of the session, an attitude of irreconcilable hostility to the Cabinet, refused to listen to Ministerial explanations, abstained from all useful legislative work, and carried their strategy of obstruction so far that the Government had to take refuge in a dissolution.

For this unfortunate result, which tended to retard the natural growth of constitutional freedom in Russia, the Government was severely blamed by many of its critics, but I venture to think that a large share of the responsibility must be attributed to the unreasonable impatience of the Deputies and their supporters. In defense of this opinion I might adduce many strong arguments, but I confine myself to citing a significant little incident from my personal experience. Happening to meet at dinner one evening immediately after the dissolution an old friend who had played a leading part in the policy of obstruction, I took the liberty of remarking to him that he and his party appeared to me to have committed a strategical mistake. If they had shown themselves ready to co-operate with the Government in resisting the dangerous revolutionary movement and favoring moderate reforms, they might have made for themselves, in the course of nine or



ten years, a very influential position in the parliamentary system, and might have greatly advanced the cause of democracy which they had at heart. Here my friend interrupted me with the exclamation: "Nine or ten years? We can't wait so long as that!"

The Second Duma was shipwrecked, like its predecessor, through youthful impatience. Among the Deputies there was a small group of Social Democrats who attempted to prepare a military insurrection, and when the conspiracy was discovered there was great reason to fear that the Government might adopt a reactionary policy; but it happily confined itself to some changes in the suffrage regulations and a dissolution of the Chamber, followed by a general election. Since that time the parliamentary machinery has worked much more smoothly. The Duma has learned the truth of the old adage that half a loaf is better than no bread, and on many important subjects, such as the preparation of the annual budget, it now co-operates loyally with the Ministers. In this way it gets its half loaf, and the country benefits by the new-born spirit of compromise.

Before going further, perhaps I ought to warn my readers that I am often reproached by my Russian friends with taking too favorable a view of the Duma and of many other things in Russia. To this I usually reply by taking those friends to task for their habitual pessimism in criticising themselves and their institutions. Naturally inclined to idealism, and not possessing sufficient hereditary experience to correct this tendency, they compare their institutions with ideals which nowhere exist in the real world, and consequently they condemn them very severely. The impartial foreigner who wishes to form a true estimate of these institutions must always take this into account. In spite of the impassioned philippics to which I have listened hundreds of times from my Russian friends, I am strongly of opinion that the Russian people have made in recent years considerable progress in their political education, and

that they will continue to do so in the future.

But how is genuine national progress possible so long as the great mass of the population are grossly ignorant, conservative, and superstitious? Here again we must beware of adopting current exaggerations. To begin with the peasantry, who are by far the most numerous class, we must admit that they are very far from being well educated, but they are keen to learn and they gladly send their children to the village schools, which have been greatly increased and improved in recent years. Another source of education is the army. Since the introduction of universal military service every unlettered recruit must learn to read and write. A third educational agency is the peculiar village organization. As every head of a family has a house of his own and a share of the communal land, he is a miniature farmer and, unlike agricultural laborers, who need not look much ahead beyond the weekly pay day, he must make his agricultural and domestic arrangements for an entire year, under pain of incurring starvation or falling into the clutches of the usurer. This is in itself a sort of practical education. Then he has to attend regularly the meetings of the village assembly, at which all communal affairs are discussed and decided. To this I must add that he is by no means obstinately conservative. Habitually cautious, he may be slow to change his traditional habits and methods of cultivation, but he does change them when he sees, by the experience of his neighbors, that new methods are more profitable than old ones. Ask any dealer in improved implements and machines how many he has sold to peasants in a single year. Or ask any director of a peasant land bank how many thousand peasants within the area of his activity are purchasing land outside the communal limits and farming on their own account. If you desire any further information on this subject, ask any liberal-minded landed proprietor who takes an interest in the prosperity of

his humble neighbors to describe to you the small credit societies and similar associations which have recently sprung up in his neighborhood. Nor is it only in agricultural affairs that the peasants have manifested a progressive spirit. If you should happen to pass through the industrial districts around Moscow, you will see many gigantic factories, which employ thousands of hands. Incredible as it may seem, not a few of these were founded by unlettered peasants, whose sons and grandsons have become millionaires.

Let us now go up a step in the social scale and inquire whether those born in the mercantile class are as progressive as the peasantry. Formerly they were regarded, and not without reason, as extremely conservative, and certainly they used to show little sympathy with education or culture; but in recent years their character has been profoundly modified by the ever-increasing influx of foreign capital and foreign enterprise. The upper ranks at least are now being Europeanized in the best sense of the term, not only in their methods of doing business, but also in many other respects. Their homes are becoming more comfortable and elegant according to modern ideas, refinement is gradually permeating their daily life, and the sons of not a few of them are being sent abroad to complete their education in universities and technical colleges.

Compared with the peasantry and the mercantile community, the clergy as a class do not show signs of great progress, but I must do them the justice to say that they do not obstruct. Toward science and culture the Russian Church has always maintained an attitude of neutrality, and it has rarely troubled the adherents of other confessions by aggressive missionary propaganda, while among its own flock it has systematically fostered a spirit of humility and resignation to the Divine will. This helps to explain the wonderful tolerance habitually shown by all classes toward people of another faith. I remember once asking a common laborer what he

thought of the Mussulman Tartars among whom he happened to be living, and his reply, given with evident sincerity, was: "Not a bad sort of people." "And what about their religion?" I inquired. "Not at all a bad sort of faith; you see, they received it, like the color of their skins, from God." He assumed, of course, in his simple piety, that whatever comes from God must be good.

Why, then, it may be asked, is this tolerance not extended to the Jews? They complain, and apparently not without reason, that they are subject to certain disabilities and exposed to persecution in Russia. Thereby hangs a tale! Peter the Great would not allow Jews to settle in his dominions on the ground that his simple-minded, ignorant subjects could not compete with a naturally clever race endowed with a marvelous talent for money-making. Under his successors, by the annexation of Poland, several millions of Polish Jews became Russian subjects; but the policy of exclusion, so far as Russia proper is concerned, has been maintained down to the present day, so that, throughout the purely Russian provinces, Jews are not yet allowed to settle in the villages. If you ask the reason, you will probably be told that if a single Jew were allowed to live in a village, all the Orthodox inhabitants would soon be deeply in debt to him. In some respects, however, the old regulations have been relaxed. A certain proportion of Jewish students are admitted to the universities and higher schools, and such of them as pass their examinations may settle in the towns and freely exercise their professions. As a matter of fact, a considerable proportion of the most capable barristers, physicians, bankers, &c., in Petrograd, Moscow, and other cities are Jews by race and religion, and I have never heard of any of them being persecuted. Anti-Semitic feeling, so far as it exists, has nothing to do with religious beliefs. It is confined to such people as the trader who suffers from the competition of Jewish rivals, or the peasant

who finds that the money-lender, from whom he has borrowed at a high rate of interest, exacts rigorously the fulfillment of the contract. The pillaging of Jewish shops and houses which occurred some years ago in certain towns of the southwestern provinces and was graphically described in the English press was due to pecuniary rather than religious enmity, and was organized by political intriguers.

In order to complete my cursory review of the various social classes from the point of view of social and political progress, I must say something of the nobility and gentry; but I need not say much, because their general character is pretty well known in Western Europe. They are well educated, highly cultured, remarkably open-minded, most anxious to acquaint themselves with the latest ideas in science, literature, and art, and very fond of studying the most advanced foreign theories of social and political development, with a view to applying them to their own country. Thus it may safely be asserted that they are unquestionably progressive. They are, in fact, more disposed to rush forward regardless of consequences than to lag behind in the race, so that their impatience has sometimes to be restrained in the sphere of politics by the Government. This brings us face to face with the important question as to how far the Government and the Supreme Ruler are favorable to national progress and enlightenment.

The antiquated idea that Czars are always heartless tyrants who devote much of their time to sending troublesome subjects to Siberia is now happily pretty well exploded, but the average Englishman is still reluctant to admit that an avowedly autocratic Government may be, in certain circumstances, a useful institution. There is no doubt, however, that in the gigantic work of raising Russia to her present level of civilization the Czars have played a most important part. As for the present Czar, he has followed, in a humane spirit, the best traditions of his ancestors. Any one who has had oppor-

tunities of studying closely his character and aims, and who knows the difficulties with which he has had to contend, can hardly fail to regard him with sympathy and admiration. Among the qualities which should commend him to Englishmen are his scrupulous honesty and genuine truthfulness. Of these—were I not restrained by fear of committing a breach of confidence—I might give some interesting illustrations.

As a ruler Nicholas II. habitually takes a keen, sympathetic interest in the material and moral progress of his country, and is ever ready to listen attentively and patiently to those who are presumably competent to offer sound advice on the subject. At the same time he is very prudent in action, and this happy combination of zeal and caution, which distinguishes him from his too impetuous countrymen, has been signally displayed in recent years. During the revolutionary agitation which followed close on the disastrous Japanese war, when the impetuous would-be reformers wished to overturn the whole existing fabric of administration, and the timid counselors recommended vigorous retrograde measures, he wisely steered a middle course, which has resulted in the creation of a moderate form of Parliamentary institutions. That seems to indicate that Nicholas II. has something of the typical Englishman's love of compromise.

So much for the first of the two reasons commonly adduced to prove that Russia is an undesirable ally. I trust I have said enough to show that the idea of her being the great modern stronghold of barbarism, ignorance, and tyrannical government is very far from the truth. Now I come to the second reason—that she has repeatedly threatened our interests in the past and is sure to threaten them in the future because she has an insatiable territorial appetite.

That Russia has a formidable territorial appetite cannot be denied, but it ill becomes us Britishers to reproach her on that score, because, if we may judge by results, our own territorial ap-



petite is at least equally formidable. Like her, we began our national life with a very modest amount of territory, and now the British Empire is considerably larger than the Empire of the Czars. According to recent trustworthy statistics, the former contains over 13,000,000 square miles, and the latter less than 8,500,000. To this I may add that the motives and methods of annexation have a strong family resemblance. Both of us have been urged forward partly by rapidly increasing population and partly by national ambition and both of us have systematically added to our dominions, partly by colonization and partly by conquest. As examples of colonizing expansion we may take Siberia and Australia, and as examples of expansion by conquest we may point to Russian Central Asia and British India.

Fortunately for the peace of the world, the two spheres of expansion long lay wide apart. The Russians, as a continental nation hemmed in by no natural frontiers, naturally overflowed into adjacent thinly peopled territory and spread out very much as a drop of oil spreads out on soft paper while we, being islanders with an adventurous seafaring population, chose our fields of colonization and conquest in various distant regions of the globe. Thus, until comparatively recent times, we had no occasion to come into conflict with our rivals, or, to speak more accurately, the two nations were not rivals at all. Now, it is true, we have approached within striking distance of each other, and there is some danger of our coming into hostile contact. Of this danger and the possibility of averting it I shall speak presently, but meanwhile I must make a little digression in order to anticipate an objection that may be made to the foregoing remarks.

Some conscientious inquirer, while admitting that there is a certain resemblance between British and Russian territorial expansion, may reasonably point to some important differences in the results. The expansion of England, he may say, has resulted in spreading

over the world the benefits of civilization and freedom; her more important colonies have grown into self-governing sister nations, who are showing their loyalty and affection for the mother country by rushing to her assistance in the present crisis, at the same time her great Indian dependency and her Crown Colonies, which do not yet enjoy complete self-government, are likewise showing their sympathetic appreciation of the blessings conferred on them by the central power.

In comparison with all this, what has Russia to show? Not so much, I confess, but she has effected considerable improvements in the annexed territories. The great plains to the north of the Black Sea, which were formerly the home of nomadic, predatory tribes, have been brought under cultivation; the tents of the nomads have been replaced by thriving villages, flaming blast furnaces, great foundries, and fine towns, such as Odessa, Taganrog, and Rostoff; the Crimea, whose inhabitants once lived mainly by marauding expeditions and the slave trade, is now a peaceful and prosperous province; in the Caucasus, which was long the scene of constant tribal warfare and where the well-to-do inhabitants were not ashamed to sell their young, beautiful daughters to the Pashas of Constantinople, permanent order has been everywhere established and many abuses suppressed; in Siberia, which was little better than a wilderness, there are now thousands of prosperous farmers, railways and river steamboats have been constructed, and the mineral resources are being rapidly developed; thanks to the improvement of communications in that part of the empire, Peking is now well within a fortnight of Petrograd. Even in Central Asia there is evidence of improvement; the Russian military administration, with all its defects, is better than the native rule which preceded it. Such was, at least, the impression which I received in semi-Russianized territories like Bokhara and Samarcand. Thus, while we may be justly proud of our achievements in imperial consolidation

and progress, we may well regard with sympathy the efforts of our rival in the same direction.

Apologizing for this little digression, I proceed now to consider very briefly the danger of future conflict between the two great empires which have come within striking distance of each other.

This danger, as it seems to me, though serious enough, is not so great as is commonly supposed. We have many interests in common, as our present alliance proves, and there are only two localities in which a future conflict is to be apprehended. These are Constantinople and our Indian frontier.

Napoleon is reported to have said that the nation which occupies Constantinople must dominate the world. The present occupants have proved that this dictum is, to say the least, an exaggeration, but there is no doubt that if Russia possessed the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, her power, for defensive and offensive purposes, would be greatly increased, and she might seriously threaten our line of communications with India through the Suez Canal. This danger, however, is very remote. So many great powers are interested in preventing her from obtaining such a commanding position in the Mediterranean, that if she made any aggressive movement in that direction she would certainly find herself confronted by a very formidable European coalition.

An attack on our Indian frontier is likewise, I venture to think, a very improbable contingency. There may possibly be in Russia some political dreamers who imagine, in their idle hours, that it would be a grand thing to conquer India, with its teeming millions of inhabitants, and appropriate the countless wealth which it is falsely supposed to possess; but I have never met or heard of any serious Russian politician capable of advocating such a hazardous enterprise. Certainly there is no immediate danger. When the European struggle in which we are now engaged is brought to an end, the nations who are taking part in it will husband their resources for many years before launching into any wild adventures. More-

over, our position in our great Eastern dependency has never previously been so secure as it is now. The Government has long been taking precautionary measures against possible troubles on the frontier, and in the interior of the country the great mass of the inhabitants are prosperous and contented. Hindus and Mohammedans alike are learning to appreciate the benefits of British rule, as is shown by the fact that in the present crisis the native Princes are generously placing all the available resources of their States at the disposal of the Central Government.

An additional security against danger in that quarter is afforded by the character of the present Czar. His natural disposition is not at all of the adventurous type, and he will doubtless profit by past experience. He will not soon forget how he inadvertently drifted into the Japanese conflict because he let himself be persuaded by ill-informed counselors that a war with Japan was altogether out of the question. We can hardly suppose that he will listen to such counselors a second time. Moreover, he showed on one memorable occasion that he was animated with friendly sentiments toward England. The incident has hitherto been kept secret, but may now be divulged. During the South African war a hint came to him from a foreign potentate that the moment had arrived for clipping England's wings and that Russia might play a useful part in the operation by making a military demonstration on the Afghan frontier. To this suggestion the Czar turned a deaf ear. I am well aware that in semiofficial conversation the foreign potentate in question has represented the incident in a very different light, but recent experience has taught us to be chary of accepting literally any diplomatic assurances coming from that quarter.

On this subject of possible future conflicts with Russia and of the best means of averting them, I have a great deal more to say, but I have now reached the limits of the space at my disposal, not to mention the patience of my readers. I confine myself, therefore, to a

single additional remark. The conflicting interests of the two great empires are not so irreconcilable as they are often represented, and the chances of solving the difficult problem by mutual-

ly satisfactory compromises may be greatly increased by cultivating friendly relations with the power which was formerly our rival and is now happily our ally.

## Confiscation of German Patents

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, Oct. 12, (25,) and Nov. 27, (Dec. 10,) 1914]

THE conference of the representatives of industry at the Russian Ministry of Commerce and Industry decided that it is desirable that the Government should confiscate the patents granted to Austrian and German subjects for inventions which may be of special interest for the State, provided, however, that the patent holders should be reimbursed after the end of the war.

The conference found it impossible to abolish the trade marks of German and Austrian subjects, for this would hurt the Russian consumer, who could be then easily cheated by false labels.

Two conflicting opinions prevailed in the conference. The one held that the commercial treaties between Russia and Germany (and Austria) have left the question of patents out of consideration, while the other pointed out that the commercial treaties had granted to German subjects equal rights and privileges with Russians as regards patents.

The decision seems to be a compromise between the two.

A delegation of the Moscow Merchants' Association, consisting of Messrs. N. N.

Shustov, I. G. Volkov, and A. D. Liamin, will soon go to Petrograd to petition the Ministers of Finance, Commerce and Industry and of the Interior for measures against German "oppression." The delegation intends to ask for the revocation of all privileges (franchises) and patents granted to Austrian, German, and Turkish subjects and for the granting to the Moscow merchants of the right to admit foreigners to the Merchants' Association only at its own discretion.

Finally, the delegation intends to discuss with the Ministers the special fund created recently at the State Bank for the settlement of payments to foreign merchants belonging to the warring nations. With this fund Russian merchants are depositing money for their matured notes. Thus the payment for foreign goods is now better guaranteed than before. The German merchants are taking advantage of this arrangement, offering their goods to Russian consumers through their agents and branch houses and commercial agents located in neutral countries. Therefore the new arrangement helps rather than hurts the German trade in Russia.

## Achievements of the British Navy

[PERIOD ENDED DEC. 20, 1914]

DURING the last weeks of November the Germans scattered mines indiscriminately in the open sea on the trade route from America to Liverpool via the north of Ireland. Peaceful merchant ships have already been blown up by these mines, with loss of life. The White

Star Liner *Olympic* escaped disaster by a narrow margin. The evidence indicates that the mines could not have been laid by a German warship—that they must have been laid by merchant ships flying neutral flags and hired for that purpose by Germany. The British Admiralty has therefore closed the



North Sea to shipping, and warnings to this effect have been sent out to all neutrals and commercial concerns of belligerent nations, as follows:

Ships of all countries wishing to travel to and from Norway, the Baltic, Denmark, and Holland are advised to come, if inward bound, by the English Channel and the Strait of Dover. There they will be given sailing directions which will pass them safely. By strict adherence to these routes the commerce of all countries will be able to reach its destination in safety, so far as Great Britain is concerned.

A Franco-British squadron attacked the Dardanelles on Nov. 3. The forts immediately replied, but did no damage. H. M. S. *Minerva*, arriving at Akaba, found it occupied by armed natives under a German officer. The landing party destroyed the forts, the barracks, the Post Office, and stores. On the western coast of Asia Minor some British destroyers demanded the surrender of the coast defenses. The Turkish vessels opened fire on the British, whereupon the British destroyed both them and their defenses.

At sea the British Navy has scored many successes, wiping out the defeat off Chile with the annihilation of von Spee's squadron by Admiral Sturdee in the Pacific on Dec. 8, off the Falkland Islands. Since that engagement the German naval fleet has ceased to exist outside the Bight of Heligoland. Admiral Sturdee's victorious squadron experienced practically no casualties.

A brilliant piece of individual daring was performed by the British submarine B-11 in penetrating the Dardanelles, diving under five rows of mines, torpedoing a Turkish battleship, and returning safely in spite of heavy gun fire, a deed by which its commander, Lieutenant Holbrook, earned the Victoria Cross.

After the whereabouts of the German sea raider *Königsberg* was indicated to the British by the *Pegasus* a concentration of fast cruisers was arranged by the Admiralty in the East African waters, and a thorough and prolonged search resulted in the discovery of the *Königsberg* by the *Chatham* about six miles up the Rufigi River, opposite Mafia Island, in German East Africa.

While the *Chatham* was bombarding the *Königsberg*, which was running for the shore, effective steps were taken to block her in by colliers in the only navigable channel, and she was thus rendered unable to do any further harm. The fast vessels which had been searching for her were thus released for other service.

The raider *Emden* also came to a dramatic end on Nov. 10. Pursued by a squadron of fast British, French, Russian, and Japanese cruisers, with the aid of the Australian battleships *Melbourne* and *Sydney*, she was caught at Keeling, Cocos Island, and forced to fight by the *Sydney*, with the result that she was driven ashore and burned. A party from the *Sydney* landed on the island and destroyed the wireless.

The *Emden* alone had effected a loss to British shipping of about \$10,000,000, of which half was covered by insurance. The premium dropped 50 per cent. over the East Suez immediately after the destruction of the *Emden* was announced. The following is a list of this raider's victims:

|                     | Tons  |                                                           |
|---------------------|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| Indus .....         | 3,393 | } Taken and sunk in the Bay of Bengal, Sept. 10-14, 1914. |
| Lowat .....         | 6,102 |                                                           |
| Killin .....        | 3,544 |                                                           |
| Diplomat .....      | 7,615 |                                                           |
| Trabbock .....      | 4,014 |                                                           |
| Kabinza .....       | 4,637 | } Taken and released Sept. 12.                            |
| Clan Matheson ..... | 4,775 |                                                           |
| King Lind .....     | 3,650 | } Sunk Sept. 14.                                          |
| Foyle .....         | 4,147 |                                                           |
| Riberia .....       | 4,147 | } Taken and rescued by the Yarmouth.                      |
| Iymeric .....       | 3,314 |                                                           |
| Buresk .....        | 4,350 | } Captured Sept. 30.                                      |
| Iroilus .....       | 7,562 |                                                           |
| Clan Grant .....    | 3,948 | } Captured and sunk Oct. 20.                              |
| Benmohr .....       | 4,806 |                                                           |
| Chilkaha .....      | 5,146 |                                                           |
| Ponrabbel .....     | 473   |                                                           |
| Exford .....        | 4,542 | } Captured Oct. 20.                                       |
| Saint Egbert .....  | 5,596 |                                                           |
| Komasat Marn. (?)   |       |                                                           |
| Jemtchug .....      | 3,130 | } Sunk Oct. 28.                                           |
| Mosquet .....       | 300   |                                                           |

All except the last two were merchantmen, and with the exception of the last three all were British. The first was Japanese, the second Russian, and the last French.

Cocos Island is one of a group in the Indian Ocean belonging to Great Britain,

with cable connections with Europe and Australia. The inhabitants are mostly Malays. The Emden had gone there to cut the British cables, and had succeeded in cutting one, but while this was happening the other cable was flashing signals to the Sydney.

The Kaiser, on hearing the news of the raiders, telegraphed to the Chief Burgomaster of Emden: "I congratulate the town of Emden on its good child in the Indian Ocean, whose bold cruising deeds fill every German heart with pride and joy."

## Tools of the Russian Juggernaut

By M. J. Bonn

*Prof. Bonn is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Munich and German Visiting Professor to the University of California. The following article by him was published on Aug. 8, 1914, in the first week of war:*

**A**S long as hostile censors muzzle truth there is no use in discussing the European military situation.

Where the ingenuity of American newspaper men has failed it would be presumptuous for any one to try. But the question, Why are we at war? can be answered fairly well by anybody conversant with the facts of the European situation.

We are not at war because the Emperor, as war lord, has sent out word to his legions to begin a war of worldwide aggression, carrying into its vortex intellectual Germany, notwithstanding all her peaceful aspirations.

I may fairly claim to be a representative of that intellectual Germany which comes in now for a good deal of sympathy, but I must own that intellectual Germany, as far as I know about her, thoroughly approves of the Emperor's present policy.

She approves of it not on the principle merely "Right or wrong, my country"; she does so because she knows that war has become inevitable, and that we must face that ordeal when we are ready for it, not at the moment most agreeable to our enemies. If intellectual Germany wants to develop the moral and intellectual qualities of the German people she can do so only if there is peace—real peace—not endangered by the fear of some sudden and treacherous aggression.

We approve of the war because we realize that such a peace was no longer

possible. Some of our critics are trying to show that we wanted a war, as we wanted the colonial empire of France.

We have, indeed, refused the demand made by England as the price for her neutrality—that we should not be allowed to take any part of France's colonial domains, even in case of complete victory.

We refused this stipulation, not because we were after those colonies, but because a so-called neutral power tried to impose conditions upon us she would never have dreamed of asking from France.

If we were hankering after conquest we would have made war long ago. We would have done so during the Morocco crisis, when Russia had not yet recovered from the Japanese war; when Turkey was still a mighty empire, ready to take our side, overawing the Balkan States and threatening Russia; when Rumania was our ally and when France, trying to swallow up the independent States of Morocco, put herself morally in the wrong.

We refrained from war not because England supported France. The developments of the last week have shown that we are ready to face England, too, when needs must be. We decided for peace because we were convinced that no amount of colonial aggrandizement could compensate us for the dangers and horrors of a big European war.

Our diplomatic methods during those

days may have been brusque and annoying, but our aim was peace. Though we are held up continually as the disturber of European peace, driven on by a mad desire for territorial aggrandizement, we are the only big European nation which has not increased her territory during the last twenty-five years.

Russia tried to steal the Far East and is now going half shares with England in Persia. England annexed the Boer republics and is playing with Russia for the Persian States.

France has taken Morocco; Italy, Tripoli; Austria-Hungary has formally annexed Bosnia.

Even little Servia, who is praised just now as the most just and God-fearing nation, has succeeded in wresting a large part of Macedonia, inhabited by Bulgarians, from her Bulgarian allies.

The only conquest we went in for was an exchange of a strip of West Africa, which we got from France as a kind of hush money, for her Morocco policy, England, Italy, and Spain having taken their payment in advance.

We have led no war of aggression for new territories, and we are held up to moral contempt by all those nations who have taken their shares.

We went to war because we had to keep faith with Austria. We do not and we did not approve of every step our ally has taken. But our idea of a faithful alliance is not that you can chuck your partner whenever he has made a mistake, but that you must stick to him through good and evil.

You may upbraid him privately if you dislike his methods; you may give him a fair warning, but as long as your bargain exists you must stick to it.

And our alliance with Austria is not a mere piece of political strategy, not an unholy alliance like that of republican France with despotic Russia or Anglo-Saxon England with Mongol Japan.

Our States have a common history. We are, as far as the Austrian Germans are concerned—about a third of the population of Austria—the same people. We have, and that is perhaps the most decisive point in the alliance, nearly the

same position on the surface of the globe. We are both inland empires situated in the centre of Europe, surrounded by many different nations, all of whom may bear some grudge against us.

As long as our joint frontiers are safe we can stand back to back and face calmly any unnatural confederation like the present one.

We concluded the alliance with Austria because we wanted to safeguard ourselves against foreign attack; it has turned out the alliance has involved us in war. We might have avoided the war at present if we had broken faith with our ally.

It would not have been difficult for us to find some legal quibbles, like those which Italy, following a policy of very sober national egotism, is now earnestly exclaiming to all the world.

If we had done so we should have been knaves, but we should have been fools as well. For surely nobody can believe that the forces antagonistic to Germany would have ceased to act if we had left Austria in the lurch.

Neither France nor Russia nor England would have changed their policy. They might, moreover, have tried to make Austria join in some future conspiracy against us.

There are three main causes to which the war is due:

1. The French have never forgotten their defeat in 1870 and 1871. They have always been thirsting for revenge.

2. We are at war because Russia thinks she has a mission on behalf of the Slavic world; she feels that mission can only be fulfilled by smashing Germany, the bulwark of Western ideas.

3. We are at war because England has returned to her old political ideals. She means to enforce anew the balance of power, and she wants to cut down Germany to that normal dead-level which alone, she thinks, is consistent with her own security.

As far as our antagonism to France is concerned, we have always looked upon it as a regrettable fact which time, perhaps, might do away with. We are just enough to understand that a country like France, with a glorious past, a gallant



spirit and an undaunted courage, cannot forget the blow we dealt her forty-three years ago.

We think we have been right in retaking from her Alsace-Lorraine, belonging originally to the German Empire. But we look with a kind of envy upon her who succeeded in denationalizing the people of those provinces to such a degree that we have not yet been able to make them Germans once more.

We have always regretted that the two most civilized nations in Continental Europe should be rent asunder by an unforgotten past.

We hoped that the creation of a wonderful African empire might in the long run soothe French national feeling. We should have been always willing to come to an understanding on the existing state of affairs, but though there have been plucky statesmen in France who tried such a policy, public opinion was too strong for them. French people preferred to sacrifice the main ideas on which their republican government is based and made an alliance with Russia.

Religious, national, and political oppression in Russia against Pole, Jew, and Finn, against workingman and intellectual, is propped up by the help of liberal thinking France, whose conservatism threw a Western glamour over Russian ill-deeds.

We have regretted more than words can say it that France has annihilated herself as a power for the moral improvement of the universe by making herself a tool of the Russian Juggernaut.

We read in the papers today that after

a small frontier engagement in Alsace-Lorraine the signs of mourning were taken off from the statues representing Alsatian towns on Parisian squares.

We know in our innermost hearts that they will have to be attached for a long time to come to those three emblems of human progress for which France is supposed to stand, liberty, fraternity, equality, if our arms are not successful.

We realize that the gallant spirit of the French people has furnished the mainspring which has made this war possible.

We honor her for her courage. For we know well enough that it is she alone among the partners who runs real risks. We know that she is not moved by sordid motives. But as we know her unforgiving attitude, as we knew that she was helping Russia and egging her on against us; that she was instigating Britain and Belgian as well as Serb and Rumanian, we had to take her attitude as what it was; as the firm policy of a patriotic and passionate people, waiting for the moment when they could wipe out the memory of 1870, putting nationality to the front, sacrificing their own ideals of humanity.

Would France have given up this attitude if we had not stood by our Austrian ally? Would she have broken her word to her Russian friend if we had been a little more conciliatory?

I think we would commit a libel on French honor and on French patriotism if we assumed that any step on our part could have prevented her from trying to redress the state of affairs produced by the events of 1871.



# Fate of the Jews in Poland

By Georg Brandes

*Georg Brandes, Denmark's critic and man of letters, has lived in many European countries and spent the year 1886-87 in Russian Poland. His books on "Impressions of Poland" and "Impressions of Russia" show his interest in the political and social conditions of the Russian Empire. The article herewith presented appeared in The Day, Nov. 29, 1914:*

THE war raging in and out of Europe does not give the experienced much reason to hope. The immense mischief daily caused by it is certain enough. The benefits which are believed to be the result of it and of which the various nations dream differently are so uncertain that they cannot possibly be reckoned upon. Before those whose sympathy was with the deep national misfortune of the Polish people, there rose the image of the reunion and emancipation of this tripartited people under extensive autonomy, and most probably under the protection and supremacy of a great power.

For the present we are far away from that goal. Poles are compelled by necessity to fight in the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian armies, against each other. Not the smallest attempt at emancipation has been made either in Prussian Posen or in the Russian "Kingdom" or in Austrian Galicia. We might even say that the dismemberment at present is going deeper than ever, as it is now cleaving the minds as well.

The only indication of a future union is the manifesto of the Grand Duke Nikolai, the Russian Field Marshal, to the Poles, issued in the middle of August. It began: "Poles, the hour has struck in which the holy dream of your fathers and grandfathers may be fulfilled. Let the borders cutting asunder the Polish people be effaced; let them unite under the sceptre of the Czar. Under this

sceptre Poland will regenerate, free in religion, language, and autonomy."

And it ended in the following way: "The dawn of a new life is beginning for you. In this dawn let the sign of the cross, the symbol of the sufferings and the resurrection of the people, shine."

How clearly this manifesto, with its surprising love of liberty, its pious reference to the cross, bore the stamp of having been enforced by circumstances, and how accustomed one had become to disregard promises from the Russian Government of full constitutional liberty and the like, as those given before had not meant very much either in Finland or in Russia itself. Still the manifesto, as a sign of the times, was well apt to make an impression on the great masses who had always heard the authorities stamp as criminal plots, as high treason, what was now suddenly called from the supreme place "the holy dream of the forefathers."

The purpose of the proclamation was probably, above all, to prevent a revolt in Russian Poland the moment hostile troops invaded it. On the Austrian Poles the manifesto seems to have failed to produce its effect. As these Poles enjoy full autonomy in Galicia, and for a century have witnessed the severity and cruelty with which their kinsmen in Russian Poland have been oppressed, they received the proclamation with loud vows of faithfulness to the house of Hapsburg; nay, all the *sokol* societies which in time

of peace (keeping a decision in view) had trained their members in games and the use of arms, placed themselves as Polish legions at the disposal of the Government against the Russians. But that was not all. The Ruthenian inhabitants of Galicia, one-half the population of the country, founded a *League for the Release of Ukraine* and flooded Europe from the 25th of August with notifications and descriptions hostile to Russia. The founders did not withhold their names. They are D. Donzow, W. Doroschenko, M. Melenewsky, A. Skoropyss-Joltuchowsky, N. Zalizniak, and A. Zuk.

And it has very soon proved that, in spite of the proclamation of the independence of Poland, the Czar, at any rate, includes East Galicia in Poland as little as the inhabitants are regarded or treated as Poles or Ruthenians. The Russians were hardly in Lemberg before this town and the whole of East Galicia were called in the orders of the day old Russian land and the inhabitants described as Russians, whom their brothers had now come to set free.

What impression the imperial manifesto made in Posen can scarcely be proved, as each hostile remark against Prussia would have been punished as high treason.

The German Emperor has, however, no less than the Russian Czar, been courting the favor of the Poles and trying to win them through promises. One month after the issue of the Czar's manifesto, a proclamation from von Morgen, the German Lieutenant General, was displayed in the Governments of Lomza and Warsaw. In this the following sentences are to be found: "Arise and drive away with me those Russian barbarians who made you slaves; drive them out of your beautiful country, which shall now regain her political and religious liberty. That is the will of my mighty and gracious King." Knowing the passion with which the Poles have hitherto been driven away from their soil and persecuted because of their language, we learn from this proclamation

that the German Government has felt the necessity of outbidding the Czar.

As far as may be seen, the Czar's manifesto made very little impression on the intellectual in Russian Poland, who, of course, received it with much suspicion. The masses in Russian, as in Austrian, Poland have for some time stood passionately against each other, hurling accusations of treason to the holy cause of their native country, until a new party has now been formed which is politically most unripe, but for that very reason has an enormous extension. Its password is this: "We do not want to hear of Russia or of Austria; we only want one thing: the Polish State without guardianship from any side." In other words, we want the quite impossible. Political oppression for almost one and one-half centuries brings its own punishment to a people. In such a people political skill too easily becomes local patriotism, or it remains in the state of innocence.

Of what use is it to begin singing: *Polonia farà de sè?* That Poland cannot become free by itself is evident to anybody who has any political idea.

Still I am inclined to say, never mind the forms which the Polish independence and thirst of liberty are taking; they seem to pass like a purifying storm through all Polish minds. Many times before this has a glorious future risen before the Poles—1812, when Napoleon began the second Polish campaign; 1830, when the Poles were buoyed up by the sympathy of Europe; 1848 and 1863. But hardly has a change of established conditions appeared so possible and painful barriers so near the point of falling as in this great and dreadful crisis.

He who for a generation has been busy with Polish and Russian affairs can therefore, without much difficulty, imagine how many young Polish hearts are now beating and burning with hope, expectation and the most noble aspirations.

Nevertheless, the state of affairs in Russian Poland is at present more desperate than it has ever been before, during war and revolt; and this is not due to the pressure of the conditions or the horror of the situation, but is due to the



Poles themselves, to the overstimulation of the national feeling which sends forth its breath of madness all over Europe and now whirls round in Polish brains to drive out magnanimity and humanity, not to speak of reason, which, on the whole, has no jubilee in Europe in the year 1914.

I dare truthfully say that for no other people have I felt the enthusiasm that I have felt for the Poles. I have revealed this feeling at a time when they were not the order of the day, and only very few shared my sentiments. I pronounced this feeling long ago, but it had slight effect in drawing the attention of the Poles to my writings about them or in winning their thanks. The Poles did not discover my book about them till ten years after it had appeared, and when it had been by chance translated into German. To write in Danish is as a rule to write in water.

It would be very ungrateful of me, on this occasion, when I am obliged to use sharp words to the Poles, not to remember the indescribable affection and kindness they have shown me in Russian Poland as well as in Austrian Poland. Among them I have found quite incomparable friends.

For a long time I have therefore refused to say an unkind, not to mention an offensive, word. As far back as in 1898 I refused so absolutely to make myself the advocate of the Ruthenians against them that the Ruthenian leaders became my bitter enemies, who never tired of attacking me, and I was mute as a fish when Björnstjerne Björnson, not long before his death, upon application of the Ruthenians, attacked the Poles, fortunately for them with such unreasonable exaggerations that the attacks did no harm. (Björnson maintained that the Pole as such was the devil himself as the Middle Ages had imagined him.) I knew better than Björnson what might be said against electioneering and pressure on electors in Galicia, but I remained silent because I considered it unworthy to attack a people which was in such a difficult po-

sition and which was able to defend many minor injustices committed by it as self-defense. I considered it especially impossible for me to attack the Poles to whom I was bound by honor and toward whom I bore the warmest, most sincere sympathy.

It is therefore with no light heart that I write these lines.

Denial of the rights of man to Jewish subjects belongs to the nature of Russia. Now and then Europe has been startled when an uncommon massacre of innocent Jews has taken place, as in Kishineff, but all have known and know that Russia stows her Jewish population together in the Polish outskirts of the realm, stows them together so tightly that they can neither live nor die, denies them the liberty of moving, the liberty of studying, even the right of school—and university—education beyond a certain (too small) percentage. Only such Jews who hold a university degree are allowed to live in the capitals of the Empire. No young Jewish woman is allowed to take up her abode near the universities in Petrograd or Moscow unless she has been enrolled as a prostitute, and it has happened that the police have made their appearance and accused her of forgery, complaining that she did not carry on her profession, but was reading scientific books instead. If a man is, for instance, a doctor of medicine, he may take up his abode in Moscow in case he is married, his wife may live there with him. But if the couple have a two-year-old child, the mother is not allowed to take it with her into the railway carriage and let it live with her in the capital. For the child has no right to live there. If this right is wanted, a detailed petition must be sent in to the Governor General, in whose power it is to grant or refuse it.

In a few of the cases where plunder and murder of a Jewish population in Russia have taken place, the outrages have partly been excused, or at any rate explained, through the almost incomprehensible ignorance of the peasants. Russia's most famous political economist, who at the same time is a great estate owner, has told me himself that when

the elections to the First Duma took place he was informed that each of the peasants on his estate had voted for himself. He asked them, surprised, what they meant, and explained to them that in this way none of them could be elected; but they answered with the question, "Does not each Deputy get so many rubles a day? Yes. And do you think that we should let so much money go to another if we, perhaps, might get it ourselves?"

The same prominent estate owner told me that one day he asked some of his peasants if they really had partaken in a pogrom which had taken place in the neighboring parish—he could not believe it, as they looked so good-natured. To his astonishment they answered yes, and when he asked them about the reason they replied: "You know it very well." They then explained that they had killed these Jews because the Jews had killed their Saviour. He: "But that was so long ago and it was not they who did it and it did not happen in this country." To which they, again astonished, exclaimed: "Was it long ago? We thought it was last week." It appeared that they had understood from the priest's explanation that the crucifixion had taken place then and there.

Under such conditions one is not surprised by any outrage. But to see the hatred of the Jews spread in Russian Poland, where people understand how to read and write, that must surely fill one with wonder. The great number of Jews in the old Polish Kingdom originated in the days of Casimer the Great, (1309-1370,) who out of love for his concubine, Esther, opened his country to the Jews and made conditions favorable for them. Since then the number has increased, as the Czars locked up all their Jewish subjects there. So they have been living separated and with a special dress like the Jews of Denmark at the time of Holberg. They have, however, felt and suffered as Polish patriots. As early as 1794 a regiment of Jewish volunteers fought under Kosciuszko; their Colonel fell in 1809. In 1830 the shallow

Polish national Government refused the Jews' petition to be allowed to enter the army. As they then ventured to apply for admission to the Polish public schools Nicholas I. punished them, allowing 36,000 families to be carried away to the steppes of South Russia, where the regulation for the enlistment of children overtook them. All their small boys from the age of 6 years were sent to Archangel in Cossack custody to be trained as sailors. They died in multitudes on the way.

The evils which befell all the inhabitants of Poland regardless of their creed for some time suppressed the hatred of the Jews which is always lurking in the masses. The great men of Poland checked its development. Adam Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest author, went so far that in his chief work, Poland's national epic, "*Pan Tadeusz*," (1834,) he makes a Jewish innkeeper one of the most sympathetic leading characters. He is introduced in the fourth canto as a genius in music, the great master of the national instrument, the cymbal; and Mickiewicz makes the culmination of his poem the moment when Jankiel before Dombrowski himself plays the Dombrowski marche, symbolical of the whole history of Poland from 1791-1812, the year in which the poem takes place, the Napoleon year.

In the year 1860 the equalization of the Jews with the Catholics was a reality in Warsaw, and when, in February, 1861, at two large public places in Warsaw, the Russians had shot on the kneeling masses singing the national anthem, ("*Zdymem pozarow*,") the Jews felt impelled to show their national feeling through an unmistakable manifestation.

In masses they accompanied their rabbis into the Catholic churches just as the Christians in crowds entered the synagogues to sing the same hymn.

This last feature, the processions of the two creeds into each other's churches singing the same song, made such an impression on Henrik Ibsen, the great Scandinavian poet, that again and again he returned in his conversation to this

as one of the greatest and most beautiful experiences he had ever had.

And now under the whirlstorm of madness which nationalism has driven across Europe, all this is lost; nay, from a religious reconciliation it has been turned into flaming hatred between the races.

## II.

In 1912 the election of a Deputy to the Duma was to take place in Warsaw. The population of the town consists of between seven and eight hundred thousand. As among them there are 300,000 Jews, the majority of the electors, it was in the power of that majority to elect a Jewish Deputy. Because of their Polish national feeling, however, they gave up this right, as they wanted Warsaw, as the capital of the Kingdom of Poland, to be represented by a man who not only in spirit, but also by race, was a Pole. Of the Polish committee they only demanded that the party concerned be no enemy to the Jews. It proved, however, that the committee in its arrogance would not deal with them at all and proposed Kucharschewski, a pronounced anti-Semitic candidate and a man who publicly declared that he desired the election to the Duma only to work for the extermination of the Jews of Poland. By the way, it is strange to notice how the word "exterminate," which thirty years ago in the days of Bismarck and Eduard von Hartmann as *Ausrotten* was subject to the curse and condemnation of the Poles, has now come to honor, and how easily it passes their lips.

As the Jews, of course, could not vote on such a man, they urgently asked the committee to propose another candidate not inimical to them. This reasonable request was refused with coarseness and Kucharschewski's candidacy maintained. Because of that the Jews were obliged to look about for another candidate of Polish family who was fit for the position and was not hostile to them. In spite of numerous applications, they did not succeed in finding such a man; at the last moment, when all attempts had failed, Jagello, the Social Democrat, de-

clared himself willing to accept the candidacy of the Jews.

The only thing in his favor was the fact that he was of pure Polish blood. As their leading men all belong to the higher middle class, they did not share his views. But the state of affairs forced them to support him. Lord Beaconsfield used to maintain that the natural disposition of the Jewish race was conservative, but foolish politics, instead of encouraging the conservative instincts of the race, forced it to cast its lot with the most extreme elements of the opposition. It has proved true here.

Jagello was elected.

The leading men in Russian Poland, who, as a matter of fact, through the whole new century, had fought against the Jews, although secretly, for fear they should forfeit the sympathy of the intellectual aristocracy of Europe, used this electoral victory of the Jews, which had been forced upon them, to throw off the mask and openly act as their passionate enemies. The so-called co-operative movement developed during the last twelve years, and in itself nothing but a fight against the Jewish commerce, under a different name, now changed into a systematic and cruelly effected boycotting of the Jewish population. In private as in public life, the openly pronounced password was: not to buy from Jews, not to associate with Jews.

At the head of this movement marched the intelligence of Poland, among others some of its most famous authors, avowed free thinkers as Nemojewski, nay, as Alexander Swientochowski. Literary life presents many changes, metamorphoses, which in thoroughness are not very much inferior to those of Ovid. A good deal is necessary to make one who for one-half century has witnessed the want of character among writers feel even the slightest surprise. But I should willingly have sworn that I should never have lived to see Alexander Swientochowski a nationalist, he the most uncompromising adversary of nationalism, who endured a good deal for his conviction, to see the poet of "Chawa Rubin" an anti-Semitic chief. Not only does all



that Alexander Swientochowski wrote rise against him, but also the words, the powerful words, which issued from his mouth in his palmy days.

The whole Polish press placed itself at the disposal of this movement. Young Polish louts were posted outside the Jewish shops and ill-treated the Christian women and children who wanted to buy there. By means of the well-known Dumowski a new paper, *Dwa Groszi*, was started, which simply urged pogroms. It soon came to bloody struggles. Polish undergraduates killed an old Jew in the *Sliska Street* in Warsaw. In the little town of *Welun* peasants poured naphtha on the house of a Jew and put fire to it, burning a large family. Similar acts occurred in several other places, until the Russian Government stopped this pogrom movement in order to prevent the Polish nationalism from getting stronger.

The Polish priests in the villages incited the people from the pulpit to boycotting of and war against the Jews. After the sentence in the *Beilis* action the Polish newspapers were almost alone in publishing on circulars the information that *Beilis* had been acquitted, but that the existence of religious murder had been satisfactorily proved. Nay, the free thinker, *Nemojewski*, wrote a book, in which he maintained the monstrous lie that Jewish religious murders are facts, and traveled all over the country with an agitatorial lecture to the same purpose.

Under these circumstances, the Jews in Russian Poland turned to the few men whose names were so esteemed or whose characters were so unimpeachable that their words could not be unheeded.

*Ladislas Mickiewicz*, the excellent son of the great *Mickiewicz*, who had passed his whole life in Paris, first as a publisher and translator of the works of his father, and then as a Polish patriotic author, convened, together with some other prominent men, a great meeting at Warsaw to restore the inner peace. In vain he begged and besought his countrymen, who had enemies enough otherwise, not to act as enemies of the Jews, who had

always been their friends. No Polish newspaper gave any report of his speech.

All this took place before the war. The provisional result was the economic destruction of the Russian-Polish Jews. But now during the war the glow of the bloody hatred of the Jews has blazed out in far stronger flames and the Russian Government has as yet done nothing to subdue or quench the fire.

During the mobilization several Polish newspapers, for instance, the *Glos Lubelski*, brought the alarming news in heavy type: "In England great pogroms against the Jews. The English Government does not check them." The paper was conscious of the lie. But the question was to set an example to follow.

When the lack of gold and silver began to be felt the Polish newspapers accused the Jews of hiding the valuable metals. On closer examination, it was found that many non-Jewish business people (for instance, *Ignaschewski* in *Lublin*, a very rich Pole) were withholding whole bags full of gold and silver coins, for which they were punished rather severely; but this was not proved against a single Jew.

Furthermore, the Jews were, among other things, accused of having smuggled in a coffin 1,500,000 rubles in gold into Germany; and the protest against the accusation entered by the representatives and ministers of the Jewish congregation at Warsaw was printed in Russian papers, but not in a single Polish one.

All these things were preparations for pogroms; but many others were made. The anti-Semites printed a proclamation in Yiddish in which the Jews were called upon to revolt against Russia; they took care that this proclamation was put into the pockets of the unsuspecting Jews in the streets of the different towns; those who had distributed the papers denounced the party concerned to the police. Everybody upon whom the proclamation was found was shot.

At last the Jews were, as in the Middle Ages, both in word and writing accused of having poisoned the wells. If some Cossacks or other Russian soldiers

died, the Poles accused the Jews of having caused their death.

The chief accusation was, however, the accusation of espionage, which obtained general credence and was used both when Austrian troops came to some town or village and when Russian troops expelled the Austrians. The result was the same. A suitable number of Jews were conscientiously shot by the Russians as well as by the Austrians. There are, however, lists of those who really have been unmasked as spies. A Potocki was among them, and had to pay for it with his life; but no Jewish name is found on these lists.

The accusation is, however, always believed, as the Jew has, for about two thousand years, been characterized as Judas.

The legend about Judas may without exaggeration be described as one of the most foolish legends of antiquity; that it has been believed is one proof among thousands of the indescribable simplicity of mankind. Few legends carry like it the stamp of lie on their faces and few legends have millennium after millennium caused so many evils and horrors. It has tortured and murdered by hundred thousands.

According to the supposition the story is impossible. The supposition is that a man in possession of superhuman attributes, a god or a demi-god, day after day goes about and speaks in the open air in a town and its neighborhood. So little does he make a secret of his doings that a short time before he had made his entry at broad daylight, welcomed with exultation by the whole population. He is known by each and all, by each woman and each child. So little does he want to hide that he walks about accompanied by his disciples, preaching day and night, sleeping among them. And to think it should be necessary to buy one of his disciples to denounce him and deliver him, to betray him, and that—for the sake of the effect—with a kiss! Indeed, if he had hidden in some cellar, then there would be some meaning in it; but as things are, those who seek him

need only ask; which of you is Jesus? He would not have tried to deny his name.

Judas is then not only quite superfluous, but an absurdity, the origin of which is to be found in the desire to place the black traitor opposite the white hero of light and in the hatred of Jews arising among the first Gentile Christians, who later made the world forget that not only this straw-doll, Judas, but also Jesus and all the Apostles, all the Disciples and all the evangelists were Jews.

Nevertheless, in the conception of the rude masses this Judas—as he was called—has become the Jew, the typical Jew, the traitor, and the spy.

Still as late as in the last decennium of the last century Capt. Alfred Dreyfus fell a victim to this old foolish legend.

And now it is again rehashed against the Jews in Russian Poland.

The pogroms have, by virtue of these Judas accusations and the many other dreadful accusations, spread all over Russian Poland, and there they are spreading more and more, while Galicia as well as Posen has proved susceptible to the incitations which have not failed. Many hundreds of innocent people have fallen victims to them.

Here are a few instances from many:

In the town of Bechava, conquered by the Austrians, the Polish leaders, among whom was a very well-known estate owner, applied to the Austrian commandant, accusing the Jews of secret connection with the Russian Army. In consequence of this the Austrians killed a 67-year-old man called Wallstein and his 17-year-old son. When, after a short time, the Austrians were driven away, the same estate owner accused the Jews of the town to the Russian commandant of being in communication with the Austrians, having delivered to them all provisions for the purpose of depriving the Russians of them. In consequence of his accusation, many Jews were shot and their houses burned down.

In the towns of Janow and Krasnik the Jews were accused of having put out mines to destroy the Russians. The

Jews, and among them many children, were hanged on the telegraph poles, and the two towns destroyed.

The town of Samosch was conquered by the Austrian Sokol troops, those beautiful slender people whom you do not forget when once you have seen them train in the capital of Galicia. When they were driven away from the Russian Army the Poles accused the Jews of the town of having been the accomplices of the Austrians. Twelve Jews were arrested. When they denied the charge they were sentenced to death. Five of them had been already hanged, when in the middle of the execution a Russian priest, carrying an image of the Virgin in his hand, appeared and with his hand on this image took the oath that the Jews were innocent and that the accusation was all an outcome of Polish hatred of the Jews. He proved that the Poles of the town themselves had supported the Austrians and that even a telephone connection with Lemberg could be found. The seven Jews were then set free; five had already been hanged.

In the town of Jusefow, the Jews were accused of having poisoned the wells through which hundreds of Cosacks had lost their lives. Seventy-eight Jews were killed, many women were ravished, and houses and shops plundered.

Similar events happened and still happen daily by hundreds. Greater or smaller pogroms with murder, rape, and plunder have thus taken place in the districts of Warsaw, Random, Petrikow, and Kelts.

Only a few Russian Governors, such as Korff, in Warsaw; Kelepowski, in Lublin, and the Governor of Wilna, Petrikow, and Grodno have spoken, although too late, against the pogroms, but neither the Government nor the Poles take these warnings seriously.

Eyewitnesses have told me about Jewish soldiers in the different lazarets who have turned mad, not through the unavoidable horrors of the war, but because of the pogroms they have witnessed in the towns they have passed. They mistake those they have seen murdered for their own relations; they im-

agine they see their own mothers, sisters, or beloved ones in that plight. They are always raving about the same thing.

The pursuit of the Jews by the Russian-Polish anti-Semites is the more invidious under these circumstances, as 300,000 Jewish soldiers, among them many volunteers, are serving in the Russian Army, and as the self-sacrifice of the army and the Red Cross hitherto has been immeasurable. In the great congregations are special hospitals for Russian soldiers—regardless of their creed—founded by Jews and with Jewish money. Not a few Jewish soldiers have already won the highest military distinctions—nay, a few of them have even received them from Mr. Rennenkampf, the Commander in Chief himself, who used to be a zealous anti-Semite, as the Russian Court on the whole is passionately anti-Semitic. The manifesto from the Czar *To my dear Jewish subjects*, which has been printed in the French newspapers, has never been anything but a fabrication.

While the usual accusation against the Jews in Russian Poland was that of sympathizing with the Russians—for which they have no special reason—Mr. A. Warinski, who in Russia is classed among the black ones, also called the true Russians—in "Politiken" has made the charge against them that the German attempts of gaining the Poles "have only had the effect desired on the Russian and Polish Jews, as these elements, because of psychological relation with the Prussians, feel disposed to place themselves at the side of Germany." This accusation and the arguments for it might express the culmination. The Jew shall and must be Judas. If it cannot be accomplished in one way the opposite way is tried. Mr. Warinski does not say one word about how many Jews have gone into the war as volunteers out of pure enthusiasm for Poland. They have not been able to believe, as I for my part cannot believe, that the last outcrop of nationalism in Russian Poland is more than a temporary epidemic.

How could Russian Poles in the long run be unfaithful to the only powers they



have been able to appeal to, the only powers which took an interest in them? How can they who are fighting for their liberty after so many years' ill-treatment be willing to seize an opportunity to ill-treat the only people who (to its misfortune) is in their power, the only people who have suffered far more and twenty times as long as they themselves, and the only ones who are too strong to be destroyed through any ill-treatment? How can the Poles, who were at times ruined as a State through the treachery of their own men, want to fling out the accusation of treason against a tribe which has never betrayed itself and which even in the deepest abasement never betrayed the only Slavic tribe who in the Middle Ages gave a refuge to its children?

I suppose that the Poles will maintain against this appeal to them that I, whom the Ruthenians could never bring to make any attack on them, am now, because of my descent, speaking in favor of a matter which is very unpleasant to them. My personal descent has so little influenced my proceedings and way of thinking that during the whole of my public life I have been subject to continual at-

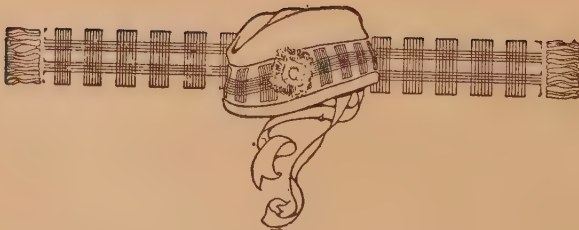
tacks in national Jewish periodicals and newspapers as the man who denied community of descent and supposed community of faith.

This Spring during my stay in America I was continually attacked in the American Jewish papers as the callous denier of the Jews. It was nonsense, as is most of that which appears in print, but it proves at least that it is not on behalf of my blood but on behalf of my mind that I speak on this occasion. My sympathy is not with the Jews as Jews, but as the suppressed and ill-treated.

I am the man who a generation ago wrote: "We love Poland, not in the same way that we love Germany or France or England, but as we love liberty. For what is to love Poland but to love liberty, to feel a deep sympathy with misfortune and to admire courage and combative enthusiasm? Poland is the symbol of all that which the supreme among mankind have loved and for which they have fought."

These were my words and hitherto I have adhered to them.

Shall I have to feel ashamed of having written them, now that Poland's future is being decided? GEORG BRANDES.



# Commercial Treaties After the War

By P. Maslov

[From *Russkia Vedomosti*, Sept. 10, (23,) 1914]

FOR reasons beyond my control,\* I am unable as a member of the Free Economic Association† to participate in the discussion of the methods of raising money by taxation for the war expenditures. The political group to which I belong may not give full expression to its views. What follows is my personal opinion shared by several men.

The attack by Germany is not only a menace to the democracy of France and Belgium, it not only threatens a political dictatorship by the Prussian nobility over Europe, but is a danger of far greater magnitude than these. For the first time Europe is in peril of having her commercial treaties determined by the sword. Up to this time even the smaller countries have been saved from such a violent course, and European capital has been obliged to restrict itself to the oppression of Asiatic countries. Now for the first time—in case of a German victory—Europe stands in danger of having her commercial arrangements forced upon her by an iron hand, and is threatened with being turned into a German

colony. For in the case of a German victory no power in Europe will be able to withstand Germany. And Germany will deal without ceremony even with Austria.

On the other hand, in case of German defeat, the foremost capitalistic country, Great Britain, may not menace Europe for two reasons: First, Great Britain holds to the policy of free trade; second—and this is the main point—she cannot support with armed force her policy as against her allies.

In the meantime the danger indicated above threatens economically backward Russia; her agricultural population may be ruined, her industries may be destroyed. An unprecedented situation has arisen for Russia. All the social classes of the empire are deeply interested in the repulse of the armies of the Kaiser. The working class is just as much interested in the existence of Russian industries as are the employers. The peasants are in no less degree interested in the development of agriculture; the killing of industries and agriculture like that committed by England in Ireland centuries ago is a gloomy prospect for all classes of society. If France and Belgium are threatened with a political oppression then Russia is threatened with an even more terrible economic subjugation. Such is the situation.

The poorest classes of the people are taking part in this fight with what they have, with their blood. It is but natural that they should expect that the material burdens of the war will fall not upon their shoulders, but upon big business.

It seems to me that in discussing the sinews of war the Free Economic Association has not considered fully the psy-

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\* Mr. Maslov, who is a well-known Russian economist, was arrested shortly after the beginning of the war on suspicion of not being loyal enough.—Translator.

† The Russian Free Economic Association is one of the oldest scientific bodies of Russia. It considers at its meetings proposed taxation and various questions of economic policy. It is but natural that the proposed new taxes should have provoked ardent discussion in this association. How the war taxes should be levied (direct versus indirect taxation) and who shall be the taxpayers, were among the chief topics discussed at its recent meetings.—Translator.

chology of the masses. And yet this psychology has a decisive influence upon the war, and is bound to be unfavorable to the war, if the masses of the people feel that the financial burdens of the war are to be placed upon the weakest shoulders.

Considering that at the present moment our supreme duty is to repel the German invasion at all costs, I think that this duty will be better performed by

putting the economic burden of the war upon the shoulders of the well-to-do classes, for we have to reckon not only with the taxpaying capacity of the mass of the people, but also with their psychology.

I regard it as a great mistake that the important problem of the most economical methods of spending money raised by taxation has not been considered.

P. MASLOV.

## THE WOMAN'S PART

By MAZIE V. CARUTHERS

BESIDE my ruined cottage, desolate,  
 The children cowering 'round me, mute  
 from fright,  
 With tearless eyes and brooding heart, I  
 wait,  
 Watching through all the long, the weary  
 night.  
 God of the homeless, look from Heaven and  
 see!  
 Out of the deeps, a woman calls on Thee!

My little ones, they cry all day for bread,  
 And, 'neath the shelter of my meagre  
 breast,  
 Stirs one unborn, who must e'er long be fed—  
 'Another babe to hunger with the rest.  
 Madonna Mary, hear a mother's moan!  
 Pity the travail I must bear alone!

The tasseled corn would plenteous harvest  
 yield,  
 But all the crops are rotting in the sun.  
 Where are the reapers? On some battlefied  
 They fight for nought and die there, one by  
 one!  
 God's comfort be upon them where they lie,  
 Sheep to war's shambles driven—who knows  
 why?  
 Death and destruction walk by day, by night,  
 Men's blood is spilt and sacrificed in vain,  
 While women wait for tidings of the fight  
 Who may not even sepulchre their slain!  
 They say "God's in His Heaven"—but, in-  
 stead,  
 'Twould seem He is asleep—or, maybe, dead!





GEN. VON HINDENBURG

The German Commander in the East

(Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of  
the Berlin Photograph. Co., N. Y.)



GENERAL VON KLUCK

Commanding on the German Left Wing in the West  
(Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of the Berlin  
Photographic Company, New York)



CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA

*Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of  
the Berlin Photographie Co., N. Y.*





GEN. VON BÜLOW

Commanding One of the German Armies in the West

*(Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of  
the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.)*



**CROWN PRINCE WILHELM**

(Copyright, Photographische Gesellschaft, by permission of  
the Berlin Photographic Co., N. Y.)



LIEUT. GEN. SIR DOUGLAS HAIG  
Commanding One of General French's Corps  
*From painting by John St. Huber Landers*





GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN

One of the British Corps Commanders  
*(From painting by John St. Heller Lander)*



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH  
Commanding the British Forces in France and Belgium  
*(Painted by Sir John Everett Millais)*



**JOHN W. BURGESS**

*(Photo by Alman & Co.)*

*See Page 507*





WILLIAM M. SLOANE

*(Photo by Pach)*

*See Page 515*



**FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS**

*(Photo by the Misses Selby)*

*See Page 526*



RUDOLF EUCKEN

*See Page 534*





BRANDER MATTHEWS

*(Photo by Brown Bros.)*

*See Page 541*



NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



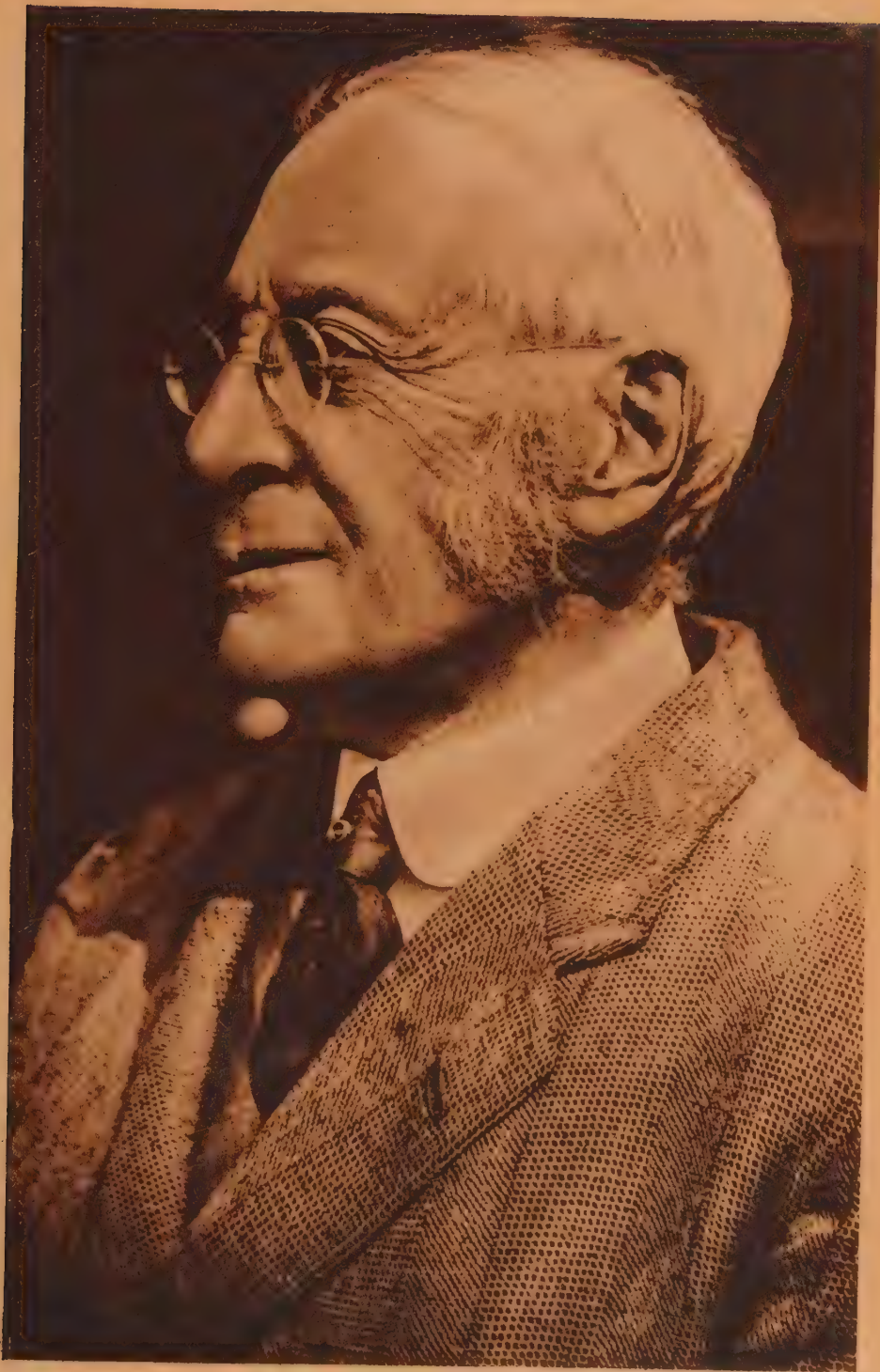
ARTHUR VON BRIESEN  
*See Page 548*





NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

*See Page 565*



CHARLES W. ELIOT  
(Photo © by Paul Thompson)

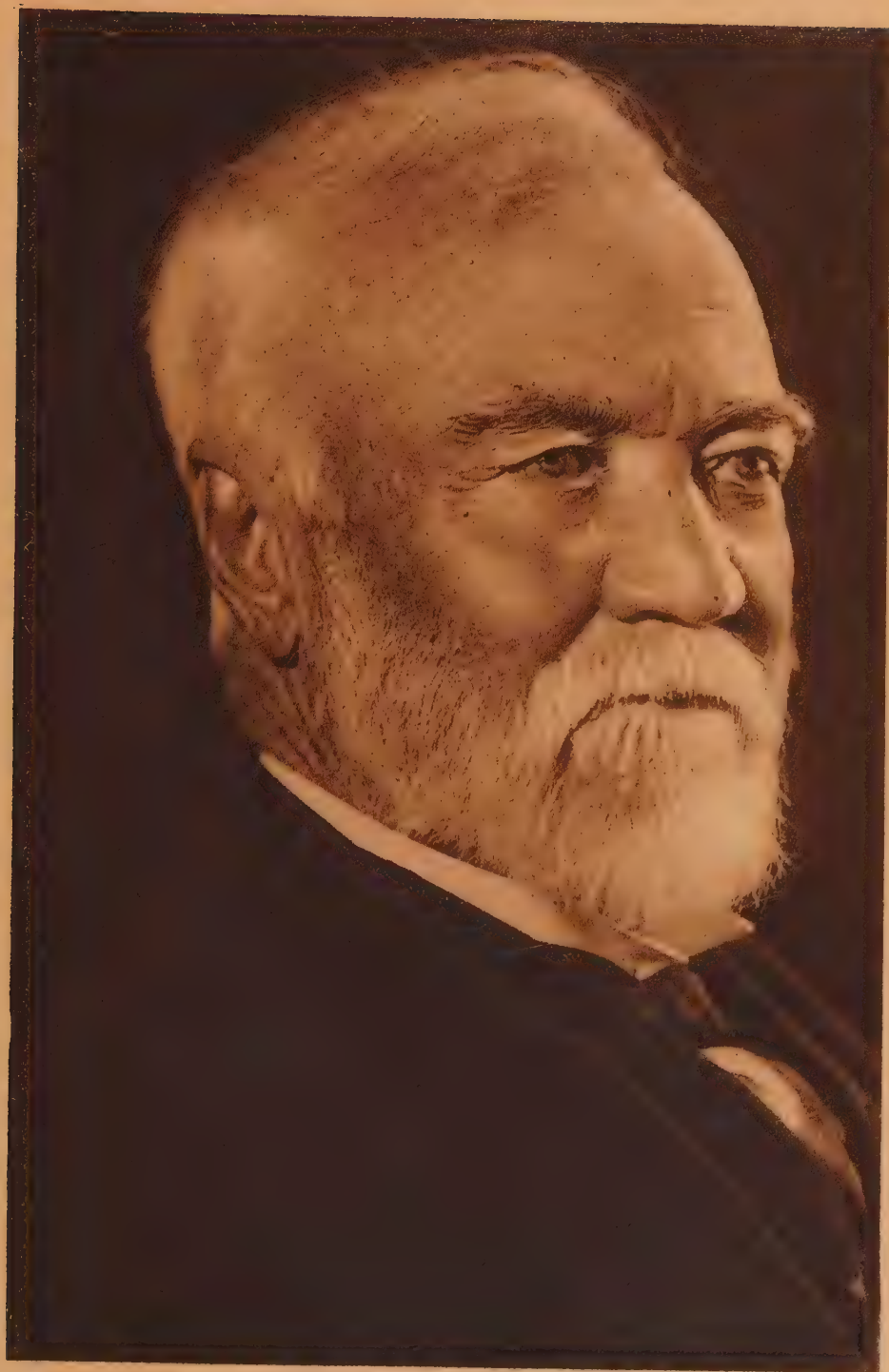
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JAMES M. BECK

*See Page 413*

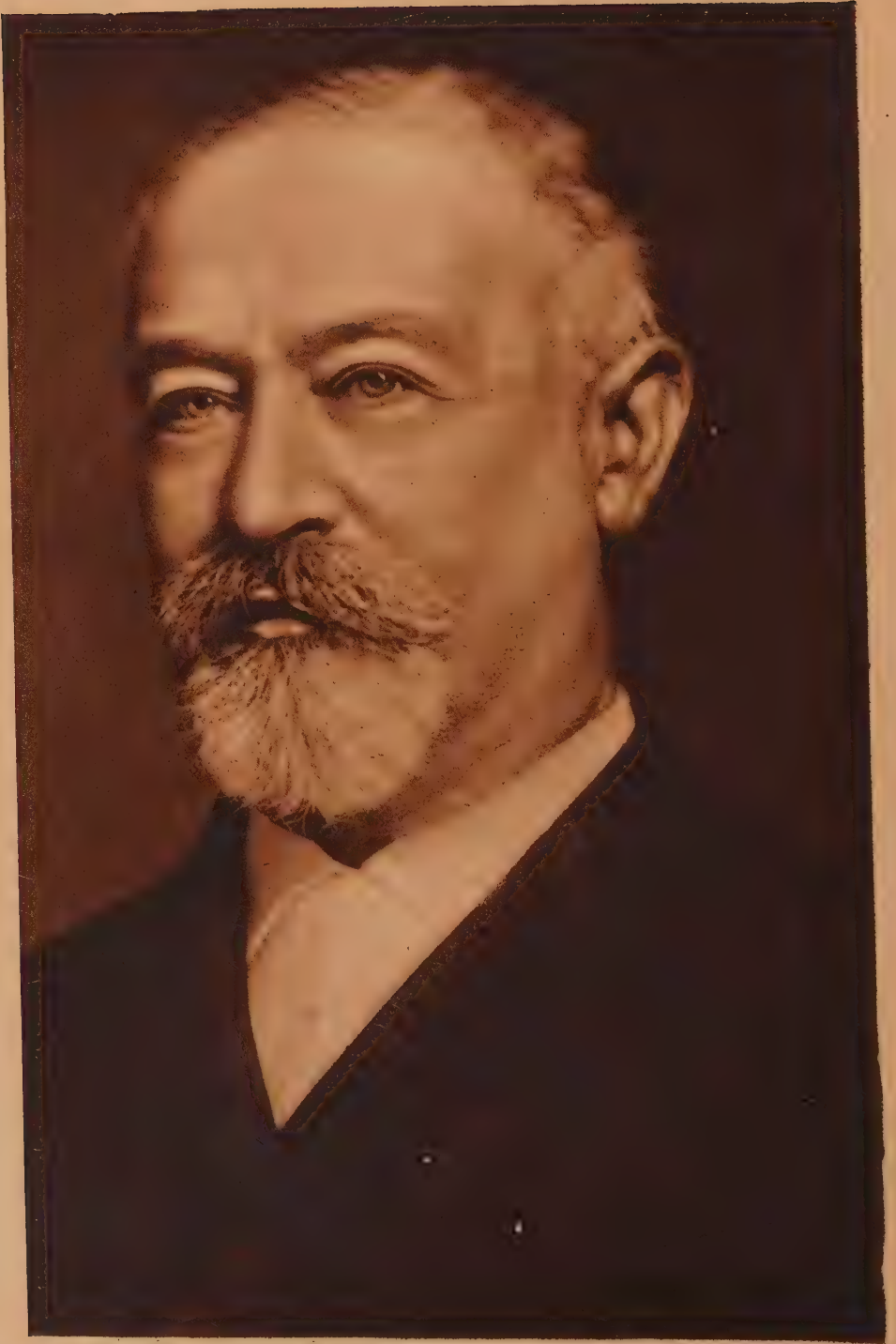




**ANDREW CARNEGIE**

*(Photo © by Underwood & Underwood)*

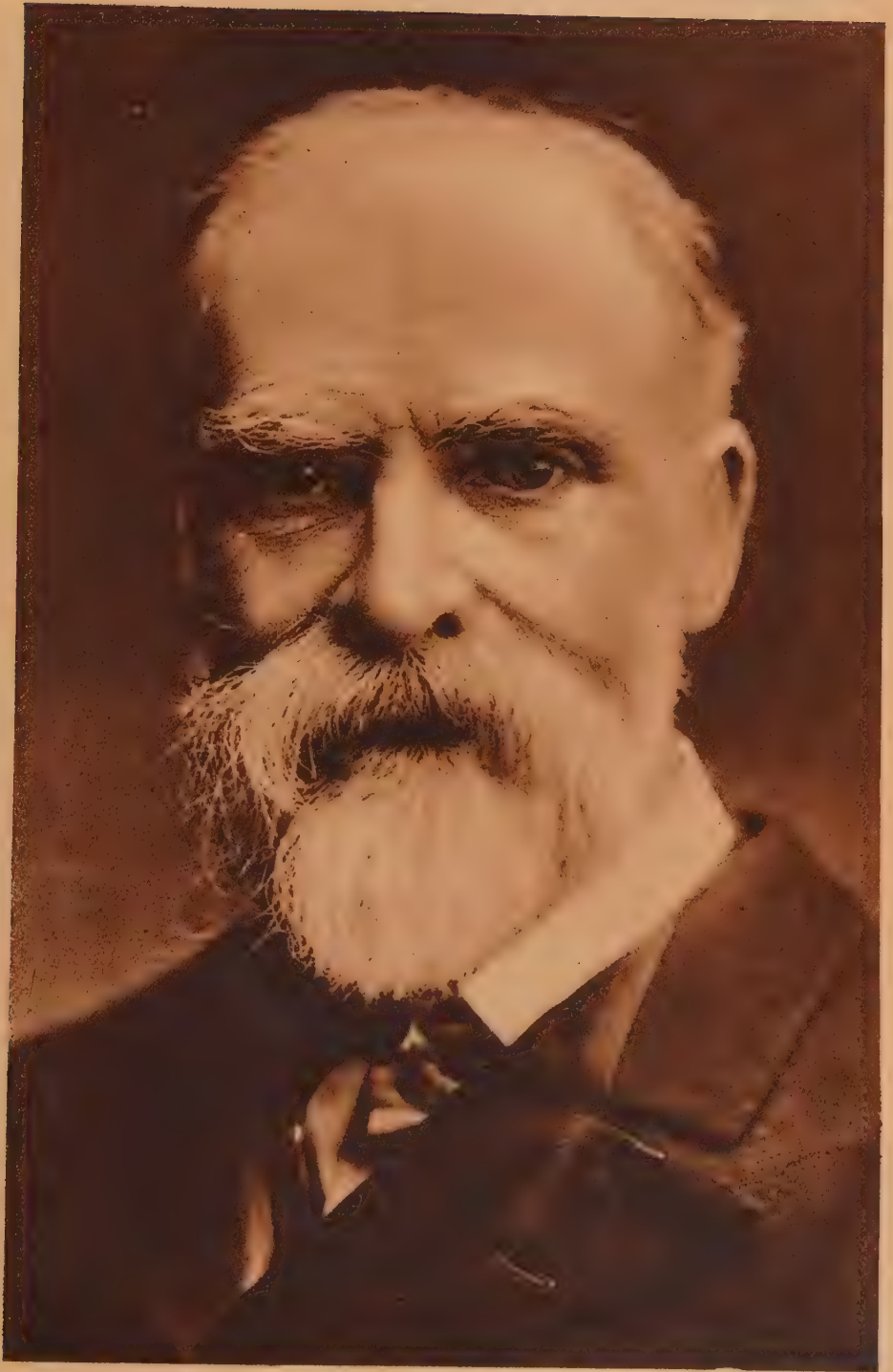
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JACOB H. SCHIFF

(Photo by American Press Assn.)

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VISCOUNT JAMES BRYCE

*(Photo from George G. Bain.)*

*See Page 477*





**DR. BERNHARD DERNBURG**

*(Photo by Campbell Studios)*

*See Page 487*



DAVID STARR JORDAN

*See Page 502*



**JOHN GRIER HIBBEN**

*(Photo by McManus)*

*See Page 503*





GENERAL D'AMADE

Commanding One of the French Armies

*(Photo from Bain News Service)*



GENERAL PAUL PAU  
Commanding One of the French Armies  
*(Photo from Underwood & Underwood)*



GEN. JOSEPH JOFFRE

The French Commander in Chief

(Photo from International News Service.)





CAPT. KARL VON MULLER

Of the German Cruiser Emden

(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



GENERAL RENNENKAMPF

The Russian General Who Was Removed by the Grand Duke

*(Photo © by American Press Assn.)*



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH

The Russian Commander in Chief

*Portrait by Sir George Frederic Watts*





GENERAL VICTOR DANKL  
The Austrian Commander in the Russian Campaign  
*(Photo from Bain News Service)*



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELlicoe

Commanding the British Fleets

*Photo from Rogers*

# Patriotism and Endurance

By Cardinal D. J. Mercier

*Archbishop of Malines.*

[Copyright by Burns & Oates, Ltd., London.]

*Here is the celebrated Christmas pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. It is the first authentic translated copy of the document to be received in America. The letter has caused a worldwide sensation because of its bold appeal to the Belgian people. Its publication resulted in the detention of the Cardinal by the Germans in his palace and a consequent protest by the Pope and the whole Roman Catholic world. The first reports of the arrest of the Cardinal were denied by the German authorities. Subsequently an official report made to the Pope stated that 15,000 copies of the pastoral letter were seized in Malines and destroyed, the printer being fined; that the Cardinal was detained in his palace during Jan. 4; that he was prevented by German officers on Jan. 3 from presiding at a religious ceremony; that they subjected him to interrogations and demanded of him a retraction, which he refused to make.*

**M**Y Very Dear Brethren: I cannot tell you how instant and how present thought of you has been to me throughout the months of suffering and of mourning through which we have passed. I had to leave you abruptly on the 20th of August in order to fulfill my last duty toward the beloved and venerated Pope whom we have lost, and in order to discharge an obligation of the conscience from which I could not dispense myself, in the election of the successor of Pius X., the Pontiff who now directs the Church under the title, full of promise and of hope, of Benedict XV.

It was in Rome itself that I received the tidings—stroke after stroke—of the partial destruction of the Cathedral Church of Louvain, next of the burning of the library and of the scientific installations of our great university and of the devastation of the city, and next of the wholesale shooting of citizens and tortures inflicted upon women and children and upon unarmed and undefended men.

And, while I was still under the shock

of these calamities, the telegraph brought us news of the bombardment of our beautiful metropolitan church, of the Church of Notre Dame au dela la Dyle, of the Episcopal Palace, and of a great part of our dear City of Malines.

Afar from my diocese, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to the foot of the Crucifix.

I craved courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these: A disaster has visited the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down within her fortresses and upon her fields, in defense of her rights and of her territory.

Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning. Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us? Then I looked upon the Crucifix, I looked upon Jesus, most



gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear."

And forthwith the murmur died upon my lips, and I remembered what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: "The discipline is not above the master, nor the servant above his lord." The Christian is the servant of a God who became man in order to suffer and to die.

To rebel against pain, to revolt against Providence because it permits grief and bereavement, is to forget whence we came, the school in which we have been taught, the example that each of us carries graven in the name of a Christian, which each of us honors at his hearth, contemplates at the altar of his prayers, and of which he desires that his tomb, the place of his last sleep, shall bear the sign.

My dearest brethren, I shall return by and by to the providential law of suffering, but you will agree that since it has pleased a God-made man who was holy, innocent, without stain, to suffer and to die for us who are sinners, who are guilty, who are perhaps criminals, it ill becomes us to complain whatever we may be called upon to endure. The truth is that no disaster on earth, striking creatures only, is comparable with that which our sins provoked and whereof God Himself chose to be the blameless victim.

Having recalled to mind this fundamental truth, I find it easier to summon you to face what has befallen us and to speak to you simply and directly of what is your duty and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words—patriotism and endurance.

My dearest brethren, I desire to utter in your name and my own the gratitude of those whose age, vocation, and social conditions cause them to benefit by the heroism of others without bearing in it any active part.

When, immediately on my return

from Rome, I went to Havre to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded; when, later, at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attack of the enemy or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips. "O valiant friends," I said, "it was for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am moved to tell you of my respect, of my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our saviors.

A first time, at Liège, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes.

Never before in my whole life did I feel so proud to be a Belgian as when, on the platforms of French stations, and halting a while in Paris, and visiting London, I was witness of the enthusiastic admiration our allies feel for the heroism of our army. Our King is, in the esteem of all, at the very summit of the moral scale. He is doubtless the only man who does not recognize that fact, as, simple as the simplest of his soldiers, he stands in the trenches and puts new courage, by the serenity of his face, into the hearts of those of whom he requires that they shall not doubt of their country. The foremost duty of every Belgian citizen at this hour is gratitude to the army.

If any man had rescued you from shipwreck or from a fire, you would assuredly hold yourselves bound to him by a debt of everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man, it is 250,000 men who fought, who suffered, who fell for you so that you might be free, so that Belgium might keep her independence, her dynasty, her patriotic unity; so that after the vicissitudes of battle she might rise nobler.

purser, more erect, and more glorious than before.

Pray daily, my brethren, for these 250,000 and for their leaders to victory; pray for our brothers in arms; pray for the fallen; pray for those who are still engaged; pray for the recruits who are making ready for the fight to come.

In your name I send them the greeting of our fraternal sympathy and our assurance that not only do we pray for the success of their arms and for the eternal welfare of their souls, but that we also accept for their sake all the distress, whether physical or moral, that falls to our own share in the oppression that hourly besets us, and all that the future may have in store for us, in humiliation for a time, in anxiety, and in sorrow. In the day of final victory we shall all be in honor; it is just that today we should all be in grief.

To judge by certain rumors that have reached me, I gather that from districts that have had least to suffer some bitter words have arisen toward our God, words which, if spoken with cold calculation, would not be far from blasphemous.

Oh, all too easily do I understand how natural instinct rebels against the evils that have fallen upon Catholic Belgium. The spontaneous thought of mankind is ever that virtue should have its instantaneous crown and injustice its immediate retribution.

But the ways of God are not our ways, the Scriptures tell us. Providence gives free courses, for a time measured by Divine wisdom, to human passions and the conflict of desires. God, being eternal, is patient. The last word is the word of mercy, and it belongs to those who believe in love. "Why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me? *Quare tristis es anima, et quare conturbas me?*" Hope in God. Bless Him always. Is He not thy Saviour and thy God? *Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi, salutare vultus mei et Deus meus.*

When holy Job, whom God presented as an example of constancy to the generations to come, had been stricken, blow

upon blow, by Satan, with the loss of his children, of his goods, of his health, his enemies approached him with provocations to discouragement; his wife urged upon him a blasphemy and a curse. "Dost thou still continue in thy simplicity? Curse God, and die." But the man of God was unshaken in his confidence. "And he said to her: Thou hast spoken like one of the foolish women; if we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil? *Dominus dedit, Dominus abstulit; sicut Domino placuit ita factum est. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*" And experience proved that saintly one to be right. It pleased the Lord to recompense, even here below, His faithful servant. "The Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. And for his sake God pardoned his friends."

Better than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt of what I suffer in my soul, as a citizen and as a Bishop, in sympathy with all this sorrow. These last four months have seemed to me age long. By thousands have our brave ones been mowed down. Wives, mothers are weeping for those they shall not see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty spreads, anguish increases.

At Malines, at Antwerp the people of two great cities have been given over, the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours, to a continuous bombardment, to the throes of death.

I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese,\* and the ruins I beheld and the ashes were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined.

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\*Duffel, Lierre, Berlaer Saint Rombaut, Konings-Hoyck, Mortsel, Waelhem, Muysen, Wavre Sainte Catherine, Wavre Nôtre Dame, Sempst, Weerde, Eppeghe, Hofstade, Elewy, Rymenam, Boort-Meerbeek, Wespe-laer, Haecht, Werchter-Wackerzeel, Rotse-laer, Tremeloo; Louvain and its suburban environs, Blauwput, Kessel-Loo, Booven-Loo, Linden. Herent, Thildonck, Bueken, Relst, Aerschot, Wesemael, Hersselt, Diest, Schaffen, Molenstede, Rillaer, Gelrode.

Other parts of my diocese, which I have not had time to visit,† have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of 380 homes 130 remain. At Tremeloo two-thirds of the village are overthrown. At Bueken, out of 100 houses 20 are standing. At Schaffen, 189 houses out of 200 are destroyed; 11 still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; 1,074 dwellings have disappeared. On the town land and in the suburbs 1,823 houses have been burned.

In this dear City of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent Church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendor. The ancient College of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the university, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition, and were an incitement in their studies, all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labors of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish lost its pastor. There is now sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man, of whom I asked whether he had had mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Magdeburg. At Munsterlagen alone, 3,100 civil prisoners were numbered.

History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom.

Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot and that there, under pain of death, their fellow-citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes 176 persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burned.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death.‡

One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps toward Liège, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?§ And there, where lives were not taken, and there, where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families hitherto living at ease now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined, industry at a standstill, thousands upon thousands of workingmen without employment, working women, shopgirls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread, and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever,

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†Their brothers in religion or in the priesthood will wish to know their names. Here they are: Dupierreux of the Society of Jesus, Brothers Sebastian and Allard of the Congregation of the Josephites, Brother Candide of the Congregation of the Brothers of Mercy, Father Maximin, Capuchin, and Father Vincent, Conventual; Lombaerts, parish priest at Boven-Loo; Goris, parish priest at Autgaerden; Carette, professor at the Episcopal College of Louvain; de Clerck, parish priest at Bueken; Dergent, parish priest at Gelrode, and Wouters Jean, parish priest at Pont-Buëlé. We have reason to believe that the parish priest of Hérent, van Bladel, an old man of 71, was also killed. Until now, however, his body has not been found.

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‡Haekendover, Roosbeek, Boutersem, Budingen, Neerlinder, Ottignies, Mousty, Wavre, Beyghem, Capelle-au-Bois, Humbeek, Nieuwenrode, Liezelo, Londerzeel, Heyndonck, Mariekerke, Weert, Blaesvelt.



crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?" There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

Yes, dearest brethren, it is the secret of God. He is the Master of events and the Sovereign Director of the human multitude. *Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus; orbis terrarum et universi qui habitant in eo.* The first relation between the creature and his Creator is that of absolute dependence. The very being of the creature is dependent; dependent are his nature, his faculties, his acts, his works.

At every passing moment that dependence is renewed, is incessantly reasserted, inasmuch as, without the will of the Almighty, existence of the first single instant would vanish before the next. Adoration, which is the recognition of the sovereignty of God, is not, therefore, a fugitive act; it is the permanent state of a being conscious of his own origin. On every page of the Scriptures Jehovah affirms His sovereign dominion.

The whole economy of the old law, the whole history of the chosen people, tend to the same end—to maintain Jehovah upon His throne and to cast idols down. "I am the first and the last. I am the Lord, and there is none else; there is no God beside Me. I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create

evil. Woe to him that gainsayeth his maker, a sherd of the earthen pots. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What art thou making, and thy work is without hands? Tell ye, and come, and consult together. A just God and a Saviour, there is none beside Me."

Ah, did the proud reason of mankind dream that it could dismiss our God? Did it smile in irony when through Christ and through His Church He pronounced the solemn words of expiation and of repentance? Vain of fugitive successes, O light-minded man, full of pleasure and of wealth, hast thou imagined that thou couldst suffice even to thyself?

Then was God set aside in oblivion, then was He misunderstood, then was He blasphemed with acclamation, and by those whose authority, whose influence, whose power had charged them with the duty of causing His great laws and His great order to be revered and obeyed. Anarchy then spread among the lower ranks of mankind, and many sincere consciences were troubled by the evil example. How long, O Lord, they wondered, how long wilt Thou suffer the pride of this iniquity? Or wilt Thou finally justify the impious opinion that Thou carest no more for the work of Thy hands? A shock from a thunderbolt, and behold, all human foresight is set at nought! Europe trembles upon the brink of destruction!

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Many are the thoughts that throng the breast of man today, and the chief of them all is this:

God reveals Himself as the Master. The nations that made the attack, and the nations that are warring in self-defense, alike confess themselves to be in the hand of Him without Whom nothing is made, nothing is done.

Men long unaccustomed to prayer are turning again to God. Within the army, within the civil world, in public, and within the individual conscience, there is prayer. Nor is that prayer today a word learned by rote, uttered lightly by the lip; it surges from the troubled heart, it

§I have said that thirteen ecclesiastics had been shot within the Diocese of Malines. There were, to my own actual personal knowledge, more than thirty in the Dioceses of Namur, Tournai, and Liège—Schlogel, parish priest of Hastière; Gille, parish priest of Couvin; Pieret, curate at Etalle; Alexandre, curate at Mussy-la-Ville; Maréchal, seminarist at Maissin; the Rev. Father Gillet, Benedictine of Maredsous; the Rev. Father Nicolas, Premonstratensian of the Abbey of Leffe; two brothers of the same abbey; one brother of the Congregation of Oblates; Poskin, parish priest of Surice; Hotlet, parish priest of Les Alloux; Georges, parish priest of Tintigny; Glouden, parish priest of Latour; Zenden, retired parish priest of Latour; Jacques, a priest; Druet, parish priest of Acoz; Pollart, parish priest of Roselles; Labeye, parish priest of Blegny-Trembleur; Thielen, parish priest of Haccourt; Janssen, parish priest of Heure le Romain; Chabot, parish priest of Forêt; Dossogne, parish priest of Hockay; Reusonet, curate of Olme; Blande, chaplain of the Institute of Deaf Mutes at Bouge; Docq, a priest, and others.

takes the form, at the feet of God, of the very sacrifice of life. The being of man is a whole offering to God. This is worship, this is the fulfillment of the primal moral and religious law—the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.

And even those who murmur, and whose courage is not sufficient for submission to the hand that smites us and saves us, even these implicitly acknowledge God to be the Master, for if they blaspheme Him, they blaspheme Him for His delay in closing with their desires.

But as for us, my brethren, we will adore Him in the integrity of our souls. Not yet do we see in all its magnificence the revelation of His wisdom, but our faith trusts Him with it all. Before His justice we are humble, and in His mercy hopeful. With holy Tobias we know that because we have sinned He has chastised us, but because He is merciful He will save us.

It would perhaps be cruel to dwell upon our guilt now, when we are paying so well and so nobly what we owe. But shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen? The observance of Sunday rest, the Sunday mass, the reverence for marriage, the restraints of modesty—what had you made of these?

What, even within Christian families, had become of the simplicity practiced by our fathers, what of the spirit of penance, what of respect for authority? And we, too, we priests, we religious, I, the Bishop, we whose great mission it is to present in our lives, yet more than in our speech, the Gospel of Christ, have we earned the right to speak to our people the word spoken by the Apostle to the nations, "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ"?

We labor indeed, we pray indeed, but it is all too little. We should be, by the very duty of our State, the public expiators for the sins of the world. But which was the thing dominant in our

lives—expiation or our comfort and well-being as citizens? Alas! we have all had times in which we, too, fell under God's reproach to His people after the escape from Egypt: "The beloved grew fat and kicked; they have provoked me with that which was no god, and I will provoke them with that which is no people." Nevertheless, He will save us, for He wills not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live. I will strike and I will heal."

God will save Belgium, my brethren; you cannot doubt it.

Nay, rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our mother country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on Aug. 2, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close ranged about their own King and their own Government, and cry to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the

public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting the same soil, having among themselves relations more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories happy or unhappy.

Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization, to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together.

Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the city—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty.

And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of resistance in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom?

Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The rigidity of antique morals and the despotism of the Caesars suggested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive

it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretionary power of the State is the rule of right. Not so, replies Christian theology; right is peace—that is, the interior order of a nation, founded upon justice. And justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man.

Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war. And war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, patriotism is seen in its religious character.

Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of patriotism, for that ideal is right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of right in national matters and of national honor. Now there is no absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to right, to justice, and to truth, is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their patriotism. Which of us does not feel that patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

I was asked lately by a staff officer whether a soldier falling in a righteous cause—and our cause is such, to demonstration—is not veritably a martyr. Well, he is not a martyr in the rigorous theological meaning of the word, inasmuch as he dies in arms, whereas the martyr delivers himself, undefended and unarmed, into the hands of the executioner; but if I am asked what I think



of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defense of his country's honor and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that, without any doubt whatever, Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. "Greater love than this no man hath," said our Saviour, "that a man lay down his life for his friends."

And the soldier who dies to save his brothers and to defend the hearths and altars of his country reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice, but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love?

Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the Cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence, but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity—it cancels a whole lifetime of sins. It transforms a sinful man into a saint.

Assuredly a great and a Christian comfort is the thought that not only among our own men, but in any belligerent army whatsoever, all who in good faith submit to the discipline of their leaders in the service of a cause they believe to be righteous are sharers in the eternal reward of the soldier's sacrifice. And how many may there not be among these young men of 20 who, had they survived, might possibly not have had the resolution to live altogether well, and yet in the impulse of patriotism had the resolution to die so well?

Is it not true, my brethren, that God has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and His justice? And shall we not acknowledge that if

war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and the extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?

We may now say, my brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably in Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and of life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression, or a single cannon shot on the frontier, would not have served the purpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry counsels. Mere utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship.

On the 19th of April, 1839, a treaty was signed in London by King Leopold, in the name of Belgium, on the one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other; and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral State, and should be held to the observance of this neutrality in regard to all other States. The co-signatories promised, for themselves and their successors, upon their oath, to fulfill and to observe that treaty in every point and every article without contravention or tolerance of contravention. Belgium was thus bound in honor to defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath; England kept hers.

These are the facts.

The laws of conscience are sovereign laws. We should have acted unworthily had we evaded our obligation by a mere feint of resistance. And now we would not rescind our first resolution; we exult in it. Being called upon to write a most solemn page in the history of our coun-

try, we resolved that it should be also a sincere, also a glorious page. And as long as we are required to give proof of endurance, so long we shall endure.

All classes of our citizens have devoted their sons to the cause of their country, but the poorer part of the population have set the noblest example, for they have suffered also privation, cold, and famine. If I may judge of the general feeling from what I have witnessed in the humbler quarters of Malines and in the most cruelly afflicted districts of my diocese, the people are energetic in their endurance. They look to be righted; they will not hear of surrender.

Affliction is, in the hand of Divine Omnipotence, a two-edged sword. It wounds the rebellious, it sanctifies him who is willing to endure.

God proveth us, as St. James has told us, but He "is not a tempter of evils." All that comes from Him is good, a ray of light, a pledge of love. "But every man is tempted by his own concupiscence. \* \* \* Blessed is he that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him."

Truce, then, my brethren, to all murmurs of complaint. Remember St. Paul's words to the Hebrews, and through them to all of Christ's flock, when, referring to the bloody sacrifice of our Lord upon the cross, he reminded them that they had not yet resisted unto blood. Not only to the Redeemer's example shall you look, but also to that of the 30,000—perhaps 40,000—men who have already shed their life's blood for their country.

In comparison with them, what have you endured who are deprived of the daily comforts of your lives, your newspapers, your means of travel, your communication with your families? Let the patriotism of our army, the heroism of our King, of our beloved Queen in her magnanimity, serve to stimulate us and support us. Let us bemoan ourselves no more. Let us deserve the coming deliverance. Let us hasten it by our virtue even more than by our prayers. Courage brethren! Suffering passes away;

the crown of life for our souls, the crown of glory for our nation, shall not pass!

I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it is part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that power is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect nor attachment nor obedience.

The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. This authority alone has a right to our affection, our submission.

Thus the invader's acts of public administration have in themselves no authority; but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the general interest, and this ratification, and this only, gives them juridic value. Occupied provinces are not conquered provinces. Belgium is no more a German province than Galicia is a Russian province. Nevertheless, the occupied portion of our country is in a position it is compelled to endure. The greater part of our towns, having surrendered to the enemy on conditions, are bound to observe those conditions. From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army.

That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our allies, that has the honor and the duty of national defense. Let us intrust the army with our final deliverance.

Toward the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force, and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended and are still defending our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our situation and to help us to recover some minimum of

regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid upon us so long as those rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not take bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

You especially, my dearest brethren in the priesthood, be you at once the best examples of patriotism and the best supporters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, their charity at the work of the ambulance. Your Bishops are proud of you. You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient; history will do you justice. I today bear my witness for you.

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who had been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity, to which I gladly render homage, has since set at liberty. Well, I affirm, upon my honor, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that until now I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who has once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. All have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed.

I exhort you to persevere in this ministry of peace, which is for you the sanest form of patriotism to accept with all your hearts the privations you have to endure; to simplify still further, if it is possible, your way of life. One of you who is reduced by robbery and pillage to a state bordering on total destitution, said to me lately: "I am living now as I wish I had lived always."

Multiply the efforts of your charity, corporal and spiritual. Like the great Apostle, do you endure daily the cares of your Church, so that no man shall suffer loss and you not suffer loss, and no man fall and you not burn with zeal

for him. Make yourselves the champions of all those virtues enjoined upon you by civic honor as well as by the Gospel of Christ.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things." So may the worthiness of our lives justify us, my most dear colleagues, in repeating the noble claim of St. Paul: "The things which ye have learned and received and heard and seen in me, these do ye, and the God of Peace shall be with you."

Let us continue then, dearest brethren, to pray, to do penance, to attend holy mass, and to receive holy communion for the sacred intention of our dear country. \* \* \* I recommend parish priests to hold a funeral service on behalf of our fallen soldiers on every Saturday.

Money, I know well, is scarce with you all. Nevertheless, if you have little, give of that little for the succor of those among your fellow-countrymen who are without shelter, without fuel, without sufficient bread. I have directed my parish priests to form for this purpose in every parish a relief committee. Do you second them charitably and convey to my hands such alms as you can save from your superfluity, if not from your necessities, so that I may be the distributor to the destitute who are known to me.

Our distress has moved the other nations. England, Ireland, and Scotland, France, Holland, the United States, Canada, have vied with each other in generosity for our relief. It is a spectacle at once most mournful and most noble. Here again is a revelation of the Providential wisdom which draws good from evil. In your name, my brethren, and in my own, I offer to the Governments and the nations that have succored us the assurance of our admiration and our gratitude.

With a touching goodness, our Holy Father Benedict XV. has been the first to incline his heart toward us. When, a few moments after his election, he



deigned to take me in his arms, I was bold enough there to ask that the first Pontifical benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium, already in deep distress through the war. He eagerly closed with my wish, which I knew would also be yours. Today, with delicate kindness, his Holiness has decided to renounce the annual offering of Peter's Pence from Belgium.

In a letter dated on the beautiful festival of the Immaculate Virgin, Dec. 8, he assures us of the part he bears in our sufferings. He prays for us, calls down upon our Belgium the protection of Heaven, and exhorts us to hail in the then approaching advent of the Prince of Peace the dawn of better days. Here is the text of this valued message:

*To Our Dear Son, Désiré Mercier, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the Title of St. Peter in Chains, Archbishop of Malines, at Malines:*

Our Dear Son: Health and apostolic benediction. The fatherly solicitude which we feel for all the faithful whom Divine Providence has intrusted to our care causes us to share their griefs even more fully than their joys.

Could we, then, fail to be moved by keenest sorrow at the sight of the Belgian Nation, which we so dearly love, reduced by a most cruel and most disastrous war to this lamentable state?

We behold the King and his august family, the members of the Government, the chief persons of the country, Bishops, priests, and a whole people enduring woes which must fill with pity all gentle hearts, and which our own soul, in the fervor of paternal love, must be the first to compassionate. Thus, under the burden of this distress and this mourning, we call in our prayers for an end to such misfortunes. May the God of mercy hasten the day.

Meanwhile we strive to mitigate, as far as in us lies, this excessive suffering. Therefore the step taken by our dear son, Cardinal Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, at whose request it was arranged that French or Belgian priests detained

in Germany should have the treatment of officers, gave us great satisfaction, and we have expressed our thanks to him for his action.

As regards Belgium, we have been informed that the faithful of that nation, so sorely tried, did not neglect, in their piety, to turn toward us their thoughts, and that even under the blow of so many calamities they proposed to gather this year, as in all preceding years, the offerings to St. Peter, which supply the necessities of the Apostolic See.

This truly incomparable proof of piety and of attachment filled us with admiration; we accept it with all the affection that is due from a grateful heart; but having regard to the painful position in which our dear children are placed, we cannot bring ourselves to favor the fulfillment of that project, noble though it is. If any alms are to be gathered, our wish is that the money should be entirely devoted to the benefit of the Belgian people, who are as illustrious by reason of their nobility and their piety as they are today worthy of all sympathy.

Amid the difficulties and anxieties of the present hour we would remind the sons who are so dear to us that the arm of God is not shortened, that He is ever able to save, that His ear is not deaf to prayer.

Let the hope of Divine aid increase with the approach of the festival of Christmas and of the mysteries that celebrate the birth of our Lord, and recall that peace which God proclaimed to mankind by His angels.

May the souls of the suffering and afflicted find comfort and consolation in the assurance of the paternal tenderness that prompts our prayers. Yes, may God take pity upon the Belgian people and grant them the abundance of all good.

As a pledge of these prayers and good wishes, we now grant to all, and in the first place to you, our dear son, the apostolic benediction.

Given in Rome, by St. Peter's, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, in the year MCMXIV\*, the first of our Pontificate.

BENEDICT XV., Pope.

One last word, my dearest brethren: At the outset of these troubles I said to you that in the day of the liberation of our territory we should give to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin a public testimony of our gratitude. Since that date I have been able to consult my colleagues in the episcopate, and, in agreement with them, I now ask you to make, as soon as possible, a fresh effort to hasten the construction of the national basilica, promised by Belgium in honor of the Sacred Heart.

As soon as the sun of peace shall shine upon our country we shall redress our ruins, we shall restore shelter to those who have none, we shall rebuild our churches, we shall reconstitute our libraries, and we shall hope to crown this work of reconciliation by raising, upon the heights of the capital of Belgium, free and Catholic, that national basilica of the Sacred Heart. Further-

more, every year we shall make it our duty to celebrate solemnly, on the Friday following Corpus Christi, the festival of the Sacred Heart.

Lastly, in every region of the diocese the clergy will organize an annual pilgrimage of thanksgiving to one of the privileged sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin in order to pay especial honor to the protectress of our national independence and universal mediatrix of the Christian Commonwealth.

The present letter shall be read on the following dates: On the first day of the year and on the Sundays following the day on which it shall severally reach you.

Accept, my dearest brethren, my wishes and prayers for you and for the happiness of your families, and receive, I pray you, my paternal benediction.

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,

Archbishop of Malines.

## APPEAL TO AMERICA FOR BELGIUM

By THOMAS HARDY

Seven millions stand  
Emaciate, in that ancient Delta-land:  
We here, full charged with our own maimed  
and dead,  
And coiled in throbbing conflicts slow and  
sore,  
Can soothe how slight these ills unmerited  
Of souls forlorn upon the facing shore!  
Where naked, gaunt, in endless band on  
band

Seven millions stand.

No man can say  
To your great country that, with scant delay,  
You must, perforce, ease them in their sore  
need:  
We know that nearer first your duty lies;  
But—is it much to ask that you let plead  
Your loving kindness with you—wooing  
wise—  
Albeit that aught you owe and must repay  
No man can say?

# With the German Army

By Cyril Brown

*Staff correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES*

## I.

GERMAN GREAT HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Dec. 1, 1914.—There is a certain monotony about the "scientific murder" of the firing line—a routine repetition of artillery duels, alarums, and excursions which can be (and are being) vividly described by "war correspondents" from the safe vantage ground of comfortable cafés miles away. The real human interest end of this ultra-modern war is to be gleaned from rambling around the operating zone in a thoroughly irresponsible American manner, trusting in Providence and the red American eagle sealed on your emergency passport and a letter from Charles Lesimple, the genial Consul at Cologne, to keep you from being shot.

For instance, you get some interesting first-hand knowledge as to how spies can "get away with it," in spite of the perfect German military system of controls and passes. There is no "spy hysteria" in Germany as there apparently is in England, judging from the London papers; but none the less the German authorities know perfectly well that there are swarms of spies in their midst and are hunting them down with quiet, typically Teutonic thoroughness.

But the very perfection of the German military machine is its weak spot, and on this, my second visit to the German Great Headquarters, I was able to give the astonished authorities a personal demonstration as to how any smooth-tongued stranger could turn up at even this "holy of holies." The noc-

turnal trail led in a military train from Luxemburg over Longwy to Longuyon, where at 3 o'clock in the morning I met an old reader of THE NEW YORK TIMES, Herman Herzberger, a wealthy glove leather manufacturer of Berlin, well known to the trade in New York and Gloversville.

"What a coincidence," Mr. Herzberger remarked in good American. "I am going to the front with my wife to see my 18-year-old son, who is in a hospital at Vonziere. My son, who was in the high school, enlisted as a volunteer, with practically the whole school, at the outbreak of the war.

With "constant reader," I boarded a troop transport at Longuyon and crawled on through the night to the front. It was a reserve battalion of a Prussian infantry regiment of the line, and a little research work produced the interesting discovery that it was composed of men who had been wounded, were recovered, and going back for the second time. They were delighted to have an American in their midst, and promptly made me an honorary member. They had no idea where they were going, but eagerly hoped "they would be back in the trenches by evening."

"Many of us," said a Sergeant, "did not need to come back because owing to having received serious wounds the first time we were excused from further military service—but they all came back none the less. Here's one man who had nine wounds, from bullets and shell splinters, and this one was shot through the lungs, but you're all right again, aren't you?"



and this one is going back, although he has a wife and six children at home."

It was an interesting revelation as to the morale of the German reinforcements.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the troop transport stopped for refreshments at the French village of X, and here a funny phenomenon was witnessed. From all sides the shrewd inhabitants of the village came running, scores of them, with bottles of wine. The laughing German soldiers got out and, negotiating over a picket fence, returned with the refreshments while the inhabitants made off with German coin. I saw bottles of champagne change hands here for the sum of 25 cents. In spite of the cheapness of wine, however, the German soldier is well disciplined and does not "go the limit"; I have never seen an intoxicated specimen afield.

One of the soldiers told the following story to illustrate the iron discipline enforced in the Kaiser's army in the case of the inevitable black sheep: "A French woman, who kept a small tavern, came to our commandant and complained because a Bavarian soldier had wantonly turned the spigot and allowed a whole cask of red wine to run out on the ground. After an investigation the offender was found guilty and for punishment tied to a tree for two hours. To be tied fast by your head and legs is the most dreaded punishment, because you are disgraced before all your comrades."

From X I started out on a foot tour, and entered the Grosses Hauptquartier (Great Headquarters) unchallenged, by the back door. Journalistically it was disappointing at first, for it was Sunday morning, and apparently Prussian militarism keeps the Sabbath holy. There was no interviewing the Kaiser, for he had gone "way down East" and with him his War Minister, Gen. von Falkenhayn. The courteous commandant, Col. von Hahnke, was not on the job. Even the brilliant chief of the press division, Major Nikolai, was out of town when I called on the Great General Staff.

But there were compensations, for at a turn of the road I saw a more impressive

sight than even the motoring Kaiser—a mile of German cavalry coming down the straight chaussée, gray horsemen as far as the eye could see, and more constantly coming over the brow of the distant hill, with batteries of field artillery sandwiched between, while on the railroad track, paralleling the highway, infantry and heavy artillery troop trains crawled past in endless succession, as closely together as subway trains during the rush hour at home. An allied aeroplane, hovering overhead, would have learned something to its advantage.

I had innocently blundered into one of the most important troop movements of the war, but how many and where they were coming from or where they were going to I pledged myself not to disclose. The inevitable company of cyclists rode at the head of the long column that was still passing when I went to bed. Next came an imposing staff—then a mounted band blaring away, then a crack guard cavalry regiment, proud standard flying, then cavalry less élite, here and there a pale-faced spectacled trooper who looked like a converted theological student. Whole regiments came riding down the pike singing "The Red, White, and Black" in unison—a stirring, marching song, which for patriotic fervor and fighting spirit "puts it all over" the British "It's a Long Way from Tipperary."

It was a Roman holiday for the French inhabitants of the town of —, who lined the roads en masse quivering with suppressed emotion and happiness, thinking they were eyewitnessing a great German retreat. "Our French soldiers will soon be here again," they whispered to one another. But it wasn't a retreat—it was one of those mysterious strategic shifts you read about in the papers without really realizing what it means till you see it—great masses being rushed from one battlefield to another on the long line.

For weeks these same regiments had been daily "decimated," "cut to pieces," and otherwise badly mauled by English war correspondents, but you would never have suspected it. Bearded dragons and Uhlans were still able to sit up and smoke

big Hamburg cigars as they rode along, the horses looked fresh, the guns of the batteries were spick and span, the men seemed to have "morale" to spare; they looked as if they were just going for the first time—and not coming from the scrimmage.

By way of digression and as illustrating the military "discipline" on which the Germans pride themselves so, the following whimsical interlude took place in front of the sacred portals of the Great German Staff: A famous German professor of philosophy, adorned in civil life with the high title of Privy Councillor, 65 years old, white-haired, white-bearded and with big yellow horn-rimmed spectacles, incongruously wearing the field gray uniform whose collar and shoulder straps indicated that he was an unter-officer of the reserve regiment of a German university town well known to Americans, was waiting patiently outside of the guarded gate in company with a young Feldwebel, (a non-commissioned officer of higher rank.) The old philosophy professor had enlisted with practically his whole class at the outbreak of the war, but on account of his age was not sent to the front with them at the time, but finally was allowed to go with a transport of four automobile loads of gifts and supplies for the regiment. He and the Feldwebel had to hang around outside while the Lieutenant in charge went inside to do the talking in the Great General Staff Building. Presently the old philosophy professor ransacked his pockets, produced an apple, clicked his heels together in regulation fashion and, saluting his young superior, (infinitely inferior in the civil social scale,) said: "Am I permitted to offer you an apple, Herr Feldwebel?"

His ranking superior acknowledged the gift with curt military punctilio, then added respectfully, "I thank you, Herr Privy Councillor."

In the afternoon a forced march of two miles brought me to the handsome villa occupied by the foreign military attachés, where Major Langhorne, the American expert, was again found in good health and spirits, and particularly happy be-

cause in a couple of days he was again to see some real fighting. The Great General Staff continues to give our Military Attaché every possible opportunity to see things for himself and give Uncle Sam the benefit of the military lessons to be learned from the big scrap, no matter which way it goes.

Today I again dropped in on the Great General Staff and found it not only at home, but very much interested on discovering that I had no pass to come or go or be there at that time. The war-time mind of Prussian militarism is keen and right to the point. It saw not the chance of getting publicity in America, but the certainty that other more dangerous spies could come through the same way. By all the rules of the war game, Prussian militarism would have been thoroughly justified in treating me as a common spy in possession of vital military secrets, but it courteously contented itself in insisting on plucking out the heart of the journalistic mystery. All attempts at evasion and humor were vain—here was the ruthless reality of war. It was the mailed Prussian eagle against the bluff American bird of the same species, and the unequal contest was soon ended when Major Nikolai, Chief of Division III. of the Great General Staff, stood up very straight and dignified and said: "I am a German officer. What German violated his duty? I ask you as a man of honor, how was it possible for you to come here?"

The answer was quite simple: "The German military machine was so perfect that it covered every contingency except the most obvious and guarded every road except the easiest way. All you have to do is to take a passenger train to Luxembourg, and hang around the platform until the next military train pulls out for Belgium or France, hop aboard, and keep on going. In case of doubt utter the magic phrase, 'I am an American,' and flash the open sesame, the red seal of the United States of America—to which bearded Landsturm guards pay the tribute of regarding it as equally authoritative as the purple Prussian eagle stamped on a military pass."

Followed a two-hour dialogue in the private office of the chief of the Kaiser's secret field police, as a result of which future historians will find in the Kaiser's secret archives the following unique document, couched in Berlin "detective" and signed and subscribed to by THE TIMES correspondent:

Secret Field Police, Great Headquarters,  
Dec. 1, 1914.

There appears the American war correspondent, and at the particular request of the authorities, explains:

On Saturday, Nov. 30, I arrived at Trier on a second-class ticket at about 10:30 P. M. There I bought a third-class ticket and boarded a train leaving about 11:10 P. M. and reached Luxemburg at about 12:15 A. M. I did not go into the railroad station, but, trusting to my papers, boarded a military train leaving at 12:45 A. M.,

going over Longwy to Longuyon, where I arrived at 3:30 A. M. Sunday. There an official whose name I do not know took me to a troop train and made a place for me in the brake box. I left the train at X. and went on foot to H. (the Great Headquarters,) where I reported myself to the Chief of Police.

I recommend that a sharper control be exercised on the station platform at Luxemburg, as it is a simple matter to avoid the only control which is at the ticket gate, by simply not going out and therefore not having to come in.

The lot of the professional spy will be harder in the future. Meanwhile, I expect to shake the dust of the German Great Headquarters from my reportorial feet early tomorrow morning, for pedestrianism is not a safe pastime in the war zone.

## Story of the Man Who Fired on the Rheims Cathedral

### II.

WITH THE GERMAN ARMY BEFORE RHEIMS, Dec. 5, 1914. — Eating a sandwich while squinting through an artillery telescope at the cathedral and hearing the man who fired the famous shots tell all about it was the unique combination I experienced today, and in retrospect the ham sandwich stands out as the most important feature, for it symbolizes the morale of the men before Rheims.

The post of observation was in a sometime French fort, now riddled by French shells, on the crest of a hill affording a fine panoramic view of the city, and my sightseeing predecessors here had included the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann Hollweg; Muktar Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to Berlin; Major Lang-

horne, the American Military Attaché, and other celebrities.

Rheims Cathedral was said to be about four miles away, but through the powerful magnifying telescope (of the scissors type and so contrived that only its two eyes peered over the breastworks while the observer was completely hidden from view) it showed up as clearly as Caruso through an opera glass. The top of one of the two towers had a decidedly moth-eaten appearance—it looked as if one of the corners had been shot away, and the roof was evidently gone, but otherwise the exterior of the cathedral looked—through the telescope—to be in a good state of preservation and likely to enjoy a ripe old age. No French observer was seen on the cathedral towers, and I was informed by First Lieut. Wengler of the



Heavy Artillery that none had been since his admonitory shells had carried their iron warning to climb down. A staff officer of the — Division had introduced him to me as "the friend of the Rheims Cathedral," explaining that it probably wouldn't be standing today but for him.

"So you are the vandal?" "the friend of the Rheims Cathedral" was asked.

"Yes, I am the 'barbarian,'" he laughed, modestly. He wears the Iron Cross of the first and second class, and, although still only a Lieutenant, commands two batteries. A most picturesque but paradoxical "barbarian," with a soft-spoken lisp, mild blue eyes, boyish face in spite of a tawny-reddish full beard of long standing, and slightly bowed legs, it required a most rigorous reportorial inquisition as practiced on millionaires and politicians at home to extract these details from the modest "friend of the Rheims Cathedral":

"The French observer on the cathedral was first noticed on Sept. 13. After that the French artillery fire became uncomfortably accurate. Eighty shells fell here in one day alone—killing only one cow," he added, with a plaintive note of reminiscence. He pointed to three big holes in the ground close by and all within a circle of ten yards' radius, where three French shells had dropped in quick succession, as further evidence of how well they had got the range.

"The fellow continued 'on the job' quite shamelessly until the 18th," he went on, "when I aimed two shots at the cathedral, and only two. No more were needed to dislodge him. One from a 15-centimeter howitzer struck the top of the 'observation tower,' the other, from a 21-centimeter mortar, hit the roof and set it on fire. I used both howitzers and mortars so as to let the French know that we could shoot well with both kinds. I wanted to dislodge the observer with the least possible damage to the fine old cathedral, and the result shows that it is possible to shoot just as accurately with heavy artillery as with field artillery. The

French also had a battery planted about 100 yards from the cathedral. It isn't there any more," he added laconically.

A few turns of the screw brought a row of trees marking a boulevard into the field of vision. "There is a French battery there at the present time," he said.

"How do you know?" For I saw trees but no guns.

"Aeroplanes," "the friend of the cathedral" explained. Another turn of the screw brought a church steeple into view.

"The French are now using this church steeple for observation purposes," the battery commander said. "The observer is reported to me every morning. He is getting to be too shameless. I shall take a shot at that steeple this afternoon in all probability. And then I suppose they will again call us barbarians. I saw the fellow myself this morning. He sits in that little arched window there." I saw the window quite distinctly, and only regret that the culprit had climbed down for the luncheon intermission, which is religiously kept by both the French and German artillery.

A tour of the wrecked fort followed, and among other interesting sights the guide pointed out the trail of the famous freak shot that killed the cow. The shell went first through a glass window, then through the wall at the back of the room, into a second chamber, where, without exploding, it had amputated a hind leg of the milch cow whose loss is still mourned by two batteries of heavy artillery.

Up to now, war, as experienced from the vantage ground of a high hill overlooking Rheims, seemed a pleasant picnic, for the German arsenal was well stocked with plenty of good food, while the Chief of the Division Staff, with typical German hospitality, had sent along his adjutant armed with two baskets of Teuton sandwiches, which added to the picnic illusion and claimed far more attention than the Cathedral of Rheims. The frequent sight of Gen-

erals down to high privates taking hearty nourishment all along the front in France with the same comfortable enjoyment as in their own homes was more convincing than all official bulletins that they are not worrying about the outcome in the West, for morale and meals are synonyms.

The luncheon interval over, the French batteries woke up and began sending over shells with Gallic prodigality, the Germans replying sparingly, and as if in invitation, for my benefit, a French aeroplane no bigger than a Jersey mosquito appeared and circled over the German positions trying to locate the cleverly concealed heavy batteries, while down on the plain back of the hills a German motor aeroplane gun popped away for dear life trying to connect with the inquisitive visitor. Little cottonball clouds of white smoke, like daylight fireworks, hung high in the air, where the French flier had been, also black "smoke pots" to help the gunners in getting the range, but the Frenchman managed to dodge all the shrapnel that came his way, and escaped.

By request, "the friend of the cathedral" led the way (a long and strenuous one) to his 15-centimeter howitzer battery, concealed with amazing cleverness even against the observation of aviators, and pointed out the gun that had fired "the shot heard round the world." He would gladly have fired a sample shot, but the guns of the battery were already set for the night (although it was only noon!) that is, aimed at certain portions of the landscape which French troops would have to cross if they attempted to make a night attack on certain of the German trenches, so that no time would be lost in aiming the guns—all they had to do was to fire the moment the telephone bell rang a night alarm.

"Was there any connection between his iron crosses and the Rheims Cathedral?" he was tactfully asked. There was not, but modest heroes are a nuisance journalistically, and "the friend of the cathedral" required a lot

of coaxing before he told that he had won both the first and second class sometime before and elsewhere, the second for galloping his heavy howitzer battery into action like field artillery and by getting it to work at close range, "smearing" a desperate French attack; first class for continuing to direct the fire of his battery from the roof of a building until it was literally shot from under his feet. "The friend of the cathedral" is also an experienced aviator, and when business is dull in the howitzer line around Rheims, kills time by aerial reconnoitring. "Be sure and send me a copy of your paper," he laughed, when I beat a hasty strategic retreat to the rear to keep the Wilsonian neutrality from being violated, for after lunch French shells have a habit of raining alike on the just and the unjust.

The strategic retreat led through a village where in a farmyard was seen one of the most curious freaks of the war. A French shell had exploded here, and the terrific air pressure had lifted a farm wagon bodily and deposited it on the roof of the stable, where it still perches.

Half a mile beyond was something even more curious—a subterranean village built in the woods by German pioneers, and consisting of many small block houses of fir logs, sunk three-quarters of the way into the ground, the rest covered over with mounds of dirt and laid with sod. The idea, it was explained, was to have a cozy and safe place of retreat when the French batteries, as occasionally happened, took the village ahead under fire.

My retreat ended at Château Mumm, well out of the firing zone, where Gen. Count von Waldersee did the honors in the unavoidable absence of the owner, said to be related to a well-known brand of champagne. On inquiry, I learned that the champagne cellars of Château Mumm were quite empty, but the retreating French were said to have caused the vacuum, not the Germans. Château Mumm's absentee owner will be glad to learn that his property is being well

cared for, pending his return. I was interested to note quite recent issues of The London Times, Daily Mail, and London Daily Telegraph on the drawing room table.

"It's very interesting, you know, to read what our enemies are saying about us," a staff officer explained.

Two other items of miscellaneous interest were picked up. From a well informed source I learned that at one stage of the game, the English "Long Toms" were posted to good advantage back of Rheims out of range of the German heavy artillery. Although their lyddite shells were alleged to have been comparatively harmless and did little damage, they were nevertheless silenced on general principles and by a very simple expedient. Every time the "Long Toms" were fired, a few answering shells were sent their way and, of course, falling short, dropped into the city. This gave rise to stories of "furious bombardment of Rheims," but also caused the withdrawal of the "Long Toms" to spare the city.

A General whose name is familiar to

every reader of THE NEW YORK TIMES said:

"I could take Rheims with my corps in twenty-four hours."

But there was no present advantage in storming it at this time, and certain disadvantages, for in addition to certain strategic reasons, it was explained, the Germans would be saddled with the burden of having to administer and feed the large city.

The "battle of Rheims" looked to me very much like a put-up job, a game of trying to silence one another's batteries and nothing more. A heavy artillery duel is essentially a contest between trained observers trying to get a line on the whereabouts of the enemy's guns, and looking down on Rheims from the German hills, even a lay correspondent could sense the military necessity which would drive the French to make use of the only high spots in town from which you could see anything for observation purposes, and the equally grim necessity for the Germans to dislodge them. I came away with the impression that the world owes a real debt of gratitude to "the friend of the Rheims Cathedral."

## Richard Harding Davis's Comment

I HAVE just seen a letter in THE TIMES from a correspondent in the German trenches outside of Rheims. He reports a statement made to him by Lieut. Wengler of the heavy artillery, who claims he is the officer who shelled the cathedral, at which he fired two shots, and "only two."

Wengler says, "The French observer on the cathedral was first noticed on Sept. 13 \* \* \* the fellow continued 'on the job' quite shamelessly until the 18th, when I aimed two shots at the cathedral and only two. No more were needed to dislodge him. One from a

15-centimeter howitzer struck the top of the 'observation tower,' the other, from a 21-centimeter mortar, hit the roof and set it on fire. I wanted to dislodge the observer with the least possible damage to the fine old cathedral \* \* \* the French also had a battery placed about 100 yards from the cathedral."

Editorially THE TIMES says such a statement may prove of "value as evidence." May I also, as evidence, tell what I saw? I arrived at the cathedral at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the day Lieut. Wengler says he fired two shells, one of which hit the observation tower and one of which set fire to the roof.



Up to the hour of 3, howitzer shells had passed through the southern wall of the cathedral, killing two of the German wounded inside, had wrecked the Grand Hotel opposite the cathedral, knocked down four houses immediately facing it, and in a dozen places torn up immense holes in the cathedral square. Twenty-four hours after Lieut. Wengler claims he ceased firing shells set fire to the roof and utterly wrecked the chapel of the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace, which is joined to the cathedral by a yard no wider than Fifth Avenue, and in the direction of the German guns the two shells fired by Lieut. Wengler had already wrecked all that part of the city surrounding the cathedral for a quarter of a mile.

To get an idea of the destruction, suppose St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, to be the Rheims Cathedral; the Union Club and the Vanderbilt houses, the chapel and Archbishop's palace, and all the buildings running north from St. Patrick's Cathedral to Central Park and east and west to Madison Avenue and Sixth Avenue that part of Rheims that was utterly wrecked. That gives you some idea of the effectiveness of Lieut. Wengler's fire.

"Father," he says, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it with only two shells!"

The statement of Lieut. Wengler that

the French placed a battery a hundred yards from the cathedral also is interesting. The cathedral stands in a maze of twisting narrow lanes. From no spot within a quarter of a mile of it could you drive a golf ball without smashing a window a hundred feet distant. To place a battery of artillery a hundred yards from the Rheims Cathedral with the intent of firing upon the German position would be like placing a battery in Wall Street with the idea of shelling Germans in the Bronx. Before your shells reached the Bronx you first would have to destroy all of Northern New York.

Wengler says the only shells aimed at the cathedral were fired by him on the 18th, and that after that date neither he nor any other officer fired a shot. On the 22d I was in the cathedral. It was then being shelled. I was with the Abbé Chinot, Gerald Morgan of this city, Capt. Granville Fortescue of Washington, and on the steps of the cathedral was Robert Bacon, our ex-Ambassador to France.

The "evidence" of Lieut. Wengler is a question of veracity. It lies between him and these gentlemen. I am content to let it go at that.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

New York, Jan. 7, 1915.

## The German Airmen

### III.

HEADQUARTERS OF GERMAN NTH ARMY, "Somewhere" in France, Dec. 6, 1914.—Sensational duels between hostile aeroplanes are regular occurrences now, and not infrequently aerial battles take place between whole squadrons. I heard this from the chief of an aeroplane squadron, who was returning from a reconnoitring flight around

Rheims. When I met him he was traveling in his luxurious private limousine which he had brought with him into the field from Berlin. My military motor car had executed a flank attack on the road embankment with disastrous results and the aviator kindly gave me a lift into town and some interesting information.

"We are all eagerly awaiting orders

for a raid on England," the Captain led off. "Yes, I have flown over Paris. Going to Paris is mere chauffeur's work. The six machines of my squadron have covered 15,000 miles since the war began. The French machines are about twenty miles an hour faster than ours; but there is no advantage in going so fast, for you can't make good observations. At a height of 6,000 feet you are quite safe against fire from below. We also find the safest thing to do is to circle right over a battery. They can't get at you then.

"Fights in the air are regular occurrences now. We attack every chance we get in spite of the fact that we have only our revolvers against the machine guns which they have mounted on their aeroplanes. We find the best defense against their machine-gun fire is to get up close to the French aeroplane and then dodge and twist in sharp dips and curves, spoiling the aim of their mounted machine gun, and giving us an advantage with our revolvers.

"One of the most interesting engagements was between a squadron of four of our aeroplanes armed with revolvers and a big and little 'Bauerschreck,' [the German nickname for the armored French aeroplanes armed with machine guns.] The fight lasted for nearly an hour at an altitude ranging from 5,000 to 6,000 feet, the big 'Bauerschreck' being finally forced to land, while the little one flew off. One of our aviators did a fine piece of work recently, landing behind the French lines, destroying the railway at that point and flying off again. The French are magnificent fliers, and so are the English, but we Germans have the training. Especially in trained observers we have a big advantage."

I saw one of the German flier heroes in a base hospital. To the nurse's chart over his cot were pinned the Iron Cross of the second and first class and a bunch of flowers, and the Surgeon General coaxed him to give the details of the winning of his decorations.

Sergt. Luchs and his observer were returning from an aerial reconnoissance

when they were overtaken and attacked by a fast French aeroplane. The effectiveness of the French machine-gun fire was later shown by seventy holes in the wings of the German aeroplane. For forty-five minutes the battle in the air lasted—6,000 feet up—revolver against machine gun, ending only when Luchs was shot through the lungs and liver. He was able to guide his machine safely to the ground within the German lines before he lost consciousness. But one of his revolver bullets had gone home, probably puncturing the gasoline tank, for the French aeroplane was also seen making a forced landing:

Gen. von Heeringen, Commander in Chief of the Nth army, told me a similar story about two officers who fought with revolver against machine gun until their motor and tank were shot to pieces, forcing them to glide to earth. The General said he had learned about their bravery only by accident, as they had reported only the results of their reconnoissance.

That the German aviators are at a disadvantage in fighting against the Allies' aeroplanes armed with machine guns was freely admitted by Gen. von Heeringen, who said significantly that that would be attended to in the near future.

"French aeroplanes have paid me a number of visits," the commanding General said with a laugh. "Our aviation camp seems to be an attraction for them. We have shot down six of them in the last few weeks. Our gunners are really only just beginning to get the hang of it, with practice. The trouble in peace time was always to find some sort of a target to train our gunners in the use of the new motor gun. We couldn't very well ask of our own aviators to go up and let themselves be shot at. But now the French are affording us just the moving target we have been looking for, and our shooting is improving splendidly."

Gen. von Haenisch, von Heeringen's brilliant Chief of Staff, who as former Inspector General of the aviation arm

had more to do than any other one individual with bringing German military aviation to its present high pitch of efficiency, supplemented his chief's remarks by saying:

"We recently brought down a French aeroplane from an altitude of 8,100 feet. Our new gun can shoot four miles high."

I had the interesting experience of visiting an aviation camp in the field, inspecting a full sample line of aero bombs, and looking over the very latest thing in German military aeroplanes, a big new Aviatik biplane. For the benefit of THE NEW YORK TIMES readers, who have grown accustomed to headlines about "German Taubes over Paris," it must be explained that, just as all German cavalry are not Uhlans, so all German aeroplanes are not Taubes. "Taubе" is the name of the German military monoplane, of which there are comparatively few in use; and I am informed that hardly any Taubes have flown over Paris, the bomb-throwing visitors having been the more practical double-decker Aviatiks. The new model which I inspected had a monoplane body, observer and pilot sitting tandem fashion, the Mercedes motor (several cylinders) being in front. It was designed, not for speed but for weight-lifting, as indicated by its formidable arsenal of bombs.

The beauty of workmanship and finish of these infernal machines was interesting. The forty-pounders and twenty-

pounders looked like miniature torpedoes, with slightly bulb-shaped bodies and tapering rounded noses, with a tiny three-bladed propeller for a tail and a steel ring to serve as a hand grip. When the aviator is ready to drop a bomb all he has to do is to make a simple adjustment, taking not more than a second, which releases the propeller, and then throw the bomb overboard. As it drops the propeller is set into rapid motion and drives the clockwork mechanism inside the bomb. After a hundred-yard drop it is all ready to explode when it strikes. There are also round cannon-ball shaped bombs, and special bombs for starting a conflagration when they strike.

Following the lead of the French, the Germans have also adopted the "silent death," and half a dozen of the German aerial darts were given me for souvenirs. They are of steel, about three inches long, with one end pointed and the other flanged, so as to give a rotary motion as they whizz through the air. They look more murderous than they really are, for I was told by one of the aviator officers that they were not very effective. The Germans, methodical in everything, wanted no doubt left in any one's mind that the "silent death" was introduced by the French and only copied by them in self-defense, so every one of the steel darts—a touch of grim humor—bears on one side of the point, in French, the legend "French invention," and on the other side "German manufacture."

## German Generals Talk of the War

### IV.

GERMAN GREAT HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Dec. 9, 1914.—I have just eaten my way along the German front in France, for a second visit to the German Great Headquarters. This week's lunch and

dinner "bag" included Gen. von Heeringen, "the Victor of Saarburg"; Gen. von Emmich, "the Conqueror of Liege"; Gen. von Zwehl, "the Hero of Maubeuge"; Gen. von Wild, the new Quartermaster General, who before his ap-



pointment fought a twenty-round draw with the English at Ypres, though he thinks he won on points, and hosts of coming champions.

It is literally necessary for an American correspondent on this side of the fence to eat his way to the firing line and back again, for the German afield is as hospitable as the tented Arab, and, thanks to their wonderful field telephone service, they "have you." The A. O. K. (Armee Ober Kommando) telephones to the Corps Kommando that you are on the way, the Korps Kommando relays the news to the Division Staff, the Division Staff rings up the Regimental Commander, who 'phones the Battalion or Battery Chief. To reach the firing line you have to run the gauntlet of anywhere from three to six meals, and if you happen to be one of those "amazing Americans" and insist on being shown an orchestra seat in the first trench, you will be sure to find some sort of a table spread for you in the very shadow of death, for their habit of hospitality is fireproof.

But while robbing war corresponding of all its old-time romance, the German, gastronomic way has the great advantage of giving you the maximum of information in the minimum of time and of letting you meet the masters of modern warfare, the men who have done big things, under ideal conditions, for over after-dinner coffee and cigars you can and will—if you are an American—ask the most imprudent questions with the certainty of getting a good-natured and courteous answer.

Von Emmich makes the most instant appeal to an American. Short and stockily built and looking every inch a fighter, he gives you the impression of possessing tremendous, almost Rooseveltian vitality, with a saving sense of humor. Von Emmich is the General with a winning smile. He could have been a successful machine politician if he had emigrated to America instead of remaining in Germany and becoming the most popular General in the German Army, among the men, for he has the rare gift of inspiring his followers with a sense of personal

loyalty. His troops idolize him. They break out into hearty hurrahs at the slightest provocation when they see him. It is *lèse-majesté*, but none the less true, to say that they think as much of their General as of their Kaiser. They tell you proudly that he rode at their head when the City of Liège was taken by storm, and after seeing him you could never picture von Emmich bringing up the rear in a motor car, after the manner that more prudent Generals use. He has iron-gray hair and a bristly, close-cropped mustache to match, and a very florid complexion, and looks absolutely unlike the sleek individual whose photograph was published with his obituary notice in the London press while the forts of Liège were still "holding out" on paper.

Asked point blank, Gen. von Emmich stoutly and with great good humor denied that he had ever committed suicide or even contemplated the step.

"But you know, Excellency, that you were reported to have lost something like 120,000 men before Liège," it was suggested.

"That's three times as many as I had," he answered with the "winning smile."

Gen. von Emmich will talk quite freely about anything but himself and military matters, but a few odds and ends were snapped up. It was interesting to learn that he was in Liège only a day and a half, then pushed on ahead in the direction of Namur with the bulk of his corps, leaving only his heavy artillery behind to finish up the remaining forts. He did not even know that Zeppelins had taken part in the bombardment of these forts until he heard about it afterward. Later he turned up at Mons and had a hand in beating the British or expediting their strategic retreat, according to the point of view. His subsequent movements and present whereabouts are interesting, but would never pass the German censor.

"Did you feel proud at being selected to lead the way into Belgium, Excellency?" I inquired.

"Yes, of course I did," he replied.

"Would you like to lead your corps

into England?" For just an instant what looked very much like the light of battle was in his eye.

"I will go anywhere I am ordered to go—anywhere," he replied with smiling emphasis.

I was interested to discover that the staff of the Nth Army Corps had also been racking its brains about quite other than tactical problems when Gen. von Emmich led the way into the dining room of the very modest so-called "château" of the French village, where he and his staff were quartered, and pointed to the extensive but quite mongrel art collection on the walls. "The absent owner does not appear to have been much of a connoisseur," he laughed, "That picture over there worried and puzzled us for a long time," pointing out a large impressionistic canvas over the mantelpiece representing a nude male and female figure kneeling on the seashore and looking out over the impressionistic water at what looked like an island. "Finally my Chief of Staff hit upon a satisfactory solution, suggested that it represented 'Adam and Eve Discovering Heligoland.'"

Gen. von Emmich's headquarters produced another interesting story. At 3 P. M. a general alarm was sent out to the reserve troops to prepare for immediate retreat, as the French were coming. Every bit of baggage was picked up and loaded on wagons, the infantry in full marching kit lined up—everything ready in record-breaking time without rush or confusion to withdraw on the word of command. But no command to march came—instead a "well done" from the General as he rode down the long column. It was just a little "fire-alarm drill" to keep the reserve troops up to the high-water mark of efficiency.

Gen. von Zwehl, nicknamed Zwehl-Maubeuge, is probably almost unknown in America, though the dark blue enamel maltese cross of the Pour le Merite order at his throat tags him at once as worth while. Von Zwehl is the outward antithesis of von Emmich. He looks like anything but a fighter—a

quiet, gentle-looking soul with kind and a bit tired eyes, soft silvery hair, and a whimsical sense of humor, a gentleman of the old school. "But you should just see him in the field during a fight—he's a regular whirlwind," one of his staff said.

He confirmed the fact that Maubeuge had fallen on schedule time in ten days and that he had taken over 40,000 French prisoners, that he had given the French commandant till 7 P. M. (German time) to surrender, and that the appointment was kept with great promptness, also that the French were a bit chagrined when they learned they had been "taken in" by a single corps. I also learned that he and his corps had arrived in time to stop the first English corps which had crossed the Aisne and was marching on X.

Gen. von Zwehl praised the English troops against whom he had successfully fought, and who are now in the North, saying, "The English soldier is a splendid fighter, especially on the defensive." Asked if the remark of one of his staff that "the English can't attack" was a fact, von Zwehl said: "I can only speak as far as my own experience goes, and that is that the English never were able to carry through a bayonet charge with success against my troops. They came on bravely enough, but when our troops would open fire on them at 50 yards and follow it up with a counter attack, the English would invariably go over into the defensive, at which they are at their best. They are particularly experienced in 'bush warfare,' and display the utmost skill in making the most of every bit of cover."

The commanding General confirmed the following gruesome story which one of his staff officers had told me:

"The English apparently do not bother to bury their dead, but let them lie. We are still burying English who fell on Sept. 14 and later. We found and buried two only yesterday. That the abandonment of their dead is deliberate is indicated by the fact that we

have found the bodies of dead English soldiers in corners and nooks of the approaches to the English trenches, where the wounded had evidently crawled to die, and where their comrades must constantly have passed them and seen them."

More Generals were met during a visit to the "office building" of the Great General Staff in the Great Headquarters. Here, too, I was allowed to examine the historic room where around a large mahogany table the chiefs of the staff hold their daily conferences, at which the Kaiser himself is often present. A huge map of France and a slice of Belgium covered the table and hung down to the floor on either side. I noted with interest that it was a French General Staff map. On one wall hung another map showing the exact location of all the armies in the West.

In the unavoidable absence of the combination Chief of Staff and War Minister von Falkenhayn, the new Quartermaster General von Wild did the honors in the long Louis XIV. Room where the Great General Staff eats together—an interesting sight, for it represents the round-up of the brains of the German Army. Gen. von Wild, until his promotion, commanded a division against the English at Ypres and spoke in generous terms of his opponents.

"The English are excellent fighters," he said. "I have walked over many of the battlefields in the North—gruesome sights, beyond words to describe. From what I saw, I am convinced that the English losses have been much heavier than ours."

Gen. von Wild said that a puzzling and unexplainable feature of these battlefields was that so many of the dead were found lying on their backs with rigid arms stretched straight up toward heaven—a ghastly spectacle.

Here, too, was a German General who knew more about the American Army than most Americans, the Bavarian General, Zoellner, the Great General Staff's specialist on Americana, and it was interesting to note that, in spite of its own pressing problems, the General Staff

is still taking a keen interest in those of America and deriving valuable lessons.

"I have been particularly interested in the Mexican troubles," Gen. Zoellner said, "To my mind, the lesson for America is the need of a larger standing army. I was particularly impressed by the speed of your mobilization and your dispatch in landing your expeditionary force at Vera Cruz. I was also especially interested in your splendid Texas cavalry division. We have nothing like it in the German Army, because such a body of men could not be developed in a closely settled country. You may not know that only a short time before being sent to Mexico the Texas cavalry had received brand-new drill and exercise instructions, but in spite of this they acquitted themselves splendidly, showing the remarkable adaptability of your soldiers.

"In sending your coast artillery as infantry regiments to Mexico you anticipated us in a rather similar use of our marine divisions on the coast. The most valuable lesson we have learned from you is typhus vaccination. This we owe to the American Army. I believe it goes back to the fact that your Gen. Wood was a medical man before becoming Chief of Staff."

Gen. Zoellner intimated that the whole German Army either had been or was being vaccinated against typhoid on the American plan. "And there is also a very American flavor about our volunteer automobile corps—their dash and speed, they have learned that from you Americans," he concluded.

My previously formed suspicion that the Germans were making war on the American plan, managing their armies like so many subsidiary companies of a big trust, was fully confirmed by my second visit to the office of the Great General Staff. Instead of a picturesque bunch of Generals spending anxious days and sleepless nights over their maps with faithful attendants trying to coax them to leave off dispatch writing long enough to eat a sandwich, I found a live lot of army officials, keeping regular office hours and taking ample time out for meals. The staff was quartered in a



handsome old municipal building; the ground floor devoted to living purposes, quite like an exclusive club; the business offices upstairs.

Gen. von Haenisch took me aloft and explained to me how business was done. A good telephone operator, it developed, was almost as important as a competent General—the telephone “central” the most vital spot of an army. Here were three large switchboards with soldiers playing telephone girl, while other soldiers, with receivers fastened over their heads, sat at desks busy taking down messages on printed “business” forms. In the next room sat the staff officers on duty, waiting for the telephone bell to jingle with latest reports from the front. There was no waiting because numbers were “engaged” or operators gossiping; you could get Berlin or Vienna without once having to swear at “long distance.” Gen. von Haenisch had his chief of field telephone and telegraph trot out what looked like a huge family tree, but turned out to be a most minute chart of the entire telephone system of the —th Army. It showed the position of every corps and division headquarters’ regiment, battalion, and company, and all the telephone lines connecting them, even to the single trenches and batteries.

Gen. von Haenisch suggested having some fun with Gen. von X., commanding the army next door on the right, and I was made Acting Chief of Staff for two minutes, getting von X.’s Chief of Staff on the phone and inquiring if there was “anything doing.”

“No; everything quiet here,” came the reassuring answer.

An art exhibition within sound of the guns at the front by the well-known Munich artist, Ernst Vollbehr, the Kaiser’s own war painter with the —th Army, was another real novelty. The long-haired painter, wearing the regula-

tion field gray uniform, brought his portfolio of sketches into the billiard hall of the headquarters and showed them with sprightly running comment:

“Here is the library of Brimont. You can see most of the books lying on the ground. It wasn’t a comfortable place to paint because there were too many shells flying around loose. Here is the Cathedral of Dinant. Very much improved aesthetically by the shells knocking the ugly points of the towers off. Here is a picture of Rheims Cathedral looming through the fog, as seen from the German lines. I painted this picture of the battle of the Aisne from a captive balloon. Here is a picture of the surrender of Maubeuge, showing two of the 40,000 French prisoners. I can usually paint better during a battle because there’s nobody looking on over my shoulder to distract my attention. I have about 140 sketches done in all. His Majesty has most of them now, to pick out those he wants painted. This sketch of a pretty young Frenchwoman is ‘Mlle. Nix zu Macken,’ so nicknamed by some sixty-odd hungry but good-natured Landsturm men quartered in a tavern of a French village, where she was the only woman left. Every time they made signs indicative of a desire for food she would laugh and say in near-German, ‘Nix zu macken,’ and that’s how she got her name.”

Painter Vollbehr was authority for the following Kaiser anecdote:

“One day as the Kaiser was motoring along a chaussée he met a herd of swine under the guardianship of a bearded Landsturm man, who drove them rapidly to one side to keep them from being prematurely slaughtered by the imperial auto. As the motor slowed up the Kaiser asked him if he was a farmer by profession. ‘No; professor of the University of Tubingen,’ came the answer, to the great amusement of the Over War Lord.”

# Human Documents of the War

## Swift Reversion to Barbarism

By Vance Thompson

### I.

THERE is in Brussels—if the Uhlans have spared it—a mad and monstrous picture. It is called "A Scene in Hell," and hangs in the Musée Wiertz. And what you see on the canvas are the fierce and blinding flames of hell; and amid them looms the dark figure of Napoleon, and around him the wives and mothers and maids of Belgium scream and surge and clutch and curse—taking their posthumous vengeance.

And since Napoleon was a notable Emperor in his time, the picture is not without significance today. Paint in another face; and let it go at that.

War is a bad thing. Even hell is the worse for it.

War is a bad thing; it is a reversal, sudden and complete, to barbarism. That is what I would get at in this article. One day there is civilization, authentic, complex, triumphant; comes war, and in a moment the entire fabric sinks down into a slime of mud and blood. In a day, in an hour, a cycle of civilization is canceled. What you saw in the morning was suave and ordered life; and the sun sets on howling savagery. In the morning black-coated men lifted their hats to women. Ere nightfall they are slashing them with sabres and burning the houses over their heads. And the grave old professors who were droning platitudes of peace and progress and humanitarianism are

screaming, ere today is done, shrill senile clamors for blood and ravage and rapine. (Not less shrill than others is the senile yawp of that good old man Ernest Haeckel, under whom I studied in my youth.)

A reversal to barbarism.

Here; it is in the tearoom of the smartest hotel in Munich; war has come; high-voiced women of title chatter over their teacups; comes swaggering in the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria; he has just had his sabre sharpened and has girt his abdomen for war. His wife runs to him. And she kisses the sabre and shouts: "Bring it back to me covered with blood—that I may kiss it again!" And the other high-voiced women flock to kiss the sword.

A reversal to barbarism.

It has taken place in an hour; but yesterday these were sweet patrician ladies, who prattled of humanity and love and the fair graces of life; and now they would fain wet their mouths with blood—laughingly as harlots wet their mouths with wine.

The unclean and vampirish spirit of war has swept them back to the habits of the cave-dwelling ages of the race. In an hour the culture so painfully acquired in slow generations has been swept away. Royalty, in the tearoom of the "Four Seasons," is one with the blonde nude female who romped and fought in the

dark Teutonic forests ere Caesar came through Gaul.

Reversal to barbarism.

War is declared; and in Berlin the Emperor of Germany rides in an open motor car down Unter den Linden; he is in full uniform, sworded, erect, hieratic; and at his side sits the Empress—she the good mother, the housewife, the fond grandmother—garmented from head to foot in cloth the color of blood.

Theatricalism? No. The symbolism is more significant. The symbol bears a savage significance. It marks, as a red sunset, the going down of civilization and the coming of the dark barbarism of war.

## II.

### BREAKING POINT OF CIVILIZATION

There was war; and the whole machinery of civilization stopped.

Modern civilization is the most complex machine imaginable; its infinite cogged wheels turn endlessly upon each other; and perfectly it accomplishes its multifarious purposes; but smash one wheel and it all falls apart into muddle and ruin. The declaration of war was like thrusting a mailed fist into the intricate works of a clock. There was an end of the perfected machine of civilization. Everything stopped.

That was a queer world we woke in. A world that seemed new, so old it was.

Money had ceased to exist. It seemed at that moment an appalling thing. I was on the edge and frontier of a neutral State. I had money in a bank. It ceased to be money. A thousand-franc note was paper. A hundred-mark note was rubbish. British sovereigns were refused at the railway station. The Swiss shopkeeper would not change a Swiss note. What had seemed money was not money.

Values were told in terms of bread.

It was a swift and immediate return to the economic conditions of barbarism. Metals were hoarded; and where there had been trade there was barter. And it all happened in an hour, in that first fierce panic of war.

Traffic stopped with a clang as of rusty iron. The mailed fist had dis-

located the complex machinery of European traffic. Frontiers which had been mere landmarks of travel became suddenly formidable and impassable barriers, guarded by harsh, hysterical men with bayonets.

War makes men brave and courageous? Rubbish! It fills them with the cruelty of hysteria and the panic of the unknown. I am not talking of battle, which is a different thing. But I say the men who guarded the German frontier—and I dare say every other frontier—in the first stress of war were wrenched and shaken with veritable hysteria. At St. Ludwig and Constance those husky soldiers in iron-mongery, with shaved heads and beards and outstanding ears, fell into sheer savagery, not because they were bad and savage men, but simply because they were hysterical. The fact is worth noting.

It explains many a bloody and infamous deed in the tragic history of sad Alsace and of little Belgium. The war-begotten reversal to savagery brought with it all the hysteria of the savage man. The sentries at St. Ludwig's struck with muskets and sabres because they were hysterical with terror of the new, unknown state into which they had been plunged, not because they were not men like you and me. Surely the savage Uhlan who ravaged the cottages of Alsace was your brother and mine, and the Magyar beyond the Danube and the Cossack at Kovna. Only they had gone back to the terrors of the man who dwelt in a cave.

Traffic stopped; and when it stopped civilization fell away from the travelers. That was strange. Take the afternoon of the day war was declared, the date being Aug. 1, in the year of our Lord 1914, and the hour 7:30 P. M., Berlin time. It was the last train that reached the frontier from Paris. Between Delle and Bicourt lies a neutral zone about three kilometers—say, nearly two and a half miles—in extent. On one side France and invasion and terror and war; on the other side of the zone the relative safety of Switzerland. Six hundred pas-



sengers poured out of the French train at noon into that neutral zone and started to walk to Swiss safety. A blazing August sun, a road of pebbles and stinging, upblown dust.

The passengers had been permitted to bring on the train only what luggage they could carry; so they were laden with bags and coats, dressing bags and jewel cases—all they had deemed most valuable. Mostly women. German ladies fleeing for refuge; Russian ladies; English, American; and a crowd of men, urgent to reach their armies, German, Swiss, Russian, Austrian, Servian, Italian; withal many of the kind of American men who go to Switzerland in August.

And the caravan started in the dust and heat of a desert. A woman let fall her heavy bag and plodded on. Another threw away her coats. Men shook off their bundles. The heat was stifling. And through the clouds of dust a panic terror crept. It was the antique terror of the God Pan—the God All; it was a fear as immense as the sky.

A woman screamed and began to run, throwing away everything she had safeguarded, so she might run with empty hands. A score followed her. Men began to run. They thrust the women aside, cursing; and ran. And for over two miles the road was covered thick with coats and bags, with packages and jewel cases. The greed of possession died out in the causeless fear.

These hoarse, pushing men, these sweating, shameless women, had gone back 10,000 years into prehistoric savagery. Lightly they threw away all the baubles and gewgaws civilization had fashioned for adorning and disguising their raw humanity, and the habits of civilization as well.

They had touched but the outermost edge of war, and their very clothes fell off them.

### III.

#### Barbarism and Women

War; and it takes eighty-four hours to make a twelve-hour journey from the Alps to Paris; the cable is dead; the telegraph is dumb; letters go only when

smuggled over the frontiers by couriers; you look about you and find you are in a mediaeval and mysterious world. You stand amid the melancholy ruins of canceled cycles. The mailed fist of war has smashed your world to pieces. You do not know it.

The man you thought of as a brother looks at you with eyes of passionate hatred; you have eaten bread and salt together; you have drunk together; you have been uplifted by the same books; you have been sublimed by the same music; but he is a German, and your blood was made in another land, and he looks at you with suspicion and hate—perhaps you are a spy. (The spy mania! Dear Lord, what absurd, bloody, and abominable stories I could write of this madness which has Europe by the throat, this madness which is only another form of war hysteria!) A reversal to barbarism; you and the man who was your friend have gone back to the fear and hatred of primitive savages, meeting at the corner of a dark wood. All of humanity we have acquired in the slow way of evolution sloughs off us.

We are savages once more. For science is dead. All the laboratories are shut, save those where poison is brewed and destruction is put up in packages. Education has ceased, save that fierce Nietzschean education which declares: "The weak and helpless must go to the wall; and we shall help them go." All that made life humanly fair is hidden in the fetid clouds of war where savages (in terror and hysteria) grope for each other's throats.

The glory of war—rot! The heroism of war—rot! The scarlet and beneficent energies of war—rot! When you look at it close what you see are hulking masses of brutes with fear behind them prodding them on, or wild and splendid savages, hysterical with hate, battling to save their hearth fires and women from the oncoming horde. Reversal to barbarism.

Think it over. Upon whom falls the stress of war? Not upon the soldier. He is killed and fattens the soil where he falls; or he is maimed and hobbles off

toward a pension or beggary—both tolerable things; anyway he has drunk deep of cruelty and terror and may go his way. By rare good grace he may have been a hero. In other words, he may have been a Belgian—which is a word like a decoration, a name to make one strut like a Greek of Thermopylae—and become thus a permanent part of the world's finest history.

\* \* \* \*

I would like to write here the name of a friend, Charles Flamache of Brussels. He was 21 years old. He was an artist who had already tasted fame. He had known the love of woman. That his destiny might be fulfilled he died, the blithe, brave boy, in front of Liège. It was the right death at the right time—ere yet the massed Prussians had rolled in fire and blood over his fair small land. Wherefore, hail and farewell, young hero!

\* \* \* \*

But upon whom falls the stress of war?

In a time of barbarism those who suffer are always the weak. War is in its essence (as said Nietzsche, the German philosopher of "world power") an attack upon weakness. The weakest suffer most.

I saw children born on cinder heaps, and I saw them die; and the mothers die gasping like she dogs in a smother of flies.

Some day the story of what was done in Alsace will be written and the stories of Visé and Aerschot and Onsmael and Louvain will seem pale and negligible; but not now—five generations to come will whisper them in the Vosges.

What I would emphasize is that in the natural state of barbarism induced by the war the woman falls back to her antique state of she animal. In thousands of years she has been made into a thing of exquisite and mysterious femininity; in a day she is thrown back to kinship with the she dog. Slashed with sabres, pricked with lances, she is a mere thing of prey.

Surely not the dear Countess and Baroness? Of course not. War is made

in the palaces, but it does not attack the palaces. The worth of every nation dwells in the cottage; and it is upon the cottage that war works its worst infamy. Go to Alsace and see.

Pillage, loot, incendiarism, "indemnity"—you can read that in the records of the invasion of Belgium; that is war; it is all right if war is to be, for all this talk of chivalrous consideration for foes and regard for international law is all nonsense; necessity, as Bethmann Hollweg said, knows no law, and necessity has always been the tyrant's plea; it is the business of a soldier to kill and terrify; if he restricts his killing and terrifying he is a bad soldier and bad at his work of barbarism; but—

There is a more sinister side to Europe's lapse into barbarism. The women are paying too dear. And to make them pay dear is not really the business of a soldier, not even a bad soldier. Yet the woman is paying, God knows. A tragic payment.

#### IV.

#### After Barbarism, What?

One morning at dawn—it was at Amberieu—I saw the long trains go by carrying the German wounded and the German prisoners, who had been taken in the battles of the Vosges. There were 2,400 taken on toward the south. There were French nurses with the wounded. I saw water and fruit and chocolate given to the prisoners.

This was early in the war. The sheer lapse into barbarism had not yet come. Soon the German newspapers announced:

"Great concern is expressed in press and public utterances lest prisoners of war receive anything in the line of favored treatment. Newspapers have conducted an angry campaign against women who have ventured at the railway station to give coffee or food to prisoners of war passing through; commanding officers have ordered that persons 'demeaning themselves by such unworthy conduct' are to be immediately ejected from the stations, and in response to public clamor official an-

nouncements have been issued that such prisoners in transport receive only bread and water."

And the French followed suit; no "coddling" of prisoners; back to barbarism, the lessons of humanity forgot and savagery come again.

Civilization in the Old World is smashed. I have traversed the ruins; and my feet are still dirty with mud and blood. But I can tell you what is going to come out of that welter of ruin. There will come a sane and righteous hatred of militarism. What will be surely destroyed is Caesarism. Prophecy? This is not prophecy; I am stating an assured fact. Even at this hour of hysterical and relentless warfare there lies deep in the heart of the democracy of Europe a consuming hatred of militarism.

Drops of water (or blood) do not more naturally flow into each other than did the English hatred of Caesarism blend with the high French hatred of the evil

thing; and when the palaces have done fighting, the cottages of Europe, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and from the Black Sea to the Hebrides, will proclaim its destruction.

And you will see it; you will see Caesarism drowned in the very blood it has shed. And the German, mark you, will not be the least bitter of the foes of militarism. He will be indeed a relentless foe.

Reversal to barbarism, say you? A shuddering lapse into savagery?

Quite true; that is the state of Europe over the fairest and most highly civilized provinces. The picture of Sir John French strolling up and down the battle line smoking a cigarette does not give a fair idea of it; nor do you get it from the Kaiser on a hilltop surveying his massed war bullocks surging forth patiently to battle; all that belongs to the picture books of war.

The real thing is dirtier.

## Civil Life in Berlin

*A gentleman, the subject of a neutral country, upon returning from a visit to Germany in October, 1914, furnished The London Times with the following statement as to his impressions:*

I DID not hear any boasting over German successes. When I spoke to Germans of their victories they would reply: "Yes, we have had victories—but what of the dead?" This thought is present even in places where one might think that for the time being every effort would be made to prevent its intrusion. In Berlin, for example, where all the theatres are open and attracting crowded audiences, it is the burden of a song sung during one of the patriotic plays, of which several are now being performed.

I went to a theatre on the night of the fall of Antwerp. A play entitled "1914" was acted, in the course of

which many topical allusions were made by the well-known comedian Thielscher. Even in these serious times the Berliner, who is famous for the form of humor known as Berliner Witze, cannot refrain from his jokes. One of these was the question: "Why does Germany understand war so well? Because it has been declared upon her eight times!"—the point of the jest lying in the fact that the German word *Erklären*, "to declare," means also "to explain." Another pun of the same kind was made out of the word *Niederlage*, which means both "defeat" and "dépot." "Germany," said one of the characters, "is surrounded by enemies on all sides."



"Yes," was the reply, "she is the head establishment, while England, France, and Russia only have the *Niederlage*."

There were some serious scenes in this play, in the middle of one of which some one stepped quickly on to the stage and, interrupting the actors, exclaimed: "One moment, one moment, if you please! Antwerp has fallen!" Of course, there was tremendous enthusiasm at this announcement, but when it had subsided, one of the company came forward and sang:

Nicht zu laut!  
Nicht zu laut!  
Denkt g'rad' jetzt wo Ihr jubelt und lacht;  
Nicht zu laut!  
Nicht zu laut!  
Fiel ein Krieger vielleicht in der Schlacht  
Und er liegt beim zerschossenen pferde  
Und mimmt Abschied von Mutter und  
Braut—  
Nicht zu laut!  
Nicht zu laut!

(Not too loud! Not too loud! Think just now while you laugh and cheer; Not too loud! Not too loud! Perchance a warrior fallen in the battle lies beside his shot-down steed, and bids farewell to mother and bride; Not too loud! Not too loud!)

I have mentioned this to give an idea of the kind of life which the Berliners are living just now. There are other popular theatres in which similar plays are now running with titles such as "Der Kaiser Rief" ("The Emperor Called") and "Fest d'rauf" ("Hit Hard!") the latter being borrowed from the words of the famous telegram sent by the Crown Prince at the time of the Zabern incident. These theatres are crowded. At the principal theatres classical plays such as "Hamlet" and Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" were being played while I was in Berlin.

Berlin keeps open many places of amusement until the early hours of the morning, and the war has not made any difference in this respect. What is known as the "night life" of Berlin continues. For years past the fast element in Berlin has been one of its most notorious features. This accompaniment of the prosperity of the capital since the war of 1870 has struck with surprise many observers of German life accustomed to the idea of German simplicity

and purity of morals, rendered classical by Tacitus and exemplified by many representatives of German national life in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when Germany was rallying from the blows inflicted by Napoleon. All that need be said upon this head is that, as far as report can be accepted as evidence, vice is the only commodity which has become less expensive since the war began.

The spy fever seems somewhat to have abated. At present, however, the public is not allowed to walk on the footway besides the headquarters of the army or the General Telegraph Office, obviously with a view to protecting these buildings against damage from hostile persons. The Germans still think that many spies exist in their country. The presence of women acting as tramcar conductors struck me as strange. These are the wives of men summoned to the colors. Notices are affixed to the interior of the cars stating the reason for the presence of these women, and requesting the public to be considerate toward them, and to help them over any little difficulties they might encounter in the discharge of their duty. Traffic in Berlin is absolutely regular. There are as many taxicabs as before, but instead of benzine, which is wanted for the army, they now use other spirit. The streets are as brilliantly lighted as ever. Riding exercise is taken by gentlemen in the Thiergarten every morning as usual. Sport is reviving, and there are a good many football matches. Two recently played were those between Berlin and Vienna and Berlin and Leipsic, the latter for the Red Cross. The universities will open on the 25th inst., the regular date.

The population, as a whole, is serious and confident of victory; but the war is by no means the sole topic of conversation. England is the enemy most bitterly hated, the Germans maintaining that her only reason for entering the war was to destroy German trade. England's desire to preserve the neutrality of Belgium is scouted. The common people in Germany say that having fought the Belgians and defeated them they will retain

their country. This, however, is not the attitude of the more educated section of the population, who express the opinion that the difficulty of ruling Belgium would be greater than the advantage to be derived from it.

The fierce hatred of England in Germany is due in large measure to what the Germans call "the shopkeepers' warfare" of the English. They maintain that the English confiscation of German patents is a wholly unfair method of fighting, and it has caused the deepest resentment. When asked as to the future, they reply that they will do all in due time. After Belgium will come France, and then the turn of England will arrive. They are not discouraged by the failure

to reach Paris, since the strategy adopted by the French would have rendered the possession of Paris of little value. It will still be taken.

With regard to England not much is said of an army of invasion, but German confidence is evidently reposed in her Zeppelins, of which a large number is being constructed with all possible speed. They are to be employed against England, whose part in the war is the least honorable of all. Belgium's attitude at the outset they can understand, France's desire for *la revanche* is natural, but England's only motive was jealousy of Germany's industrial development and the desire to cripple her trade and commercial prosperity. Therefore, Woe to England!

## Belgian Boy Tells Story of Aerschot

*The following letter from an American civil engineer in England, formerly in business in Belgium, whose reliability is vouched for by the person named in his letter as having been associated with him in business in Pittsburgh, was written to THE NEW YORK TIMES on Oct. 3, 1914:*

I HAVE just read an article in your issue of Sept. 16 on the German killings at Aerschot, Belgium.

You suggest an investigation into this crime. I happen to have a first-hand contribution, which I herewith inclose.

The writer is an American citizen, civil engineer, late partner of ——— of Pittsburgh, Penn., to whom you can refer. When war was declared I had an engineering office in Belgium. As the use of telegraph and telephone was suddenly stopped there remained nothing but to close the office. I therefore paid off my employes, among whom was a young office boy, a Belgian, about 16 years old, frail stature, small build, almost childlike appearance, but well educated and intelligent.

The inclosed narrative is a strict translation of a letter received from the boy. This is, therefore, first-hand information, and my knowledge of the character of the boy, as well as the ring in what he has to tell, justifies me in vouching for the correctness of his narrative.

In reading these pages, you will note a weak point in our administration of charity, which has been repeatedly brought to my attention. England has every intention to act generously and warmly with the Belgian people, who you may say have been sacrificed for the Allies. They tender homes for refugees and transportation from Belgian shores to England. They give out money liberally, but when this boy, utterly without means, friends or papers ar-

rived in Antwerp, there is no help for him. If he had been smaller, somebody would have treated him as a child and brought him along. If his father had not been dragged off into slavery in Germany he might with an old aunt have represented a family. Had he been able to preserve his legitimatization papers the Belgian authorities would have given him some support. Had he been older, he would have been enlisted in the defense of his country.

Here, therefore, is an individual, not small enough, not large enough, not having relations enough and not having any documents. He was worthy of help, but did not fit in anywhere. I am now doing my best to get money over to him through the Belgian National Bank, also to get him some sort of a paper, through the Belgian Legation in London, which will enable him at least to cross the frontier to Holland, whence he might be able to pay for his way to England.

I hope you will publish the boy's letter, *but it is necessary that you suppress both his and the writer's name.* Should either be given and the boy remain in Belgium, *it may cost him his life.* The mention of my own may later on cause me difficulties with our German friends of liberty. Yours truly,

[Inclosure.]

Translation of letter received from one of my employes, a young Belgian boy of about 16 years of age. Received in England Sept. 28, 1914.

ANTWERP, Sept. 23, 1914.

Dear Sir: As you correctly said in my testimonial when you were closing the office, the war has isolated Belgium. Really I can well say that I have been painfully struck by this scourge, and I permit myself, dear Sir, to give you a little description of my Calvary.

Your offices were closed in the beginning of August. As I did not know what to do and as the fatherland had not enough men to defend its territory I tried to get myself accepted as a volunteer.

On Aug. 10 I went to Aerschot, my native town, to get my certificate of

good conduct. Then I went to Louvain to have same signed by the commander of the place. This gentleman sent me to St. Nicholas and thence to Hemixen, where I was rejected as too young. I then decided to return to Brussels, passing through Aerschot. Here my aunt asked me to stay with her, saying that she was afraid of the Germans.

I remained at Aerschot. This was Aug. 15. Suddenly, on the 19th, at 9 o'clock in the morning, after a terrible bombardment, the Germans made their entry into Aerschot. In the first street which they passed through they broke into the houses. They brought out six men whom I knew very well and immediately shot them. Learning of this, I fled to Louvain, where I arrived on Aug. 19 at 1 o'clock.

At 1:30 P. M. the Germans entered Louvain. They did not do anything to the people in the beginning. On the following Saturday, Aug. 22, I started to return to Aerschot, as I had no money. (All my money was still in Brussels.) The whole distance from Louvain to Aerschot I saw nothing but German armies, always Germans. They did not say a word to me until I suddenly found myself alone with three of the "Todeshusaren," (Death's Head Hussars,) the vanguard of their regiment. They arrested me at the point of the revolver, demanded where I was going, and why I had run away from Aerschot. They said that the whole of Aerschot was now on fire, because the son of the Burgomaster had killed a General. Finally they searched me from head to foot, and I heard them discuss the question of my fate.

Finally the non-commissioned officer told me that I could continue on my way; that they would certainly take care of me in Aerschot, as I had been firing at Germans, and they would shoot me when I arrived. I would have liked better to return to Louvain, but with an imperious gesture he pointed out my road to Aerschot, and I continued. On arriving within a few hundred meters of the town I was arrested once more.

I forgot to tell you that of all the



houses which I passed between Louvain and Aerschot, there were only a few left intact. Upon these the Germans had written in chalk in the German language: "Please spare. Good people. Do not burn." Lying along the road I saw many dead horses putrefying. There were also to be seen pigs, goats, and cows which had nothing to eat, and which were howling like wild beasts. Not a soul was to be seen in the houses or in the streets. Everything was empty.

I was then arrested when a short distance from Aerschot. There were with me two or three families from Sichein, a village between Diest and Aerschot. We remained in the fields alongside the road, while the Prussian regiments with their artillery continued to pass by. When the artillery had passed we were marched at the point of the bayonet to the church in Aerschot. On arrival at the church the families of Sichein (there were at least twenty small children) were permitted to continue on their way, and the non-commissioned officer, delighted that I could speak German, permitted me to go to my aunt's house.

The aspect of the town was terrible. Not more than half the houses were standing. In the first three streets which the Germans traversed there was not a single house left. There was not a house in the town but had been pillaged. All doors had been burst open. There was nothing, nothing left. The stench in the streets was insupportable.

I then went home, or, rather, I should say, I went to the house where my father had always been boarding. You know, perhaps, that my mother died twelve years ago. I did not find my father, but according to what the people told me he had been arrested, and, with five other Aerschot men, taken to Germany—I do not know for what purpose.

I got into this house without any difficulty, because the door was smashed in. I stayed there from Saturday, Aug. 22, up to Wednesday, the 26th, little more comfortable. There was nothing to eat left in the house. I lived on what

a few women who remained in Aerschot could give me. I was forced to go with the soldiers into the cellars of M. X., director of a large factory, to hunt for wine. As recompense I got a loaf. It was not much, but at this moment it meant very much for me.

On Wednesday, Aug. 26, we were all once more locked up in the church. It was then half-past 4 in the afternoon. We could not get out, even for our necessities. On Thursday, about 9 o'clock, each of us was given a piece of bread and a glass of water. This was to last the whole day. At 10 o'clock a Lieutenant came in, accompanied by fifteen soldiers. He placed all the men who were left in a square, selected seventy of us and ordered us out to bury the corpses of Germans and Belgians around the town, which had been lying there since the battle of the 19th. That was a week that these bodies had remained there, and it is no use to ask if there was a stench. Afterward we had to clean the streets, and then it was evening.

They just got ready to shoot us. There were then ten of us. The guns had already been leveled at us, when suddenly a German soldier ran out shouting that we had not fired on them. A few minutes before we had heard rifle firing and the Germans said it was the Aerschot people who were shooting, though all these had been locked up in the church and we were the only inhabitants then in the streets, cleaning them, under surveillance of Germans. It was this German who saved our lives.

Picture to yourself what we have suffered! It is impossible to describe. On Aug. 28 we were brought to Louvain, always guarded by German soldiers. There were with us about twenty old men, over eighty years of age. These were placed in two carts, tied to one another in pairs. I and about twenty of my unfortunate compatriots had then to pull the carts all the way to Louvain. It was hard, but that could be supported all the same.

On arriving at Louvain I saw with my own eyes a German who shot at us. The Germans who were at the station shouted

"The civilians have been shooting," and commenced a fusillade against us. Many of us fell dead, others wounded, but I had the chance to run away.

I now took the road to Tirlemont, marching all the time among German camps. Once I was arrested. Again they wanted to shoot me, insisting that I was a student of the University of Louvain. The Germans pretended it was the students who had caused the population in Louvain to shoot at them. However, my youth saved me, and I was set at liberty.

I arrived in this way, making small marches, sleeping under the stars, at a small village, St. Pierre Rhode, six miles from Aerschot. This village had not been occupied by the Germans. A benevolent farmer took me in, and I lived there peacefully until Wednesday, Sept. 9. On that day the Germans arrived. They took us all with them and we had to march in front of them to prevent the Belgians from shooting. After one hour they gave us our liberty.

The Belgians had now retaken Aerschot. I returned there as quickly as I could. Only a few houses were still burning. It was Sept. 10. I left again in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, taking a train, together with the railway officials, and arrived at 6 P. M. in Antwerp, where I now stay without any resources.

All my money, the 20 francs which you presented me and my salary for five

weeks, as well as my little savings, are lying in Brussels, and I cannot get at them. I cannot work, because there is no work to be got. I cannot cross over to England, as, to do this, it is necessary that there should be a whole family. In these horrible circumstances, I respectfully take the liberty of addressing you, and I hope you will aid me as best you can. I swear to you that I shall pay you back all that you give me. I have here in Antwerp no place, no family. The town will not give me any aid, because I have no papers to prove my identity. I threw all my papers away for fear of the Germans. I count then on you with a firm hope to pay you back later.

Please accept, dear Sir, my respectful greetings.

PITTSBURGH, Penn., Oct. 17.—The Pittsburgh civil engineer mentioned as the former partner of the writer of the letter to *THE TIMES* citing acts of the Germans in Belgium is well known here. He was informed by *THE TIMES* correspondent tonight that he had been named by the writer of the letter as likely to testify to his trustworthiness and was asked if he cared to say anything regarding this. He replied:

"While I have no idea what my former partner has written to *THE TIMES*, I would credit his statements, whatever they might be."

## THE NEUTRALS

By BEATRICE BARRY

O URS is the "neutral nation"  
In this war that the white men wage,  
And we on the Reservation  
Care naught how the white men rage.

Where are the forest spaces  
That the red man was free to roam?  
And what of the woodland places  
Where the red man made his home?

O Great White Spirit who rideth  
On the wings of the Winter gale,  
Through thy children's faith abideth,  
Alas! they have lost the trail.

Gone! There's a paleface house  
Where the brave had his strong tepee,  
And the white man's cattle browse  
Where the wild herds used to be.

For our power sites he reaches  
While both smoothly he speaks and well  
Of the God whose love he teaches  
And whose justice he would tell.

# Fifteen Minutes on the Yser

## Scene of Desperate Fighting

IN BELGIUM, Dec. 12, 1914, (Dispatch to The London Daily News.)—Fighting of an exceedingly desperate character has been taking place during the latter portion of the week along the line which extends between the Yser and the Lys. Success has attended the efforts of both Germans and French in turn; but the losses of the enemy have been by far the greater, and the French have in places gained a slight advantage. This is particularly noteworthy when it is considered that the Germans on Thursday especially attacked in overwhelming force time after time. Their movement was concentrated on a zigzag line of trenches not far from the village of Dichebusch, which, as it happened, was not particularly strongly held by the French.

A terrific prelude to the attack was made by the German artillery, which concentrated a furious shrapnel fire upon the French position. At this point the trenches of the Germans were only seventy yards from the French, and for fear of hitting their own men the German guns were aimed fairly high, so that the Frenchmen in the rear trenches suffered most heavily. Those in the front trench huddled against its sides while the storm of shot and shell raged over them. There was nothing else for them to do at the moment, and, as it proved, it was extremely fortunate for the Allies that the German guns spared these men.

The French seventy-fives raked the German batteries in answer, and things were going hot and strong when the German infantrymen suddenly became active. From their trenches seventy yards away a shower of hand grenades came bowling over toward the first French trench. Many of them fell short, and few did any damage; but hardly had this second plague come to an end when

out from the trenches climbed a swarm of Germans rushing furiously toward the Frenchmen. At last the men in that first trench had something to do. They jumped to their loopholes and blazed magazine fire into this raging, tearing attack. Every bullet seemed to find its mark; it could hardly have done otherwise at such a range.

The advance line wavered, stumbled over prostrate parts of itself, and then swept onward again. There was no time for the Frenchmen to reload their rifles; besides they did not want to do so. They simply climbed out of the trenches and met the Germans with the bayonet. The German guns were still roaring to prevent the arrival of French reinforcements; but the reinforcements came quickly, suffering heavily in coming.

The few Frenchmen still struggled sturdily with their enemies, who outnumbered them three to one, and eventually the Germans who survived the attack turned and bolted back to their trenches, with the Frenchmen, seeing red, at their heels.

It was as furious a fifteen minutes as could be conceived. The No Man's Land between the trenches was heaped with men tangled and twisted in death or writhing with wounds which unmercifully let them live. Neither side dared venture across to aid these sufferers, so they were left in their agony.

But this one desperate charge did not end the day's work. The French mortars thumped away incessantly, and showers of hand grenades were exchanged. One more attack was made by the Germans in daylight, with a like result. The ground was piled high in places with bodies. Then, when night had fallen, yet another attack was made. One mighty mass of Germans came



charging over the narrow space. By sheer weight of numbers they overwhelmed the French and took the trench for which they had paid such a ghastly price. They held it only for a few hours. By converging on it from three points at once the French retook it soon after midnight.

On Friday morning a wonderful French bayonet charge at length drove out the Germans, who had fought most gallantly and stubbornly throughout the day and during the night and the terrible morning which followed. The Red Cross workers were busy without ceasing; but many men had bled to death, lacking surgical aid, in that strip of ground between the trenches.

This is the kind of warfare which is going to be waged in this seemingly inevitable battle between the two rivers. It may last as long as the battle of the Yser or the Aisne, and we may wait day after day again for the verdict. If the Allies can press forward just three or four miles before the year is out they will have done extraordinarily well. Hereabout the German artillery is in greater strength than anywhere else along the whole line of battle.

Progress will undoubtedly be slow because the Germans have taken such tremendous pains to pave (in a literal sense) with concrete trenches the way of retreat. British airmen report line upon line of intrenchments where the Germans have defensively furrowed the land behind them for miles. As the Allies advance—and they indubitably will advance—these trenches will in turn be stubbornly defended. It is going to be, I am afraid, a long, weary, and bloody business. Those in England who sometimes complain at the absence of decisive victories may have to wait a long time yet before it can be said that the Germans are in full retreat; for full retreat is the very thing they have guarded against most carefully.

In the semicircle of slaughter around Ypres the trenches of the Allies and the Germans are at nearly all points extraordinarily close together. This means an immense strain on the men. They remain for hours together in cramped, unnatural positions, knowing from experience that an unwise move will bring a bullet from crack marksmen told off to snipe them.

This close proximity of the rival forces confounds all the theories of the military writers of the past. According to the army textbooks this war is being conducted in a grossly unprofessional manner. For bringing his men so close to the enemy many a young company commander has received a severe dressing down on manoeuvres.

Of course under such circumstances abuse and bandinage are continually being bandied across the intervening spaces between the trenches, and the quick-witted Frenchmen generally get the better of it in the war of words.

One of them, who came back from the Ypres neighborhood a few days ago, told me a delightful story of a practical joke played upon the Germans, who were intrenched only about thirty or forty yards away from his platoon. One bright spirit was lecturing the enemy and making dialectical rings round them.

"*Hola, bosches,*" he cried, "your Kaiser is very brave, isn't he? He wears the Iron Cross, but he doesn't come into your trenches. Tomorrow M. Poincaré, our President, will visit us. He does not wear an Iron Cross, but he isn't afraid."

On the morrow the Germans saw a top hat come bobbing and bowing along the French trench and heard loud cries of "*Vive le President!*" Time after time they riddled that top hat with bullets, and still it went bobbing along until the French took it off the spade handle, threw it into the air and howled in derision.

# Nieuport Under Shell Fire

By an Eyewitness

FURNES, Dec. 21, 1914, (Dispatch to The London Daily News.)—For several days I have been in possession of an authorization from the French commandant permitting me to penetrate to Nieuport. This town has been under bombardment by the Germans since Oct. 20. There were days, however, when no shells fell in the town and a walk in the streets presented no danger, though this was by no means the case last week, when, after a period of calm, an event of considerable importance occurred. The Allies took up the offensive in an effort to drive the Germans from the coast and recapture Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Along the whole front from the Yser to the sea there were important movements of troops. These I am not at liberty to describe, but they have for the most part only a small significance in relation to the events described in this letter. For eight days the struggle has been very severe on the Yser, and night and day hundreds of guns have been sending shells across the space dividing the two armies. Since the end of October the Germans had been established at St. Georges and Lombartzyde, close to Nieuport, and their trenches between Nieuport and Nieuport-les-Bains were separated from those of the French and Belgians only by a canal twenty yards wide running from Furnes through Nieuport to the sea.

I left Furnes on a French motor truck carrying bread and meat to the troops at Nieuport. For about three miles the truck followed the canal, passing the village of Wulpen, and then came to a stop. We had arrived near the bridge over which we must pass to reach Nieuport. As we slowly approached the bridge I asked the chauffeur: "What is

delaying us?" "It is a little too warm for the moment," he replied.

When a soldier admits that things are warm it is certain that there is serious fighting afoot. To the right and left over the fields we could see the inundations. On the roads our soldiers were moving and the guns of the Allies were filling the air with thunder. In the intervals one could hear the spitting of quick-firers and the lesser chorus of rifle fire. Just ahead on a little bridge were a few soldiers of the engineer corps busily at work under the direction of a Lieutenant.

Suddenly I saw them fall flat on the ground. At the same moment a shell whistled over their heads and buried itself in the canal bank only forty yards from us.

"Shelter your machine behind the house," shouted the Lieutenant, and the chauffeur did not want a second telling. He backed the truck a few yards to place it against a house opposite the bridge at the corner of the road from Ramscapelle.

I left the truck and stood with some soldiers close against the wall. In five minutes fifteen shells fell within a radius of 100 yards of the bridge, but not one struck the bridge itself. We could hear them come shrieking toward us, and the only comment of the soldiers each time was "Here comes another."

We passed over the bridge and advanced along the canal bank in the direction of the Germans. As we approached the trenches near the Dixmude railway bridge we were able to survey the plain of St. Georges, which is now completely under water. For a moment the firing between the trenches had ceased, and we were able to take a leisurely view of the scene from the height of the bridge over an area half

a mile square. The water is three feet deep, and in the centre of the lake stands a farmhouse surrounded by trees. French and Belgian soldiers had crossed the water, advancing under the protection of artillery fire, and had captured the houses standing on the far side.

Returning to our motor, we quickly reached Nieuport. The aspect of the place was strange. The houses, as in all ancient fortified towns, press closely one against another. The streets, however, are wide and regular. They were as empty as the streets of a dead city. In the roofs of the houses were large holes. Windows and doors had been destroyed, and blinds and curtains were floating out on the wind.

To my great surprise I learned that four or five houses were still occupied. About twenty inhabitants, I was told, were still living in their cellars after the two months' bombardment. The soldiers did what they could to feed these people, who said that rather than leave their homes they would perish in the ruins. The rest of the inhabitants, about 4,000, had fled, taking with them only what they could carry in their hands. In every house one could see broken furniture covered with dust. In many of them gaping holes had been torn by shells, while some of the front walls had been carried clean away. Bedsteads and wardrobes were seen standing awry on the upper floors, ready to fall into the street. Of other houses, reduced, one may say, to powder, only heaps of rubbish remain, in which one can distinguish among pieces of tiles and brick and plaster chests of drawers, pianos, sideboards, sewing machines, and so forth, broken and mixed with what is left of household linen and crockery. Family portraits, as if in mockery, remain hanging in places and contemplate the scene of ruin. The contents of the shops have been scattered over the floors, and whatever has not been destroyed by shells, shrapnel, and bombs, has been left to rot under the rain which comes through the roofs and ceilings. All sorts of merchandise was lying about in confusion on the pavements.

The church, one of the oldest Gothic monuments in the country, has been completely demolished. The belfry tower is torn open, and one broken bell is lying on the ground at the edge of a pit some thirty feet in width, made by the explosion of an enormous German shell. A large wooden crucifix by the side of the church has been torn from the ground and lies in a ditch.

There is a layer three feet deep of pieces of wood covering the floor of the church. This was once the roof and furniture of the old Gothic temple.

The cemetery, furrowed by shells, contains fresh graves covered with flowers. These are graves of officers and soldiers. On one of them are a soldier's coat and cap; on another a small Belgian flag. The second grave was dug only this morning, the young soldier, I was told by a Sergeant, having arrived at 8 o'clock and having been killed by a German shell at 10.

Only one structure in Nieuport remained intact, the Templars' Tower, a very solid piece of masonry, five centuries old.

Groups of officers and men were moving about among the ruins of the town. They were all young men, whose laughter and jokes contrasted grimly with the terrible howl of the guns and the crash of the projectiles which were still falling in the town. The French batteries added to the noise. Nothing can describe the terrible power of the heavy French artillery. The voice of the guns pierced my ear drums. Though they were posted at a considerable distance, one might almost think them close at hand. As a shell passes over your head it reminds you of a hurricane blowing through the bare branches of a forest.

Accompanied by my chauffeur, I ran through streets which he pointed out as being more dangerous than others. They were being shelled from the flank by the Germans, and sometimes, I was told, accidents would occur; that is, somebody would be killed by a shell flying along the street from one end to the other. One feels one's self much more at ease in the



streets which intersect these thoroughfares at right angles..

In one spot I met a Red Cross motor ambulance laden with wounded, and going in the midst of the gravest danger in the direction of Furnes. At another

point we saw a French Captain, who, in a stern voice, ordered his soldiers to keep away from the middle of the street. These men were not on duty for the moment and were chatting as merrily as if they were in no danger.

## Raid on Scarborough Seen From a Window

By Ruth Kauffmann

CLOUGHTON, Scarborough, England, Dec. 17, 1914.—It's a very curious thing to watch a bombardment from your house.

Everybody knew the Kaiser would do it. But there was a little doubt about the date, and then somehow the spy-hunting sport took up general attention. When the Kaiser did send his card here yesterday morning it was quite as much of a surprise as most Christmas cards—from a friend forgotten.

Eighteen people were killed yesterday morning between 8 o'clock and 8:30 in the streets and houses of Scarborough by German shrapnel, 200 were wounded, and more than 200 houses were damaged or demolished.

A little before 8 o'clock three dread-nought cruisers were seen to cut through the light fog, which was just lifting, and, hugging the cliffs opposite our house, scuttle south to Scarborough. From our windows we could not at that hour quite make out the contour of the ruined castle, which is generally plainly visible. Our attention was called to the fact that there was "practicing" going on, and we could, at 8:07, see quick flashes. That these flashes pointed directly at Scarborough we did not for a few minutes comprehend. Then, the fog slowly

lifting, we saw a fog that was partly smoke. The castle grew into its place in the six miles' distance. It seemed for a moment that the eight-foot-thick Norman walls tottered; but no, whatever tottered was behind the keep. Curiously enough we could barely hear the cannonading, for the wind was keen in the opposite direction, yet we could, as the minutes crept by and the air cleared, see distinctly the flashes from the boats and the flashes in the city.

After about fifteen minutes there was a cessation, or perhaps a hesitation, that lasted two minutes; then the flashes continued. Ten minutes more and the boats began to move again. One cruiser disappeared completely from sight, sailing south by east. The other two rushed, like fast trains, north again, again close to our cliffs; and in another half hour we heard all too plainly the cannonading which had almost escaped our ears from Scarborough. We thought it was Robin Hood's Bay, as far north of us as Scarborough is south; but afterward we learned that the boats omitted this pretty red-roofed town and concentrated their remaining energy on Whitby, fifteen miles north; the wind blowing toward us brought us the vibrating boom.

We drove to Scarborough. We had not

gone one mile of the distance when we began to meet people coming in the opposite direction. A small white-faced boy in a milk cart that early every morning makes its Scarborough rounds showed us a piece of shell he had picked up and said it had first struck a man a few yards from him and killed the man. A woman carrying a basket told us, with trembling lips, that men and women were lying about the streets dead. The postman assured us that Scarborough was in flames. A road worker told us we should be turned back, and another man warned us to beware of a big hole in the road further along, large enough to swallow our horse and trap; yet we could certainly see no flames issuing from Scarborough, which now lay directly before us.

We put up the horse at a stable on the very edge of the city and walked up the steep hill. The hotelkeeper and his wife, we were told, were already "refugees."

Scarborough is a sprawling town that stretches a length of about three miles from the extreme north end to the extreme south. Inland about a mile and a half is a wireless station, and on the cliff, 300 feet high, stands the ruined castle and its walled-in grounds, in the midst of which is—or was, for it was yesterday blown clean away—a signal station. Although there are barracks, the town is unfortified. A seaside resort of considerable importance, its population varies by many thousands in Winter and Summer, with a stationary population of 45,000. But to compensate for its Summer losses are the numerous fashionable schools for both boys and girls.

We did not meet a deserted city when we entered. The streets were thronging. There was a Sunday hush over everything without the accompanying Sunday clothes, but people moved about or stood at their doorways. Many of the shop fronts were boarded up and shop windows were empty of display. The main street, a narrow passageway that clammers up from the sea and points due west, was filled with a procession that slowly

marched down one side and up the other. People hardly spoke. They made room automatically for a group of silent boy scouts, who carried an unconscious woman past us to the hospital. There was the insistent honk of a motor car as it pushed its way through; all that struck me about the car was the set face of an old man rising above improvised bandages about his neck, part of the price of the Kaiser's Christmas card.

The damage to property did not first reach our attention. But as we walked down the main street and then up it with the procession we saw that shops and houses all along had windows smashed next to windows unhurt. At first we thought the broken windows were from concussion, but apparently very few were so broken; there was not much concussion, but the shells, splintering as they exploded, had flown red-hot in every direction. The smoke we had seen had come from fires quickly extinguished. Scarborough was not "in flames."

We left the main business street and picked our way toward the Foreshore and the South Cliff, the more fashionable part of town as well as the school section. Here there was a great deal of havoc, and we had to climb over some of the débris. Roofs were half torn off and balancing in mid-air; shells had shot through chimneys, and some chimneys tottered, while several had merely round holes through the brickwork; mortar, bricks, and glass lay about the streets; here a third-story room was bare to the view, the wall lifted out as for a child's dollhouse and disclosing a single bedroom with shaving materials on the bureau still secure; there a drug store lay fallen into the street, and the iron railing about it was torn and twisted out of shape. A man and a boy had just been carried away dead. All around small pieces of iron rail and ripped-up asphalt lay scattered. Iron bars were driven into the woodwork of houses; there were great gaps in walls and roofs; the attack had not spent itself on any one section of the city, but had scattered itself in different wards. The freaks of the shells

were as inexplicable as those of a great fire that destroys everything in a house except a piano and a mantelpiece with its bric-a-brac, or a flood that carries away a log cabin and leaves a rosebush unharmed and blooming.

Silent pedestrians walked along and searched the ground for souvenirs, of which there were aplenty. Sentries guarded houses and streets where it was dangerous to explore, and park benches were used as barriers to the public. All the cabs were requisitioned to take away luggage and frightened inhabitants. During the shelling hundreds of women and children, breakfastless, their hair hanging, hatless, and even penniless, except for their mere railway fares, had rushed to the station and taken tickets to the first safe town they could think of. There was no panic, these hatless, penniless women all asserted, when they arrived in York and Leeds. A wealthy woman whom I slightly know nearly rushed into my arms, her face very flushed, and told me that she had left the servants to pack her china and vases, and was now on her way to find a workman to dig a hole in the garden to receive them; as for herself, she would eat from kitchen dishes henceforth.

A friend of mine hurried into Scarborough by motor to rescue her sister, who was a pupil at one of the boarding schools. But it appeared that when the windows of the school began to crash the teachers hurried from prayers, ordered the pupils to gather hats and coats and sweet chocolate that happened to be on hand as a substitute for breakfast, and made them run for a mile and a half, with shells exploding about them, through the streets to the nearest out-of-Scarborough railway station. My friend, after unbelievable difficulties, finally found her sister in a private house of a village near by, the girl in tears and pleading not to be sent to London; she had been told that her family's house was

probably destroyed, as it was actually on the seacoast.

On the other hand, instances of self-possession were not lacking. Another school hard by took all its children to the cellars, where the teachers made light of the matter, and the frightened father of one very nervous child was pleasantly amazed to find his child much calmer than himself—and quite delighted with the experience. In St. Martin's Church, the Archdeacon was celebrating holy communion. Shells struck the roof of the church. The Archdeacon stopped the service for a brief moment to say:

"We are evidently being bombarded. But we are as safe here as we can be anywhere," and proceeded calmly with the service.

We left Scarborough at night. The exodus of inhabitants, school children, whose Christmas holidays began earlier by one day on account of the raid, and visitors continued steadily. The cabmen, so idle in Winter, were rejoiced to find that work for today would not be lacking.

"At this rate," said one of them to me as he lighted the carriage candles for our trap and handed me the reins, "if the Germans come again there'll be no one left for them to kill."

There is, the Admiralty tells us, no military significance in this event, and, from the British point of view, I doubt if a woman will ever be considered worthy of a hearing in anything military; but I presume there is some sort of significance from a real estate point of view in the holes made in the hotels and houses, and from the hospital point of view in the sad procession of stretchers. But however little significance the December bombardment of Scarborough has, it is certainly a surprise to be wakened by three hostile cruisers, and one must admit that the Kaiser has at least left his greetings of the season on the east coast.



# How the Baroness Hid Her Husband on a Vessel

LONDON, Dec. 7, 1914.—The story of how Baroness Hans Heinrich von Wolf, who was Miss Humphreys, well known in New York society, smuggled her husband into Germany after the beginning of the war past a British cruiser and two sets of British shipping inspectors so that he could fight for the Fatherland is revealed in news received here giving details as to the bestowal upon the Baron of the Iron Cross of the First Class.

Baron von Wolf and his wife, who is the daughter of a wealthy patent medicine manufacturer and whose stepfather is Consul General St. John Gaffney, at Munich, were on their plantation in German Southwest Africa, when the Kaiser ordered the mobilization. Being a reserve officer, the Baron started homeward on board a German steamship on July 29, and, fortunately for him, the Baroness accompanied him.

On receipt of wireless information that war had been declared, their ship promptly put into Rio Janeiro toward the middle of August, and it was two weeks later before the Wolfs found a neutral vessel headed for Holland.

In South American waters they were halted by a British cruiser, but although there were many German reservists among the passengers, the cruiser was so full of Germans already that she could not carry any more, so they were permitted to proceed.

Baron von Wolf left the ship "officially" at Vigo, Spain, his wife waving a tearful farewell to his imaginary figure on the tender. He was really secreted, through the connivance of a generously bribed steward, in a tiny closet, where he remained for twenty-four hours. Finally he was spirited into his wife's state-

room, and during the rest of the voyage spent most of his time lying under her berth. All his meals, drinks, and cigarettes were brought in by the steward, who was in the plot, and, as the Baroness remarked laughingly to friends afterward, "I gained a frightful reputation as a heavy drinker and smoker, and one Mrs. Grundy even spread the scandalous report that I had a man in my room."

British warships compelled the Dutch vessel to enter Falmouth, where the authorities searched her for contraband and reservists. Knowing that the Baroness was a German officer's wife, naval officials called upon her several times in the course of the two weeks during which the ship was forced to remain at Falmouth, but each time they found her either doing up her hair, whereupon they retreated hastily with apologies for the intrusion, or lying in her bunk, feigning illness. The ship manifest, of course, showed that Capt. von Wolf had disembarked at Vigo, and the Captain of the vessel, ignorant of the truth, swore that he had seen Capt. von Wolf on board the tender, waving to his wife on deck.

There was a further search at Dover, but von Wolf's hiding place was never discovered.

The Kaiser awarded the Iron Cross to von Wolf for capturing seven English soldiers single-handed near Ypres and for carrying dispatches in an automobile under a fire so hot that his chauffeur and two officers in a car following were killed.

As far as his neutrality will permit, Consul General Gaffney, in whose Munich residence the Baroness is living during the war, has indicated to friends his delight over the valor of his stepson-in-law.

# Warsaw Swamped With Refugees

By H. W. Bodkinson

*Correspondent of The London Standard*

**W**ARSAW, Oct. 15, 1914.—Thousands of fugitives crowd the city. They come from all parts of Poland, but principally from the frontier towns and villages which the Germans have been ravaging for over six weeks.

It rends one's heart to hear of the sufferings of these poor refugees, who are mostly Jews, but with a considerable sprinkling of Poles and Lithuanians. Every available hall and every empty warehouse is filled with them. They must have shelter and food, and Warsaw has risen heroically to the task of providing them with these necessities. Yet how they suffer and what a struggle is theirs for bare existence!

My first visit was to the largest hall in Warsaw, called the Swiss Valley, where the large Philharmonic concerts are usually held and which in ordinary times is the gathering place of society. It is now converted into a refuge for 600 or 700 homeless fugitives, who have left their all behind them and fled in terror, frequently on foot, for many miles, and carrying their possessions on their backs. The majority are old men, women, and children. In the babel of voices are frequently heard pitiful cries of poorly fed children, shrieks of more lusty ones, and groans and wailings of mothers who still seem stunned and stupefied by their frightful experiences.

Dinner was being served when I arrived. At several tables sat women, many with babies in arms, and children, while men were being served in one of the large corridors. Standing in endless rows, they took their turn at the steaming pots. In the main hall many fugitives were crouching on the floor, some on mattresses, and piled about them

were little mounds of household effects that they had succeeded in saving from their wrecked and ruined homes. It was truly a picture of direst misery, and in the faces of young and old one could read calamity.

Kalisch is probably a heap of ruins, these recent arrivals tell me, and of the usual population of 65,000 barely 2,000 are left. German soldiers have abandoned the city, but are quartered three or four miles away, in the village of Oputook. Kalisch is only a fortified camp, visited daily, however, by German cavalry, who use it as a reconnoitring base. All gardens have been destroyed and trees cut up for barricades, and even crosses from the cemetery have been displaced and used in fortification work.

Refugees tell dreadful stories of what they saw on their flight through this unfortunate part of Poland. Everywhere are burned and pillaged villages, towns destroyed, and gardens that are heaps of ashes and ruins.

One old man, formerly a country school teacher, saw three peasants hanging from a tree, with all the signs of having been frightfully tortured, as their arms and legs were broken in several places. They evidently had been accused of espionage and summarily executed. While telling me of this sight the old man fairly shook with the terror of reminiscence, and when he finished he was sobbing aloud.

How Warsaw is going to take care of these poor unfortunates is still an unsolved problem. Already a wave of unemployment is spreading in the city, and it will be impossible to find work for this enormous increase in the town's population. Some are being sent to the southern coal mines and others are being

employed on fortification works at Novo Georgieoak, but they are the pick of the lot. It is the old and infirm, the women and children, who must be provided for, and though contributions come in stead-

ily, yet there is not half enough relief for all, and appeals are being made both to Petrograd and Moscow, cities which still are practically free from the horrors of war, for speedy help.

## After the Russian Advance in Galicia

LVOFF (Lemberg), Oct. 17 1914.

I HAVE returned from a trip of several hundred kilometers through Galicia, covering the zone of the Russian conquest and subsequent occupation. I believe it is fair to consider the district traversed as typical of the general conditions in the existing conquered zones and of those prevailing during and after the fighting.

The portion traversed lies from Lwow in a southeasterly direction to Bessarabia, along the Carpathians and the line of retreat of the heavy Austrian column and the subsequent advance of Gen. Brussiloff. The situation at Halicz offers an opportunity to judge of the conduct of the Russians, as this position was occupied after considerable severe fighting near by. Gen. Brussiloff's advance was preceded by heavy masses of Cossacks, and two checks were experienced before this point was reached, and therefore it may be assumed that their blood was roused when Halicz was reached and any excesses or lack of control were to be expected here, where there are many Jews. The facts, which are obvious and not dependent upon hearsay or official confirmation, are that though this country was swept by a huge army, three divisions of Cossacks crossing the river at Halicz, besides a mass of infantry, there is in the rural districts no sign to indicate this deluge of a few weeks earlier. The fields have at present an absolutely normal aspect, with stock grazing contentedly everywhere, while in

every village there are quantities of geese, chickens, and pigs. There are acres and acres of rich farming land, with grain still stacked, while the Autumn plowing and belated harvesting are proceeding as usual.

Nine villages through which the Russian armies swept give no sign of war having passed this way. At an occasional station or village a few destroyed buildings are seen, but these in every instance appear to have been places where the retreating Austrians halted or attempted to make stands, and the fire even at these points seems to have been carefully concentrated on strategic points—for instance, a town where the railway depot and a warehouse have been leveled. I was particularly impressed by the village of Botszonce, near Halicz. A few versts from there a stubborn fight lasting several days resulted in the abandonment of the Austrian line of resistance and a retreat, with a halt at Botszonce.

Hence the town was shelled, and the municipal offices and big buildings in the centre were utterly destroyed, but three buildings stand conspicuously among the ruins. These are two churches, and the Town Hall, with a spire resembling that of a church. The fact that the building next to the latter was leveled utterly, while not a single shell entered the supposed church, indicates that the Russian practice at 5,000 meters was sufficiently accurate to insure the protection of sacred edifices, while neighboring buildings were wrecked. It is also



significant of the Russian restraint following a hard battle where losses were substantial.

It is universally observable that where villages were shelled attempts were made to spare the peasants' houses, few of which were damaged, save by fires spreading from other buildings. Everywhere wanton destruction has obviously been avoided, and the percentage of towns in this zone where any damage whatever was done is small. The foregoing facts signify the restraint and soberness exercised both by the Cossacks and the following infantry. The natives were not unfriendly to the Russians, which would partially account for this, but such discipline as was exhibited is significant even in a friendly country, when one considers the size and extent of the invading armies.

Other conclusions based on conversations with Russian officials, which were obviously prejudiced, and with peasants, whose evidence was given to a correspondent who accompanied these officers, must be accepted guardedly. Such infor-

mation as was obtained from these sources indicated no complaint against the Russian soldier. Little material was taken, and this, it is said, has been paid for. This I personally believe, as the merchants and natives appear to be genuinely friendly, the occupying troops stating that even the Cossacks were docile. Many Austrian officials are wearing their old uniforms with Russian colors on their arms.

It would be unwise to attempt to estimate the underlying feelings of the population, but I believe it is a safe assumption that Russia's Galician Government will be the most progressive and liberal of all her experiments, and will probably prove an easy yoke for all those who do not attempt to interfere politically. It is obvious that an exceptional effort has been made throughout the campaign and the occupation to keep the inhabitants friendly and establish the Government here as a demonstration of Russian progressive tendencies. I believe, too, that this time the tendencies are distinctly liberal, but it is futile to attempt to estimate the future.

## Officer in Battle Had Little Feeling

**R**OTTTERDAM, Dec. 1, 1914, (Associated Press).—The psychology of the battlefield gets a rather thorough and able treatment by an Austrian reserve officer, who, after having been wounded in an engagement with the Russians, gave the following interview to a Hungarian journalist. The officer in question was with General Dankl in the fighting southeast of Krasnik.

"You feel little or nothing while in battle," he said. "At least, you forget how things affect your mind. The eyes see and the ears hear, but those are perceptions which do not result in impres-

sions one could co-ordinate. They do not even affect your sentiments. But it is not cynicism, for all that; merely the lack of appreciation of what takes place.

"My Captain, a most lovable fellow, whom I did not alone respect as an officer, but of whom I also thought a great deal personally, was leading his company into fire when three bullets hit him in the abdomen. I saw him fall, but thought nothing of it and marched on.

"In spite of the fact that you have no ill-feelings against the enemy, and may not even fear him, you destroy him as best you can. On the evening before

our first battle we were sitting about the mess table—most of us officers of the line. None of us had ever killed a man. I said: 'Friends, when I meet the first Russian officer tomorrow my impulse will be to shake his hand.' My comrades agreed with me. But on the following day I was obliged to lay a number of Russians low.

"My Slovacs are the most phlegmatic people in the world, but excellent soldiers. They shoot without anger, but simply because they are fired upon. One fights because one is on the battlefield and cannot do any different. The terrible thing is that often you are shot at without being able to return the fire. But this is not as fear-inspiring as it is discouraging. You learn to know what fear is when you begin to realize that you might be killed without killing somebody first.

"Of course I have been scared. That was after I had been wounded. We had been firing a long time, and when next we advanced we came into a deep and sandy road, out of which we could not get because of the enemy's terrible fire. We had to lie perfectly still while bullets simply poured over us. That was awful."

The officer omitted to state that while in this position he was shot three times in the arm, but continued to lead his troops throughout the action.

"It is a well-known fact that the soldier sees very little of the battle. On Aug. 24, early in the morning, we received orders to occupy a low hill at the edge of a tract covered with brushwood. Forming part of the reserve, we were expected to remain under cover. In front of us was a large open battlefield. To each side of us were batteries which had thundered away since early morning. The result of this was that many of the enemy's shells dropped right in front of us. I remember noticing that while the smoke of our shells had a lilac color that of the enemy's was white.

"So far we had not been disquieted by the shells at all. On the edge of the brushwood had been planted a yellow-

black flag, showing that somewhere in that vicinity was to be found our General Staff. Our Colonel left us and walked toward it, possibly to get orders, but just as he got there a shrapnel exploded a little ahead of him in the air and we saw our commanding officer, in whom we placed all our confidence, go down. After that it was a terrible feeling to lie still. From that moment on, too, a veritable hail of shells began to come. Some sappers, who had been busy digging a trench for the protection of the General Staff, started to run. I feared that my soldiers would follow the example, and began to make fun of the poor sappers, scolding them at the same time. Thank God, my battalion found that funny and began to laugh. They lived through a terrific shrapnel fire with not a care and even found occasion for laughter.

"A Major took command of the regiment and we received orders to retake a hill which the enemy had captured under heavy fire. But of the enemy nothing at all was to be seen as we neared the position, though the hail of shell and shrapnel increased in fury. The flag bearer marched about 300 paces off my side. By accident I looked in his direction, saw the white cloud of smoke of a Russian shell, and where the flag bearer had been there was nothing more to be seen.

"The enemy meanwhile had taken to flight, and later we saw the Russians wading through a swamp. Then they got to the River Por and crossed it—we after them, shooting, wading, out of breath. Of a sudden a village behind us went up in flames, the light falling on us like the rays of a huge reflector. Then and there we received a rain of fire, and saw the enemy had taken possession in good order of the other bank. We had to fall back, not because we were afraid, but because those were the orders. The sensation of being in danger of death we did not have.

"Flags and drums are useless things in warfare. What is the use of a flag which by its bright colors reveals your

position, which, as the brown paint on my sabre shows, it has been intended to conceal? In the one case even the slightest reflection of light is guarded against, while in the other a large field of colors undoes all that it has been wished to accomplish. The drummer, on the other hand, must beat his drum as he goes to the attack, yet he is expected to run into the enemy unarmed. He would prefer exchanging his drum for a rifle, so that he would be able to shoot down a soldier.

"One feels nothing of the presence of

the enemy in battle and on the marches. To be wounded is also not such a bad experience. But you begin to think after the battle. To bear the horrors of war a sort of ideal is necessary. Once, when I took my Slovacs into an attack, we passed a cross by the wayside. Many of them knelt down for a moment and said a prayer. That was sincere and sublime. The ideal which makes it possible for me to bear everything is to be a good officer on the battlefield—under the circumstances my duty toward the social aggregate to which I belong."

## The Battle of New Year's Day

By Perceval Gibbon

**Z**YRARDOW, Poland, Jan. 3, via London, Jan. 8, 1915, (Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—

The lines of trenches, the position of which I am able to observe from here, are those extending south from Sochaczew, and to the west of Mszczonow. The chief German efforts are being directed against the centre of this line.

They have made a concentration of their best troops opposite our positions west of the village of Guzow, against the trenches of the second army at a point where an army corps of veterans have turned their position into an earthen fortress. Here within the last few days the Germans have brought up guns of all but the largest calibre and generally displayed considerable increases in their artillery. Here also their infantry attacks, those tragic and wasteful assaults in force which send so many thousand German corpses down the streams of the Rawka and Bzura to the Vistula, and so home, are most intense.

During the last few days a certain lull in the frequency of these attacks

has been observable and has been construed by the Russians as prefatory to renewed endeavors to force the line and advance a short stage on the dangerous road to Warsaw. This premonition was justified on New Year's Day when the enemy's attacks were renewed east of Guzow. The armies are facing each other across their breastworks at a distance varying from 200 to 300 yards. The dawn of 1915, the Germans aroused themselves again to the dreary energy of the hopeless battle. I watched the shelling from the headquarters of a regiment which is occupying a trench in the centre of the front line.

It was impossible to approach the trench more nearly during daylight, as the grassless brown flats were noisy with bullets from the German lines. They shoot with wasteful prodigality shrapnel and even heavier shells on any single figure that is discernible; but when early dark came down the attempt was made successfully and the first line held by the Bielojevsky Regiment was reached. I had the advantage of the company up



to the zone of fire of Prince Peter Volkonsky, who is leader of a Red Cross motor column. Throughout our journey the Germans were firing rockets. A slow, green ball of fire ascends as gradually into the air as a loaded balloon, seems to poise aloft for a moment, then sinks slowly to earth, lighting the country for a long way around with a ghastly green illumination. Each rocket is followed by a prompt fire from the field batteries and a short spurt of rifle fire.

The trench to which I finally came at midnight was that in almost the mathematical centre of the Guzow positions. Here behind an eight-foot-high breastwork the famous regiment, which invariably has been in the front line during the five months of the war, has made itself efficiently at home. Since the war began the regiment, whose normal strength is 4,000 men, has lost 5,500, making good its losses out of the reserves, so that now again it is at its full strength.

The Germans have made a routine of their attacks, always making them at night and always ineffectually. They advance as far as the barbed wire, 30 yards in front of the trench. There they encounter the full force of the Russian rifle fire and fall back again. The Germans shell without ceasing. All the Russians speak of their profuse expenditure of ammunition. The commander of the trench told me that at the lowest they fired over 3,000 shells on a single day.

Although intermittent firing continued through the night, no attack was made. With the morning the German guns resumed their exhaustive questing along the rear of the trenches, and a big factory to the southward once more became their target. Its great chimney began to acquire a kind of sporting significance, it was so obviously the object of fire in that direction; and bets were going in the trench backing the chimney against the German gunners.

I counted in an hour thirty-six shells directed at the factory, but the chimney,

like the steeple of a persecuted but triumphant religion, was cocking its unbowed head to the skies.

Now began the shelling of the trench, while the German rifle bullets searched along the front. This, however, is a game at which the Russian riflemen are specially proficient. They can in a few moments organize a combined murderous fire which forces every German who is not weary of life to keep his head down. After a few minutes the German rifle fire goes wild, their bullets no longer striking about our loopholes.

Toward late afternoon their fire increased, and the Russian long-range battery came into position behind us. The gun out of sight astern of us roared grandly. A shell traveled over us, whistling in its flight, then splashed in brief fire, and a great cloud of smoke arose a hundred yards ahead of us and the same distance short of the German trenches. A second shell burst about the same distance beyond the German line. Then, after careful sighting, and the position having been verified, came a third shell, which landed superbly and within easy sight upon the very lip of the trench, blowing a great gap in the earthwork. It was gunnery of the most exact and expert kind.

Shell after shell under our eyes, timed to a fraction, raked the trench; then came the reply to it. A German heavy battery out of sight of a dip toward the river came into action. From horizon to horizon the world was noisy with the stupendous drum of artillery, while at each brief interval the rending reverberation of rifle fire from trench to trench tore at one's ears.

The dreary, icy night darkened over the desolate fields which in this war have seen their crops trampled and have been sown with dead men. The darkness was lit by gun flashes and brief moons of shrapnel winking aloft, while from the opposite trench issued a ghostly, flickering blaze of rifles at their work.

The attack developed after all to the left of the trench in which we were. It was part of a great attack along a line

which extended from near Gradow southward to Rawa, and was unsuccessful everywhere.

When dark came I made my way out of the trench in the same way I had previously entered it—under fire; but this time the moon was showing frostily clear over the horrible levels, so that as we went we were silhouetted against her vacant face. We obviously were plainly visible to the Germans, for besides bullets, which were beginning to become commonplace and unremarkable, a shrapnel shell came screaming up and burst on the ground about twenty feet away.

We gained the road to Chervonaneva. The road was white and straight, bare as one's empty hand. Here I endured the most curious experience of my life. Myself and companion, John Bass, correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*, were walking in our heavy furs between the glaring moon and the German gunners, who will fire extravagantly at anything. Their guns got to work along the road and a shell came screaming up and burst perhaps twenty feet away, followed by three or four others.

Our attempt to take to the fields, where we would not be so conspicuous, was thwarted by the Russian barbed wire and other preparations for the enemy. There was nothing for it but to continue along the naked road till we got out of range. Further on low trees be-

gan at the side of the road. We hastened toward them, hoping to make them serve as cover, but shell after shell arrived, each bursting close by. The trees were of no use.

There was not another soul upon the road for over two miles. Each time we heard a shell coming toward us we cowered with our arms covering neck and face. After each shot we inquired of each other if either had been hit. The shooting of the gunners with such a small and distant target appeared to me superb.

At last a shell exploded overhead, smashing the branches and sending a load of metal flying. I felt blows of flying earth and twigs on my back. Bass asked, "Have they got you?"

"Are you all right?" I inquired.

"Think they have got me in the face," was the reply.

I had an electric pocket lamp, with which I made an examination. He was cut across the jaw with a fragment of shell and bleeding freely. I bandaged him with our handkerchiefs, Bass, as always, uncomplaining and treating the wound humorously.

Several shells followed, each too near for comfort, but we were now reaching the limit of the guns' range, and we came without further incident clear of their fire.

## Bass's Story

**C**HICAGO, Jan. 7, 1915.—John F. Bass, the staff correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*, who with Perceval Gibbon had a remarkable escape from being blown to pieces by German shells while returning from a visit to a Russian first-line trench in Poland, cabled to his paper his version

of their experiences, which duplicated largely that by Perceval Gibbon cabled to *THE NEW YORK TIMES*.

Recounting their arrival at the trench held by the Bielojevski Regiment, in the centre of the battle line, he said:

"The officers, in small underground bomb-proofs, gave us a hospitable wel-

come. The men had cut small recesses in the front wall of the trench, where they were comfortably housed in straw, with bagging in front to keep out the cold. The trenches were in good condition and clean for war time.

"In the loopholes rifles lay ready for firing. One man in every four watched while the other three slept. As we walked through the trench we stepped over dead bodies of men who had recently fallen. Two of the regiment's battalions are commanded by Staff Capt. Podjio, one of the finest specimens of a conscientious, hard-working line officer I have met. He passed the night traveling the trenches, keeping a vigilant watch and encouraging the men, who seemed to be in fine condition.

"It was bitterly cold, so we lay for a time on the straw of a bomb-proof, watching by candlelight a giant orderly sending and receiving messages on a buzzing telephone from different parts of the line. It is a habit of Germans to make night attacks that bring them within fifty yards of the Russian trenches before they are driven off.

"We saw indistinctly across the trenches the Russian videttes in front. It is reported that the Germans do not take the precaution of posting a line

of sentinels before their trenches. Just before morning the videttes came running to report activity in the German trenches. Quickly the sleeping soldiers were roused to man the loopholes. The machine guns cracked and the rifles rolled out volleys in the cold morning light. The Germans answered and bullets kicked the top of our trench. Some of the bullets seemed to crack on striking and it was reported to us that the Germans were using explosive missiles. Under the Russian fire the Germans failed to leave their trench.

"When the light swelled into day the German artillery began shelling the houses, the tall chimney, and the trenches. Black clouds of smoke rose from the spots where the shells struck. On our trench they used shrapnel, which burst for the most part beyond us in white puffs. The German infantry continued a heavy fusillade, but our machine-gun fire, which seemed to sweep the dust from the top of the German trench, caused their rifle fire to go high and the bullets hissed overhead.

"Two German aeroplanes swept down the line above the Russian trench, but retired when chased by a Russian biplane. In the distance a German observation balloon hung in the sky like a huge sausage."

## The Waste of German Lives

By Perceval Gibbon

**Z**YRARDOW, Poland, Jan. 5, 1915, (Dispatch to The London Daily Chronicle.)—Once again Poland has seen a great German general attack along the whole line of the Bzura and Rawka positions from Gradow to Rawa. For thirty-six hours the battle has shifted like a moving flame in a long line. Now that its intensity is abated, it is clear that the German purpose has

again failed of accomplishment, and at several points the Russian line has advanced.

We have no key to the German mentality which inspires these attacks so wasteful in lives of soldiers, so ineffectual in their general result. In the records of this struggle along the courses of the two little rivers I have notes of upward of 100 attacks in considerable



force, of which not a single one resulted in shifting the imperturbable Russian infantry from a trench, but each of which has been accompanied by ghastly loss to the Germans.

A fight characteristic of the operations on this front took place west of Gradow, where the German attack was exceptionally heavy throughout New Year's Day, culminating in an assault by infantry on the same night. Throughout the day they shelled the Russian trenches, spending ammunition with their customary lavishness. The day's shelling justified the Russian opinion that of the German forces their artillery and cavalry are the weakest arm and their infantry is the best. The positions are not greatly disturbed by the day-long aspersions with shrapnel, and the Russians are more than ready for the attack. On this front the infantry attacks usually in line, but this night they came up in dense columns. The Russian guns were at work promptly with the fuses of the shells reduced, so that they burst almost at the gun's mouth, and from the trenches a steady, schooled infantry fire tore gaps in the masses of the enemy.

At Gradow the Russians were utterly outnumbered. To this extent the German concentration of forces was successful, but no further. They succeeded in reducing the Russians' tactics from a mere defense of the trenches to delivering a counterattack; but this was the limit of their success.

I have talked with three Russian officers here who were wounded during the counterattack. Five machine guns were at work on them as they left their trenches in a charge. One of the officers was shot through the chest as he climbed the bank of the trench; the second got perhaps twenty yards before being hit in the head; the third, however, led his men home into the German trench. Of the Russians who set out only eighty were alive and unhurt when they reached the German trench, but this eighty took it with the bayonet, killing about five times their own number of Germans.

At Gradow, on the morning of Jan. 2, the ground resembled the strewn battle-

field of Brzezny or the body-littered valleys between the woods of Augustowo in October. As in those other tragic defeats where the ruthless Generals sacrificed their soldiers like water, there were heaps and ridges of gray-clad dead. Gradow is only one single point in the line which the Germans assaulted, yet here alone they lost upward of 6,000 killed. The same night they attacked positions corresponding at the villages of Guzow, Radziwillow, Mszczonow, and Rawa. In every place they were beaten back with heavy losses. The estimates from various sources, some official, state that their losses for the single night's abortive fighting, giving them nowhere an advance of a single yard of territory, were assuredly not fewer than 30,000 dead on the ground and three times as many wounded or dead within their own lines.

I am cured of prophecy; but through the fog of imminent events certain happenings are dimly indicated. Roughly speaking, the next fortnight is Germany's final opportunity. During that time they may pour out lives with the same hope as hitherto of making an impression on the steadfast line of the Bzura and Rawka. Then that last glamour of hope of success in Poland vanishes.

In the highest opinions the Austrian Army is finished, and it remains only to clear up the mess they have made and then again the great advance on poor, dim, beautiful Cracow will proceed. Przemyśl is at its last gasp, and then the Russian armies will be in Silesia, the source and headquarters of Prussia's industrial wealth, the one province she cannot afford to see invaded. Within a time, which I hear estimated between three and six weeks, these wind-swept, icy plains of Poland must see a stage in the war completed.

Germans have been captured lately in whose possession was found the last proclamation of the Kaiser that "if compelled to retire from Poland, leave standing neither house nor town; leave only the bare earth underfoot." Well, the road to Berlin does not end at the Polish frontier.

# The Flight Into Switzerland

By Ethel Therese Hugli

**B**ERNE, Nov. 18, 1914.—Question: What is Switzerland?

Answer: A small neutral State entirely surrounded by war!

At the first glance such would seem to be the actual state of affairs, for neutral Italy, our southern neighbor, takes up but a small part of our border; to the west we have France, to the north Germany, and to the east Austria, all engaged in deadly combat, all realizing that this time the loser will go down, never to come up again as a power of the first class. The drawback in being so neutral and so near the stage of all these dramatic proceedings is that we are overwhelmed with "latest dispatches." Our papers bristle with the victories, defeats, denials, assertions, protests, accusations, blame, as contained in the dispatches of the various news agencies.

Reuter is the official English agency. His news is taken with a generous pinch of salt. The German agency is Wolff, whose proud boast it is never to have announced a single German defeat. As a consequence, he is also taken with a large pinch. The French pin their faith to Havas, whose rose-colored dispatches have earned for themselves the name of "Havas-Lies." The Austrians believe in the Wiener agency, whose dispatches are too busy saying, "The reports of Austrian defeats, spread by the enemy, are absolutely untrue," to have time for any real news; while in Italy—"neutral Italy"—the Italian news agency shows such unholy glee over German reverses as to make an impartial person sniff rather suspiciously at its "neutrality." The Wesbuick agency in Russia, severely

censored from Petrograd, gives a dry, business-like view of the White Bear's progress in the east. And so it goes.

Of course, officially, Switzerland is absolutely neutral, but it is asking too much of human nature to expect the individual to have no opinion. The fact, therefore, that French Switzerland sympathizes unofficially with France, and German Switzerland with Germany, has had its effect on the Swiss mobilization, which has called the French-speaking Swiss to the German border and the German-speaking to the French. This fact is about the only one that has leaked out of the movements of our army. The secrecy maintained is absolute, reigning even in the ranks of mothers and sweethearts, to say nothing of wives, who all of them are proud to show their loyalty by at least refraining from saying where their men are posted. It is said that Switzerland is armed, mined, and barbed-wired along every foot of her frontier, and it has lately transpired that this perfect defense, and the fact that practically every soldier is a sharpshooter, led the Germans to give up their plan of breaking through Switzerland to get at France, and made them choose Belgium instead.

Switzerland has always been a sort of sanctuary for refugees, principally political, and now, especially, she is full of all kinds of strangers. In the first days of the war there were streams of Italians, suddenly thrown out of work in Germany and Austria and packed off home, who passed through Switzerland in every stage of want and despair. Every big town organized its soup kitchens at the railway station; women

of the best families took the matter in hand, and so the huddling, apprehensive columns were passed from one town to another, fed, clothed, and comforted, finally landing in their own country, safe and sound. An enthusiastic letter of thanks has been published in the papers, emanating from these grateful "Chinks," (Swiss for "Dago,") and ending up with "Eviva la Svizzera!" ("Long live Switzerland!")

Germany began to clean out the Russians on the first day of the war. Hordes of them poured into our country with fistfuls of ruble notes that no one would take, and with a growing hunger that they could not appease. A doctor was called to visit a band of twelve that were herded together in two rooms of a cheap hotel here. He expected to find emigrants; instead, they were people of the highest refinement. Their story was pitiful. They had been inmates of a private sanatorium in Germany and were summarily dismissed at the outbreak of the war. Separated from their trunks, ill and weak, and too confused to think clearly, they arrived in Berne with nothing but their piles of ruble notes, that no one would take, and the fear of death in their hearts.

They were quartered in the hotel by the committee, and the physician was called. One woman of the party begged him to take a ring, worth many hundred dollars, and give her \$10 for it, so that she might buy some comforts for herself and daughter. Of course, the whole party was immediately removed to a private sanatorium, where its members were cared for, and where, little by little, they recovered their calm and gathered up their scattered wits.

Very far from calm is a Swiss who has just returned from captivity in the interior of Morocco on account of being mistaken for a German. The day of the declaration of war the French authorities ordered him out of his beautiful Moroccan home, giving him forty-eight hours to pack up. His wife was visiting her mother here in Berne, and one can fancy her state of mind on receiving a

telegram to the effect that her husband and babies, twins of 7, and a little fellow of a year and a half, were ordered off, with the nurse, to parts unknown, as political prisoners. In vain the man protested he was Swiss. His name was German, and he was in a German firm; therefore he was a "canaille d'allemand"; so off they went. At first they were packed on a little steamer whose capacity was thirty people—there were 150 of them, and they cruised along the Mediterranean for a night and a day.

At last they lay before Casa Blanca, and, on asking why they were not landed, received the reply that the authorities must first of all clear the pier, as the boatload of refugees landed there the day before had been received with showers of stones and vile epithets from the mob, whose hate of the Germans knew no bounds. When they finally landed they were quartered in a riding school with 150 others, where they all slept on the tanbark. They had coffee for breakfast, and during the three days they were there had a thick soup each day for dinner, and nothing more. One day it was bean soup, one day peas, and the third day lentils. They were finally transported to the interior of Morocco and assigned to the barracks of the Foreign Legion, the members of which are now fighting in France, and here they passed strange, uncomfortable, heartbreaking days.

Finally, when summoned to deliver up his money, the man said: "I shall telegraph this outrage to Berne."

"What, are you Swiss?" was the officer's surprised question.

"Yes."

"Well, keep your money," said the officer and a few days later Mr. X., through the efforts of our State Department and our Minister to France, was released and joined his wife in Switzerland. This story was told me by the agonized grandmother, whose tears flowed fast at the thought of the hardships to which her daughter's babies had been exposed.

And now come the Belgian refugees



to us, a most pitiable band. French Switzerland has the honor of beginning the movement which has made possible the bringing to Switzerland and placing in hundreds of households these innocent victims of this hideous war. In addition, subscriptions have been opened in various papers, and thousands of francs have been gathered and sent to this most unfortunate of nations. The movement to receive Belgian refugees is gaining ground, too, in German-speaking Switzerland, though here the sympathy for Germany stands somewhat in the way of a full and open hospitality. Some papers write:

"Let the Belgians stay in their country. The Germans will take care of them. Let those that have fled return to their hearths and take up their daily vocations. In this way the misery of the country—which is certainly not entirely the fault of Germany (a hit at England)—will be alleviated. Furthermore, Switzerland's harboring of Belgian refugees is a demonstration against Germany. Let Switzerland beware of doing anything to prejudice her neutrality. Finally, there are in our own country plenty of miserable poor people to exercise our charity upon, and every one knows that charity begins at home."

Articles have appeared in the German papers expressing surprise at Switzerland's hospitality, and to all of these carpers, at home and abroad, these people who have acted out of the purest motives of charity and love for their neighbor, answer somewhat as follows:

The Belgians that have come to take refuge in Switzerland wished nothing better than to stay in their own land. They were driven out in hordes, at the point of the sword, by the Germans. It would be hard to convince them that they ought to go back and that the Germans will take care of them. Some of these miserable beings did return, hoping to pick up their life again after the great shock. They found their village a heap of stones, their business ruined. How could they, therefore, "return to their

hearths and take up their daily vocations"? If Switzerland's charitable impulse is to be construed as a demonstration against Germany, then must Switzerland reflect that any excuse will do, and that her neutrality has the same validity in Germany's eyes as had Belgium's. No country, thinking and acting objectively, could find in this movement anything to "prejudice Switzerland's neutrality."

As for charity beginning at home, one might add that it does not end there. It would be hard to find a country whose charitable organizations are so all-embracing as here. In times of peace there are committees who sew for and otherwise look after every kind of human misery. There are the tuberculous poor, the girl-mothers, the creches, the newborn babies, the soup kitchens, the visiting trained nurses, the clinics, the blind, the vicious, the vacation colonies, the swimming lessons, the gymnastics, the tramps and their woodyard, &c., and every organization has its Christmas tree, with distribution of presents when the season of rejoicing comes around. Now that the war is here, and every available man is standing at the frontier guarding his Fatherland from invasion, the soldiers have been added to the list of charities, and none of the old has been stricken off.

In addition to babies' socks, every one has time to knit a pair of soldiers' socks, and in every dainty work basket, lying next to neglected fancy work, there are sure to be some half-finished warm woolen gloves or wristlets or knee warmers for the boys at the frontier. If Switzerland can keep up her home charities and look out so splendidly for her soldiers at the same time, and still have the means and the will to welcome and care for the poor and unhappy of a sister folk whose fate might very well have been her own, it is surely not a subject for adverse criticism, but, on the contrary, for encouragement. And who was it who said: "For as much as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me"?

# Once Fair Belgrade a Skeleton City

By Z. D. Ferriman

*Mr. Ferriman, special correspondent of The Daily Chronicle with the Servian Army and the first English journalist to enter Belgrade after the Austrian occupation, sent a long dispatch early in January, 1915, describing the Servians' re-entry into their capital, in the course of which he said:*

ON the first view Belgrade does not seem to have suffered to any great extent from the bombardment. Walking up the broad thoroughfare of the Rasia, you arrive nearly at the top before you see a house with the upper story blown away and with a fragment of what appears to have been the roof—an imminent peril to passersby.

But appearances are specious. Many buildings whose façades are intact are skeletons. Projectiles with high trajectory have fallen through the roof and wrought destruction within. This is the case with a wing of the Royal Palace. The windows are shattered, but the masonry has not suffered. Within, however, all is devastated. Among the public buildings the museum is a shapeless heap of débris, and the university is so much knocked about that the plainest and cheapest remedy will be an entirely new edifice.

The higher part of the city has suffered most, with the exception, perhaps, of the district around the station, which is completely battered down. Rents in the pavement show that shells charged with very high explosives were employed. One huge gulf I noticed at least twelve feet deep by fifteen long and eight wide.

There are many instances of the vagaries of these missiles of destruction. I visited a house in which M. Nikovitz, who accompanied me in my peregrinations, had occupied an apartment. There was nothing the matter with the front, but a neat hole in the side marked the passage of a projectile which had traversed the building and exploded in the adjoining house, now a mound of brick-

bats and matchwood. One half of a large establishment in Prince Michael Street was completely wrecked, but the other half was undamaged, and rolls of textile fabrics were in order on their shelves or piled on counters. The best shops are in this street, and much havoc has been wrought.

I picked up spherical shrapnel bullets on several premises. Shrapnel has no battering force. Its object is to kill or disable men. It can do no harm to walls. Its employment in this instance was a wanton act intended to inspire terror and doubtless augmented the loss of life among the citizens.

The principal hotel, the Moskwa, situated at the highest part of the town, has been devastated partially within, but the framework of the building is intact. On the other side of the street a row of houses far less conspicuous has been demolished. In one street we met a little girl of 12 coming out of a house opposite to one which was a heap of ruins. We asked her if she had seen it destroyed. She said she had and was very frightened. Shortly afterward a shell fell in their own garden; then they ran away and took refuge with friends at the other end of the town. An old woman had a stall containing tins of shoe polish and other trifles. A jumble of charred wood and twisted iron behind had been her shop. The caretaker at the house occupied by M. Nikovitz, a cheerful old dame, told us how she had hid herself at the other end of the long garden, but it was terrible.

We asked some urchins, who would

be at school in normal times, but whose occupation and delight are now to hold officers' horses, if they were not frightened. "At first," they replied, "but not afterward. They make a great noise, but they never catch us, and we do not mind them—the shells." A boy of 12, who was carrying on his father's hair-dressing business single-handed during the latter's absence on service, expressed a similar opinion.

I am told that about 3,000 people remained, out of the normal population of 100,000, during the bombardment. I cannot ascertain the number of killed and injured, but it certainly runs into the hundreds. Those of the inhabitants who left the city but remained in the neighborhood returned after the bombardment and were here during the eleven days of the Austrian occupation.

The practice of taking hostages, which it has been reserved for this twentieth century civilized war to revive, was resorted to at Belgrade. I am assured on unimpeachable authority, supported by accounts of several eyewitnesses, that not fewer than 1,000 persons were carried off to Austria. Among them were boys of 15 and 16. Nor were foreign residents immune. M. Bissers, the Belgian Consul, who is also a Director of the electric tram and light company, was of the number. He was handcuffed like a common criminal. Neither the fate nor whereabouts of these civilian prisoners of war is known.

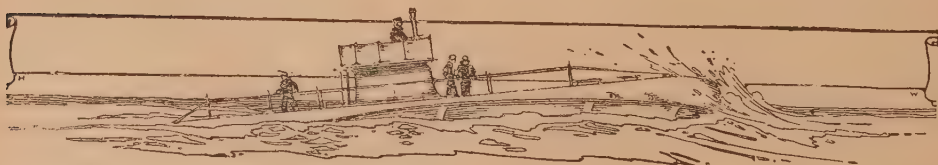
The plate-glass fronts of many shops in the principal thoroughfares are smashed, and the interiors present a

picture of desolation, overturned cash registers and objects that have not been stolen lying broken and scattered on the floor, but the majority of the establishments that have been ransacked do not show outward signs of it. The system seems to have been to obtain ingress from the back.

In the Rasia there is a stately mansion. Its owner, M. Kersmanovitz, died a short time ago, leaving large sums for charitable purposes. The house was occupied by his widow when the war broke out. Chalked on the door were names distinguished in the Austro-Hungarian peerage—Baron Zichy, Graf Festetics, and Graf Vanderstraten, all Lieutenants on the staff, who had been its denizens during occupation. Though their tenure was brief, they had made the most of their time. The place was gutted, carpets torn up, tapestry torn down, and pictures destroyed. It was also indescribably filthy. This may have been the work of the soldiery after the departure of the young noblemen.

The poor suffered equally with the rich. A humble restaurant used by the working classes, one of two or three still open, was despoiled of its linen and cutlery. Small shops had been sacked as well as the larger establishments. It was all fish that came to the Austrian net. I have not yet met any one whose dwelling escaped. The Russian Legation is wrecked.

The Royal Palace was thrown open to the people. "It is yours," said the Austrian liberators in the generosity of their hearts; but they had gone over it with care first.





# Letters and Diaries

## A Group of Soldiers' Letters

A GERMAN cavalry division was pursuing a division of English infantry. The English ranks were suddenly reinforced; they turned and charged the Germans, who fled in disorder.

All the Germans fled—but one. Says an English soldier, Trooper S. Cargill:

When they saw us coming they turned and fled, at least all but one, who came rushing at us with his lance at the charge. I caught hold of his horse, which was half mad with terror, and my chum was going to run the rider through when he noticed the awful glaze in his eyes, and we saw that the poor devil was dead.

That ghastly vision of the mounted corpse can find no place in histories of this war. It has no historical significance even if it did receive a place in the cable dispatches from the front. Only from the lips of soldiers or from their pens when they snatch a few moments from the business of war to write to their people at home come such naïvely graphic accounts of trivial but illuminative incidents.

In many an American family is treasured a packet of yellow papers, on which are written, in ink fast fading away, brief and intimate impressions of the civil war by men who waged it. Every war has thus its unknown, unhonored chroniclers, who send to their little home circles narratives that for startling realism no highly paid special correspondent could surpass.

Trooper Cargill's letter is one of a number contained in an extraordinary volume just published by the George H. Doran Company of New York, with the

title "In the Firing Line," (50 cents net.) Mr. A. St. John Adcock collected a large number of letters sent home during the last few weeks by English soldiers fighting in France and has arranged them to form what is perhaps the most essentially human account of the great war that has yet appeared.

Consider, for instance, the narrative of Private Whitaker of the Coldstream Guards. He fought through the terrific four-day battle near Mons, and his account of it follows. It must be remembered that the British troops who took part in that battle had sailed from Southampton only four days before:

You thought it was a big crowd that streamed out of the Crystal Palace when we went to see the Cup Final. Well, outside Compiègne it was just as if that crowd came at us. You couldn't miss them. Our bullets plowed into them, but still they came for us. I was well intrenched, and my rifle got so hot I could hardly hold it. I was wondering if I should have enough bullets when a pal shouted, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" The next second he was rolled over with a nasty knock on the shoulder. He jumped up and hissed, "Let me get at them!" His language was a bit stronger than that.

When we really did get the order to get at them we made no mistake, I can tell you. They cringed at the bayonet, but those on our left wing tried to get around us, and after racing as hard as we could for quite five hundred yards we cut up nearly every man who did not run away.

You have read of the charge of the Light Brigade. It was new to our cavalry chaps. I saw two of our fellows who were unhorsed stand back to back and slash away with their swords, bringing down nine or ten of the panic-stricken

devils. Then they got hold of the stirrup-straps of a horse without a rider and got out of the mêlée. This kind of thing was going on all day.

In the afternoon I thought we should all get bowled over, as they came for us again in their big numbers. Where they came from goodness knows; but as we could not stop them with bullets they had another taste of the bayonet. My Captain, a fine fellow, was near to me, and as he fetched them down he shouted, "Give them socks, my lads!" How many were killed and wounded I don't know; but the field was covered with them.

It is also of the four days' battle that Private J. R. Taft of the Second Essex Regiment wrote. How typical of real life, as distinct from romance, is his ready transition from his devout thanksgiving for his safety to his amused recollection of the popular song that rose above the crash of shot and shell:

We were near Mons when we had the order to intrench. It was just dawn when we were half way down our trenches, and we were on our knees when the Germans opened a murderous fire with their guns and machine guns.

We opened a rapid fire with our Maxims and rifles; we let them have it properly, but no sooner did we have one lot down than up came another lot, and they sent their cavalry to charge us, but we were there with our bayonets, and we emptied our magazines on them. Their men and horses were in a confused heap. There were a lot of wounded horses we had to shoot to end their misery.

We had several charges with their infantry, too. We find they don't like the bayonets. Their rifle shooting is rotten; I don't believe they could hit a haystack at 100 yards.

We find their field artillery very good; we don't like their shrapnel; but I noticed that some did not burst; if one shell that came over me had burst I should have been blown to atoms. I thanked the Lord it did not. I also heard our men singing that famous song, "Get Out and Get Under." I know that for an hour in our trench it would make any one keep under, what with their shells and machine guns. Many poor fellows went to their death like heroes.

The writer of the following letter, too, was telling of Mons. To friends far away, at peaceful Barton-on-Humber, he wrote:

Just a line to tell you I have returned from the front, and I can tell you we have had a very trying time of it. I must also say I am very lucky to be here. We were

fighting from Sunday, 23d, to Wednesday evening, on nothing to eat or drink—only the drop of water in our bottles which we carried.

No one knows—only those that have seen us could credit such a sight, and if I live for years may I never see such a sight again. I can tell you it is not very nice to see your chum next to you with half his head blown off. The horrible sights I shall never forget. There seemed nothing else only certain death staring us in the face all the time. I cannot tell you all on paper. We must, however, look on the bright side, for it is no good doing any other.

There are thousands of these Germans, and they simply throw themselves at us. It is no joke fighting seven or eight to one. I can tell you we have lessened them a little, but there are millions more yet to finish.

Of the battle that reddened the foam of the North Sea during the last days of August many a seaman recorded his impressions. And what curious things stuck in the memories of the weary, powder-stained survivors! "The funny thing which you should have seen," wrote Midshipman Hartley to his parents, "was all the stokers grubbing around after the action looking for bits of shell." And a seaman on H. M. S. Hearty wrote:

Two cooks were in the galley of the *Arethusa*, just having their rum, when a shell killed one and blew the other's arm off. A funny thing, they've got a clock hanging up; it smashed the glass and one hand, but the blooming thing's still going.

There is fine realism in Seaman Gunner Brown's letter to the parents who waited for tidings in their cottage on the Isle of Wight:

We and another ship in our squadron came across two German cruisers. We routed one and started on the second, but battle cruisers soon finished her off. Another then appeared, and after we had plunked two broadsides into her she slid off in flames.

Every man did his bit, and there was a continuous stream of jokes. We pencilled on the projectiles, "Love from England," "One for the Kaiser," and other such messages. The sight of sinking German ships was gloriously terrible, funnels and masts lying about in all directions, and amidships a huge furnace, the burning steel looking like a big ball of sulphur. There was not the slightest sign of fear, from the youngest, to the oldest man aboard.

But it remained for a naval Lieutenant,

whose name is not given, to describe, in a letter to a friend, one of the most remarkable incidents of the war, an incident which might have occurred in the imagination of Jules Verne or of H. G. Wells in his youth. He wrote:

The Defender having sunk an enemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her swimming survivors; before the whaler got back an enemy's cruiser came up and chased the Defender, and thus she abandoned her whaler. Imagine their feelings—alone in an open boat without food, twenty-five miles from the nearest land, and that land the enemy's fortress, with nothing but fog and foes around them. Suddenly a swirl alongside and up, if you please, pops his Britannic Majesty's submarine E-4, opens his conning tower, takes them all on board, shuts up again, dives, and brings them home, 250 miles!

In his introduction to the book St. John Adcock calls the private letters of the soldiers "the most potent of recruiting literature." Undoubtedly this is true of some of them. The casual, almost flip-pant, records of splendid heroism, the reflection of a spirit of gay courage, the description of the most picturesque and romantic aspects of battle—these tend, certainly, to fill the mind of the stay-at-home readers with a desire for participation in this great adventure.

But, on the other hand, such passages as "The dead were piled up in the trenches about ten deep, and there were trenches seven miles long," and "Our Maxim gun officer tried to fix his gun up during their murderous fire, but he got half his face blown away," are not likely to make fighting seem a pleasant occupation. It is true that the dead referred to in the first of these passages are the enemy's dead; still, there is a wholesale quality about those seven-mile trenches filled with dead ten deep that is not a recruiting allurements.

Nor is this letter, vivid in its realism, likely to make those not already warlike eager to enlist. It was sent to his parents at Ilfracombe by Private William Burgess of the Royal Field Artillery:

We left our landing place for the front on the Tuesday and got there on Satur-

day night. The Germans had just reached Liège then, and we got into action on the Sunday morning. The first thing we did was to blow up a bridge to stop the Germans from crossing. Then we came into action behind a lot of houses attached to the main street. We were there about ten minutes when the houses started to fall around us. The poor people were buried alive. I saw poor children getting knocked down by bursting shells.

The next move was to advance across where there was a Red Cross hospital. They dropped shells from airships and fired on it until the place was burned down to the ground. Then they got a big plan on to retire and let the French get behind them. We retired eight miles, but we had to fight until we were forced to move again. We got as far as Le Cateau on Tuesday night. We camped there until 2 o'clock next morning.

Then we all heard there was a big fight coming off, so we all got together and cleared the field for action. [The letter mentions the numbers of men engaged, and states that the Germans were in the proportion of three to one.] We cut them down like rats. We could see them coming on us in heaps and dropping like hail. The Colonel passed along the line and said, "Stick it, boys."

I tell you, mother, it was awful to see your own comrades dropping down—some getting their heads blows off and others their legs and arms. I was fighting with my shirt off. A piece of shell went right through my shirt at the back and never touched me. It stuck into a bag of earth which we put between the wheels to stop bullets.

We were there, all busy fighting, when an airship came right over the line and dropped a bomb, which caused a terrible lot of smoke. Of course, that gave the Germans our range. Then the shells were dropping on us thick. We looked across the line and saw the German guns coming toward us. We turned our two centre guns on them and sent them yards in the air. I reckon I saw one German go quite twenty yards in the air.

Just after that a shell burst right over our gun. That one got me out of action. I had to get off the field the best way I could. The bullets were going all around me on the way off; you see, they got completely around us. I went about two miles and met a Red Cross cart. I was taken to St. Quentin Hospital. We were shelled out of there about 2 in the morning, and then taken in a train and taken down to a plain near Rouen. Next morning we were put on a ship for dear old England.



# The First German Prisoners

*The following letter from a soldier at the front who had taken part in the first fighting appeared in the Temps of Paris, Aug. 16, 1914:*

WE are now able to realize the state of mind in which they arrive. The army corps to which I belong has already brought its guns into action. We have seen prisoners, and we have observed battlefields, and we have noticed a thing or two. First of all, these prisoners are not the least bit fanatics. Many of them don't know what they are fighting about. They have been told a thousand phantasmagoria—that France had declared war, that the Belgians and the Italians were helping the Germans, &c.; and one of them was tremendously proud at having the Czar Nicholas as his honorary Colonel! They were taken for the most part in isolated patrols, and it happened so often that it was impossible to get others to start off on reconnoissances, since their comrades never came back and they had no desire to share a like fate.

The prisoners are gentle and calm, and follow with their eyes the bits of bread which are passed about near them and which one gives them, and they eat them voraciously. For two days they have only received two rations of coffee. Their appetite is so great that, though in presence of a French officer they will click their heels together properly, they never cease at the same time to munch noisily and to fill out their hollow cheeks.

One feels that they believe us French to be up to every sort of devilment, that we are going to undress them, to take their papers, and they tremble from head to foot in fear of being shot. Even when you give them a cigarette, it does

not seem to allay their mistrust. One of them, who was dying of thirst, would not drink the water that was offered him before the gendarme had tasted it in front of him.

They are all astonished at their adventure. They had been told that they were going to enter Maubeuge in company with the Belgians; to seize Maubeuge would be as easy as taking a *café au lait*—and there they are without their *café au lait*!

The officers are absolutely different. Prussian pride gave them an assurance which their mishap has transformed into irritation. A young Baron Lieutenant, like von Forstner, pretended that he couldn't make his bed, and refused to answer before simple soldiers. He couldn't feel anything but the humiliation of being a prisoner, and couldn't get accustomed to his new situation.

We found on the field of battle the medicine chest of a vet., who jotted down his impressions from minute to minute. When he was killed he was writing: "I see the shells bursting with a white smoke in the sky, which is lighted up from the south; luckily my helmet protects me from sunstroke." Evidently he was on an excursion, this veterinary surgeon, and was counting on coming to Paris, and had taken the most minute precautions of hygiene and of elegance. He was provided with scent and eau de cologne. He had even brought with him a rose ointment for the nails, and a superb gilt shoulder-belt which was to raise his prestige when he passed under the Arc de Triomphe. The battery to which he belonged is annihilated now. We could observe on the spot the terrific effect of our artillery, which was very well commanded. Six abandoned guns, of which three are impossible to move, are there on the

ground with all their crews, all their officers, all their horses—the pieces still mounted, riddled with splinters. They were taken back to the rear, and attracted all the way along the curiosity of the soldiers, with their sumptuous armorial bearings and their motto, *Ultima regis ratio*.

But this lesson seems to have made a bit of an impression on the Germans who have fled, and it has given a new energy to our troops, because the battery to which we owe this success did not have a single man wounded. The Germans seem to be forty years behind the times. They go on just as in 1870. With childish and barbarous imagination they see *francs-tireurs* everywhere and can't yet believe that we have a regular army quite close to the frontier.

They arrive in a village toward 8 in the morning; three French dragoons are there as patrols. When the German column is within range, the three dragoons bring down the Colonel and dash off at full gallop from the other end of the village. The Germans are furious and swear that they have been attacked by *francs-tireurs*, and that they are going to inflict punishment. They seize the

curé, a notable inhabitant, and two or three peasants, and take them off to be present at the burning of their houses, while waiting to be executed themselves.

I have this story from the curé, who arrived to us absolutely done, with his cassock in rags, without a hat on, after a day of shocks such as he has certainly never had in his life before. Although he has got the superb beard of a missionary, they made him march with the chasseurs, hitting him with the butts of their rifles till the moment when the French shrapnel arrived. Then it was *saute qui peut*. Our brave curé saw all his butchers fall around him. When the noise had finished, five unarmed German chasseurs rushed toward him crying with their great, thick accent, "Catholics, Catholics!" They were Poles who were flying from the army and coming over to our lines. "With my own arms," said the curé proudly, "I made five prisoners."

Altogether bewilderment, softness, and indifference on the part of the men; vanity, cruelty, and foolery on the part of the officers. Those are the virtues which they offered us on first acquaintance. Just compare them with ours!

## Two Letters From the Trenches

*A Canadian officer attached to the British forces wrote to The London Times as follows on Sept. 27, 1914:*

IT has been very fortunate for me having a recommendation to Gen. C. He said that he would welcome all the French-speaking Canadians with military knowledge that crossed the Atlantic. I keep my rank of Lieutenant and am attached to the — Guards, which does scouting, patrol, and reconnaissance duty in areas prescribed by the Brigadier. We have

plenty of most interesting work, which suits me down to the ground. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown to Canadian officers by their English brethren. We are all one in aim, in spirit, and in that indefinable quality of loyal co-operation which holds together the British Army fighting against enormous odds in France, as it binds together the British Empire by bonds not less strong because they are invisible.

This afternoon we are taking a good sound rest at the house of a retired

French farmer, who has three sons fighting in the country. He is as game as game, and says he is just holding things together until the war is over. He is 75 and remembers the horrors of the last war, in which he fought in the artillery. \* \* \* Our "look-out" men are ever on the alert, for we never take a meal or rest altogether. Sentries and signalers are always posted before we dismount. The curé joined us at the farmer's house and we enjoyed an excellent repast, with the honor of two local gendarmes who had brought in a German spy caught red-handed robbing the house of a peasant the night before and attempting to murder her. The man was dressed as a French peasant. Upon him we found evidence that he was a spy. Summary procedure made it easy to decide that the sentence of drumhead court-martial was death. And here again is an instance of the extraordinary clemency of the French clergy. The curé pleaded that the spy should not be shot and the extreme penalty inflicted.

So I consented (not being a man of blood) to the prisoner being sent to the nearest French military post, to be executed or not, as the General shall order.

I really believe that all of the evidence which crowds into me supports the charge that this is not a campaign which has proved attractive to the German rank and file. Prisoners we have taken say that they have no relish for the fighting. They have been well plied with drink, and seem to urge that drunkenness may be pleaded as an excuse for crime.

*An officer wrote on Oct. 8, 1914:*

Last week I wrote that we had been in the trenches ten days. Now we have been in them nearly three weeks, and still the fight goes on. We don't mind it now. We hated it at first. The inaction made us ill. But we recovered and began to make jokes about it. And now we don't care. We eat and sleep, and eat again; and we dig, eternally dig, grubbing our way deeper and deeper into

the earth, and making covered ways that lead hundreds of yards back from the firing line into safety.

And at the end of one of these I sit at this moment; away on the rear slope of the hill which is our fortress. The sun is sinking far away down the valley of the Aisne, and the river flickers in the distance between lines of trees, while the little villages at the foot of the slopes are gradually losing themselves in the evening mist. How lovely to sit here in time of peace! Could one bear it after this, I wonder? With all the beauty, there are sad things around me; signs of war every way I look. To the right, a few yards off, are new-cut graves, and they are putting up headstones, made by a reservist who is a mason in private life. One man was killed yesterday, and we buried him after dark. There was no service, because we had neither light nor book; but I said the Lord's Prayer before the earth was thrown in, thinking there could be no harm.

Then away across a bend of the valley are more of our trenches, with the German parapets 200 yards away beyond. And over these our shells are bursting, fired by guns on the slope of the hill beneath me; they whistle softly as they skim through the air over my head, and I hear the burst as they land. Further away to the west is one of the enemy's strongholds, and there bigger shells are bursting, throwing up clouds of black smoke and dust. These pass by with a louder purring whistle like the sound of surplus air escaping from the pipes of an organ in church. They come from our big guns up in the woods across the river, hidden from view. And always up in the sky the German aeroplanes circle round and round, seeking for the guns, their engines buzzing and the sun shining on their wings. Now and then they dash away, perhaps to carry news, perhaps because a British or French machine has come upon the scene. When they spot our positions they drop little silvery packets, which unfold and show their gunners where to shoot. Sometimes they drop bombs, but these do little harm. At times the weather is foggy,



so that the aeroplanes can do nothing at all, and warfare becomes suddenly ten years out of date.

Now the enemy are firing on the little village behind our lines, dropping shell among the houses, and always near the house where certain staff officers are at work. A curious point this—how close they get to the house when they can't possibly see the result of their fire. The explanation must be "spies." They are everywhere here; they wear British uniform and French uniform, and, most dangerous of all, civilian dress. It is our own fault; we allow the French population to return to the village right in our midst, and who in these times can question every one's rights? The other day three men in civilian dress were found near our lines sitting in trees; they were armed with wire-cutters, and said they were engaged in cutting vines. Now there are no vineyards near, but our wire entanglements were just beyond the wood. Again, one night we were to attack a small position at a given hour, but the order was afterward canceled.

However, at the appointed time the enemy opened fire upon the ground we should have crossed and lighted the scene with rockets.

Nighttime is a period of continuous strain. The sentry peers into the darkness, imagining every bush to be an approaching enemy. Distant trees seem to change their position; bunches of grass, really quite close, seem to be men coming over the sky-line. One man questions another; the section commander is called upon. He in turn explains his fears to an officer. A single shot is ordered at the suspected object, and no sound is heard. So the night goes on. When we were new to the game a single shot was enough to alarm the whole line, and thousands of rounds were fired into the darkness. Now we know better. So also do the enemy. And it was satisfactory to find that our ammunition had not all been wasted, for a patrol recently discovered more than a hundred dead Germans in a wood in front of us. The ammunition had not been wasted that time. But, oh, what a wasteful war!

## The Baptism of Fire

*The following letter, thoroughly characteristic of the pluck and cheerfulness of the young British officer, was received by The London Times from a cavalry subaltern at the front:*

October 27, 1914.

YOUR two boxes of cigarettes were heaven. We've been in the trenches two days and nights, but no excitements, except a good dose of shrapnel three times a day, which does one no harm and rather relieves the monotony. I've got my half troop, 12 men, in this trench in a root field, with the rest of the squadron about 100 yards each side of us, and a farm-

house, half knocked down by shells, just behind. We get our rations sent up once a day in the dark, and two men creep out to cook tea in the quiet intervals. Tea is the great mainstay on service, just as it was on manoeuvres. The men are splendid, and as happy as schoolboys, and we've got plenty of straw at the bottom of the trench, which is better than any feather bed. We only had one pelt-ing night, and we've had three or four fine days. We have not seen any German infantry from this trench, only one patrol and a sniper or two. Their guns, too, are out of sight, but hardly a mile away.

Our first day's real close-up fighting

was the 19th. We cavalry went on about a day and a half in front of the infantry. We got into a village, and our advanced patrols started fighting hard, with a certain amount of fire from everywhere in front of us. Our advanced patrols gained the first group of houses, and we joined them. Firing came from a farm in front of us, and then a man came out of it and waved a white flag. I yelled, "Two hundred; white flag; rapid fire." But — wouldn't let us fire. Then the squadron advanced across the root fields, toward the farm, (dismounted, in open order,) and they opened a sharp fire on us from the farm. We took three prisoners in the roots, and retired to the houses again. That was our first experience of the white flag dodge; we lost two killed and one wounded.

Then I got leave to make a dash across a field, for another farm where they were sniping at us. I could only get half way; my Sergeant was killed and my Corporal hit. We lay down; luckily it was high roots and we were out of sight; but they had fairly got our range, and the bullets kept knocking up the dirt into one's face and all round. We just lay doggo for about half an hour, and then the fire slackened, and we crawled back.

I was pleased with my troop under bad fire. They used the most awful language, talking quite quietly, and laughing all the time, even after the men were knocked over within a yard of them. I longed to be able to say that I liked it, after all one has heard about being under fire for the first time. But it is beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good. But when one acknowledged that it was beastly, one became all right again and cool.

After the firing had slackened we advanced again a bit, into the next group of houses, the edge of the village proper. I can't tell you how muddling it is. We did not know which was our front, we did not know if our own troops had come round us on the flanks, or whether they had stopped behind and were firing into us. And besides, a lot of German snipers were left in the houses we had come

through, and every now and then bullets came singing by from God knows where. Four of us were talking in the road when about a dozen bullets came with a whistle. We all dived for the nearest door, and fell over each other, yelling with laughter. — said, "I have a bullet through my new Sandon twillette breeches." We looked, and he had; it had gone clean through. He didn't tell us till two days after that it had gone through him too, but there it was, like the holes you make to blow an egg, only about four inches apart.

We stopped about two hours. Then the cavalry regiment on our left retired. Then we saw a lot of Germans among the fires they had lit, (they set the houses on fire to mark their line of advance.) They were running from house to house. We were told not to fire, for fear of our own people on the other side. Then came a lot of them, shouting and singing and advancing down the street, through the burning houses. One felt a peculiar hatred for them. We heard afterward that there was a division of infantry; at first we thought there were only a few patrols.

We retired about two miles and dismounted for action. Soon they began to come up from three sides, and we retired again. They were pretty close, advancing higgledy-piggledy across the fields and firing. They shot abominably, (nothing like the morning, from the houses, when they had all the ranges marked to a yard.) We lost only about 20 horses, no men killed. "Hellfire Herbert" got his horse shot under him when they were within about 200 yards. He was next troop in front of me. He suddenly got complete "fou-rires" when he saw me. I got him a spare horse, and he was still laughing, and cursing them with a sort of triumph. We only trotted away. A man in my troop kept touching his cap to the Germans, saying "Third-class shots, third-class shots."

The next day we went forward to another place and intrenched against a very big German force, but we only had to face their guns. Poor — was killed.

They pushed us pretty hard back to our infantry. We were supposed to have done well.

Since then we have been doing infantry work in the trenches. We have been out of work in our trenches; only shrapnel and snipers. Some one described this war as "Months of boredom punctuated by moments of terror." It is sad that it is such a bad country for cavalry. Cavalry work here against far superior forces of infantry, like we had the other day, is not good enough. The Germans are dashing good at that house-to-house fighting business.

It is horrible having to leave one's horses; it feels like leaving half one's self behind, and one feels the dual responsibility all the time. I hope we get them on the run soon, then will come our chance. They have been having terrific fighting on the line on each side of us, and it has gone well.

I adore war. It is like a big picnic without the objectlessness of a picnic. I've never been so well or so happy. Nobody grumbles at one for being dirty. I've only had my boots off once in the last ten days, and only washed twice.

We are up and standing to our rifles at 5 A. M. when doing this infantry work, and saddled up by 4:30 A. M. when with our horses. Our poor horses don't get their saddles off when we are in trenches.

The dogs and cats left in the deserted villages are piteous, and the wretched inhabitants trekking away with great bundles and children in their hands.

I can't make out what has happened to the battle of the Aisne; it seems to have got tired and died.

The Indians had two men killed directly, and said, "All wars are good, but this is a bot'utcha war. Now we advance." A Colonel of a French regiment on our flank was sitting in a pub. in the village when the Germans came around that flank and started firing their Maxim gun. The Colonel and his orderly rushed into the street, and each discharged ten rounds quick, and then went back and finished their drinks. It's horrible when they put "Jack Johnsons" into your bivouac at night from about twelve miles off. You can hear them coming for about 30 seconds, and judge whether they are coming for you or a little to one side.

## An All-Night Attack

PARIS, Jan. 9, 1915.—The most picturesque description of night fighting in the trenches written by any French correspondent at the front is published today in *Le Figaro*. It comes from Charles Tardieu, Corporal in an infantry regiment, and is a detailed record, half hour by half hour, of a night of attacks and counterattacks from 6 o'clock in the evening until dawn. After describing three successive German assaults, during which searchlights and flashlights played important parts, the Corporal notes:

2:25 A. M.—All the Corporals run back for ammunition. We had expended

a hundred rounds each. Away we go to our ammunition reserve, hid in a big hole twenty yards to the rear, and we come running back and distribute packages of cartridges. Each man cleans his rifle. An hour passes in silence, broken only by the intermittent volleys and by the moaning of the wounded and dying, some of whom exclaim: "Kamarades, kamarades, drink, drink!" We will look after them when the day breaks.

3:15—Here they come at us again. Bullets whistle over our heads. Our Captain passes the order in whispers not to open fire until the "boches sales" reach our wire network, then to shoot like hell. We smile grimly and keep still.



Every minute the firing draws nearer. We wait behind our loopholes, now and then risking a peep through them. These loopholes are only fifteen or twenty centimeters wide, but if a bullet comes through them it is a skull pierced and certain death. This silent waiting is a tremendous mental and nervous strain.

We keep still as mice, with clenched teeth. Luminous fuses, like roman candles, burst forth in every direction, exploding in dust over our heads. A moment later a dazzling signal light rocket bursts fifty yards high, just above our trenches, lighting them up as clear as day for several seconds. We crouch down under the lower parapet like moles. Immediately afterward a mad fusillade, and the German .77 guns, having got a better range than during the previous attacks, throw shells that burst, luckily for us, nearly one hundred yards behind our trenches. This attack must be general, for we hear fusillades crackling far away to the right and left.

Suddenly we tremble in spite of ourselves. The hoarse sound of the short German bugles pierces the night with four lugubrious notes in a minor key, funereal, deathly. It is their charge. Yells, oaths, and vociferations are heard in front of us. Our Captain commands us to fire by volleys: "Aim! Fire!" "They must have felt something," drawls out some one of us in a nasal, Montmartre-like voice. Then again: "Aim! Fire!" What sport! Then comes the cric-crac-cric-crac, sewing machine-like hammering of our mitrailleuses. Our Captain passes the word: "Fire low! fire low! Aim! Fire!" Volley follows volley. The enemy's dash seems checked. Their fire slackens. We hear their officers swearing and yelling at their men in shrill, high-pitched, penetrating voices. Joyful exaltation gives us a sort of fever. "Aim! Fire!" But the boches sales make another rush at us. Driven

on by their infuriated officers, they again reach our wire network. Our Captain commands, "Fire at will." Then, "Fire at repetition, fire until the magazine is exhausted." Just as the Germans, in wavering, hesitating groups, presenting vague outlines, try to cut our networks they tumble over like marionettes. Already some of our men, intoxicated with fury, stand up in the trenches.

Our Captain commands, "En avant à la baionnette!" ("At them with bayonet.") A fierce roar from our chests, and the only bugler left alive in our company sounds the charge. Away we go with our bayonets. We scarcely reach them when the bouches are put to rout. Some of them escape helter-skelter, throwing down rifles and knapsacks. "Halt!" commands our Captain. We lie down and keep up the firing on the retreating remnants of the enemy. "Back to the trenches!" is the next command. A few more volleys in the direction of the Germans, then comes the command, "Cease firing. Take your haversacks, eat, and rest." All becomes silent again except for the harrowing moans of the wounded. We learn that the German assault has been repulsed all along the line. Their losses must have been awful.

5 A. M.—Gray, misty dawn breaks from behind the orme trees. Soon we are able to see what has happened. Over three hundred boches are on the ground in front of our company's trench, lying dead or wounded. Our cooks with their soup pots get out of our hole and go to the rear to prepare in the underground kitchens our well-earned coffee and cabbage soup. Our Captain rubs his hands with satisfaction. A strong patrol goes out of our trenches to reconnoitre the enemy's positions in the pine wood. The rest of us try to get some sleep.

# The Germans as Seen From a Convent

*Some interesting sidelights on the first days of the war in Belgium are provided by extracts from the diary of a young English girl, Miss Lydia Evans, who had returned from a convent school at Fournon, near Visé. The following are among the entries in this graphic narrative, published in The Evening News of London:*

**A**UG. 2, 1914.—All the people of the village passed down with cows, calves, horses, hay, &c., which they were obliged to send in for the Belgian Army near Liége. The first troop of Prussians came into the village this afternoon on the pretense of having a horse shod.

AUG. 3.—Two more troops of soldiers arrived. The Prussians slept at our convent, some in the park, others on beds in the recreation room. The reverend mother put everything at their disposal. They asked nicely, but gave the impression that if refused they would take more. We all went to bed at 10 o'clock. Everybody got an alarm to dress half an hour afterward. We came down and found the place full of Germans, who were exceedingly polite. They are magnificent. The meanest soldier is perfectly equipped, everything perfectly new, and splendid horses. They are like theatre soldiers, they are so perfect. They were awfully nice, and talked a lot.

AUG. 4.—Between Monday and Tuesday there was a terrible fight between the Germans and Belgians at Visé because the Belgians would not let the Germans pass to get to Liége. The Belgians blew up several big bridges between Visé and Liége, also the one at Visé.

AUG. 5.—One man told us all the villagers had left except himself. The German soldiers were here all day, but are very polite. They always bow and salute. We hear a terrible noise at Visé of

bombardment, and a great fusillade in the convent. A wounded man was brought to the convent.

AUG. 6.—A curate near here has been shot. The Germans are very nice if you give them what they want, but if they are refused the pistol comes out. Old Mother Thérèse was at the door when a soldier asked her for a kettle. She refused, and he nearly shot her.

AUG. 7.—A most fearful noise was heard about 2 o'clock. They say that it was a fort blown up. A German aeroplane passed yesterday. The soldiers are camping in the woods. There are seven wounded here. Nearly all the others are taken to Aix-la-Chapelle.

AUG. 8.—Went to mass in the village. A man told us that the Germans had burned two big farms at Warsage, (the next village.) Two women and two men arrived from Liége. They said that the people had been living in caves for the last two days and nights. These poor people saw awful sights in coming across the fields, which were covered with dead. We have heard that Berneau is burned and the women and children hung. The Germans are furious at having lost such a number of men before seeing the French. A soldier passed last night, and Maria lifted up a corner of the curtain. In a minute he had out his revolver and threatened to shoot her. Some of the soldiers opposite the convent were drunk.

AUG. 9.—An aeroplane passed right over us, and seemed to drop something white. The soldiers are going about in bands destroying and laying waste every house and garden. They pass with bottles of wine and their pockets bulging out with things they have stolen. They set a house on fire just near the convent. There are 40,000 soldiers between here and Nioulant.

AUG. 10.—There was a terrific crash

at the door. Four German officers, who had come in a motor, pointed their revolvers and asked for wine. They looked as if they had been drinking. We had a fearful fright after dinner. An officer, followed by a soldier, came to ask us where the curé was, and threatened to shoot us because we could not tell him. Miss MacMahon had to lead him to the rector's house, with a revolver pointed at her back all the way. The houses on either side are burning. The nuns asked the German officers if they would spare the convent. They laughed and said they

would make it a cemetery for their dead. They took away the wounded, and as soon as they had gone the nuns woke us up, and we started out, following all the back roads.

A postcard has been received from Miss Agnes Holliday, daughter of a Hammersmith builder, who is at a convent school near Liège, in which she states that on Tuesday night last "the convent was full of German soldiers, to whom we spoke. At Fouron they have had a terrible time."

## War-Time Scenes in Rouen

*The following is a literal translation of a letter received in New York by a French lady's maid from her sister at Rouen. It gives the point of view of the modest laboring classes in France:*

ROUEN, Aug. 21, 1914.

MY Dear Sister Henriette:

If I judge according to our impatience to get your news, I understand you are anxious for ours. I hope that you made a good voyage and that nothing disagreeable has happened to you during the journey. There is a little change in life in Rouen. Numerous factories are closed, for the reason that the men are gone to war, and women are powerless to operate the machinery. As for me, the sewing is still going a little, but I do not think that it will last long. Business stops little by little; the most of the stores are closing, which gives the city a sad appearance. Per contra, there is a big bustle in and around the railroad station of the Rue Verte. Hundreds of persons stand on the square near the station, to assist the passing of the English troops on their way to Paris; they are acclaimed by the cry of "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Angleterre!" "Down with Germany and the barbarians!"

Numerous trains bring hundreds of young wounded English, French, and Belgian soldiers. Many offices of the Red Cross are settled in the largest hotels of the city. Many citizens have asked to take some of the wounded into their homes. We are going to have several of them at our home. Mother is already preparing two rooms. She has moved Lili's bed into the kitchen. As for us, we are going to sleep in the armchairs. Lili talks of the war like a grown-up person, and so seriously! She also wants to take care of the wounded. She will divert them. She made dresses for all her dolls and put them to bed. She set on the table all the history books to interest the soldiers. Of course she will do the reading herself. Then she collected all the pieces of old sheets to make some lint out of them, but she will do that in the kitchen when the wounded are sleeping, so as not to worry them. If you were in Rouen now you would be proud of your god-child. Maman had to have made for her a big white table "for nurse." She goes to school every day, and I promised that I would take her with me this afternoon to see an English warship which arrived in the Seine yesterday. It seems that the ship had nar-



rowly escaped capture by the Germans, but I cannot give you much information. We don't have any news from our own soldiers. I do not know where father is. George and Maurice must be artillerymen in Belfort. Jeanne and Helene are in despair, thinking of their husbands. Maurice's baby is always so sweet; he does not suspect that his father is at war. Our aunt has no news from Leon, André, and Joseph.

This is all the news. I hope that my letter will reach you. Do not worry. But if the Germans arrive in Rouen they will find somebody to receive them. If the

men are not strong enough the women will help them.

For my share I would like to kill one of them, and it is the Kaiser himself; I assure you that I would do it gladly. My dear Henriette, I say "au revoir" to you today.

Maman and Lili send you their best kisses. A big kiss from your fragile

MADELEINE.

P. S.—It is a good thing that I am always so cheerful and contented. It happens sometimes that I can make Jeanne and Helene forget, and I give them a little hope.

## "It Is for Us and for France"

*To those who believe, as Germans would have the world believe, that the French Nation is decadent, fit only to disappear from the face of the earth, the following letter, simple as any letter can be, yet full of the Spartanlike qualities that even a German must admire, will serve as an inspiration. It was written to a French soldier by his sister. The soldier showed it to his officer, who was so pleased that he had it published anonymously for the troops. A translation of it follows:*

Sept. 4, 1914.

**M**Y dear Edward: I hear that Charles and Lucien died on Aug. 28; Eugene is very badly wounded; Louis and Jean are dead also. Rose has disappeared.

Mamma weeps. She says that you are strong, and begs you to go to avenge them.

I hope your officers will not refuse you

permission. Jean had the Legion of Honor; succeed him in this.

Of the eleven of us who went to the war eight are dead. My dear brother, do your duty, whatever is asked of you. God gave you your life, and He has the right to take it back; that is what mamma says.

We embrace you with all our heart and long to see you again.

The Prussians are here. Young Joudon is dead; they have pillaged everything. I have come back from Gerbevillers, which is destroyed. The brutes!

Now, my dear brother, make the sacrifice of your life. We have hope of seeing you again, for something gives me a presentiment and tells me to hope.

We embrace you in all our hearts. Adieu and au revoir, if God permits.

THY SISTER.

It is for us and for France.

Think of your brothers and of grandfather in '70.

# “Chant of Hate Against England”

## How Ernst Lissauer's Lines Were “Sung to Pieces” in Germany

*The ever-increasing hatred in Germany against England and the constantly diminishing bitterness expressed in German circles toward the French was commented upon at considerable length by the Basler Nachrichten, one of the leading German newspapers of Switzerland, which published excerpts of utterances of leading Germans to illustrate its deductions. The Swiss paper's article follows:*

**I**T pays to take a birdseye view of a phenomenon which, in a most interesting fashion, is becoming more and more apparent; the increase of the German hatred against Englishmen and the diminution of the German hatred against the Frenchmen.

The most eloquent examples of this white-hot wrath against the English are the now well-known army orders of the Bavarian Crown Prince, Rupprecht. Under date of Oct. 29 the text of the first order was made public. It reads:

Soldiers of the Sixth Army! We have now the good luck to have also the Englishmen opposite us on our front, troops of that race whose envy was at work for years to surround us with a ring of foes and to throttle us. That race especially we have to thank for this war. Therefore, when now the order is given to attack this foe, practice retribution for their hostile treachery and for the many heavy sacrifices! Show them that the Germans are not so easily to be wiped out of history. Show them that, with German blows of a special kind. (*Mit deutsche Hiebe von ganz besonderer Art!*) Here is the opponent who most blocks a restoration of the peace. Up and at him!

RUPPRECHT.

Under date of Nov. 11 an order of similar purport issued by the same army commander was made public:

Soldiers! The eyes of the whole world are upon you. It is now imperative that in the battle with our most hated foe we shall not grow numb, and that we shall at least break his arrogance. Already he is growing pliable, (*mürbe.*) Numerous officers and men have surrendered voluntarily, but the great decisive blow is still to be struck. Therefore you must persevere to the end. The enemy must be downed; you must not let him loose from your teeth. (*Ihr musst ihn nicht aus den Zähnen lassen.*) We must, will and shall conquer!

At the same time the Bavarian Crown Prince had the “Song of Hate Against England” of Ernst Lissauer distributed among the troops as an army order. This poem, which was issued as early as Sept. 1 in the “Kultur-Beiträgen,” published by R. Dammert in Berlin, reads in full:

HASSGESANG GEGEN ENGLAND  
Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos?  
Schuss wider Schuss und Stoss um Stoss,  
Wir lieben sie nicht,  
Wir hassen sie nicht,  
Wir schützen Weichsel und Wasgaupass,  
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Hass,  
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,  
Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind:  
Denn ihr alle wisst, denn ihr alle wisst,  
Er sitzt geduckt hinter der grauen Flut,  
Voll Neid, voll Wut, voll Schläue, voll List,  
Durch Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut.  
Wir wollen treten in ein Gericht,

Einen Schwur zu schwören, Gesicht in  
Gesicht.  
Einen Schwur von Erz, den verbläst kein  
Wind,  
Einen Schwur für Kind und für Kindes-  
kind,  
Vernehmt das Wort, sagt nach das Wort,  
Es wälzt sich durch ganz Deutschland  
fort:

Wir wollen nicht lassen von unserem Hass,  
Wir haben alle nur einen Haas,  
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,  
Wir haben alle nur einen Feind:

ENGLAND!

In der Bordkajüte, im Feiersaal,  
Sassen Schiffsoffiziere beim Liebesmahl,  
Wie ein Säbelhieb, wie ein Segelschwung,  
Einer riss grüssend empor den Trunk,  
Knapp hinknallend wie Ruderschlag,  
Drei Worte sprach er: "Auf den Tag!"  
Wem galt das Glas?  
Sie hatten alle nur einen Hass.  
Wer war gemeint?  
Sie hatten alle nur einen Feind:

ENGLAND!

Nimm du die Völker der Erde in Sold,  
Baue Wälle aus Barren von Gold,  
Bedecke die Meerflut mit Bug bei Bug,  
Du rechnest klug, doch nicht klug ge-  
nug.

Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos!  
Schuss wider Schuss, und Stoss um Stoss.  
Wir kämpfen den Kampf mit Bronze und  
Stahl

Und schliessen Frieden irgend einmal,  
Dich werden wir hassen mit langem  
Hass,

Wir werden nicht lassen von unserem  
Hass,

Hass zu Wasser und Hass zu Land,  
Hass des Hauptes und Hass der Hand,  
Hass der Hämmer und Hass der Kronen,  
Drosselnder Hass von siebzig Millionen,  
Sie lieben vereint, sie hassen vereint,  
Sie alle haben nur einen Feind:

ENGLAND!

[Following is a translation of the song  
by Barbara Henderson, appearing in  
THE NEW YORK TIMES of Oct. 15, 1914:]

French and Russian, they matter not,  
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot!  
We love them not, we hate them not,  
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate.  
We have but one and only hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone.  
He is known to you all, he is known to  
you all,

He crouches behind the dark gray flood,  
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,  
Cut off by waves that are thicker than  
blood.

Come, let us stand at the Judgment Place,  
An oath to swear to, face to face,  
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,

An oath for our sons and their sons to  
take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,  
Throughout the Fatherland make it  
heard.

We will never forego our hate,  
We have all but a single hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone—

ENGLAND!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet  
hall,

Sat feasting the officers, one and all,  
Like a sabre blow, like the swing of a  
sail,

One seized his glass and held high to hail;  
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rud-  
der's play,

Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"  
Whose glass this fate?

They had all but a single hate.

Who was thus known?

They had one foe and one alone—

ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,  
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,  
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,  
Ye reckon well, but not well enow.  
French and Russian, they matter not,  
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,  
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,  
And the time that is coming Peace will  
seal.

You we will hate with a lasting hate,  
We will never forego our hate,  
Hate by water and hate by land,  
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,  
Hate of the hammer and hate of the  
crown,

Hate of seventy millions choking down.  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone—

ENGLAND!

This poem, according to the *Tägliche Rundschau*, has already had the fate of every folksong—the version of it that was circulated among the Bavarian troops lacks the middle stanza and has in other ways also been "sung to pieces." But it also has been worked over artistically. The Chemnitz Director of Church Music, Prof. Mayerhoff, has set the "Chant of Hate Against England" to music for male voices. The song was rendered publicly at a great meeting in a concert in the Alberthalle at Leipsic, and was taken up in roaring chorus by the audience. The composer himself accompanied his composition on the piano.

As can be seen, therefore, the popu-



larity of the song and its sentiment is by no means confined to Bavaria. It extends throughout the entire empire. Of hundreds of voices in the press, let us mention only one. Councilor of Justice Eschenbach of Berlin, in the *Neue Gesellschaftliche Korrespondenz*, writes:

To honor our immortal heroes of Tsing-tau, and for the eternal shame and reproach of the scoundrel nations, Japan and England, I propose the following: Let the entire German press scorn in the next fourteen days to permit the words "Englishmen" or "Japanese" to appear in its columns and before the eyes of our people and of the entire civilized world; but instead, and invariably, let the word "Mörder" (murderers) be used for "Englishmen" and the word "Raubmörder" (highway assassins) for "Japanese." For no other name will there be hereafter among us for these greatest scoundrels of history. Thereby care will be taken both for the present throughout the world as far as the German language is heard and the results of the German spirit are known, and also for future historians, that the proper point of view shall be given throughout eternity for the condemnation of these murderous gangs accursed of God.

How different is the attitude of the Germans toward the French!

From a trench on the Aisne the following was written to the *Heidelberger Zeitung*:

Four hundred meters from where we lie, likewise intrenched, lie these wretched Englishmen, toward whom our people feel a holy fury, while they regard the battle with the Frenchmen, on the other hand, rather as a member of a university student corps regards an honorable duel. I, too, am entirely of that view.

The well-known psychologist, Prof. W. Hellpach of Karlsruhe, writes to the *Berliner Tageblatt* from the field:

The German soldier, too, does not hate the French people. Indeed, no one hates it. That is one of the most amazing phenomena of this war—our inner relation to France. Daily and hourly we hear words of disgust concerning the Russians, see gestures of hatred against the Britons—but toward France there is expressed amid all purely warlike antagonism a sort of sympathy resembling almost a smiling love for a naughty child which one feels obliged to punish because it has been guilty of stupid but very serious misbehavior.

We must force France to its knees—perhaps more completely than any of our

other foes—but every one seems to hope that after this, after this last lesson, France will come to her senses and conclude a real peace with her German neighbor. Even among the common men in our ranks there has developed almost plant like a certain realization of a common duty of these two nations, a feeling of certain virtues which they, complementing one another, can preserve only by co-operation. But for the cultured ones among us, the idea of a hereditary feud has given way to a clear consciousness that there is a middle European Continental culture, supported by German, Austrian, and French genius in common, and that the preservation, development, and continuation thereof as against a hasty and superficial Anglization must be the task of the future. All, all now learn through experience that this matter with France is a woe of civilization (*kulturjammer*), and that now at last it is going to change, that it could change, if—

In the same newspaper the *Berlin National Economist*, Prof. Werner Sombart, writes:

Against France we probably experience the least aversion or hatred. At bottom we have really nothing "against the Frenchmen," but they have a great deal against us. But we find them, in spite of their fanatical hatred of the Germans (which we honor and respect) chivalrous antagonists, who in their wrath of battle are certainly quite our peers; and in them, we find, there is far more force and will for victory than we were in the beginning wont to believe. They die for their fatherland, and their final reason for fighting is after all an ideal one, the faith in the glory and greatness of a super-individual, the self-sacrifice to a whole that is higher than the personal. Thus, at least, does that France stand opposed to us, that is fighting for its existence in the trenches along the Aisne.

With the rabble that shouts "*à bas la guerre*" in Paris, we need reckon just as little as with the rather doubtful citizens that constitute the immediate Government of France and whose heroism seems to show great rents these days. Yes, for the heroic race of Frenchmen we feel almost a sort of pity; as with a noble wild game of the forest, wounded unto death. And this pity finds expression in wistful sympathy when we think of the quixotic strain in this wrestling with an overwhelming foe, when we see the childlike faith with which the people have grasped at every unpalatable hope of rescue from its anguish of death and still grasps at it, as a drowning man grasps at a wisp of straw. Don Quixote still remains the "noble knight" for whom—if he appears in the

age of firearms—we still fire three salvos of honor over his grave.

And then, when we mention the word "France," there arise all the memories of the imperishable cultural values which its people have given to us. I believe that there are many, very many, among us who in their hearts hope that there may once again be something like a co-operative understanding and journeying together of Germans and Frenchmen, even if in a distant future which the youngest among us will probably not live to see—an agreement which through a union of German and French elements of culture will promise vast achievements for the purposes of humanity. In the last analysis—for that has in these very days been more frequently expressed—these two nations belong together; they are of equal worth, of equal spirit, of equal fineness, and yet so different that they can give each other infinitely much.

Just as has the hate against England, so has this friendship for France found poetic expression. In the *Hamburger Kriegsblatt* we read a poem by Wilhelm Höhne, the final stanza of which reads:

Ma pauvre France! Wann siehst du es  
ein  
Dass all deine Bündnisse Trug und  
Schein?  
Was meinst du, wärst du mit dem ver-  
eint,  
Der dich niederringt heute—ein ehrlicher  
Feind?  
Auf "Deutsche Treue" da könntest du  
zählen!  
Mit uns im Bund könnt'st der Welt du  
befehlen.  
Dem Briten, dem Russen, dem Asiaten!  
Deutschland hat nie einen Freund ver-  
raten!

(Translation.)

Ma pauvre France! When wilt thou see  
That all thy allies are cheating thee?  
What, though if thou with him wouldst  
go  
Who now overwhelms thee—an honest  
foe!  
On German faith thou couldst reckon  
sure;  
With us thou couldst rule the world  
secure,  
The Briton, the Russian, the Asian, bend.  
Germany has never betrayed a friend!



## ANSWERING THE "CHANT OF HATE"

By BEATRICE M. BARRY

FRENCH and Russian, they matter not,  
 For England only your wrath is hot;  
 But little Belgium is so small  
 You never mentioned her at all—  
 Or did her graveyards, yawning deep,  
 Whisper that silence was discreet?

For Belgium is waste! Ay, Belgium is waste!  
 She welters in the blood of her sons,  
 And the ruins that fill the little place  
 Speak of the vengeance of the Huns.  
 "Come, let us stand at the Judgment place,"  
 German and Belgian, face to face.  
 What can you say? What can you do?  
 What will history say of you?  
 For even the Hun can only say  
 That little Belgium lay in his way.  
 Is there no reckoning you must pay?  
 What of the Justice of that "Day"?  
 Belgium one voice—Belgium one cry  
 Shrieking her wrongs, inflicted by  
*GERMANY!*

In her ruined homesteads, her trampled fields,  
 You have taken your toll, you have set your seal;  
 Her women are homeless, her men are dead,  
 Her children pitifully cry for bread;  
 Perchance they will drink with you—"To the Day!"  
 Let each man construe it as he may.  
 What shall it be?  
 They, too, have but one enemy.  
 Whose work is this?  
 Belgium has but one word to hiss—  
*GERMANY!*

Take you the pick of your fighting men  
 Trained in all warlike arts, and then  
 Make of them all a human wedge  
 To break and shatter your sacred pledge;  
 You may fling your treaty lightly by,  
 But that "scrap of paper" will never die!  
 It will go down to posterity,  
 It will survive in eternity.  
 Truly you hate with a lasting hate;  
 Think you you will escape that hate?  
 "Hate by water and hate by land;  
 Hate of the head and hate of the hand."  
 Black and bitter and bad as sin,  
 Take you care lest it hem you in.  
 Lest the hate you boast of be yours alone,  
 And curses, like chickens, find roost at home  
*IN GERMANY!*



# "England Caused the War"

By T. von Bethmann Hollweg

*German Imperial Chancellor*

[Full text of the speech delivered by the German Chancellor at the session of the Reichstag in Berlin on Dec. 2, 1914.]

THE Emperor, who is absent with the army, has charged me to transmit his best wishes and cordial greetings to the German Reichstag, with whom he is known to be united till death in the stress of danger and in the common concern for the weal of the Fatherland.

Our first thought goes out to the Kaiser and the army and navy—our soldiers who are fighting for the honor and greatness of the empire. Full of pride and unshakable confidence, we look to them and to our Austro-Hungarian comrades in arms, who are firmly united to us, to fight great battles with brilliant bravery.

Our most recent ally in battle who has been obliged to join us is the Ottoman Empire, which knows well that with the destruction of the German Empire it, too, would lose its national right to control its own destiny. As our enemies have formed a powerful coalition against us, they will, I hope, find that the arm of our brave allies reaches the weak spots in their world position.

On Aug. 4 the Reichstag expressed the firm resolution of the whole people to undertake the war which had been forced upon them and to defend their independence to the utmost.

Since then great deeds have been accomplished. The incomparable gallantry of our troops has carried the war into the enemy's country. There we still stand firm, and can regard the future with every confidence, but the enemy's resistance is not broken.

We are not yet at the end of our sacrifices. The nation will continue to

support those sacrifices with the same heroism as hitherto, for we must and will fight to a successful end our defensive war for right and freedom. We will then remember how our defenseless compatriots in hostile countries were maltreated in a manner which is a disgrace to all civilization. The world must learn that no one can hurt a hair on the head of a German subject with impunity.

It is evident to us who is responsible for this—the greatest of all wars. The apparent responsibility falls on those in Russia who ordered and carried out the mobilization of the Russian Army; the real responsibility, however, falls on the British Government. The Cabinet in London could have made the war impossible if it had without ambiguity declared at Petrograd that Great Britain would not allow a Continental war to develop from the Austro-Servian conflict.

Such a declaration would also have obliged France to take energetic measures to restrain Russia from undertaking warlike operations. Then our action as mediators between Petrograd and Vienna would have been successful, and there would have been no war.

But Great Britain did not act thus. Great Britain was aware of the bellicose machinations of the partly irresponsible but powerful group around the Czar. She saw how the ball was rolling, but placed no obstacle in its path. In spite of all its assurances of peace London informed Petrograd that Great Britain was on the side of France, and, consequently, on the side of Russia.

The Cabinet of London allowed this monstrous worldwide war to come about, hoping, with the help of the Entente, to destroy the vitality of England's greatest European competitor in the

markets of the world. Therefore, England and Russia have before God and men the responsibility for the catastrophe which has fallen upon Europe. Belgian neutrality, which England pretended to defend, was nothing but a disguise.

On the evening of Aug. 2 we informed Brussels that we were obliged, in the interest of self-defense and in consequence of the war plans of France, which were known to us, to march through Belgium, but already, on the afternoon of the same day, Aug. 2, before anything of our action in Brussels could have been known in London, the British Government promised France unconditional assistance in case the German fleet should attack the French coast. Nothing was said about Belgian neutrality.

How can England maintain that she drew the sword because we violated Belgian neutrality? How could the British statesmen, whose past is well known, speak at all of Belgian neutrality? When, on Aug. 4, I spoke of the wrong which we were committing with our march into Belgium it was not yet established whether the Belgian Government at the last moment would not desire to spare the country and retire under protest to Antwerp. For military reasons I cannot go into whether there was the possibility of such a development on Aug. 4.

As to the guilt of the Belgian Government; many indications were already known at that time, but there were no positive and written proofs. Now, however, that it is demonstrated by documents found in Brussels how the Belgians surrendered their neutrality to England the entire world knows two facts.

One is that when our troops on the night of Aug. 3-Aug. 4 entered Belgian territory they were on the ground of a State which had given up its neutrality long ago. The other is that, not for the sake of the neutrality of Belgium, which she had herself undermined, did England declare war on us, but because she believed that she would be able to master us with the help of two great Continental powers.

Since Aug. 2, since her promise to assist France, England was no longer neutral, and was actually at war with us, and the argument that the declaration of war was a sequel to the violation of Belgian neutrality is nothing but a piece of play-acting performed to mystify the English people and neutral States.

Now that the Anglo-Belgian war plans are unveiled in their smallest details, the policy of British statesmen is branded before the tribunal of history for all time.

But British diplomacy went further. At England's request Japan snatches away heroic Kiao-Chau and violates the neutrality of China. Has England interfered in this violation of neutrality? Has England shown a care for neutral States in this case?

When, five years ago, I was called to office, the Triple Alliance was opposed by a firmly united Entente. England's work was designed to serve the known principle of the balance of power, which means in plain German that the principle, followed for centuries by British policy and directed against the strongest Continental power, should find its strongest tool in the Triple Entente. This proves from the beginning the aggressive character of the Entente toward the plainly defensive tendencies of the Triple Alliance.

This was the germ of the forcible explosion. German policy was obliged to try to avert the danger of war by an understanding with the individual powers of the Entente. At the same time she was obliged to strengthen her defensive forces so that she should be prepared if war should come all the same. We did both. In France we always encountered ideas of *revanche* felt by ambitious politicians. With Russia some agreements were concluded, but Russia's firm alliance with France, her antagonism to us and our ally, Austria-Hungary, her Pan-Slavistic desire for power, her artificial hatred for Germany, made it impossible to conclude an agreement which in the case of a political crisis would exclude the danger of war.

England was comparatively free. Here

the best attempt at an understanding could be made which would have effectively guaranteed the peace of the world. I acted accordingly. The way was narrow, which I knew well. For decades the British insular intellect has been evolving the political principle, the dogma that the arbitrament of the world is due to England, which she can only maintain by undisputed supremacy on the sea and the much-quoted balance of power on the Continent.

I never hoped to break the old principle by persuasion. What I believed possible was that the growing power of Germany and the growing danger of war could be made to compel England to perceive that this old principle was untenable and unpractical, and that a peaceable arrangement with Germany was preferable, but that dogma always paralyzed the possibility of an understanding. After the crisis of 1911 public opinion forced British rulers to a rapprochement toward Germany. By wearisome work an understanding was finally reached in different disputed questions of economic interest which related to Africa and Asia Minor. This understanding should have diminished possible political friction if the free development of our strength were not impeded. Both peoples had sufficient space to measure their strength in peaceful competition.

This was the principle always upheld by German policy. But while we were negotiating England was always thinking of strengthening her relations with Russia and France. The decisive factor was that more binding military agreements for the case eventually of a Continental war were concluded outside the political sphere. England negotiated, if possible, secretly. If anything leaked out of importance it was minimized in press and Parliament. It could not be concealed from us. The whole situation was as follows:

England was willing to come to an understanding with us in individual questions, but the first principle always was that Germany's free development of strength must be checked by the balance of power.

We did not fail to warn the British Government. As recently as the beginning of July I notified the British Government that we knew of the secret naval negotiations with Russia concerning the Naval Convention. I pointed out the serious danger which British policy meant for the peace of the world. A fortnight later what I predicted occurred. When war had broken out England dropped her disguise. She loudly announced that she would fight till Germany was conquered in an economical and military sense. We have only one answer. Germany cannot be destroyed. As her military strength has stood the test, so has her financial strength.

Look at the diminution in the number of unemployed. The unemployed of yesterday are the army of today—their spirit is that of the soldier of yesterday and of today—the one spirit that animates us all.

When this spirit, this moral greatness of the people, when the proved heroism of our troops is called by our enemies militarism, if they call us Huns and barbarians, we can be proud enough and need not worry. This wonderful spirit in the hearts of the German people, this unprecedented unity, must and will be victorious. When a glorious and happy peace is concluded we will maintain this spirit as the holiest legacy of this terrible and serious and great time. I repeat the words of the Emperor:

"I know no parties. I know only Germans. When the war is ended parties will return without parties, without a political fight. There is no political life, not even for the freest and most united people."

Many seats are vacant here. Where are their holders? You know. There is the vacant seat of Herr Frank, (Socialist member;) but he will return no more. The spirit of cheerful self-sacrifice which animates us here as the guardians of the people's weal inspires the entire people.

Japan joined our enemies from a desire to seize as booty the monument of



German culture in the Far East. On the other hand, we have found an ally in Turkey, as all the Moslem peoples want to throw off the English yoke and shatter the foundations of England's colonial power. Under the banner of our army and the flag of our fleet we shall conquer.

This, then, is our inspiration—our vow! Germany shall fight on and continue to sacrifice herself on the altar of civilization and progress and patriotism until she shall have secured a guarantee from all that none henceforth shall disturb—shall dare to disturb—the peace of this, our German land.

## A SONG OF THE SEIGE GUN

By KATHERINE DRAYTON MAYRANT SIMONS, Jr.

**W**ELED in the devil-workshop of the  
Essen blacksmith's stall,  
There conceived and consecrated to  
the nation's final fall.

In the iron of my entrails, in my thews of  
shrunk steel,

In my mighty bore of barrel, in the claw of  
cleated wheel,

Through the travail of my forging, was there  
bred the ancient hate—

Primal blood-feud of the races, which the  
races' blood must sate!

You, the Empress of the Ocean—did your  
statesmen ne'er foretell

That your fortresses should crumble at the  
hot kiss of my shell?

While the garnered greed of ages lay in leash  
beneath my breast,

Did you deem an oath of honor more than is  
a royal jest?

While you slept my masters labored! In the  
metal of my frame

Molded they the mighty promise of a con-  
tinent in flame!

In the casting of my carriage, in the boring  
of my sheath,

They have riveted my armor with the dor-  
mant dragon teeth!

By my twelve-mile range projectile, by my  
weight of forty tons,

Do I mock the slender playthings which  
Allies now call their guns!

Ever angry and unglutted, when the rocking  
fight is red,

Then my slogan stirs all sleepers save the  
still and dreamless dead!

Lo! The past is but a promise! When my  
Saturnalia comes,

Then the Saxon stands uncovered to a march  
of muffled drums,

Then the northern snows are trampled where  
the Slavic horsemen sleep,

And the Latin women tremble for their lovers  
as they weep!

# Why England Fights Germany

By Hilaire Belloc .

*Hilaire Belloc has for years been among the most prominent of English writers, his political and economic opinions being widely quoted. As a historian he has given special attention to the French Revolution, being the author of "Danton," "Marie Antoinette," "The Girondins," and other studies which are regarded by scholars as standard works. Mr. Belloc's military knowledge and experience (he served in the Eighth Regiment of French Artillery) and his understanding of history have made him an acute and interesting chronicler of the present war. The following article appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Jan. 17, 1915.*

I SHALL attempt in what follows to answer the question "Why is England at war with Germany?" It is perhaps the most important question upon which neutral countries, and especially neutral English-speaking countries, should have a true answer. Upon their just appreciation of England's position in this war a great deal of the immediate future of the world will depend.

But before proceeding to answer the question directly, we must get rid of certain misconceptions.

The question must be, as the French say, not only "put," but "put in its due proportion." It is not enough to answer the question "Why is England at war with Germany?" unless we know, to begin with, what that event means to this gigantic war as a whole.

Let us begin, then, by saying that this great war is not primarily a war between England and Germany at all. England and Germany are not the two chief combatants. The issue is not a victory to be achieved by Germany on the one side, or England upon the other. The victory of one of the parties in the great struggle would not produce a much stronger England, though it certainly would produce a much stronger Germany.

The struggle is primarily and essentially a struggle between two conflicting theories of life and government, which

have the Continent of Europe for their theatre, and of which the Prussians upon the one hand, the French upon the other, are the protagonists and have been the protagonists for now more than three generations.

All human conflicts have spiritual roots, and the underlying spiritual forces which by their contrast have led to this war are the forces of the old Latin and Christian civilization, with its doctrines of human equality and the rest, and the North German reaction against that tradition. Of the first the French are the guardians and have always been. Of the second the North Germans of the Baltic plain, and particularly the Prussians, have been the exponents; and one may survey Europe as a whole and say that the conflict spreads through the minds of all Europeans, dividing them between those who would prefer their posterity to live, consciously or unconsciously, under the ancient and continuous tradition of the civilization inherited from Rome or under some reversal of that tradition.

That conflict is apparent in every department of life; in the arts, in the customs of society, and, most important of all, in philosophy.

The direct, immediate, and perceptible issue of the struggle is again something different. It is an issue between the German-speaking peoples and the Slav. If you were to ask an acute, well-traveled observer, say a European

diplomat, what, at bottom, this war was, he would answer you thus:

"This war is an armed conflict provoked by the German-speaking peoples under the leadership of Prussia against the Slavs under the leadership of the Russian Empire. It has been provoked by Prussia as leader of the German peoples, not in a spirit of aggression but in a spirit of self-defense. The German peoples have for centuries regarded themselves as the bulwark of European civilization against Slav barbarism. They believe that the Slav power is rapidly getting so great as to be an immediate peril. They think it must be fought now or never. On this account Austria was induced by Prussia to challenge the Russian Government over the Servian question.

"Either that challenge would be accepted, with the result of war, or Russia would give way, thereby obtaining for the German peoples a victory without bloodshed. And Austria would proceed to administrate the Servian Slavs and to control them—driving a wedge into the whole Slav power and rendering it innocuous for the future.

"In this struggle between Teuton and Slav France comes in as an accessory, having made an alliance with Russia long ago for her own ends and having nothing to do with the quarrel between Teuton and Slav. The German-speaking peoples regret the interference of France, but are prepared to take on the burden of a French war rather than abandon the moment for restricting the growing power of the Slav.

"Now, in all this," (your experienced man with a wide view of Europe would add,) "England was not concerned. Her position was quite subsidiary in all this quarrel. She had far less to do with it even than France had, and it was in every Cabinet of Europe doubted whether England would come in at all. By the Prussian Government it was taken for granted that England would have no reason to come in. By the French it was feared, in spite of the recent relations between the two countries, that England would remain neutral. And, in general,

the fact that England is at war at all is a fact on one side of the original quarrel and its original motives, though it is a fact that will profoundly affect the progress and the results of the war."

Such a statement would be no more than the plain truth as educated men know and see it in Europe today. The entry of England into the field of conflict was an entry from one side. It did not fall into line with the general motives of the people. It was, among all English statesmen, a matter of debate; it was decided by but a narrow majority of those responsible for so enormous a decision.

When we have clearly grasped these two fundamental facts—first, that the war is not on its mechanical side mainly a war between England and Germany, but mainly a war between two contrasting European and Continental ideals; secondly, the correlative fact that the entry of England into the war was not certain until the last hour, and was, when it was made, made only after doubtful consideration and after a division among the politicians, responsible for the conduct of her affairs, something almost accidental, as it were—we can proceed to consider the three causes which converging were sufficiently strong in their combination to produce that result, and when we know what those three causes were, their strength and the accidents of their convergence, at this moment we shall have answered the question, "Why is England at war with Germany?"

These three causes are:

1. The fixed cardinal point for English policy upon which no English patriot worthy of the name would hesitate for a moment, and which no historian with any sense of justice can condemn, to wit, that no one, if England can help it, shall have naval predominance over the British fleet, particularly in the narrow seas.

2. The effect of certain undertakings, a whole network of diplomatic actions, particularly in connection with France, engaged in by the English Foreign Office during the last ten years.

3. A certain vague attachment to the Western, or Latin, tradition of civiliza-



tion with its routine of conventions in war and peace, and particularly of treaties as between first-class powers. This tradition was still sufficiently strong to act as a motive converging with the two others mentioned above to produce a sufficient moral stream in favor of war as, though sluggish, to help to turn the scale.

I say that these three things combined, upon the whole and doubtfully, discovered a sufficient strength between them to make the English politicians, after serious hesitation and close division, determine upon war.

Let me take them in their order:

1. The cardinal point of statesmanship upon which all English foreign policy has turned for two hundred years, that no one shall be more powerful at sea than England, especially upon the shores of the narrow seas, appears to foreigners unarguably arrogant.

It is, indeed, of its nature a challenge to the rest of the world, but if the reader will consider a moment he will see that it is a challenge to which modern England, at any rate, is inexorably condemned. However much such a position may clash with the temperament of chivalrous and peaceable men—and it does clash with the temperament of many an English statesman of the past and of the present—no one with a respect for his country, or paying the common duty of allegiance to it, can compromise upon the matter. It is here with England precisely as it has been with all her parallels, the great oligarchic commercial commonwealths of the past; she lives by the sea, and the closing of the sea would be to her not inconvenience, but death.

It is, I think, this very sentiment that England can live only on condition that the English fleet is supreme which has led England to use that supremacy so sparingly. It is true to say that there has been no force of so much superiority to its rivals as the British Navy which in all history has been used for such purely defensive purposes as the British Navy has been used during the present generation, and this moderation I conceive to be due to a clear recognition that morally

the claim to supremacy at sea is a challenge which the great rival nations must feel acutely, and which they have a right to feel acutely, and which, therefore, must be softened in every possible way.

But if it is necessary that Great Britain should brook no rival at sea it is still more necessary that such a rival, should he arise, should not have naval bases within striking distance of her coast. The great exception has, of course, been France, and for two centuries at least that fact has molded the whole of British policy. Had Germany remained a Continental power and rejected maritime ambition that would still continue to mold British policy.

The French have, and Europe being what it is will always continue to have, the aptitude for the sea, the genius in mechanical invention and the superabundant wealth which between them are the three factors of the great modern fleet. A lengthy coast line training millions of her workers to a seafaring life, a long tradition of naval families, and pioneer in every form of modern naval war from the armor plate to the submarine, is the proof of this, if proof were needed.

As against the presence of some part of the French naval power on an opposing coast across a narrow armed water, the English Channel, Great Britain proceeded, generation after generation, to keep her control an essentially defensive naval force. She did it upon the position that her military effort, and therefore expenditure, should be slight; that her economic as her other energies should be chiefly devoted to her marine.

And though the French in the moments of their greatest prosperity were able, for all their constant military effort, to produce navies that rivaled those of Great Britain, yet Great Britain's effort was the more constant. She never engaged large bodies of men in war; she could take advantage of every French reverse during the two centuries when the French were perpetually engaged in huge Continental conflicts.

Great Britain, in a word, by ceaseless vigilance and at a great expense of

energy, managed upon the whole to dominate one branch of the narrow seas, the Channel. Upon the other branch, the North Sea, she felt nearly always secure. An exception to this security was found during the brief Dutch period in the seventeenth century and again, much more acutely, when the French were the masters of the Low Countries, and when Napoleon took control of the shipbuilding yards not only from Brest to Dunkirk, but from Dunkirk to the Bight of Heligoland.

This presence of the French power in Holland, Belgium, and Frisia, in particular the French control of Antwerp, was the true cause of violent anxiety, and the no less violent efforts in reply which Britain made during the Napoleonic wars. For twenty-three years she fought, with but two short intervals of repose, upon a dozen nominal pleas, but with one plain piece of statesmanship at the back of her mind—that no one should control the narrow seas against herself.

And especially that if she could not prevent the existence in normal times of a very powerful, dangerous French fleet, rendering her anxious for one-half of those seas, at least the other half should be free from such anxiety.

In the midst of such a secular determination, successfully maintained, Germany began to build her new great modern fleet.

The German Empire had a most unquestioned right thus to challenge the power of Great Britain. It was indeed the most effective challenge which a nation jealous of Britain's commerce could deliver, but it is none the less true that the plain policy of self-preservation compelled Britain to take up that challenge.

For the first time in three hundred years Britain found herself beginning to support French trades, in the general policy of the world.

The French, for reasons which had nothing to do with England and with which the mass of the English governing classes in no way sympathized, had maintained for more than thirty years a determination to restore their own

power at the expense of Prussia. Because modern Germany was building her fleet, modern Britain, in order to check that movement, began thus in novel fashion and against all the old English traditions to support the French.

The thing was done at the bottom with reluctance. All Englishmen felt the common bond of religion which united their country with that which governs modern Germany. Many Englishmen believed that there was some vague bond of race between the two countries. Not a few worthy, ignorant men, and even one or two men of great ability, attempted to direct negotiations whereby a fixed ratio should exist between the two fleets; in other words, whereby the German Empire should pledge itself to a permanent inferiority at sea.

That empire would indeed have been more foolish even than cowardly had it listened to any such proposals. The position, therefore, was one of inevitable and increasing friction. It was a matter of life and death to England that no other great Western fleet should exist besides the French, and it was a matter of national existence to Germany once she had undertaken a policy not to give up that policy at the dictation of any other power—for, among other things, modern Germany lived on prestige, her whole internal structure depended upon it, and for Prussia to lose faith before Europe would be the end of the Germany that Prussia had made.

There are those who say that a Germany conducted by some Richelieu, or even by a surviving Bismarck, would never have attempted the building of a great fleet until accounts had been finally settled with France. There are those who say that the elements of statesmanship required the German Empire first to settle herself politically upon the shores of the Straits of Dover and the Netherlands, first to destroy the danger of a great war in the west on land, then and then only to begin building that fleet which must inevitably challenge Great Britain. It is no part of this criticism to consider the statesmanship of another nation, but at any rate once the

policy of building the fleet was begun conflict with England was in sight.

2. The second cause of England's joining in this war is the effect of a number of internal arrangements, some of them of minor importance, but all leading in one direction and ultimately placing the Government of Great Britain in a position from which it was difficult to retire. In general terms these arrangements were based upon the idea of joining the group of powers, French and Russian, which formed the counterpoise to the Germanic group in Europe, the German Empire and Austria. At the same time there was running through these arrangements the idea of detaching Italy, whose Government was firmly attached to Germany, but whose population was very doubtful, from the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, which had been the cardinal point in European affairs for a generation.

The various steps by which Great Britain approached this position are well known. In the first place, she came to an arrangement with France whereby she should have a free hand in Egypt and France should be supported by England in the occupation of Morocco. This was done behind the back of Germany to the manifest loss of Germany's colonial ambition and, what is more noticeable, England was openly paying a very high price for the new state of affairs she hoped to create, for she had pretty well a free hand in Egypt, already, while France's opportunity of going to Morocco and exploiting a very large area of valuable territory—something quite new and additional to her—depended upon England's withdrawing her opposition.

That opposition was withdrawn; and though the most violent effect was produced in Germany, though there were threats of war, pitiable quarrels within the French Cabinet and a moment of grave danger, the pact was accomplished, and Morocco, all save the strip opposite Gibraltar, became French, while all that Germany had to show for her share was an irregularly shaped and not valuable couple of slices cut out of tropical Africa in the Congo Basin from the vast French

possessions there, and added to her own still insufficient share.

Another group of arrangements was that with Russia, and here again England willingly paid a heavy price, and again completely reversed her traditional policy. She gave all that is vital in Persia to Russian control. She forgot her old anxiety about the Indian frontier; she lost her old and hitherto unbroken policy of supporting Turkey in Europe. When the war came she was with the French in supporting the Balkan powers, "The Little Nations."

Finally, in the matter of Italy, she supported or permitted the Italian attack upon and annexation of Turkish territory in North Africa, and consistently, before and after that event, worked for the strengthening of Italy in the Triple Alliance and for securing the neutrality of that country, at least in case of a European war.

There were many other arrangements besides these three principal and typical ones, but all, small or great, were based upon the same idea, and pointed in the same direction. England was leaning upon the Russian side against Germany. The most important in the minor details in this new policy, the one which has had most effect perhaps in producing the war, was an understanding whereby the French fleet should virtually evacuate the Northern Seas and undertake for England the policing of the Mediterranean trade routes, and the guardianship of that source of food supply to Great Britain, thus leaving the whole weight of the British Navy free to guard the North Sea, and to face the new and growing German naval force.

Now, it must always be borne in mind that these arrangements, large and small, detailed and general, whereby Great Britain gradually involved herself in a network of French and Russian supports and reciprocal duties, never took the form of an alliance. The utmost pains were taken by English diplomatists and permanent officials at the English Foreign Office, experts and servants, to state that England remained



free in spite of all to act as her conscience or her interest might dictate, whenever, or if, war should break out between the two groups of Continental powers. No one can read the conflict of evidence between the German Ambassador and Sir Edward Grey in the highly typical telephone incident which took place immediately before the recent declaration of war without seeing that liberty of action was maintained by the Government of Great Britain until the very last moment.

But one cannot do a number of things, each weighted with a similar tendency, without one's whole conduct and fate being determined in the direction to which those actions tend. To preserve one's legal or technical independence is not enough. In this specific case, for instance, the naval arrangement proved an exceedingly weighty thing. France could say:

"Relying on your explicit, though not expressed, support of myself and Russia, I guarded your trade routes in the Mediterranean and left my northern coasts undefended. Here is war about to break out with those northern coasts of mine bare against the overwhelming attack from the German fleet, and with nothing wherewith I can guard it; and that nakedness is entirely due to having trusted you. You may not have a legal obligation, but the moral one is not to be shirked."

At any rate, I insist upon the tendency of all these various diplomatic acts, because it has been they that might have dragged the most reluctant Government into this conflict, and it was they which, in combination with the cardinal policy of preventing maritime rivalry in the narrow seas, decided the present policy of this country.

3. But, as I have said, there was a third cause, much vaguer and, until war actually broke out, of little effect. Though there had existed for thirty years from 1880 until after the beginning of the new century such strong bonds of sympathy between Great Britain and North Germany—bonds riveted by Court influence and much more strengthened by

the influence of the universities and of religious leaders—though some contempt for and alienation from the French had become of increasing note in English public utterances and literature, yet Great Britain retained upon the whole the Western doctrine of civilization and of its traditions.

The increasing German reaction against those traditions, particularly in morals, was not wholly sympathetic to the temper of the gentry, at least in England, and was sometimes exasperating.

All nations have cynically violated treaties at one time or another, but there is about a solemnly undertaken treaty by the great European powers and affecting the happiness of the smaller neutral States something particularly sacred. And though it must not for one moment be regarded as the principal cause of the war, it is true that the crudity of Prussia's neglect of treaties, the too simple fashion in which Prussia proposed a breach of international obligations in the matter of Belgium, did affect the conscience of not a few powerful men in England, and, what is perhaps more important, furnished a definite and concrete point on which the doubtful issue of peace or war could repose.

It must be remembered in this connection that Prussia had a novel tradition of her own in such matters. The phrase "The Frederickian tradition" is an accurate phrase. Frederick the Great did start the open and avowed doctrine that a breach of international convention and of international morals is always tolerable in the aggrandizement of one's country.

I think one is not telling the truth if one says that the proposed violation of Belgian territory for the invasion of France was of a nature to cause an explosion of anger in the very hardened minds of the professional politicians in any modern country. There is not one group of them that has not been guilty of something of the sort before. But I think one is telling the truth if one says that the over-simple and cold way in which Prussia took it for granted that the violation of a solemn and most im-

portant treaty was nothing just shocked opinion, even of the politicians, sufficiently to help to incline the balance against her.

There is much more. The Prussian estimate of Russian, of French, and even of English psychology was very erroneous. The Prussian way of getting France not to join is about as subtle as spitting in a man's face, and the elephantine gambols of the German diplomats in London during the fatal week preceding the war were a positive aid to the catastrophe that was about to take place. They blundered as hard and as heavily as it was possible to blunder; going to the wrong people; despising the subtly powerful; paying court to the more advertised and less controlling of the English public men, and in a word behaving themselves after that fashion for which we have coined the adjective "newspaper."

There was further the peculiar aggravation of the tone in which the Austrian note had been addressed to Servia. There

was further the patent and almost puerile double dealing of Berlin in the attempted negotiations for peace between Russia and Austria—in which negotiations the British Cabinet was very prominent. But beyond all these other minor points, these three causes I have mentioned, by their convergence, seem to have determined England's participation in the war, with all the enormous but as yet unguessed consequences that will follow therefrom.

I repeat, I do not say that any one of those three causes would in itself have been sufficient. The three combining were just sufficient, and this account, if I am not mistaken, justly presents the picture that history should have of the manner in which Great Britain determined to conclude the long process of her recent diplomatic revolution and to engage with the Allies against the German Empire and the Hapsburg house, which the German Empire tows in its wake.

## AT THE VILLA ACHILLEION, CORFU

By H. T. SUDDUTH

A HAUNTING presence seems to fill the air,

A shade of grandeur gone and e'er to be

One with the legends of the Ionian Sea—  
One memory more linked with Coreyra fair,  
Disjoined, alas! from presence elsewhere—

A lost illusion of the years once free  
And glorious in the kindling memory  
Of grand Homeric Past still lingering there!

The olive orchards crown the hills; the vine  
And rose still flourish on the sunny slopes  
As in Alcinous' Gardens; Morning opes  
Her eyes irradiant with the dawn divine!  
But now no longer at Achilleion  
The Kaiser wakes to see fair Eos dawn.

In Belgian or in Russian lands afar,  
Beneath the smoke-cloud cope of shrouded  
Heaven  
Where hissing shot and shell and War's red  
levin

Spread far and wide the canopy of War!  
Where Nature shudders and seems to abhor  
The awful scene; where myraid souls, un-  
shriven,

From life and all its joys at once are riven,  
Behold the Kaiser now 'neath Mars' red star!

A stern and sombre, gray-haired figure he,  
And standing midst the wreck of youthful  
dreams

Sees he at times through battle smoke the  
gleams

Of rippling waves on blue Ionian Sea?  
Thinks he not sadly on the days now gone,  
And dreams he dreamed at fair Achilleion?

# Germany's Strategic Railways

By Walter Littlefield

GERMANY'S explanation of her violation of Belgium's neutrality has thus far assumed two successive phases which have been placed on record by the Imperial Chancellor in as many speeches in the Reichstag. Before that body Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg said on Aug. 4, 1914:

Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and perhaps have also found it necessary to enter Belgian territory. This is contrary to international law. The French Government has declared in Brussels that it will respect the neutrality of Belgium as long as she respects the opponent. We know, however, that France was ready to invade Belgium. France could wait; we, however, could not, because a French invasion in our lower Rhein flanks would have proved fatal. So we were forced to disregard the protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. We shall try to make good the injustice we have committed as soon as our military goal has been reached. Whoever, like us, is fighting for the highest, must only consider how victory can be gained.

On Dec. 2 last Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg said:

When, on Aug. 4, I spoke of the wrong which we were committing with our march into Belgium, it was not yet established whether the Belgian Government at the last moment would not desire to spare the country and retire under protest to Antwerp. \* \* \* Now, however, that it is demonstrated by documents found in Brussels how the Belgians surrendered their neutrality to England the entire world knows two facts. One is that when our troops on the night of Aug. 3-4 entered Belgian territory they were on the ground of a State which had given up its neutrality long ago. \* \* \*

To both these charges the Belgian Government has made reply. To the first it said that, while the assurance that France would not invade Belgium was sufficient, yet if France did take

the initiative the Belgian Army stood ready to defend its territory from a French invasion.

To the second, it said that the documents found in Brussels merely showed an exchange of ideas as to how England might aid Belgium in defending her neutrality against an attack by Germany, and that there was nothing binding on either England or Belgium as to the outcome of these "conversations" of military experts.

In rebuttal Germany has asked: But why were we also not taken into the confidence of Brussels and similar plans formulated by which we might aid Belgium in repelling an invasion from either France or England?

To this the answer is simple: It has always been one of the objects of British policy to preserve Belgian neutrality, and that, aside from moral considerations, it would not be good military science for France to seek Germany via Belgium.

But this answer is capable of an expansion it has not hitherto received. Why did Belgium appear to fear an invasion from Germany and not one from England or France?

One has heard a great deal about Germany's supposed ambition to expand her North Sea coast at the expense of Denmark, Holland and Belgium, by coercing the Danish and the Dutch Governments to rebuild their coast fortifications toward England and to dismantle their forts on the German frontier. Much has also been said of Germany's contemplated invasion of the Low Countries at the time of the Agadir incident in 1911.

Documentary proof of Germany's contemplated initiative has hitherto been missing. Certain facts have, however,



recently come to hand which enable one to review the German explanation. One of these facts embraces a project for railway expansion engineered and carried out on the Belgian frontier, which can leave no doubt in any reasonable mind that Germany deliberately planned to violate Belgium's neutrality the moment it became a military expediency to invade France.\*

If, according to jurisprudence, the planning to commit crime is legally on a par with its achievement, then Germany, for five years prior to the war, had been guilty of violating Belgium's neutrality—guilty in such a manner as to leave no doubt in the minds of Belgian, French, and English statesmen and military experts that the actual commission of the crime would some day take place.

It was Belgium's peculiar duty, as will be seen, to prepare for that day. To have taken Germany into her confidence on a point on which Germany was already fully informed would very likely have hastened the day and the tragedy thereof.

In keeping up her forts facing Germany and building none on the French frontier, in exchanging ideas with English military experts as to how best her

neutrality could be defended, Belgium was preparing for the inevitable. This inevitableness is no longer a matter of moral conjecture. It is a matter of material evidence.

First, let us see what it was that Germany violated. Belgium, partly by a decree of the Vienna Congress in 1815 and partly by revolution, secured her independence from the Netherlands in 1830. The next year she inaugurated her Constitution, and by the Treaty of London, signed Nov. 15, 1831, became the god-child, as it were, of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, who guaranteed her neutrality for all time in the following manner:

*Article 7—Belgium, within the limits specified in Articles 1, 2, and 4, shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. She shall be bound to observe this same neutrality toward all other States.*

*Article 26—Consequent upon the stipulation of the present treaty there shall be peace and unity between H. M. the King of the Belgians, on one part, and H. M. the Emperor of Austria, the King of the French, the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of all the Russians, on the other, respectively, forever.*

The treaty, however, was not at once put into force, for there was a pending quarrel between Belgium and the Netherlands. When peace was made in 1839 the treaty was again brought forward, signed, and promulgated. Thereupon all the States of Europe recognized the Kingdom of Belgium. The plenipotentiaries who then signed the treaty were Palmerston for Great Britain, Sylvan van de Weyer for Belgium, Senfft for Austria, H. Sebastiani for France, Bülow for Prussia, and Pozzo di Borgo for Russia.

It has been asserted that, for various reasons, it was not incumbent upon the German Empire to observe the treaties contracted for by the Kingdom of Prussia. But these assertions, even to German statesmen, amount to nothing. That the German Government recognized that

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\*Compare the railway maps of Northern France and Northern Germany in "Cook's Continental Time Tables" for the years 1908 and 1914.

A confidential agent of the British Government examined the ground in May, 1914. Part of the results of his work has been published from time to time by the military correspondents of The Times and The Morning Post of London and all is particularly designated in the British Foreign Office Memorandum secured by Prof. Hibben of Princeton on Nov. 9, 1914, and published in THE NEW YORK TIMES of Nov. 25. In this memorandum it is stated:

"The strategic dispositions of Germany, especially as regards railways, have for some years given rise to the apprehension that Germany would attack France through Belgium."

The disposition of the Third, Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Germany Army Corps and the First, Fourth, and Fifth Cavalry Divisions, from Aug. 2 to 5, shown on French war maps, reveals that the attack was so made.

"the neutrality of Belgium is determined by international conventions" has been repeatedly asserted by its members, from the inauguration of the Imperial Constitution, April 16, 1871, down to Aug. 4, 1914, when the Imperial Chancellor admitted that the presence of German troops in Belgium was "contrary to international law."

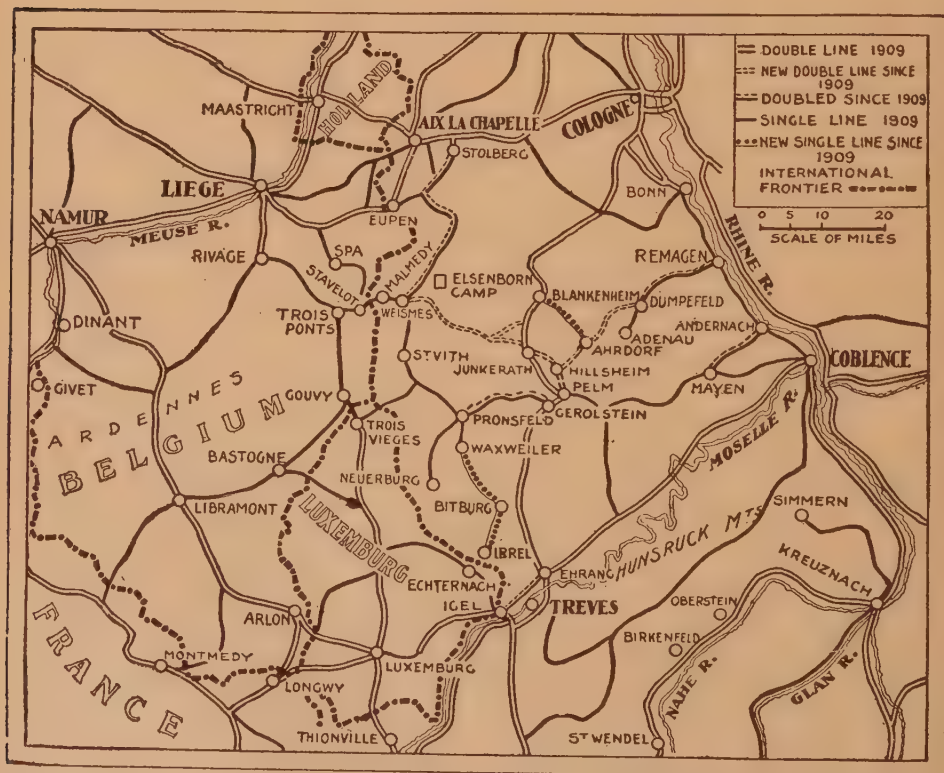
This he stated in the Reichstag. "I speak openly," he had said. That same evening he is reported to have exclaimed to the British Ambassador that "just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her."

There can be no doubt that Germany realized just what she was doing when she marched her troops into Belgium.

The question is, had she any preconceived idea of such a march?

In the southwest corner of Prussia is a rectangular piece of territory, the western and eastern sides of which are formed respectively by the Belgian and Luxemburg frontiers and the River Rhine. This territory includes about 3,600 square miles, and supports a population, including the great centres of Cologne, Coblenz, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Treves, of nearly 1,000,000 souls. In other words, it is an area about half as large as New Jersey, if we omit that State's water surface, and just about as thickly populated.

Five years ago this little corner of Prussia had about 15.10 miles of railway to every 100 square miles of territory and New Jersey 30.23. In five years the Prussian territory has increased her rail-



Map Showing Germany's Plan to Invade Belgium by a Strategic System of Railways Begun in 1909.

way mileage to 28.30 and New Jersey to a little less than 30.25.

Five years ago, in the Prussian territory, the only double lines existing were those from Cologne to Treves, from Coblenze to Treves, and the two double lines, one on each side of the Rhine, from Cologne to Coblenze, thus forming the three sides of a triangle. There was also the double track running from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle. These double lines were fed as commerce required, by only two sets of single-track lines, all amounting to a little less than 550 miles of traction—a very fair service, considering the products of the country covered.

In five years, without any apparent industrial and commercial demand for it, this traction has been increased to nearly twice its length, or to about 1,020 miles. Villages like Dumpelfeld, Ahrdorf, Hillesheim, Pronsfeld, and the health resort of Gerolstein of comic opera fame, all of less than 1,300 inhabitants, have been linked up by double-track lines with towns like Remagen, St. Vith, and Andernach, whose populations only range from 1,500 to 9,000.

Exactly what has been done? In the first place the Stolberg-St. Vith line has been relaid and doubled, and very extensive detraining stations constructed at various points along it, especially at Weiwertz and St. Vith. Then the Remagen-Adenau line has been doubled as far as Dumpelfeld, whence a double line has been continued to Hillesheim, with double branches outward from Hillesheim to Pelm and Junkerath, both on the Cologne-Treves railway.

Then from Ahrdorf, between Dumpelfeld and Hillesheim, a single line has been built to connect with the Cologne-Treves line at Blankenheim, and a most important double track laid across the barren country from Junkerath to Weiwertz on the Stolberg-St. Vith line.

It will thus be seen that five lines converge on Pelm: the double line from Cologne, the new double line from Remagen via Hillesheim, and the single line from Andernach. Pelm is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles from Gerolstein, and yet over this short distance between the two villages there

are laid down six parallel lines of rail, besides numerous additional sidings. Moreover, the double line from Hillesheim to Junkerath crosses over the main Cologne-Treves line by a bridge, and runs parallel to it for some distance before turning off to the left to reach Weiwertz.

In fact, the knot of lines around Junkerath, Pelm and Gerolstein is a marvel of construction for heavy, rapid transit, for no congestion would arise in a case of a sudden flood of traffic going in various directions, and to secure still more freedom the line from Gerolstein to Pronsfeld has been doubled.

Few of these lines, it is to be noted, cross the frontier. Three of them as late as last May led to blind terminals within less than a day's march from it—the double line from Cologne via Stolberg to Weiwertz, the double line from Cologne via Junkerath and Weiwertz to St. Vith, and the double line from Remagen via Hillesheim and Pelm to Pronsfeld.

The cost of the whole system, with its numerous bridges and multiple sidings, must have been enormous. The German average of \$108,500 to the mile would hardly cover it.

Here is what a traveler saw when he visited this corner of Prussia last May:

The observer is as much struck by the significance of the ordinary traffic along these lines as he is by the huge embankments and cuttings on which nothing has yet had time to grow, and by the inordinate extent and number of the sidings to be seen everywhere. Baby trains, consisting of a locomotive and four short cars, dodder along two or three times a day, and if a freight train happens to be encountered, it will be found to be loaded with railway plant.

Another point that is noticeable is that provision exists everywhere at these new junctions and extensions for avoiding an up-line crossing a down-line on the level; the up-line is carried over the down-line by a bridge, involving long embankments on both sides and great expense, but enormously simplifying traffic problems when it comes to a question of full troop trains pushing through at the rate of one every quarter of an hour, and the empty cars returning eastward at the same rate.

The detraining stations are of sufficient length to accommodate the longest troop



train (ten cars) easily, and they generally have at least four sidings apart from the through up-and-down lines. Moreover, at almost every station there are two lines of siding long enough for troop trains, so that they can be used to some extent as detraining stations, and so that a couple of troop trains can be held up at any time while traffic continues uninterrupted.

It is impossible to believe that this system was constructed for any other purpose than to prepare for the exigency which might some day force Germany to ignore the Treaty of 1839 and invade Belgium. At least it presumably accounts for the vast armies which invested Liège and Namur in the early days of last August.

Its existence, in both the light and the darkness of the Treaty of Neu-

trality, shows that Belgium was justified in taking any measures which were likely to preserve her national existence, so obviously threatened. That these measures were always within the letter and spirit of the Treaty of 1839 is so much to her credit.

The strategic lines that Germany built on her frontier would have justified her in going further. Her obligations to herself and to her pledged protectors prevented this. Germany went on with her railway building unchallenged. She laboriously constructed an edifice which is both a monument and an altar—a monument to military forethought and expediency, an altar on which she has sacrificed her national honor.

## GLORY OF WAR

By ADELINE ADAMS

SINGER, why are you white and sad,  
And staring through the stars?"  
"The friend and brother I once had  
Is fallen in the Wars."

"Was he at Mons, or by the Aisne,  
Or near the Flanders shore?"  
"Also at Rheims, and in Lorraine,  
And places many more."

"Had he no children, fair of limb?"  
"Yes, he had many sons,  
But most are fallen there with him,  
Before the monstrous guns."

"And were the daughters of his heart  
Crushed also to the sod?"  
"The nun who saw their lot and part  
Died maniac, cursing God."

"His wife?" "The woman lives, yet dies  
Daily, and with the grace  
Men say befits her sacrifice,  
As it befits her race."

"What was her race, and your friend's rank?  
Was he of the first line?  
And was he Briton, Russ, or Frank,  
Or from beside the Rhine?"

"Ah, many thousand times untold  
My friend was each of these,  
And went from mart or forge or fold,  
To drown in red, red seas!"



Area of War in Western Europe





# Chronology of the War

Showing Progress of Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events From Oct. 15, 1914, to and Including Jan. 7, 1915\*

## CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- Oct. 16—German-Austrian forces assume offensive between the Vistula River and Galicia; fighting near Warsaw and Przemyśl; Germans forced back into arid country from vicinity of Ivangorod; Servians and Montenegrins defeat Austrians at Glasinatz.
- Oct. 17—Germans advance near Mława; their attempts to cross the Vistula repulsed; Austrians claim successes in Galicia; Montenegrins, French, and British bombard Cattaro.
- Oct. 18—Austrians repulsed at River San; both sides claim victories in Przemyśl district; report that Germans have lost heavily in trying to cross the Vistula at Ivangorod; Servians rout Austrians on the Save and the Drina.
- Oct. 19—Fierce fighting near Warsaw and Przemyśl; Servians capture Serajevo forts.
- Oct. 20—Przemyśl forts damaged; Austrians advance in Stryi and Stica Valleys; Servians win at Prekiet.
- Oct. 21—Russian General Staff announces German rout in Poland and halting of Austrians at the San; Servians repel Austrian attacks in Bosnia.
- Oct. 22—Russians defeat Germans near Warsaw; Russians capture many Austrian soldiers and some guns in Galicia.
- Oct. 23—Russians pursue retreating Austrians in Poland; Germans move fortified positions to River Warthe and claim victory west of Augustowo; Austrians reoccupy Czernowitz and announce capture of fortifications around Sambor.
- Oct. 24—Russians drive Germans back forty miles from Warsaw; fighting south of Piliza River; Berlin reports repulse of attacks west of Augustowo; fighting in Galicia; both sides claim victory in Bosnia.
- Oct. 25—Russians defeat German rear guard trying to cross the Rivers Ravka, Skernevka, and Rylka; German-Austrian forces repulsed near Przemyśl; fighting in Bosnia.
- Oct. 26—Battle raging between Rawa and the Iijanka River.
- Oct. 27—New Russian army crosses the Vistula north of Ivangorod; Russians drive Germans from Rawa; Austrians claim victory in Galicia.
- Oct. 28—Germans admit that German and Austrian troops have been forced to retire from Russian Poland as fresh Russians come up; fighting along River San; Hungarian cavalry division almost annihilated in Galicia.
- Oct. 29—Russians split opposing armies north and south of Piliza River; Northern German army in retreat.
- Oct. 30—German Army retreating from the Vistula is hard pressed by the Russians, who capture guns and aeroplanes and reoccupy Czernowitz; Austrian defeat near Tarnow.
- Oct. 31—Germans lose heavily on East Prussian line; Russians occupy towns beyond the Vistula; Austrians capture several Russian positions and win victory on border of Bukovina.
- Nov. 1—Russians regain more of Poland and advance along whole front beyond the Vistula; fighting at Opatow; Montenegrins bombard Cattaro and advance in Herzegovina; Austrian movement checked at Nadworna.
- Nov. 2—Russians advance on East Prussia, while northern force covers Warsaw; Germans retreat in three lines; German-Austrian armies in Poland make another stand; battle between Austrians and Servians near Rovrye.
- Nov. 3—Russians continue advances in East Prussia and Poland; Austrians storm Sabao.
- Nov. 4—Russians capture Barkalarjewo, drive left wing of German army back toward Biala and Lyck, and dislodge rear guards from Kola and Przedborz; Austrians defeated on entire front from Kielce to Sandomierz.
- Nov. 5—Germans in critical position; frost a new misery of the campaign.
- Nov. 6—Russians recapture Jaroslaw; Austrians in retreat along entire Galician front; Germans continue to retreat in East Prussia.

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\*This war chronology is continued from the issue of Jan. 23, and will be carried on in successive issues.

- Nov. 7—Russians attack last fortified German position at Sieradz on the Warthe; Germans check Russians at Kola; Austrian Embassy at Washington denies defeat.
- Nov. 8—Russian cavalry invades Posen Province and destroys railroad near Pleschen; German border population in Posen and Silesia in flight; Russians in Wirballen; Przemysl again attacked.
- Nov. 9—Russians are sweeping over the Prussian frontier; they occupy Goldapp; Germans withdraw further from the Vistula; Austrians are pushed back toward Cracow; Russians take many prisoners near Przemysl; Germans win victory near Wyschtuniz Lake and capture 4,000 prisoners; Servians force Austrian retirement near Shabats; Russians are twenty miles from Insterburg and seventy from Posen; Kaiser's estate at Riminten ruined.
- Nov. 10—Right wing of German Army driven back toward Masurian Lakes; Germans rush reinforcements to Thorn and Posen; Russians occupy Miechow; Austrians defeat Servians near Losnitz.
- Nov. 11—Russians attack Cracow defenses; Austrians are pursuing Servians on Shabats-Losnitz line.
- Nov. 12—Russians control East Prussian frontier railway; siege of Przemysl resumed; Austrians win victory at Pruth; at the San River they try to halt advance on Cracow; Servians rout Austrians who attempt to cross the Danube near Semandria.
- Nov. 13—Austrians evacuate Central Galicia; Russians take Tarnow, Jaslo, and Krosno; Germans face about and advance on Poland on forty-mile front; Germans defeat Russians in Galicia and near Kola.
- Nov. 14—Russians continue advance in East Prussia; they cross the River Schreniava about fifteen miles from Cracow; Germans have successes at Stallupoenen and Vlaclaweo.
- Nov. 15—Germans withdraw from Kalisz and Weljun; they are repulsed near Czenstochow; Russians reach Angerburg.
- Nov. 16—Germans check Russian advance in East Prussia at Stallupoenen; Russians advancing from Soldau are defeated and driven back toward Plock; Russians in Russian Poland driven back to Kutno after German success at Wlozlawsk; Cracow is besieged.
- Nov. 17—Great battle is being fought in Poland between the Vistula and Warthe Rivers; Germans are falling back on the entire line between Gumbinnen and Angerburg; Austrians reach the Kolubara River and capture 8,000 Servians.
- Nov. 18—Russian advance guard between the Vistula and the Warthe driven back toward the Bzura; battle fought at Soldau; Russians advance in East Prussia; Servians and Montenegrins win fight near Trebinje forts.
- Nov. 19—Russians driven back behind the Bzura; Germans, reinforced, advance twelve miles beyond Lenczyca; Russians push forward in East Prussia and Galicia.
- Nov. 20—Russians check von Hindenburg on the Vistula-Warthe line and win success near Lodz; both sides claim success on Cracow-Czenstochow line; Russian advance continues in East Prussia around Masurian Lakes; Russians take four towns in Galicia.
- Nov. 21—Russians take Przemysl trenches and find them filled with lime as cholera preventive; heavy fighting in Poland; fighting at Cracow; lull in East Prussia; Servians fall back on strong positions; they deny Austrian reports of victories.
- Nov. 22—German Army advances to forty miles from Warsaw; fighting on line from Lowicz to Skierniewice; Russians take Gumbinnen; Austrians evacuate Neu Sandec; Russians take 2,000 prisoners near Cracow; Austrians cross Kolubara River and capture many Servians.
- Nov. 23—German advance on Warsaw checked by arrival of Russian reinforcements; many Germans captured near Lowicz; Austrians capture 2,400 Russians at Pilica; successful sortie by Przemysl garrison.
- Nov. 24—Ten-day battle in Poland ends in Russian victory, Germans being pressed back.
- Nov. 25—Left wing of main German Army surrounded in Russian Poland; remainder of army tries to retreat north of Lodz; von Hindenburg reported cut off from Crown Prince; Russians again invade Hungary and corner Austrians in Carpathian passes; Servians rout Austrians, who crossed the Kolubara.
- Nov. 26—Russians report continued successes, while Germans report victories between Lodz and Lowicz; Servians make gains; Austrians report Przemysl undamaged.
- Nov. 27—Germans are sending reinforcements; Austrians admit evacuation of Czernowitz; Montenegrins defeat Austrians near Vishegrad.
- Nov. 28—Germans retreat in Poland, fighting hard; Russians gain near Cracow; and near Strykow; Russians in Czernowitz.
- Nov. 29—Montenegrins defeat Austrians in Bosnia; Russians split German Army at Lodz into three parts and repulse relief column at Bombin; fighting at Strykow and Zgierz; fighting in the Carpathians.
- Nov. 30—Three battles are being fought in Poland; Russians report capture of ten miles of German trenches near Lowicz; Russians fail in attack on Darkehmen; Russians have successes in Galicia and the Carpathians.

- Dec. 1—Germans break through Russian wing near Lodz, capturing 12,000 prisoners and 25 guns; Russians claim they have taken 50,600 Austrian prisoners in two weeks in Galicia; Austrians claim victories and capture of 35,000 Russians in Poland; Russians seize German ammunition barges on the Vistula; Servians capture 1,500 Austrians on the River Djid; Germans are suffering from the cold in Poland.
- Dec. 2—Austrians take Belgrade; both sides claim victories in Poland; Russians win at Szczercow, enter Wieliczka, and occupy strong positions on the Vistula; Montenegrins repulse Austrians trying to cut them off from Servians.
- Dec. 3—Germans claim capture of 100,000 Russians in battles in Poland; they attempt to flank Russian right wing; Austrians repulse assaults on Przemyśl; Russians take Bartfeld; Austrians report continued victories and say that Belgrade was taken at the bayonet's point.
- Dec. 4—Russians win at Lodz; Germans have suffered heavy losses in Poland; Allies land troops in Montenegro.
- Dec. 5—Germans, reinforced, form new battle line and move on Piotrkow, after losing heavily at Lodz.
- Dec. 6—Germans occupy Lodz and drive wedge into Russian centre; one Przemyśl fort falls; Russians shell Cracow.
- Dec. 7—Russians bombard Cracow suburbs; new battle on in Poland; Russians besiege fortress of Lotzen; Germans abandon Zgier; Servians check Austrian advance.
- Dec. 8—Germans again in Cracow.
- Dec. 9—Servians recapture towns of Valjevo and Ushirza, and take many Austrian prisoners; Germans lose heavily in attack on Lowicz; Austrians defeated near Cracow; Russians claim that they have 750,000 Austrian and German prisoners in Russia.
- Dec. 10—Servians capture many Austrians and large stores of supplies.
- Dec. 11—Three German columns repulsed in Poland; Austrians defeated north of Keszmarok and Parovnitza.
- Dec. 12—Servians repulse Austrians at Kosmal; Germans occupy Przanysz, but their front line is pierced; Lodz has been evacuated by the Russians.
- Dec. 13—Germans are defeated in Mława region; Posen prepares for a siege; Austrian right wing, driven into Bosnia by the Servians, is attacked by Montenegrins.
- Dec. 14—Servians reoccupy Belgrade; Austrians reoccupy Dukla in the Carpathians and capture 9,000 Russians; Germans gain in Northern Poland.
- Dec. 15—Austrians abandon Belgrade without a battle; Germans rush fresh troops to the Vistula; Austrians recross Carpathians into Galicia and drive Russian left back toward the San River.
- Dec. 16—King Peter enters Belgrade at head of an army; Servian General Staff announces that country is free of invaders; Russians have new army in Warsaw.
- Dec. 17—Germans report Russian offensive against Silesia and Posen to be completely broken; battle at Sochaczew; Austrians have success in West Galicia.
- Dec. 18—Russians admit falling back and shifting battle lines, but they deny defeat; Russians win in Galicia between Sanok and Lisko; Austrians announce capture of Piotrkow and Przemyśl.
- Dec. 19—Germans capture Lowicz; battle on the Bzura; fighting in Galicia; Russians hold lines on Dunajec River against spirited attacks; Austria claims to hold all West Galicia.
- Dec. 20—Von Hindenburg follows up his success at Lowicz; German wedge driven further toward Warsaw; Russians cross the Bzura and destroy bridges behind them; Death's Head Hussars reported as having been caught in a Russian trap and almost annihilated; Servians and Montenegrins again invade Bosnia.
- Dec. 21—Russians claim that Germans are being pursued into German territory; both sides claim advantages in Poland.
- Dec. 22—Russian Army menaces Thorn-Altenstein-Insterburg railroad; Germans reform to protect it; von Hindenburg's left threatened by a new invasion of Germany; Germans cross branches of Bzura and Rawka Rivers; Austrians are defeated in the Carpathians.
- Dec. 23—Austrians defeated in Carpathians and Southern Galicia.
- Dec. 25—Movement of civilians to interior of East Prussia.
- Dec. 26—Russians gain in south.
- Dec. 28—Russians have raised the siege of Cracow to shatter Austrian armies attempting flank movement; Russians believe German attack on Warsaw has been checked.
- Dec. 30—Germans retreat over the Bzura; Russians advance in South Poland.
- Dec. 31—Germans claim to have taken 136,000 prisoners, 100 cannon, and 300 machine guns in Poland since November; reports from Petrograd state that the Germans lost 200,000 men at the Bzura.
- Jan. 1—Russians invade Hungary; Germans in Poland move south; Austrian Army split by Russian operations in Carpathian region.
- Jan. 2—Germans commence offensive movement against Kielce; Germans fortify captured Polish towns.
- Jan. 3—Germans capture Bolimow; German advance on Kielce fails, as well as German advance between Bzura and Rawka Rivers; Russians take thousands of Austrian prisoners and sweep through Bukovina; Germans rush to defend Cracow.
- Jan. 4—Russians occupy Suczawa; Cracow again threatened.



Jan. 5—Russians defeat Austrians in Uzsook Pass and prepare to invade Transylvania; Germans renew activities along the Vistula.

Jan. 6—New Russian army to take offensive against Germans at Mława; rain is interfering with many field operations; Germans help Austrians check advance against Cracow.

Jan. 7—Mud is hampering Germans.

## CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE

Oct. 16—Germans occupy Ostend; battle line reaches the sea; Allies gain near Lille; French are near Metz; Allies check Germans in attempt to reach Dunkirk.

Oct. 17—Germans advancing again on Dunkirk; sharp fighting in Alsace; British take Fromelles; Allies take Fleurbaix and claim gains on line from Ypres Canal to the sea.

Oct. 18—Announcement that Allies' left has pushed forward thirty miles; they retake Armentières; battle near Nieuport; Belgians repulse German attacks at River Yser; French repulse attack on St. Die and cut railroad in Alsace; Germans evacuate Courtrai; German forces in Bruges move toward French frontier.

Oct. 19—Allies advance between Nieuport and Dixmude; fighting from Ostend to Lille.

Oct. 20—Germans gain near Lille; Allies report recapture of Bruges.

Oct. 21—Allies repulse German attacks at Nieuport, Dixmude, and La Bassée; heavy fighting on the Yser; Germans gain near Lille.

Oct. 22—Battling on the coast; Allies helped by their fleets; cavalry battle at Lille.

Oct. 23—German right wing reinforced and gains ground at La Bassée; Allies gain near Armentières; French retake Altkirch; heavy fighting between the Ghent-Bruges line and Roulers.

Oct. 24—French gain at Nieuport, but lose ground near Dixmude and La Bassée; desperate fighting along Yser Canal.

Oct. 25—Germans cross Yser Canal near Dixmude; Allies press Germans at Ostend; French gain near Lille and they claim command of German line of communication near St. Mihiel; battle at Nieuport.

Oct. 26—German advance checked on the Yser; fighting at Nieuport.

Oct. 27—Allies capture Thourout; fierce fighting on the Yser Canal; Allies claim that Germans have been driven across the eastern frontier near Nancy.

Oct. 28—Allies repulse night attack near Dixmude; they make gains in Ypres region and between La Bassée and Lens.

Oct. 29—Allies gain near Ostend; Germans gain west of Lille and southwest of Verdun; Germans dig intrenchments near Thielt.

Oct. 30—Belgians flood lower valley of the Yser River and compel Germans to withdraw; Germans gain in Argonne region.

Oct. 31—Allies yield ground in Belgium; Germans take two towns south of Ypres; they have success near Soissons; fighting around Verdun.

Nov. 1—Germans reinforced in Belgium; their advance made difficult by floods along the Yser; Allies take Mariakerke and are near Ostend; Allies cross the Yperlee and occupy Bixschoote.

Nov. 2—Germans, reinforced, capture Mesines; French gain at several points in advance to Ostend; Allies take Ramscapele with the bayonet.

Nov. 3—Germans are being flooded out of the Yser region; they capture men and guns east of Soissons and gain ground east of Vailly; Allies check Germans in Argonne region; Belgians trap Germans by ruse at Furnes.

Nov. 4—Germans lose along the Yser and shift their line for a new attack; they repulse Allies south of Verdun and in the Vosges; they gain near Vailly; British and Germans have battled for three days in Ypres region; Germans suffer much in flooded trenches.

Nov. 5—Germans repulsed at Arras; Allies lose, then retake trenches; Germans, stated to have been watched by the Kaiser, beaten at Armentières; Germans gain in Argonne region and in the Vosges; Belgians report progress.

Nov. 6—Allies retake Soupir; they capture German trenches on the Meuse and east of Verdun; battle raging around Ypres; French trap Germans in Arras.

Nov. 7—Battling from the sea to Alsace; Allies recapture lost trenches in centre and take St. Remi; Germans gain southwest of Ypres; Germans set up guns at Ostend.

Nov. 8—Allies gain plateau of Vregny; fighting centres at Ypres; Germans continue attacks between North Sea and the Lys; they gain in Argonne region; Belgians gain at Dixmude and Ypres.

Nov. 9—Germans renew attacks at Ypres and Dixmude; Ypres in flames; fighting on the Aisne.

Nov. 10—Allies advance between Ypres and Armentières and between Rheims and Berry-au-Bac.

Nov. 11—Germans capture Dixmude, cross Yser Canal, capture first line of Allies' position west of Langemarck, and drive them out of St. Eloi; Allies reoccupy Lombaertzyde and repulse attacks near the coast.

Nov. 12—Both sides claim successes on the Yser.

Nov. 13—Germans break through British lines at Ypres; Allies advance on the coast to Bixschoote.

- Nov. 14—Allies check German assaults near Ypres; fighting at Dixmude; Germans win in centre and take Berry-au-Bac; Germans gain in forest of Argonne.
- Nov. 15—Allies drive Germans across the Yser; German gains in Argonne region; they prepare defensive lines from the North Sea to the Rhine.
- Nov. 16—Snow and floods check fighting; artillery duels in progress from Yser Canal to Dixmude; British Press Bureau report of operations up to Nov. 10 praises bravery of Germans.
- Nov. 17—Allies gain ground on the Yser between Armentières and Arras; Germans resume bombardment of Rheims.
- Nov. 18—Zouaves take forest near Bixchoote; Germans mine and blow up west part of Chauvencourt, occupied by the French; fighting continues in West Flanders; Germans have successes in Argonne region and near Crey; pneumonia is in the trenches.
- Nov. 19—Fighting in Flanders slackens; French retake Tracy-le-Val; they are repulsed in the Argonne region; British bombard Dixmude; many cities in West Flanders are in ruins.
- Nov. 20—French abandon Chauvencourt; artillery duel south of Ypres; British gain at Bixchoote; new big gun of Allies is doing effective work; French wreck German earthworks and supply trains near Rheims.
- Nov. 21—French artillery stops German attacks in Woevre district; French capture heights at Ornes and advance in Argonne region.
- Nov. 22—Cold halts fighting on the Yser; Ypres is bombarded; artillery fighting near Soissons and Vailly; Germans trapped by floods at Dixmude; Germans fortify Belgian coast.
- Nov. 23—Fierce fighting in the Argonne; Ypres again bombarded; German operations in Belgium checked by bad weather.
- Nov. 24—Germans attack Allies from Ypres to La Bassée.
- Nov. 25—French bombard Arncliffe and claim general gains; Germans gain at Arras; Indian troops retake lost trenches in Flanders.
- Nov. 26—Allies' armored train wrecks bridge across the Yser.
- Nov. 27—Rheims again bombarded; French gain in Alsace.
- Nov. 28—Germans mass near Arras; new British army has landed in France.
- Nov. 29—Allies capture important positions near Ypres; health of Germans on the Yser endangered by flooded trenches.
- Nov. 30—German losses on the Yser are found to have been very heavy.
- Dec. 1—Germans prepare for new dash toward the sea; cold is depleting the British ranks; Germans on the Belgian coast are suffering from famine, disease, and cold; battle on the Yser renewed; Germans are active north of Arras.
- Dec. 2—British, reinforced, take over the command of the Yser region.
- Dec. 3—Germans take offensive between Ypres and Dixmude; they lose heavily in trying to cross the Yser on rafts; French occupy Lesmenils; they take Tête de Faux in the Vosges, and Burnhaupt in Alsace.
- Dec. 4—Allies repeatedly attack the German lines in Flanders; fresh reserves are waiting behind Allies' lines.
- Dec. 5—French gain in Upper Alsace; they try to drive Germans from St. Mihiel.
- Dec. 6—Allies make advances in France.
- Dec. 7—Allies begin a general offensive movement; Belgians repulse a German boat attack along Yser Canal; Germans are leaving Alsace.
- Dec. 8—German headquarters moved from Roulers; Germans make new attack on Dixmude.
- Dec. 9—Belgians capture German trenches on the Yser by a ruse; Germans shell Ypres and Furnes.
- Dec. 10—Germans evacuate Roulers and Armentières; French win victory at Vermelles.
- Dec. 11—Allies push forward; Germans rush guns to Ostend.
- Dec. 12—Allies drive Germans across the Yser Canal.
- Dec. 13—Allies have repulsed persistent German attacks in a three-day battle on the Lys; French gain in St. Mihiel region.
- Dec. 14—French continue aggressive movements in Alsace and Lorraine.
- Dec. 15—Allies advance on the whole front in movement to drive Germans from Belgium; German attacks south of Ypres repulsed and way to Roulers opened.
- Dec. 16—Germans evacuate Dixmude; German defenses near Arras mined; Allies maintain offensive; Germans force the fighting in Argonne region; Allies make gains from Arras to the sea; Germans repulsed in Woevre-region and in Alsace.
- Dec. 17—Allies enter Westende; Germans rush more troops to Belgium.
- Dec. 18—Allies take Roulers; fighting in Lille and near Arras.
- Dec. 19—Allies gain at several points from the North Sea to the Oise; they lose near La Bassée.
- Dec. 21—Allies extend offensive operations; they report progress in the centre.
- Dec. 22—Allies press offensive; Germans shell hospital at Ypres; they claim that Allies' advance has failed.
- Dec. 23—Allies make slight gains.
- Dec. 24—British are using new howitzers; some German trenches have been torn to bits by French guns.
- Dec. 25—Reported that the French are shelling the outer forts of Metz; unofficial truce along much of the battle front; sol-

- diers feast and get many gifts from home; in some instances Allies and Germans exchange gifts and visits.
- Dec. 26—Fog halts fighting in Flanders.
- Dec. 27—Germans pushing preparations for defense of Antwerp.
- Dec. 28—New Paris defenses are completed; the Rhine is being additionally fortified.
- Dec. 29—Germans reinforce line in Belgium.
- Dec. 31—Lull in the fighting on most of the front in Flanders and France; French take half of the village of Steinbach, Upper Alsace, which is of strategic importance.
- Jan. 3—French gain near Rheims and St. Mihiel, but are repulsed near St. Menen; floods hinder fighting; conditions in Yser trenches are very bad.
- Jan. 4—Germans admit loss of Steinbach.
- Jan. 5—Germans are moving big guns from Ostend; French press on toward Cernay.
- Jan. 6—French make further progress at St. Mihiel; bombardment of Furnes necessitates shifting of Belgian headquarters.
- Jan. 7—French make progress in direction of Altkirch.

### CAMPAIGN IN FAR EAST

- Oct. 30—Japanese attack Germans at Tsingtau; Indian troops aid Japanese.
- Nov. 1—Desperate fighting at Tsingtau; city is in flames.
- Nov. 4—Japanese capture German guns and 800 prisoners at Tsingtau.
- Nov. 6—Germans surrender Tsingtau fortress.
- Nov. 7—Formal capitulation of Tsingtau; Japanese will administer city.

### CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA

- Oct. 28—Belgians defeat Germans on Lake Tanganyika.
- Oct. 29—Allies take Edo.
- Nov. 4—Germans defeat British in German East Africa.
- Nov. 7—Belgians aid British forces in the Congo.
- Nov. 23—British defeated in attack on German railway terminus in East Africa.
- Nov. 27—Maritz, Union of South Africa revolutionist, defeated.
- Dec. 10—Governor General Lord Buxton says that the revolution in the Union of South Africa is ended and reports capture of 7,000 rebels.
- Dec. 23—Portuguese retreat before Germans in Angola.

### CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR AND EGYPT

- Oct. 29—Turkey begins war with Russia by bombarding Odessa from the sea.
- Nov. 2—Russians and Turks are fighting near Trebizond.
- Nov. 3—Turks claim victory over Russians in Armenia; German officers are with camel corps on Turkish-Egyptian frontier; Suez Canal threatened.

- Nov. 4—Russia begins invasion of Armenia.
- Nov. 5—England and France declare war on Turkey; Russians seize Armenian towns; Turks have successes in Kara-Kilissa and Tehan districts; England annexes the Island of Cyprus; German officer sentenced to life imprisonment by Egyptian police for having plans to dynamite Suez Canal.

### Nov. 6—Armenians besiege town of Van.

- Nov. 7—Russians have successes northeast of Kara-Kilissa.
- Nov. 8—Russians take Kereklol in Armenia and hold road to Erzerum.
- Nov. 9—Russians take Turkish fort near Erzerum and pursue Kurdish cavalry; Russians win at Kohrikol on River Araxes.
- Nov. 10—France, England, Russia, Belgium, and Serbia issue a formal declaration of war against Turkey; both sides claim victories in Erzerum region.
- Nov. 13—Russians advance on Erzerum from three directions; Turks fail in flank attack.
- Nov. 14—Russians rout Kurds in cavalry battle in Armenia; Turks have success on Caucasian border.
- Nov. 15—Turks occupy Persian town of Kourtur; British troops land in Basra Province; Indian troops, aided by British cruiser, occupy Turba, Arabia.
- Nov. 16—Russians defeated near Koprakeui; British take Turkish camp at Fao.
- Nov. 17—Russians checked near Fao; Turks occupy Duzkeuy.
- Nov. 19—Russians defeat Kurds in Persian Armenia; fighting near Urumiah; British success in Arabia.
- Nov. 22—Turks win near Port Said and reach Suez Canal; Russians gain near Juzveran.
- Nov. 23—British defeat Turks near Persian Gulf.
- Nov. 24—Russians defeat Turks in Armenia.
- Nov. 26—Turkish advance checked in Armenia.
- Nov. 28—Fierce fighting in the Caucasus; Enver Bey starts for Egypt.
- Dec. 6—Turks occupy Keda.
- Dec. 8—Turks defeated near Batum.
- Dec. 9—Turks at Kurna surrender to Indian troops.
- Dec. 10—British take 1,100 Turkish prisoners and nine guns.
- Dec. 11—Sheik Klazim, Chief of the Shiites, proclaims a holy war; Turks report occupation of Geda.
- Dec. 15—Senussi tribesmen threaten Egypt.
- Dec. 18—Turks reinforced in Asia Minor.
- Dec. 20—Turks gain near Lake Urumiah.
- Dec. 21—Russians win in Armenia; Turks lose equipment.
- Dec. 22—Arabs menace Christians in Hodeida; French Consul is seized.



- Dec. 23—Turkish Army leaves Damascus and marches toward Suez Canal.  
 Dec. 25—Russo-Turkish operations stopped by cold.  
 Jan. 1—Turks invade Russia but fail to envelop Russian forces.  
 Jan. 2—Turks penetrate into the Russian Caucasus and occupy Ardahan.  
 Jan. 4—Turks ravage Persian territory.  
 Jan. 5—Russians rout Turkish columns at Ardahan and Sari-Kamysh; Russians capture Izzet Pasha.  
 Jan. 7—Turks occupy Urumiah.

### NAVAL RECORD

- Oct. 16—British cruiser Hawke sunk by German submarine U-9; British tramp steamship Induna sunk by Germans; British steamer Guendolen fires on German ship on Lake Nyassa; British and Japanese warships bombard fort near Tsing-tau.  
 Oct. 17—British squadron, led by the Undaunted, sinks four German torpedo-boat destroyers off Dutch coast; allied fleets bombard Cattaro.  
 Oct. 19—British battleship Triumph damaged at Tsing-tau; Japanese cruiser Takachiho sunk by German submarine S-90 in Kiaochau Bay; British fleet helps to repel German land attacks between Nieupoort and Dixmude; Austrian submarine sunk in Adriatic by French cruiser.  
 Oct. 20—German warships sink British submarine E-3; British gunboats fight German submarines and coast batteries; Japanese fleet takes islands of Marianne group; two German ships sunk at Jaluit; British steamer Giltera sunk by German submarine off Norwegian coast.  
 Oct. 21—British monitors Severn and Mersey shell German right flank; Cattaro again bombarded by French fleet, attack of Austrian submarines being repulsed; German cruiser Emden sinks five British steamships and captures a sixth in Indian Ocean; British steamer Cormorant sunk.  
 Oct. 22—British torpedo boat damaged by German artillery fire off Nieupoort; French ships aid British in bombardment near Ostend; British auxiliary cruiser Carmania damaged.  
 Oct. 23—Allies' squadrons seeking German cruisers Emden and Karlsruhe; Emden's activity is having a bad effect on Indian shipping; French ships aid British in shelling Belgian coast towns.  
 Oct. 24—British destroyer Badger sinks German submarine; Ostend bombarded by French warships.  
 Oct. 25—Japanese sink German cruiser Aetolus off Honolulu.  
 Oct. 26—Vessel containing French and Belgian refugees sunk near Calais, probably by a mine, the passengers being rescued by a British ship; Germans claim that the British ships have been driven back from the Belgian coast.  
 Oct. 27—Germans lay mines off Irish coast; British freighter Manchester Commerce sunk; Germany demands that China release shipwrecked sailors of submarine S-90, which was destroyed by the Germans when being pursued by Japanese.  
 Oct. 28—Emden sinks Japanese steamer; Japanese cruiser Chitose repulses attack by two German warships.  
 Oct. 29—Emden, flying the Japanese flag, enters Penang Harbor and sinks Russian cruiser Jemthug and a French destroyer; Turkish warships shell Theodosia and sink two Russian steamers; British vessels slightly damaged off Belgian coast, with ten men killed; Swedish steamer Ornen and two British fishing boats sunk by mine in North Sea; British sink German steamer in the Adriatic.  
 Oct. 30—Russian and Turkish fleets in battle in the Black Sea; Turkish torpedo boats bombard Odessa, sinking Russian gunboat Donets, three Russian liners, and French steamer Portugal.  
 Oct. 31—Japanese and British warships attack Tsing-tau; German submarine sinks British cruiser Hermes in Strait of Dover; Turkish cruiser bombards Sebastopol; Russian fleet attacks Turkish fleet near Sebastopol.  
 Nov. 1—German squadron under Admiral von Spee defeats British squadron under Rear Admiral Cradock off Coronel, Chile; British flagship Good Hope and the cruiser Monmouth go down with all on board; Germans suffer but slightly; shelling of allied fleets sets fire to Tsing-tau.  
 Nov. 2—Turkish (formerly German) cruiser Goeben damaged by fire from Russian forts; British ship scuttled in Black Sea; Turkish commander sinks his ship to prevent capture; Germans blockade coast of Asiatic Turkey with mines; Karlsruhe captures British steamers Vandyck, Hurtsdale, and Glanton.  
 Nov. 3—Anglo-French squadron bombards the Dardanelles forts; British cruiser Minerva bombards Akabah, Arabia, and sailors occupy the town; British submarine D-5 sunk by mine in North Sea.  
 Nov. 4—Austrian cruiser Kaiserin Elizabeth sunk by Germans to prevent seizure; Anglo-French fleet continues bombardment of Dardanelles forts; German warships seen off coast of England; German cruiser Yorck sunk by mine in Jade Bay.  
 Nov. 5—British tow German sailing ship into Queenstown, the Captain not having heard of the war; British mine sweeper Mary sunk in North Sea.  
 Nov. 6—British ships shell Belgian coast; Turks bombard Batum; British warship damaged while shelling Dardanelles forts.  
 Nov. 7—Japanese squadron searches for German squadron in the Pacific; Russians bombard Turkish Black Sea ports.

- Nov. 8—Russians report sinking of four Turkish transports; Turks sink Greek steamer carrying British flag; two Dardanelles forts destroyed by bombardment.
- Nov. 9—Emden escapes British warship, but loses her store ships; Russians bombard Bosphorus ports; Swedish steamer Ate blown up by mine.
- Nov. 10—Australian cruiser Sydney wrecks German cruiser Emden, which had destroyed more than \$5,000,000 worth of British shipping; war risks drop in consequence; British Admiralty reports that the German cruiser Koenigsberg has been bottled up in the Rufiji River, German East Africa.
- Nov. 11—British torpedo boat Niger sunk by German submarine; Japanese torpedo boat sunk by mine in Kiao-Chau Bay.
- Nov. 12—Turkish torpedo boat captured by Allies; Turkish cruiser Goeben crippled by shell.
- Nov. 14—News comes to America by mail of the sinking of the British super-dreadnought Audacious on Oct. 27 off the Irish coast; apparently done by a mine.
- Nov. 15—Many mines picked up by Dutch coast guards; mine layer flying Norwegian flag and manned by German sailors captured at Belfast; British cruiser Edinburgh aids in capture of Turba, Arabia, by Indian troops.
- Nov. 16—Mine cast up by sea kills seven in Holland.
- Nov. 17—Swedish steamer Andrew sunk by mine in North Sea; German squadron bombards Libau; Russian Black Sea fleet attacks Trebizond; German cruiser Berlin interned at Trondhjem to escape enemy.
- Nov. 19—British naval guns bombard Dixmude; French cruiser Waldeck Rousseau sinks Austrian submarine.
- Nov. 20—Austrian steamer Metkovitch sunk by mine off Dalmatian coast.
- Nov. 21—The Goeben badly damaged in Black Sea.
- Nov. 22—Turkish warships shell Taupse, but are repulsed by Russian land batteries.
- Nov. 23—British warship Patrol rams German submarine U-18 and captures crew off coast of Scotland; German destroyer S-124 wrecked in collision with Danish steamer.
- Nov. 24—French bark Valentine sunk by Germans near Island of Mas a Fuera; British ships attack German naval base at Zeebrugge.
- Nov. 25—British steamer Malachite sunk by German submarine near Havre.
- Nov. 26—British battleship Bulwark blown up in the Thames; magazine explosion is the accepted theory, but there is some suspicion that it was the work of spies; Turkish mine layer sunk in the Bosphorus; cruiser Goeben is being repaired.
- Nov. 27—British collier Khartoum blown up by mine off Grimsby.
- Nov. 28—Norwegian and Danish trawlers seized by the British for laying mines while using English port as base; British fishermen sweep coast waters for mines.
- Nov. 30—British ships again bombard Zeebrugge.
- Dec. 3—Danish steamer Mary blown up by mine in North Sea, six men dying.
- Dec. 6—Forty British and French war vessels are off the Dardanelles.
- Dec. 7—British steamer Charcas sunk by German transport in the Pacific; Swedish ships Luna and Everilda sunk by mines.
- Dec. 8—British squadron under Vice Admiral Sturdee defeats German squadron under Admiral von Spee off the Falkland Islands; German flagship Scharnhorst and the cruisers Gneisenau, Leipzig, and Nurnberg are sunk; the British casualties are slight.
- Dec. 9—Three German merchantmen sunk in South Atlantic; Gulf of Bothnia closed because of mines.
- Dec. 10—German submarine raid on Dover repulsed by the forts; Turkish gunboat sunk by defense mine.
- Dec. 12—Turkish fleet bombards Batum.
- Dec. 14—British submarine B-11, by diving under five rows of mines, sinks Turkish battleship Messudieh in the Dardanelles.
- Dec. 15—German cruiser Cormorant interned at Guam; Turks bombard Sebastopol.
- Dec. 16—German warships shell the English coast towns of Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby; about 120 persons are killed and 550 wounded; British warships shell Westende.
- Dec. 17—Austrian training ship Beethoven sunk by mine; British squadron bombards Turkish troops on Gulf of Saros; Russians sink German steamship Derentie off Turkish coast; Norwegian ship Vaaren sunk by mine in North Sea; three British ships sunk by mines.
- Dec. 18—British auxiliary cruiser Empress of Japan captures collier Exford with forty of Emden's crew on board; Russian Black Sea fleet sinks two Turkish ships.
- Dec. 19—Russian warship Askold captures German steamer Haifa and sinks a Turkish steamer; British warships shell German positions between Nieuport and Mid-delkerke.
- Dec. 20—Allied fleets bombard interior forts of the Dardanelles.
- Dec. 21—British capture German steamers Baden and Santa Isabel.
- Dec. 22—Allied fleets shell German positions along Belgian coast; French destroyer shells Turkish troops; allied fleets shell Kilid Bahr.
- Dec. 23—Russian destroyers in Black Sea bombard coast villages.
- Dec. 24—French cruiser slightly damaged by Austrian torpedo; French submarine sunk by shore batteries.

- Dec. 26—British make naval and air attack on German fleet without important results; French attack Austrian naval base at Pola on the Adriatic.
- Dec. 27—British cruisers, assisted by sea-planes, attack German naval base at Cuxhaven; British claim to have done considerable damage.
- Dec. 29—English coast towns expected American sympathy over German raid; dread new raid, and hold navy was dilatory.
- Dec. 30—French submarine torpedoes Austrian dreadnought Viribus Unitis, but fails to sink her.
- Dec. 31—Thirty French and British warships are bombarding Pola.
- Jan. 1—British battleship Formidable torpedoed and sunk in English Channel; 600 men lost.
- Jan. 4—Official Press Bureau at Berlin announces that the Formidable was sunk by a submarine off Plymouth; British ships shell Dar-es-Salaam, German East Africa.
- Jan. 6—Turkish cruiser Goeben damaged by mines.
- Jan. 7—Germans state that Austrian submarines are holding back French fleet in the Adriatic.

### AERIAL RECORD

- Oct. 23—German Taube brought down in Dunkirk; Reymond, French aviator, killed near Verdun; German aviators drop bombs on Warsaw.
- Oct. 24—Zeppelins harry fighters southwest of Ostend.
- Oct. 25—Five German aeroplanes destroyed by French.
- Oct. 27—New Zeppelin flies northward from Friedrichshafen; new British gun is effective against airmen.
- Oct. 29—German airmen drop bombs on Béthune, nineteen women being killed; British airman chases bomb-dropping Taube at Hazebrouck.
- Oct. 30—French airmen rain bombs on German officers near Dunkirk.
- Nov. 3—German airman drops bombs on Furnes; three German aeroplanes brought down near Souain; British airman drops bombs in Thielt.
- Nov. 6—Austrian airmen drop bombs on Antivari.
- Nov. 13—Russian cavalry captures two German aviators near Plock.
- Nov. 14—Austrian aeroplane drops bombs on Antivari.
- Nov. 15—Prince Danilo's villa in Antivari wrecked by aeroplane bomb.
- Nov. 21—French and British aeroplanes drop bombs on Zeppelin sheds at Friedrichshafen; one French airman shot down.
- Nov. 24—Aeroplane bomb dropped in Warsaw street kills several people and narrowly misses American Consulate; airmen are using steel arrows to drop from aeroplanes.

- Nov. 26—British aviator wrecks German military train.
- Nov. 29—German aviators drop bombs on Lodz; French aviators drop circulars inviting German soldiers to desert.
- Dec. 5—Aeroplane bombs dropped near Baden.
- Dec. 6—Russian aviators attack Breslau forts; French aviators attack Freiburg.
- Dec. 7—Major Gen. von Meyer killed by an arrow dropped by an aviator; Ostend set on fire by aeroplane bombs; ten killed at Hazebrouck by bomb dropped by German aviator.
- Dec. 8—German airmen drop appeals to Indian troops to desert British.
- Dec. 9—Aviator of Allies destroys Scheldt pontoon bridge at Antwerp; Belgian aviator destroys three German motor trucks and scatters cavalry detachment.
- Dec. 12—German airman who dropped bombs on Hazebrouck killed by French shells.
- Dec. 16—British and French aviators are making raids almost daily into German territory.
- Dec. 18—French aviators drop bombs in Lorraine.
- Dec. 19—Two German aviators stranded on a Danish island and interned in Denmark.
- Dec. 20—German aeroplane drops bomb on Calais.
- Dec. 21—Aviators of Allies drop bombs in Brussels and make night attack near Ostend.
- Dec. 22—Deschamps, Belgian aviator, killed by his own bomb.
- Dec. 24—German aeroplane, trying to reach Paris, is shot down; German aviator drops bomb in Dover.
- Dec. 25—Two German aviators fly up the Thames, but are routed by British.
- Dec. 26—Zeppelin drops bombs on Nancy; German aeroplanes make raid in Russian Poland; French aviators attack Metz.
- Dec. 30—German airmen drop bombs in Dunkirk, killing fifteen; French aviators active in Flanders.
- Jan. 1—German aeroplanes bombard Dunkirk.
- Jan. 3—Austrian aviator drops bombs on Kielece.
- Jan. 4—French aviators drop bombs near Brussels.

### AMERICAN INTERESTS

- Oct. 30—Slight damage to American property in bombardment of Odessa.
- Oct. 31—American Refugee Society formed in the United States.
- Nov. 10—Henry Field, grandson of the late Marshall Field, is serving as a British Army chauffeur.
- Nov. 13—British authorities demand that Americans show passports on embarking for home.
- Nov. 19—American Consulate in Berlin takes charge of the work of finding American baggage in Germany.
- Nov. 25—Rush for new passports by Americans in London.



Nov. 28—American Ambassador to Turkey says American missionaries are not being molested.

Dec. 28—American Government sends memorandum to British Government through Ambassador Page vigorously protesting against interference with American commerce by British warships; American Relief Committee in London still busy, and renews lease of its offices.

Dec. 31—Full text of American note on British interference with American trade is given out in full simultaneously at Washington and London; the war has cost the United States \$382,000,000 in decreased exports up to Dec. 1, according to statement issued by Department of Commerce.

### AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Oct. 17—Men formerly found physically unfit to be now re-examined.

Oct. 20—Wounded fill Budapest and South Austrian towns.

Oct. 21—Troops rushed from Italian frontier to strengthen German line in Belgium; Gen. Bruderman, defender of Lemberg, disgraced.

Oct. 27—Acute distress in Southern Hungary; there are reports of sedition in the army.

Oct. 30—France is arranging for repatriation of Austrian citizens.

Nov. 3—It is reported that Austria is seeking a separate peace.

Nov. 10—Lists of losses show that many Hungarian nobles have been killed in battle.

Nov. 12—Army mutineers are shot.

Nov. 22—Cholera in Przemyśl.

Dec. 2—Hungarian Chamber of Deputies votes war bills.

Dec. 3—Opposition members of Hungarian Parliament are bitter against the Germans.

Dec. 6—Defenses of Vienna are being strengthened.

Dec. 8—No music after midnight allowed in Vienna; 60,000 wounded are in hospital there.

Dec. 10—Czech regiments refuse to fight against Serbia.

Dec. 16—Anti-war riots in some cities.

Dec. 17—Emperor orders displacement of Field Marshal Potiorek because of defeat in Servian campaign.

Dec. 22—Many soldiers killed in troop train accident.

Dec. 23—Discontent is being manifested in Hungary; independence movement gains headway.

Dec. 30—Anti-war riots throughout the country; Servian campaign is abandoned.

Dec. 31—Emperor issues a New Year's rescript to the army and navy, praising bravery of soldiers and sailors.

Jan. 2—Conditions in Trieste are distressing.

### BELGIUM

Oct. 16—People delay returning to Antwerp, where Germans are levying on city for supplies; refugees flock to Dover.

Oct. 18—Full text of Belgium's "Gray Paper" published in THE NEW YORK TIMES; movement to secure supplies in England; famine acute.

Oct. 19—Fifty thousand refugees return from Holland; there are nearly 1,000,000 refugees in Great Britain, France, and Holland.

Oct. 21—British Official Press Bureau praises Belgian Army; Cardinal Mercier returns to Belgium from Holland and urges all Catholic refugees to follow him; water supply restored and tramways running in Antwerp; Brussels now governed as a German city.

Oct. 22—Government denies anti-German plot with England before the war and calls on German press to print alleged records of such plot seized at Brussels.

Oct. 24—German public is stirred by stories of brutalities by Belgian civilians toward wounded Germans.

Oct. 26—Millions are facing starvation.

Oct. 28—One-fourth of the Belgian Army is disabled.

Oct. 29—Many Belgian wounded in Calais.

Oct. 31—Maeterlinck says that buildings in Brussels have been mined.

Nov. 12—Sightseers visit Louvain; city is being restored.

Nov. 16—Fuel supply problem is becoming serious.

Nov. 18—Faculty of University of Louvain invited to University of Notre Dame.

Nov. 21—German Information Service says that Belgians interned in Holland are bitter against the British for lack of sufficient aid at Antwerp.

Nov. 22—Mayor of Ypres shot by Allies as a spy.

Nov. 23—Maeterlinck appeals to the United States and Italy to save Flemish art treasures.

Nov. 24—Encounters are frequent between smugglers and Germans at Dutch border.

Nov. 26—Germany publishes photographic reproduction of document which, it charges, proves Anglo-Belgian military agreement.

Nov. 30—Rotterdam reports that Germany has decided to levy a tax of \$7,000,000 a month on Belgium, and an additional tax of \$75,000,000.

Dec. 13—Brussels and suburbs decide to pay fine to Germans.

Dec. 15—Provincial councils ordered by German Governor General to meet to consider payment of tax; bankers prepare to pay it.

Dec. 20—Representatives of provinces agree to pay tax.

Dec. 23—Report from London that Brussels tax has been waived and that the American Minister protested against its imposition.

- Dec. 26—Neutral nations notified by Germany that Consuls will not be recognized further.
- Dec. 28—Minister to United States protests against cancellation of consular exequaturs by Germany.
- Dec. 29—Belgian authorities point out to United States that Germany's decision to cancel exequaturs raises question of sovereignty in Belgium.
- Jan. 3—Ghent taxes bachelors to meet German demands.

### CANADA

- Oct. 16—Canadian troops go into camp at Salisbury Plain, England.
- Oct. 19—There are a considerable number of men from New York in camp at Salisbury Plain.
- Oct. 21—Americans in Montreal supply funds for armored motor cars with American crews.
- Oct. 29—Border residents apprehensive of raids by Germans and Austrians living in United States.
- Nov. 3—German newspaper in the West ordered to stop printing seditious matter.
- Nov. 4—King and Queen visit troops on Salisbury Plain.
- Nov. 6—Indians contribute to war fund and offer to send warriors.
- Nov. 7—Soldiers go sightseeing in London.
- Nov. 8—Major Gen. Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defense, returns from England; he says troops are well, but will not go to front for some time; they are to have additional training.
- Nov. 11—Mines laid near Victoria.
- Nov. 14—Premier Borden says hosts of men are volunteering.
- Nov. 18—Men in Canadian regiments who are said to be of German blood are rejected by British authorities.
- Nov. 20—German newspapers barred from Canada.
- Nov. 24—American Consuls directed to assist German and Austrian subjects in Canada.
- Nov. 27—Canadian doctors arrive in France to establish hospital.
- Nov. 28—Precautions are taken against possible raids across Niagara River by Germans.
- Dec. 26—German reservists reported to be gathering in California to raid Vancouver; report not taken seriously by Canadian authorities.
- Dec. 31—Princess Patricia's Light Infantry Regiment reaches the front.

### EGYPT

- Nov. 2—Martial law proclaimed.
- Nov. 14—Moslems pay no attention to Turkish war moves.
- Nov. 21—Turks and Germans seek to sow sedition.

- Nov. 29—Princess Abbas and Osman banished by British authorities on charge of engaging in anti-British conspiracy.
- Dec. 1—Premier Rushdi Pasha declares for Britain; he tells of benefits conferred on his country by British.
- Dec. 17—England declares protectorate; Turkish suzerainty at an end.
- Dec. 18—France recognizes British protectorate.

### ENGLAND

- Oct. 16—Labor Party declares sympathy with Government; London hotels discharge German and Austrian help.
- Oct. 17—Winston Churchill defends sending of marines to Antwerp; he says relief plans miscarried.
- Oct. 18—Anti-German riots in London.
- Oct. 19—Irish Nationalists, at meeting in London, take pledge to avenge Belgium; many arrests for the looting of German shops.
- Oct. 20—Germans and Austrians expelled from Brighton.
- Oct. 21—All unnaturalized German and Austrian residents between ages of 17 and 45 are to be taken to detention camps.
- Oct. 22—Westminster Abbey heavily insured against aeroplane hazard.
- Oct. 24—More anti-German plots in London; paintings removed from National Gallery to places of safety; Kitchener order sobriety among soldiers; Germany protests to neutrals against seizure of Germans on neutral merchant ships.
- Oct. 25—John Redmond urges Irish to enlist.
- Oct. 27—Government complains that many Germans are getting consular certificates from American officials by posing as Englishmen.
- Nov. 1—British affairs in Turkey turned over to American Embassy.
- Nov. 2—Admiralty orders North Sea closed to commerce; Turkish Ambassador handed his passports.
- Nov. 3—Government will not molest American ships carrying cotton to German ports.
- Nov. 4—Americans will fight as First London Machine Battery.
- Nov. 5—Proclamation that holy places in Arabia and Mesopotamia must not be touched.
- Nov. 6—Detectives say some London buildings are strong German forts; large trade in mourning clothes in London; Sweden protests against closing of North Sea.
- Nov. 7—Government thanks United States State Department for help rendered at Constantinople by Ambassador Morgenthau.
- Nov. 8—Japanese Emperor and Empress send thanks for British aid at Tsing-tau.
- Nov. 10—Karl Hans Lody shot as a spy in the Tower of London; when first arrested he claimed to be an American.

Nov. 11—Germans are exhibiting dumdum bullets which they charge have been taken from British soldiers.

Nov. 12—Mass meeting in London in support of Kitchener's appeal for ~~vengeance~~ <sup>vengeance</sup> by soldiers.

Nov. 13—Officers sent to Russia to discuss tactics of eastern campaign; sentry in concentration camp kills a German prisoner.

Nov. 14—Under Secretary of War Tennant urges football players to enlist.

Nov. 17—War Office denies that British have used dumdum bullets, but accuses Germans of using them; less crime in the country.

Nov. 20—House of Commons votes additional army of 1,000,000 men.

Nov. 21—Balfour says there must be no patched-up truce; Somali chiefs in Jubaland want to join the army; 19,000 members of the Automobile Association have given their cars for army use.

Nov. 22—Five German rioters killed in detention camp on Isle of Man.

Nov. 23—Newspapers show disgust over failure of attempts to get football players and spectators to enlist; recruiting is slow in Manchester; War Office is advertising for officers.

Nov. 25—Coast towns prepare to resist invasion; Indian soldier receives Victoria Cross; shooting of prisoners on Isle of Man has angered Germany; reprisals feared.

Nov. 27—Coroner's jury finds that shooting of prisoners on Isle of Man was justified; London newspapers agree to curtail football news as aid to recruiting.

Nov. 28—Two German spies found in new army just landed in France; famous athletes on casualty lists.

Dec. 1—German-born members of Parliament remain away from war sessions.

Dec. 2—Dublin newspaper suppressed for opposing enlistment and expressing pro-German sentiment.

Dec. 5—Many football players are enlisting.

Dec. 9—Preparations are being made to meet possible German landing.

Dec. 11—Gibraltar is being provisioned.

Dec. 12—German officer found hidden in packing case at Gravesend.

Dec. 14—Government is searching for German wireless station on Norfolk coast which is blocking messages.

Dec. 16—Movement to form women's volunteer reserve.

Dec. 17—Many Germans arrested following raid on coast towns; numerous cases of ptomaine poisoning in Blackheath Camp.

Dec. 19—Many soldiers are insane or have nervous prostration as a result of battle horrors.

Dec. 21—Some German prisoners of war are being placed on prison ships.

Dec. 23—Germany's offer to exchange one British prisoner of war for five German prisoners is declined.

Dec. 26—Government has constructed a bridge of boats across the Thames.

Dec. 30—Archbishop of Canterbury appeals for recruits.

Dec. 31—An undercurrent of irritation is evident over the American note on interference with American commerce; a new decoration, the Military Cross, has been instituted for the army.

Jan. 3—Day of intercession and prayer throughout the Empire; second expeditionary force sails for England from Australia; a third force is being recruited.

Jan. 4—Many men leave their positions in civil life to join the army as a result of the raid on the coast towns.

Jan. 6—Many clergymen are enlisting.

## FRANCE

Oct. 16—Learned societies plan expulsion of German members.

Oct. 17—Germans arrested in Paris; coal supply low in Paris; sugar prices are rising.

Oct. 18—President Poincaré's country house destroyed.

Oct. 20—Military authorities deny German charge that towers of Rheims Cathedral are used as observation post.

Oct. 21—Baron de Coubertin will train young men who would normally enter the army in 1916; Germany protests against alleged cruelties.

Oct. 22—It is reported that 500,000 new soldiers are ready to fight.

Oct. 24—Lille and Rheims have been much damaged by German shells; exchange of civilians with Germany begins.

Oct. 26—German property in France not confiscated, but taken into trusteeship.

Oct. 28—Many volunteer to give their blood to help Dr. Carrel in saving the wounded.

Oct. 29—Count de Chambrun shells his own home.

Oct. 30.—Château of Princess Hohenlohe seized.

Nov. 1—Envoy asks for passports from Turkey; French affairs turned over to American Embassy.

Nov. 4—Officers discard swords and conspicuous uniforms; they will direct charges from rear to foil German sharpshooters.

Nov. 7—City of Roulers in ruins.

Nov. 8—Premier Viviani decorates Mayor of Rheims and says city will be rebuilt.

Nov. 9—Military attachés of neutral countries allowed to visit theatre of war.

Nov. 10—Rheims still being bombarded.

Nov. 18—Germans declare they saw observation post on towers of Rheims Cathedral; bombardment resumed; Appenrodt's restaurant looted in Paris.

Nov. 19—Germans are working coal mines and mills in occupied French territory; President Poincaré strikes names of Germans from roll of Legion of Honor.



- Nov. 21—New field gun outranges German guns.
- Nov. 26—German surgeons and deaconesses sentenced to prison for looting.
- Nov. 28—Regimental dispatch dog mentioned in orders as having fallen in duty; Germans charge use of dum dum bullets by the French.
- Dec. 1—Gen. Joffre tells Alsatians that the French have come back permanently.
- Dec. 4—Youths 18 years old are called for military examination; Mohammedan soldiers from Tunis are being sent to serve in Europe; Germans charge brutalities to Germans in Morocco.
- Dec. 11—The Cabinet meets in Paris, marking the moving of the capital from Bordeaux; youths of class of 1915 go into training.
- Dec. 13—Full text of France's "Yellow Book" published in THE NEW YORK TIMES; postal notice announces that letters to twenty-one communes in Alsace need only ordinary stamps.
- Dec. 14—Man who mutilated German sentry is shot.
- Dec. 17—Priests hold mass in the trenches; French heroism lauded at meeting of French Academy; but a small percentage of the wounded are dying.
- Dec. 18—French court held in Alsace.
- Dec. 19—Lille is near starvation.
- Dec. 22—Premier Viviani makes address at opening of Parliament in Paris, declaring that the war will end only with restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, restoration of Belgium, and assurance of lasting peace.
- Dec. 25—Portion of Alsace celebrates Christmas under French rule.
- Jan. 7—French Cabinet makes public report of Government commission which has been investigating German methods of waging war; report charges Germans with habitual "pillage, outrage, burning, and murder."
- ### GERMANY
- Oct. 16—Count Zeppelin is supervising construction of new airships; reinforcements sent to von Kluck; tax levied on Bruges.
- Oct. 20—Report that Zeppelin fleet is being prepared for attack on London; Britons over 55 years old to be allowed to leave country.
- Oct. 22—Chancellor Delbrueck announces in Prussian Diet that nation will not lay down arms until victory is won; pioneer company of Lorraine battalion granted right to wear skull and crossbones on caps.
- Oct. 23—Women spies meet death bravely.
- Oct. 24—Looting barred in Antwerp; survey of conditions shows many men eager to enlist.<sup>f</sup>
- Oct. 26—Prince of Monaco protests against manner in which Gen. von Buelow proposes to treat his property in France; Government complains of seizure by England of Red Cross ship Ophelia.
- Oct. 27—Germans in Southern Hungary ask for aid.
- Oct. 29—German tourists flock to Antwerp.
- Oct. 30—Forty thousand teachers are at the front; 1914 reserves called out.
- Nov. 1—Freedom of the City of Blankenburg conferred upon Capt. von Mueller of the cruiser Emden.
- Nov. 3—Consuls of neutral nations allowed to inspect prison camps; Government will not interfere with cargoes of ships carrying cotton to Russian ports.
- Nov. 4—There is a shortage of army officers; the Kaiser decrees promotions on short service.
- Nov. 7—Conspicuous insignia removed from officers; British civilians sent to detention camp.
- Nov. 8—Nation regrets loss of Tsing-tau, but bravery of garrison is praised; border patrols prevent Belgian civilians from crossing into Holland.
- Nov. 10—Admiral von Spee and many men of his squadron receive Iron Crosses.
- Nov. 11—Fortifications of Antwerp are being repaired.
- Nov. 15—Three defensive lines prepared between North Sea and the Rhine, to be used in event of retreat.
- Nov. 16—Names of occupied French and Belgian cities are Germanized.
- Nov. 17—All aliens expelled from Frankfurt.
- Nov. 18—Port of Hamburg deserted, but shipyards are busy.
- Nov. 21—Blast furnaces used as crematory at Charleroi; Government has granted permission for six officers of the American Army to follow forces as military observers; Ambassador Bernstorff files with United States State Department complaint that French have violated Red Cross Convention of 1906.
- Nov. 23—Gen. von Eberhardt removed after defeat in Vosges.
- Nov. 24—Chile charges that German warships have violated her neutrality; there is a scarcity of copper; order for locomotives to be dismantled to get materials for making ammunition.
- Nov. 25—Fortifications north of Kiel Canal are being strengthened for fear of invasion; Bavarians are reported by the French to be deserting.
- Nov. 29—Indemnity of \$37,500 paid to Luxembourg.
- Nov. 30—Alsatians are deserting from the army.
- Dec. 3—Burgomaster Max of Brussels complains of treatment received from Germans.
- Dec. 4—Troops are suffering from typhoid; household utensils of copper are commandeered because of scarcity of the metal;

- British prisoner of war sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for attack on custodians.
- Dec. 6—Second ban of Landsturm told to be ready for service on Dec. 20.
- Dec. 8—Turkish officers are serving with the army in Poland.
- Dec. 10—Government has informed the Pope of willingness for Christmas truce if other combatants will observe it.
- Dec. 11—Many inhabitants of Autry, France, are exiled to Saxony; preparations are being made for an extended occupation of French territory; French Minister of War obtains affidavits from prisoners in concentration camps that Gen. von Stenger ordered killing of wounded.
- Dec. 12—Some women refugees at Kiao-Chau want to go to America.
- Dec. 14—Socialists disapprove of the anti-war stand taken by Dr. Liebknecht, a Socialist member of the Reichstag, who alone of that body opposed the new war credit.
- Dec. 15—Bavarian soldiers to be court-martialed for mutiny at Antwerp.
- Dec. 18—Rumors that Prince Otto of Windisch-Graetz will be the new Belgian King.
- Dec. 19—Relations between the Prussian Government and the Poles have improved.
- Dec. 21—George Weill, member of the Reichstag from Metz, is fighting in the French Army; Chile protests against alleged violations of her neutrality by the navy.
- Dec. 22—Supplies in Ghent commandeered for Christmas celebration.
- Dec. 24—Germany denies French charges that neutral ships have been hired to lay mines in the Mediterranean.
- Dec. 27—Commander of the Yorcke gets two-year term for losing vessel; German spy seized while trying to enter Gibraltar disguised as a Moor.
- Dec. 30—British prisoner sentenced to death for assaulting a German officer.
- Dec. 31—Kaiser sends New Year's greetings to President Wilson and the United States; German press has received with exultation the news of American note on British interference with American commerce.
- Jan. 7—United States State Department informs Ambassador von Bernstorff that the United States cannot investigate the German charge that British use dum-dum bullets; German military authorities in Belgium deny that Cardinal Mercier has been arrested.
- Oct. 31—Ammunition is seized from interned French and Belgian soldiers.
- Nov. 7—Soldiers protest to the German Minister at The Hague against alleged atrocities of German troops on the Belgian border.
- Nov. 8—Scheldt River is being guarded; new intrenchments are being made; canals are guarded.
- Dec. 3—Rioting in Belgian concentration camps; troops kill six Belgians and wound nine.
- Dec. 7—Government loans wheat to Belgium.

## INDIA.

- Oct. 28—Troops surprise German sentries in Belgium and destroy ammunition stores.
- Nov. 1—Moslems support England against Turkey.
- Nov. 3—The Nizam of Hyderabad issues manifesto proclaiming loyalty to Britain; Aga Khan says Germans coerced Turks.
- Nov. 6—Army of Afghans sent to the frontier; border tribes reported in revolt.
- Nov. 10—Letters found on wounded Germans show orders to make Indian troops a special target.
- Nov. 18—German Emperor tells Crown Prince that Sheik-ul-Islam has issued proclamation of Moslem holy war; Indian troops are being used against Germans in East Africa.
- Nov. 21—Detachment of motor ambulances is being formed for troops in fighting in Europe.
- Dec. 6—Ruling Princes make large donations to expenses of the war.
- Dec. 19—Gaekwar of Baroda buys Empress of India to serve as a hospital ship.

## ITALY

- Oct. 16—Austrian Deputy crosses from Trent into Italy and urges people to join Allies.
- Oct. 19—Fleet is mobilized, with Duke of the Abruzzi in command.
- Oct. 22—Marconi says the country is ready for war.
- Oct. 30—Ambassador asked to care for Russian interests at Constantinople.
- Nov. 2—Large part of the public wants war.
- Nov. 10—Hotels discharge German employes.
- Nov. 19—Many members of Parliament urge action for the Allies.
- Nov. 20—Demonstration against Prof. Grassi, a leader of the pro-German party.
- Nov. 22—Government assigns \$9,200,000 for extraordinary military expenses in Cyrenaica.
- Nov. 30—Cabinet meets to consider the nation's international policy; Federation of the Italian Press denounces visit of journalists to Germany.
- Dec. 3—Premier Salandra makes speech at opening of Parliament; nation will preserve armed neutrality; Belgium is cheered.

## HOLLAND

- Oct. 18—Government anxious to be relieved of care of Belgian refugees; is urging them to return home.
- Oct. 19—Cities are feeling the strain of caring for Belgian refugees.
- Oct. 28—Army massed on the border because of fear of invasion.

- Dec. 4—Anti-German and anti-Austrian speeches made in Chamber of Deputies.
- Dec. 5—Chamber of Deputies passes vote of confidence in the Government.
- Dec. 8—Reported in Rome that Prince von Buelow, new German Ambassador to Italy, comes to offer Trent as price of Italy's neutrality, and that Austria is willing to cede it.
- Dec. 13—Artillerymen of older classes called out.
- Dec. 14—Meetings held in some cities in favor of intervention; pro-Germans mobbed in Rome.
- Dec. 19—Unanimous manifestations in Senate in favor of peace; National Federation of Engineers offers services of 1,000 engineers for enlistment.
- Dec. 20—Transportation company fined for trying to ship foodstuffs to Trieste.
- Dec. 28—Government checks plot to export foodstuffs to Germany; two arrests.
- Dec. 30—Foodstuff smuggling plot proves to be extensive; German Embassy stated to be involved.

### JAPAN

- Oct. 21—Winston Churchill praises the navy.
- Nov. 18—Marshall and other German islands in the Pacific to be handed over to England until war ends.
- Nov. 19—Baron Kato says sending of troops to Europe is a doubtful measure.
- Dec. 3—It is reported that Japanese officers are serving with the Russian Army.
- Dec. 8—Baron Kato tells Diet it has not been decided whether Kiao-Chau will be returned to China; he says fleet is looking for German ships in South American waters.
- Dec. 9—Baron Kato's statement causes a sensation in China.
- Dec. 10—Military control over South Sea Islands to be divided with Australia.
- Dec. 17—Ships sent to South Sea Islands for investigation of colonization possibilities; great welcome in Tokio to Lieut. Gen. Kamio and Vice Admiral Kato, conquerors of Tsing-tau.
- Dec. 22—Gabriel Hanotaux opposes sending of Japanese troops to Europe.
- Dec. 30—Foreign Office denies that troops have landed in Russia.

### RUSSIA.

- Oct. 19—Desolation in many parts of Russian Poland; prohibition of use of vodka since the war has resulted in much good.
- Oct. 22—Funds are being raised to help Poland; Russian Poles urge German Poles to lay down their arms.
- Oct. 24—Reservists from Canada, including Doukhobors, reach Petrograd.
- Oct. 28—German girl spy is shot.
- Oct. 29—Polish Catholic regiments are being raised.

- Oct. 30—Gen. Dimitrieff gives the order, "Don't count the enemy; beat him"; nation welcomes the war with Turkey as giving a chance to settle the Eastern question; formation of Polish legions under Polish commanders is sanctioned.
- Nov. 1—Government warns Bulgaria against attacking Servia.
- Nov. 2—Caucasus Moslems are loyal.
- Nov. 6—Newspapers refer to Constantinople as Tzargrad.
- Nov. 8—Grand Duke Nicholas congratulated by Lord Kitchener on his successes.
- Nov. 14—Czar will grant funds to aid Catholics in rebuilding ruined churches; troops withdrawn from Finland.
- Nov. 15—Fines are being levied on conquered Prussian towns.
- Nov. 18—Report that Russian troops passed through Scotland to France is officially denied in British Parliament.
- Nov. 25—Mobilization of first reserves ordered in certain centres.
- Nov. 26—An industrial panic is feared; it is reported that Russian regiments are in Servia.
- Nov. 30—Germans expelled from Petrograd for raising funds for warships.
- Dec. 6—Russian professors deride German "Kultur."
- Dec. 20—Polish legion organized.

### TURKEY

- Oct. 19—Turkey declines to discharge German crews of cruisers Goeben and Breslau at England's protest.
- Oct. 21—Six hundred German officers reported to be in Turkey.
- Oct. 29—Grand Vizier is warned that invasion of Egypt means war with Allies.
- Oct. 30—Allies ask for explanation of bombardment of Odessa.
- Nov. 1—British, French, and Russian subjects begin to leave Constantinople.
- Nov. 2—Grand Vizier expresses regret to Allies for war operations of fleet; Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs Sazonof says it is too late; Allies insist on reparation to Russia, dismissal of German officers from the Goeben and Breslau, and internment of vessels until end of war.
- Nov. 4—American warships sent to Beirut to protect Christians.
- Nov. 5—Authorities restrained from preventing departure of foreign subjects by intervention of American Consul.
- Nov. 6—Merchandise in cities of Syria seized by Government officials.
- Nov. 11—Conspiracy discovered in Constantinople against Germans and Young Turks; leaders shot; refugees in Petrograd report Christians in peril.
- Nov. 12—Military revolt in Adrianople against German commanders.
- Nov. 13—Bomb in Enver Bey's palace kills five German officers; Enver Bey unharmed.



- Nov. 14—Government issues statement blaming war on England.
- Nov. 16—Government denies intention to violate international character of the Suez Canal; Sultan issues proclamation to army and navy.
- Nov. 18—Anti-German plots discovered; army and navy officers protest against assumption of authority by Germans; committee formed to rid country of German domination.
- Nov. 23—Disorders in Constantinople; British Embassy looted; Russian hospital pillaged.
- Nov. 24—San Stefano church wrecked by mob.
- Nov. 26—British, French, and Russians in Jerusalem are imprisoned and their homes looted; massacre feared; Italian Consul asks for warships.
- Nov. 27—Canadian missionaries allowed to leave the country.
- Nov. 28—Riots in Erzerum; Armenians slain.
- Nov. 29—Moslem priests urge killing of infidels on first appearance of hostile fleets; Government decides to sequester all religious establishments in Palestine belonging to Allies.
- Dec. 1—Turks are becoming brigands at the expense of subjects of the Allies.
- Dec. 4—Rioting throughout the country; holy war proclaimed against Serbia and her allies; foreigners in danger.
- Dec. 12—Many members of religious orders flee from Palestine; British Consul dragged from Italian Consulate in Hodeida.
- Dec. 13—Anti-war demonstration by women in Konak and Erzerum; foreigners held in Beirut; no letters under seal can be dispatched; position of Christians in Armenia is dangerous; mutiny among soldiers in barracks and among naval crews; conspiracy against Field Marshal von der Goltz.
- Dec. 17—Field Marshal von der Goltz is appointed Commandant of Constantinople.
- Dec. 18—Government permits departure of Consuls and other aliens from Syria.
- Dec. 19—Government issues manifesto, replying to England's "White Paper" on Turkish situation, and giving reasons for joining the war.
- Dec. 27—Italian cruiser will help American cruisers in protecting Europeans.
- Dec. 28—British Consul at Saida freed after threat by American Consul; United States cruiser Tennessee takes 500 refugees from Syria.
- Jan. 2—Anti-German feeling is growing.
- Jan. 4—Germans put Young Turks under oath to support present régime.
- Jan. 5—The Pope obtains release of French Catholic missionaries held in Syria.

## RELIEF WORK

- Oct. 16—Cardinal Gibbons appeals for Belgians.
- Oct. 22—Dollar Christmas Fund for Belgians is organized; Belgian Relief Committee cables \$50,000 to Belgians through Ambassador Page.
- Oct. 24—British Government lifts embargo on foodstuffs for Belgium.
- Oct. 27—Gov. Glynn names New York State Committee of Mercy; Salvation Army starts "self-denial period."
- Oct. 30—Rohilla, British hospital ship, runs on rocks on Yorkshire coast; it is believed 100 perished; American Commission sends foodstuffs to Belgium.
- Oct. 31—King of the Belgians appeals to the American people for help; American Red Cross unit leaves Petrograd for Kiev; Queen Mary sends thanks for sending of relief ship Red Cross.
- Nov. 2—Rockefeller Foundation is to investigate conditions in Belgium; Commission for Relief in Belgium now on an international basis.
- Nov. 3—Massapequa, Rockefeller Foundation relief ship, sails.
- Nov. 4—Fashion Fête in New York for benefit of Committee of Mercy.
- Nov. 7—Committee formed in England to find work for Belgian refugees; American Women's Fund in England presents motor ambulance to British War Office.
- Nov. 9—New York's gifts exceed \$1,525,000.
- Nov. 11—Wealthy Belgians give \$3,000,000 to relief.
- Nov. 12—Queen Mary visits the American Women's War Hospital at Paignton, Devonshire.
- Nov. 13—Two American Red Cross units in Germany; two more Rockefeller Foundation relief ships to sail.
- Nov. 17—Ambassador von Bernstorff presents statement to Secretary Bryan that Germany welcomes American assistance for Belgians.
- Nov. 18—Cardinal Mercier sends appeal to America for help for Belgians.
- Nov. 20—Cardinal Farley directs special collection for war sufferers.
- Nov. 22—Kansas to give 50,000 barrels of flour.
- Nov. 23—Rockefeller Foundation will rush relief to wide area; it is planned to send supplies to Austria, Serbia, and Russia; Massapequa unloaded at Rotterdam.
- Nov. 25—American Christmas ship Jason, with 5,000,000 Christmas gifts for European children, enters Plymouth, escorted by warships; Rockefeller Foundation investigating agents leave England for the Continent; American Relief Clearing House organized to centralize American relief in Europe.

- Nov. 26—Southern and Western States are contributing liberally; American colony in Berlin gives up Thanksgiving dinner to hold entertainment for benefit of war sufferers.
- Nov. 28—Jason sails from Devenport to Marseilles; American hospital, gift of American colony, opened in Petrograd.
- Nov. 29—Four ships to be sent by Rockefeller Foundation before Jan. 1.
- Dec. 1—American Commission for Relief in Belgium to manage all Belgian relief.
- Dec. 2—Prince of Wales Fund reaches \$20,000,000; Virginia is to send a shipload of food and supplies this month.
- Déc. 3—Ambassador Gerard cables that Germans approve America's relief work.
- Dec. 4—American students at Oxford take up relief work in Belgium.
- Dec. 5—Batiscan, British steamer, sails with food for Belgians under safe conduct from Germany; charity bazaar for benefit of German and Austrian soldiers opens in New York.
- Dec. 6—New Belgian relief plan is started with capital supplied by the Belgian, British, and French Governments; Jason sails for Genoa.
- Dec. 8—Two sections of American Red Cross leave Italy for Servia.
- Dec. 9—Polish-American Relief Committee formed.
- Dec. 10—Fund for the Forgotten Poor of Servia formed.
- Dec. 12—American Red Cross ships large consignment of hospital supplies; Rockefeller Foundation steamer Niches sails with a \$400,000 cargo; Antwerp is suffering from lack of flour; American Consul Diederich asks bread for his family.
- Dec. 15—Thirty-five carloads of food arrive in New York for the Belgians from the South and West; Jason leaves Genoa for Saloniki.
- Dec. 17—American commission report shows that cargoes of relief supplies valued at over \$10,000,000 have been delivered or arranged for; Dr. Alexis Carrel is making an inspection tour of the French military hospitals.
- Dec. 19—W. W. Astor contributes \$125,000 for needy families of British officers; American hospital opened in Nice for wounded French soldiers; large American Red Cross consignment of supplies sent to Russia.
- Dec. 20—German bazaar closes, with receipts of \$300,000.
- Dec. 23—King of the Belgians sends message of thanks to America.
- Dec. 28—It is planned that every State shall send a food ship to Belgium.
- Dec. 29—Total amount given by the United States for Belgium through the Belgium Relief Committee is \$1,490,000.
- Dec. 31—Steamer Massapequa, sent by Rockefeller Foundation, sails on her second voyage with supplies for Belgians; Rockefeller Foundation has thus far spent more than \$1,000,000 on relief; sailing of the fifth Belgian relief ship to leave Philadelphia.
- Jan. 1—Rockefeller Foundation buys 6,000,000 bushels of wheat in the Chicago market for Belgians.
- Jan. 3—Shipload of food to be sent from United States to the Albanians.
- Jan. 5—Minister Brand Whitlock sends message that Germany will give Americans free hands in sending supplies to Belgium; British and German Governments require that ships for Belgium shall carry no other cargo than supplies; food ship sent by State of Kansas sails; British War Office sends thanks for American assistance.
- Jan. 7—French Government thanks Americans for work done by Lafayette Fund; Ohio, Nebraska, Maryland, and Virginia will send food ships this week.

## RESERVISTS

- Oct. 28—England orders enemy's reservists on the high seas to be seized.
- Nov. 16—Arrests result from attempt to smuggle Austrian reservists into the United States from Canada.
- Nov. 20—Austrian reservists stranded in New York say Consuls have neglected them.
- Nov. 21—Danish and Swedish reservists in Canada told to report for duty.
- Dec. 2—Belgian reservists of classes from 1899 to 1914 summoned by Consul General in New York.
- Dec. 12—French reservist living in Northern Canada walks 1,300 miles to the nearest railway station to start for the front.
- Jan. 2—Four German reservists taken off Norwegian-American liner Bergenfjord in New York Harbor and placed under arrest; extensive fraudulent passport plot is charged.
- Jan. 4—John Doe warrants issued for reservists holding fraudulent passports Bureau of Investigation of Department of Justice is conducting inquiry in Philadelphia.
- Jan. 6—Federal Grand Jury in New York is to investigate.



Southeastern Theatre of the War



## PERIOD VI.

The War in the Balkans—How Turkey Entered the Conflict—The Watchful Waiting of Greece—Servia and Its Neighbors—A “Scrap of Paper”—The Kaiser at Donchery—Holland’s Future—Unconquered France—Seizure of American Cargoes—Italy and the Triple Alliance—Correspondence of Soldiers From the Front—King Albert of Belgium.

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# Caldron of the Balkans

## How Turkey Went to War

By Ottoman Authorities

*Immediately on receiving official notification of the rupture of diplomatic relations between Austria and Servia, the Turkish Grand Vizier hastened to inform the Diplomatic Corps in Constantinople that Turkey would remain neutral in the conflict. Explaining this official Turkish declaration, the following editorial article appeared early in August in the Ministerial paper, Tasfiri-Efkiair, published in Constantinople:*

**T**HE declarations made by the Grand Vizier to the Ambassadors of the powers, in order to reassure them as to the dispositions of Turkey, do not constitute from a legal point of view a declaration of neutrality, according to the stipulations of The Hague Conventions; likewise the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, viewed in the same light, is not tantamount to

a declaration of war. In fact, The Hague Conventions demand a formal declaration in both cases. But if the formal declaration of Turkish neutrality cannot be made before she has received an official notification of the existing war, it is nevertheless true that the head of the Government, in his conversations with the Ambassadors, has given them to understand what the opinion of the people is here. And even without this, the efforts of the Turkish Government, the desire, and the policy of Turkey, are so explicit that there is no ground for doubt as to the significance of the declarations of the Grand Vizier.

Turkey has never asked for war, as she always has worked toward avoiding it. But we must not misunderstand the meaning of certain terms. Neutrality does not mean indifference. The present

Austro-Servian conflict is to a supreme degree interesting to us. In the first place, one of our erstwhile opponents is fighting against a much stronger enemy. In the natural course of things Serbia, which till lately was expressing, in a rather open way, her solidarity as a nation, still provoking us, and Greece will be materially weakened. In the second place, the results of this war may surpass the limits of a conflict between two countries, and in that case our interests will be just as materially affected.

We must therefore keep our eyes open, as the circumstances are momentarily changing, and do not permit us to let escape certain advantages which we can secure by an active and rightly acting diplomacy.

The policy of neutrality will impose on us the obligation of avoiding to side with either of the belligerents, but the same policy will force us to take all the necessary measures for safeguarding our interests and our frontiers. If it be true, as reported, that the pacifist tendencies of Turkey constitute one of the safest guarantees of peace in the Balkans, then we must hope that on the day when a general settlement of accounts will be made Europe will be willing to recognize the important part played by Turkey in the preservation of peace in the Near East, and will be eager to rectify, if not all, at least one part of the wrongs she has caused to our country.

### TURKEY LEARNS OF THE WAR

*Turkish mobilization was still at its first stages when the European war began on Aug. 1, 1914. The Turkish Government in particular and the Turkish population in general were overwhelmed by the unexpected turn of European events, and it was at the height of the crisis that Turkey received the news of her two battleships building in British yards being taken over by England. A correspondent of The Daily Atlantis of New York, writing in Constantinople on Aug. 10, said:*

The European war makes the Turks think that this is their golden opportunity

for Turkifying the empire from the one end to the other. All non-Moslems, mere boys and young men of 25 to 30 years of age and grown men up to 45, are being arrested by the police and secret service force, and dragged to the barracks, like convicts, and if they fail to pay the fifty or eighty pounds Turkish (\$230 or \$350) for exemption from military service, they are forced to work as "assistant-soldiers."

The soldiers thus designated are not given rifles, nor are they trained for service, but are simply employed as servants to the regular soldiers. It is easy to understand that no one can endure such conditions of military life, the result being that each and every one of these non-Moslems sells whatever property he has in order to pay the ransom and get away from the army, and from Turkey as well. In ten days, since this peculiar recruiting began, fully ten thousand Greeks found a way of escaping from Constantinople, many of them finding a refuge in the free and hospitable United States. This getting away is not so easy, writes the same correspondent, because officials of the various ports are exacting heavy sums from the fugitives before letting them go. Graft and extortion in this case reign supreme, and it costs anywhere from three to fifteen pounds (\$13 to \$70) to "buy" a police or port official. This process, originating in Constantinople, is widespread in the provinces, and the sums paid in this way by the non-Moslems to escape military service amount to millions. "Let the infidels pay!" say the Turkish officials. "They have taken our ships, and they have to pay for it."

The popular feeling against England in these first days of the European war is fierce. Numerous manifestations, in which the younger element was largely represented, proceeded to attack the British stores and British subjects, and there have been serious attempts against the British Embassy in Constantinople and the British Consulate at Smyrna.

### CONSTANTINOPLE IN AUGUST

*Another letter from the same source, dated Constantinople, Aug. 6, gives the*

*following picture of the Turkish capital in the early days of the European war:*

It is impossible to describe the way in which the Porte is trying to put the country on a war footing, notwithstanding the terrible odds she has to fight against. God only knows what the Turks are expecting if the Austro-Servian conflict turns out according to their desires, or if the European conflict takes the form of a decisive Austro-German victory. We now have ample proof to show that the Turkish mobilization is in such a way conducted as to be ready to act in common with Bulgaria, in a simultaneous attack against Greek and Servian Macedonia, as soon as the Austrians have a first decisive victory over the Servians. This scheme, however, seems to be doomed since the entry of Great Britain into the general war, and there are indications that Turkey, warned by England and Russia, will disband her already mobilized army. On the other hand, the news reaches Constantinople that the Russian forces have crossed the frontier into Turkish Armenia, and occupied Erzeroum, while Enver Pasha was seen yesterday (Aug. 5) paying hasty visits to the Russian and British Embassies. While such is the political situation, matters are still worse in the business world of the Turkish capital. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the general upheaval brought about by greedy speculators, who are taking advantage of this anomalous situation, and by the Government itself, requisitioning everything they can lay their hands on, regardless of reason or necessity.

Policemen and Sheriffs, followed by military officers, are taking by force everything in the way of foodstuffs, entering the bakeries and other shops selling victuals, boarding ships with cargoes of flour, potatoes, wheat, rice, &c., and taking over virtually everything, giving in lieu of payment a receipt which is not worth even the paper on which it is written.

In this way many shops are forced to close, bread has entirely disappeared from the bakeries, and Constantinople, the capital of a neutral country, is al-

ready feeling all the troubles and privations of a besieged city. Prices for foodstuffs have soared to inaccessible heights as provisions are becoming scarce. Actual hand-to-hand combats are taking place in the streets outside the bakeries for the possession of a loaf of bread, and hungry women with children in their arms are seen crying and weeping in despair.

Many merchants, afraid lest the Government requisition their goods, hastened to have their orders canceled, the result being that no merchandise of any kind is coming to Constantinople either from Europe or from Anatolia.

Both on account of the recruiting of their employes and of shortage of coal the companies operating the electric tramways of the city have reduced their service to the minimum, as no power is available for the running of the cars.

Heartrending scenes are witnessed in front of the closed doors of the various banking establishments, where large posters are to be seen, bearing the inscription: *Closed temporarily, by order of the Government.* The most popular of these institutions is the Wiener Bankverein. This bank, by making special inducements to small depositors and by paying a higher interest than the others, succeeded in concentrating the savings of many people of the working classes, and as this institution is in imminent danger the rush to its doors is exceptionally great and riotous.

The municipality has issued a number of ordinances fixing the prices of all necessary commodities, and the Government, after the first panic, declared that no further requisitions are to be made. At the same time the authorities took special pains in order to induce the various merchants to import goods from abroad, thus relieving the extremely strained situation of the market; but it is doubtful whether such measures will have any calming effect on the scared population.

Immediately after war was declared between Germany and Russia the Porte ordered the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles closed to every kind of shipping,



at the same time barring the entrances of these channels with rows of mines. The first boat to suffer from this measure was a British merchantman, which was sunk outside the Bosphorus, while another had a narrow escape in the Dardanelles. A large number of steamers of every nationality are waiting outside the straits for the special pilot boats of the Turkish Government, in order to pass in safety through the dangerous mine field. This measure of closing the straits was suggested to Turkey by Austria and Germany, and was primarily intended against Russia, as it was feared that her Black Sea fleet might force its way into the Sea of Marmora and the Aegean.

#### TURKISH PARLIAMENT PROROGUED

*On Sunday, Aug. 2, the Medjlissi-Meboussan, or Parliament of Turkey, was urgently called together, and the Speaker of the House addressed the members as follows:*

Dear Colleagues: The imperial proclamation ordering the last elections has produced some uneasiness both within and without the empire. It was said at that time that the Chamber was to be convened only to give vent to partisan feeling and to disturb the quiet of the country. The elections, however, proceeded in as orderly a way as possible, and the Chamber performed its duty with great order and solicitude, having voted the budget and many other laws. The country accordingly is convinced that the Chamber has fulfilled its duty with relative calm, in view of the circumstances. We part today in order to meet again in November. The war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia has a tremendous importance in the general European situation. While until yesterday Europe was kept in a state of watchful waiting, now we are informed that war has been declared between Germany and Russia. In face of such an international situation, it behooves all us Ottomans to rally in a spirit of harmony around the imperial throne and to act with the moderation characteristic of our race for the preservation of our country.

Hoping that the great example given by Parliament to the nation as regards the working in a spirit of harmony and order will have its due influence on the country at large, I salute you and bid you farewell.

#### THE MOBILIZATION

*One of the first schemes of the German General, Liman von Sanders, for the reorganization of the Turkish Army was to provide a system whereby a speedier mobilization of the forces could be made possible. According to this scheme, as far back as the first days of May, 1914, every Mayor and village President of the empire was provided with a sealed envelope, under orders to open it only on telegraphic notice from the Central Administration. These envelopes were opened on Aug. 3, and were found to contain the papers constituting the order of general mobilization, including a large poster in colors, bearing, under the imperial monogram, or "Tougrah," two crossed green Turkish flags, with crossed sword and rifle, and underneath a gun and its carriage, and lastly the imperial edict in large letters, reading as follows:*

A general mobilization was ordered to start on .....

(To be dated on notice.)

Those liable for duty must report at their respective headquarters. First day of mobilization is on.....

(To be dated on notice.)

#### DIPLOMATIC SITUATION AND PRESS OPINIONS

*While Turkey in this way was preparing for war, Talaat Bey, the Turkish Minister of the Interior, and Halil Bey, President of the Chamber, were leaving Constantinople for Bucharest, where they intended meeting the representatives of the Greek Government, in order to find a way of settling the outstanding Greco-Turkish differences regarding the Aegean Islands and the question of refugees. The object of this political move was twofold. First, Turkey was bent on giving to Europe a proof of her pacific intentions, and, second, she was trying to convince the Hellenic Government of her willingness to reach an understanding regarding their mutual differences,*

and begin anew the friendly relations of yore. The following extract is from an editorial article published in the *Ikdam of Constantinople* on Aug. 17:

From today the regeneration of our fleet begins. From today Ottoman hearts must again rejoice. We must work hard now for the strengthening of our navy. We must know that our fleet, which till yesterday was lifeless, is no longer in incompetent hands and under the leadership of lazy minds. New Turkey has intrusted her navy to iron hands. At the head of our fleet is Djémal Pasha, whose naval successes it is unnecessary to mention. The commander of the fleet is the Chief of the Naval Staff, Arif Bey, and in command of the light flotilla is Capt. Muzzafer Bey. Likewise the commanders and the other officers of the two new battleships are chosen among the fittest. This is the beginning of a new era for our navy. In addition to this we must say that we are expecting good results from our political activity. Talaat Bey and Halil Bey have left for Bucharest, where they will try to find a solution of outstanding serious questions. At the same time they will have an opportunity to exchange views with Rumanian statesmen. It is unnecessary, in our belief, to exalt the significance of this mission. We think, however, that a wise and moderate policy, strengthened by a good army and navy, will go far in bringing good results.

*On Sept 10 an official announcement from the Sublime Porte was handed to the representatives of the powers in Constantinople and communicated to the press. This declaration ran as follows:*

As an expression of the sentiments of hospitality and friendship on the part of the Ottoman Government toward the European populations of the empire there were instituted long ago certain regulations to which Europeans coming to the Levant for commerce would be subjected, these same regulations having been duly communicated to the respective Governments of those Europeans.

These regulations, adopted by the Porte on its own initiative and considered entirely as privileges, and having

been strengthened and made more general through certain acts, have continued to be in force up to this time under the name "Old Treaties," (in Turkish "Ouhout-i Atikah.") These privileges, however, are wholly incompatible with the legal status of recent years, and especially with the principle of national sovereignty. In the first place, they became a hindrance to the progress and development of the Imperial Government, while in the second, by creating misunderstandings in its relations with the foreign Governments, they formed a barrier preventing these relations from becoming more harmonious and more sincere.

The Ottoman Empire continues to advance in the path of regeneration and of reforms, overleaping many obstacles, and in order to acquire the position due to it in the civilized family of Europe it adopted modern principles of government and has not deviated from its programme of having the State conducted on these principles.

The founding of the constitutional form of government is in itself a proof that the efforts of the Ottoman Empire for its regeneration have been fully crowned with success. Certain exceptions, however, based on the capitulations, such as the participation of foreigners in the administration of justice, which is an all-important prerogative of national sovereignty, the limitations imposed on the legislative rights of the State, based on the argument that certain laws cannot be applied to foreigners, the injustice inflicted on common right from the impossibility of convicting a delinquent who disturbs the safety of the country merely because he happens to be a foreigner, or because the prosecution against him must be subjected to certain limitations and particular conditions; and likewise the difference in the competency of the various courts dealing with cases where the capitulations are involved; all these constitute impregnable barriers against every effort of the country toward progress in the administration of justice.

From another point of view, the fact that foreigners living in the Ottoman

Empire are exempt from taxation, in accordance with the capitulations, makes it impossible for the Sublime Porte to procure the indispensable means for the carrying out, not only of the reforms but of its everyday needs.

The impossibility of increasing the indirect taxation is bringing about the increase of direct taxes and therefore makes the burden on the Ottoman taxpayers all the heavier. The fact that foreigners who enjoy in the Ottoman Empire every protection and every privilege as well as freedom in their business transactions are exempt from taxation constitutes in itself an intolerable injustice and creates at the same time a situation detrimental to the independence and prestige of the Government.

While the Imperial Government was firm in its resolution to continue its efforts regarding the reforms, the general war broke and increased the financial difficulties of the country in such a degree that all the innovations and all the reforms which have been decided upon and actually begun are threatened to remain without effect.

The Sublime Port feels convinced that the only way toward salvation for the Ottoman Government lies in the realization of the necessary reforms in the least possible time. In the same way the Porte feels that every encouragement will be shown her in the decisive steps to be undertaken for this end.

Convinced of this, the Imperial Government has decided to abolish, on Oct. 1, 1914, the capitulations, and all conventions, concessions, and privileges emanating therefrom, which have become an iron ring around the State, making it impossible for it to progress.

At the same time the Ottoman Government engages to treat with foreign countries in accordance with the rules of international law. While I have the honor of communicating to your Excellency this decision, which opens a new and happy era in the life of the Ottoman Empire, an event which undoubtedly will please your Excellency, I consider it my duty to add that the Porte in abolishing the capitulations does not harbor any

hostile feeling against any of the foreign States, but is acting solely in the highest interests of the empire. At the same time, the Porte is ready to begin pourparlers for the conclusion of commercial treaties in accordance with the principles of international law.

*The Turkish press made little mention of the manner in which Europe took notice of the important step taken by the Porte, and the Ministerial Tasfiri Efkiar was the only one to express the feelings of the Government on this occasion, saying:*

It is not proper for us to expect a unanimous and speedy satisfaction from all the European powers; but, on the other hand, we must welcome every objection and every discussion from whatever source it comes, as in this way we shall know who are our friends and who our enemies.

#### APPROACHING THE CRISIS

*The events covering the period from Sept. 10, when the abolition of the capitulations was decided upon, till Oct. 29, when the Turkish fleet attacked Russian ports and shipping in the Black Sea, were confined mostly to hasty and all-absorbing warlike preparations on the part of the Turkish Government, assisted by the German military mission. The Constantinople correspondent of The Daily Atlantis of New York wrote on Sept. 17:*

We are daily approaching a crisis. The Government has not swerved from its warlike attitude, and is threatening not only Greece, but Russia and the Triple Entente as well, while, on the other hand, it has failed to secure Rumanian or Bulgarian co-operation in its militant policy. At the same time, the Porte has learned that efforts are being made in the Balkans for common action against Turkey. It also became known that the Governments of London and Petrograd agreed to indemnify Bulgaria by giving her Adrianople and Thrace, while Greece was to have Smyrna, with a considerable hinterland.

During this period the Turkish press maintained an active campaign against



England and the Allies. The following extract from an editorial article published in the *Terdjumanî-Hakkikat* thus characterizes the situation:

Everybody knows that the Balkan States are traversing a period of doubts, and that the belligerent parties are doing their best in order to secure the sympathies and the assistance of the Balkan States.

To begin with, the idea of reconstructing the Balkan League came under consideration. In this way the Balkan States think they will become strong enough to impose their will at the final settlement that will follow the war. This idea, however, based as it is on the nullification of the Treaty of Bucharest, and on certain sacrifices on the part of Rumania and Greece, proved to be a failure. In the course of the discussion between the two States it was shown that neither Greece nor Rumania was willing to make any sacrifice in favor of Bulgaria. The Balkan Alliance, being thus unpracticable, the belligerent powers of Europe attempted to attract Rumania and Bulgaria only, and to this end they made every sort of promise to the two Governments of Sofia and Bucharest. The President of the London Balkan Committee, Mr. Noel Buxton, went to Bulgaria and made certain promises to Mr. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, in the name of Sir Edward Grey. He promised the restitution to Bulgaria of the Enos-Midia line, including Adrianople. The Bulgarians, however, are not to be fooled in this way by promises at the expense of third parties, and especially when the eventual cost of these gifts might be a heavy one. We must not forget that Bulgaria wants not Thrace, but Macedonia. If Great Britain had promised Bulgaria Macedonia, including Saloniki, and the Bulgarian Government was convinced beforehand of the fulfillment of the promise, then it is certain that the proposal would be accepted. But this is not in line with England's interests, because in that case she would lose her two other customers—Greece and Servia. And so there goes Mr. Buxton making offers out of our own pocket.

But we Turks have been used to injustices; and it has become an axiom in history that whenever there is trouble in any part of the world we must be the ultimate sufferers. It seems that this time, too, "our friends" felt like repeating the same story; but now we are not to be caught napping, and the Government, having in time mobilized the army, is ready for every emergency.

On Sept. 27 a Turkish destroyer having been stopped by a British destroyer

outside the Dardanelles, the Turkish Government ordered the straits closed to all shipping.

The Turkish Government tried to justify in the official press of Constantinople the measure of closing the straits by declaring that this important step was undertaken only after a Franco-British fleet had established an actual blockade of the straits to the detriment of Turkish commerce and neutral navigation. The Government organ, *The Tasfiri-Efkâr*, said:

The powers are trying to justify the mobilization of Switzerland, and are making a great case of Belgian neutrality, but meantime they consider our mobilization as having no other purpose than an aggression against our neighbors.

Now, if the neutrality of Switzerland, which is guaranteed by all the powers, is likely to be endangered, how is it possible for us to remain calm and undisturbed in this universal upheaval, so long as we know that to annoy and continually harass Turkey according to the fancies of Europe has well-nigh become a sort of fashion?

Those powers that are dissatisfied at our mobilization are eager to find our anxiety as without foundation for the mere reason that our territorial integrity remains under the guarantee of all the powers. But where was that guarantee when Tripoli and Cyrenaica were attacked in a way little differing from open brigandage? And was it not the same powers who forgot their guarantees in the Balkan Peninsula when they abolished the famous status quo? With such facts before us is it not ridiculous to speak of European guarantees? While we have now before us what happened to Belgium, why should our mobilization excite such widespread indignation? All we are trying to do is to safeguard and protect our interests and protect ourselves from aggression on the part of the Balkan States.

#### WAR DECLARED

On Oct. 29, 1914, the attack of the Turkish forces upon Russia and England was delivered. Following is the

*official Turkish version of the events leading to the rupture of diplomatic relations between Turkey and the Triple Entente, contained in the first Turkish communiqué of the war, appearing in the Turkish press on Oct. 31, 1914:*

While on the 27th of October a small part of the Turkish fleet was manoeuvring in the Black Sea, the Russian fleet, which at first confined its activities to following and hindering every one of our movements, finally, on the 29th, unexpectedly began hostilities by attacking the Ottoman fleet.

During the naval battle which ensued the Turkish fleet, with the help of the Almighty, sank the mine-layer Pruth, displacing 5,000 tons and having a cargo of 700 mines; inflicted severe damage on one of the Russian torpedo boats, and captured a collier.

A torpedo from the Turkish torpedo boat Gaiet-i-Millet sank the Russian destroyer Koubanietz, and another from the Turkish torpedo boat Mouavene-i-Millet inflicted serious damage on a Russian coastguard ship.

Three officers and seventy-two sailors, rescued by our men and belonging to the crews of the damaged and sunken vessels of the Russian fleet, have been made prisoners. The Ottoman imperial fleet, glory be given to the Almighty, escaped injury, and the battle is progressing favorably for us.

The Imperial Government will no doubt protest most energetically against this hostile action of the Russian fleet against a small part of our fleet.

Information received from our fleet now in the Black Sea is as follows: From accounts of Russian sailors taken prisoners and from the presence of a mine-layer among the Russian fleet, evidence is gathered that the Russian fleet intended closing the entrance to the Bosphorus with mines and destroying entirely the imperial Ottoman fleet after having split it in two. Our fleet, believing that it had to face an unexpected attack, and supposing that the Russians had begun hostilities without a formal declaration of war, pursued the scattered Russian fleet, bombarded the port of Sebastopol, destroyed in the city of

Novorosiysk fifty petroleum depots, fourteen military transports, some granaries, and the wireless telegraph station.

In addition to the above, our fleet has sunk in Odessa a Russian cruiser and damaged severely another. It is believed that this second boat was likewise sunk. Five other steamers full of cargoes lying in the same port were seriously damaged. A steamship belonging to the Russian volunteer fleet was also sunk, and five petroleum depots were destroyed.

In Odessa and Sebastopol, the Russians from the shore opened fire against our fleet.

The officers and crews of the mine-layer Pruth were subjected to a rigid examination.

Eight or ten days ago the Pruth, lying in the roadstead of Sebastopol, received a cargo of mines and was put under the command of officers who for a number of years past had been training on board the Russian depot ship in Constantinople and therefore had become familiar with the ins and outs of the Bosphorus.

As soon as it became known that a small part of the Turkish fleet went out to the Black Sea, the Russian fleet sailed from Sebastopol, leaving only an adequate squadron for the protection of the city, and on Oct. 27 put to sea, taking a southerly direction with the rest of its forces. On the next day the mine-layer Pruth left Sebastopol and steamed southward.

The Russian fleet, acting in different ways, intended to fill with mines the entrance of the Bosphorus, attack the weak squadron of the Ottoman fleet, at that time on the high seas, and cause the destruction of the rest of the Turkish fleet, which, being left in the Bosphorus, would rush to the assistance of the light flotilla, and, encountering the mines, would be destroyed.

Our warships manoeuvring on the high seas met the mine-layer Pruth as well as the torpedo boats accompanying her, and thus took place the events already known from previous communications.

The rescued Russian officers are five

in number, one of them a Lieutenant Commander. The prisoners have been sent to Ismid.

This successful action on the part of our squadron, which only by chance came to be on the high seas at the time of the naval battle, is itself one of the utmost importance for us, as it assures the future of our fleet.

### THE SULTAN'S PROCLAMATION

*As soon as war was declared against Russia, England, and consequently France, the Sultan issued the following proclamation to his troops:*

To my army! To my navy!

Immediately after the war between the Great Powers began I called you to arms in order to be able in case of trouble to protect the existence of empire and country from any assault on the part of our enemies, who are only awaiting the chance to attack us suddenly and unexpectedly, as they have always done.

While we were thus in a state of armed neutrality, a part of the Russian fleet, which was going to lay mines at the entrance of the straits of the Black Sea, suddenly opened fire against a squadron of our own fleet at the time engaged in manoeuvres.

While we were expecting reparation from Russia for this unjustified attack, contrary to international law, the empire just named, as well as its allies, recalled their Ambassadors and severed diplomatic relations with our country.

The fleets of England and France have bombarded the straits of the Dardanelles, and the British fleet has shelled the harbor of Akbah on the Red Sea. In the face of such successive proofs of wanton hostility we have been forced to abandon the peaceful attitude for which we always strove, and now in common with our allies, Germany and Austria, we turn to arms in order to safeguard our lawful interests.

The Russian Empire during the last three hundred years has caused our country to suffer many losses in territory, and when we finally arose to that sentiment of awakening and regeneration which would increase our national wel-

fare and our power, the Russian Empire made every effort to destroy our attempts, either with war or with numerous machinations and intrigues. Russia, England, and France never for a moment ceased harboring ill-will against our Caliphate, to which millions of Mussulmans, suffering under the tyranny of foreign domination, are religiously and whole-heartedly devoted, and it was always these powers that started every misfortune that came upon us.

Therefore, in this mighty struggle which now we are undertaking, we once for all will put an end to the attacks made from one side against the Caliphate, and from the other against the existence of our country.

The wounds inflicted, with the help of the Almighty, by my fleet in the Black Sea, and by my army in the Dardanelles, in Akbah, and on the Caucasian frontiers against our enemies, have strengthened in us the conviction that our sacred struggle for a right cause will triumph. The fact, moreover, that today the countries and armies of our enemies are being crushed under the heels of our allies is a good sign, making our conviction as regards final success still stronger.

My heroes! My soldiers! In this sacred war and struggle, which we began against the enemies who have undermined our religion and our holy fatherland, never for a single moment cease from strenuous effort and from self-abnegation.

Throw yourselves against the enemy as lions, bearing in mind that the very existence of our empire, and of 300,000,000 Moslems whom I have summoned by sacred Fetwa to a supreme struggle, depend on your victory.

The hearty wishes and prayers of 300,000,000 innocent and tortured faithful, whose faces are turned in ecstasy and devotion to the Lord of the universe in the mosques and the shrine of the Kaabah, are with you.

My children! My soldiers! No army in the history of the world was ever honored with a duty as sacred and as great as is yours. By fulfilling it, show



that you are the worthy descendants of the Ottoman Armies that in the past made the world tremble, and make it impossible for any foe of our faith and country to tread on our ground, and disturb the peace of the sacred soil of Yemen, where the inspiring tomb of our prophet lies. Prove beyond doubt to the enemies of the country that there exist an Ottoman Army and Navy which know how to defend their faith, their country and their military honor, and how to defy death for their sovereign!

Right and loyalty are on our side, and hatred and tyranny on the side of our enemies, and therefore there is no doubt that the Divine help and assistance of the just God and the moral support of our glorious Prophet will be on our side to encourage us. I feel convinced that from this struggle we shall emerge as an empire that has made good the losses of the past and is once more glorious and powerful.

Do not forget that you are brothers in arms of the strongest and bravest armies of the world, with whom we now are fighting shoulder to shoulder. Let those of you who are to die a martyr's death be messengers of victory to those who have gone before us, and let the victory be sacred and the sword be sharp of those of you who are to remain in life.

MEHMED-RESHAD.

On the 22 Djilhidje, 1332.

Or October 29, 1914.

#### VERBATIM TERMS OF THE FETWA

(Sultan's Proclamation of a Holy War.)

*The issuance by the Sultan of the Fetwa, or proclamation, announcing a holy war, called upon all Mussulmans capable of carrying arms—and even upon Mussulman women—to fight against the powers with whom the Sultan was at war. In this manner, according to Constantinople newspapers, the holy war became a duty not only for all Ottoman subjects, but for the 300,000,000 Moslems of the earth. The Turkish newspaper Ikdam called upon the people as follows:*

Mussulmans, open your eyes! Grasp

your weapons; trust to God. Hurl yourselves with full might against the foe! As the Caliph has said, the Divine help will be with us. Forward! Sons of Islam! There is no longer a difference of nationality; there is no longer a difference of culture. All Mussulmans are united and have but a single wish—to destroy our foes!

*The wording of the Fetwa itself, however, is less fiery in tone than the impassioned newspaper appeal. The Fetwa reads as follows:*

First Question—If lands of Islam are subjected to attack by enemies, if danger threatens Islam, must in that case young and old, infantry and mounted men, in all parts of the earth inhabited by Mohammedans, take part in the holy war, with their fortune and their blood, in case the Padisha declares the war to all Mohammedans? Answer—Yes.

Second Question—Since Russia, England, France, and other States supporting these three powers against the Islamitic Caliphate have opened hostilities against the Ottoman Empire by means of their warships and their land troops, is it necessary that all Mohammedans also who live in the countries named shall rise against their Government and take part in the holy war? Answer—Yes.

Third Question—Under all circumstances, since the attainment of the goal depends upon the participation of all Mohammedans in the holy war, will those who refuse to join in the general uprising be punished for conduct so abhorrent? Answer—Yes.

Fourth Question—Mohammedans who live in lands of the enemy may, under threats against their own lives and the lives of their families, be forced to fight against the soldiers of the States of Islam. Can such conduct be punished as forbidden under the Sheriat, and those guilty thereof be regarded as murderers and punished with the fires of hell? Answer—Yes.

Fifth Question—Inasmuch as it will be detrimental to the Mohammedan Caliphate of the Mohammedans who live in Russia, France, England, Servia, and Montenegro to fight against Germany and

Austria-Hungary, which are the saviors of the great Mohammedan Empire, will therefore those who do so be punished with heavy penalties? Answer—Yes.

### BRITAIN'S ANSWER

[From The London Times, Nov. 6, 1914.]

A supplement to The London Gazette published yesterday morning contains the following:

#### NOTICE

Owing to hostile acts committed by Turkish forces under German officers, a state of war exists between Great Britain and Turkey as from today.

Foreign Office, Nov. 5, 1914.

Following this notice is a proclamation extending to the war with Turkey the Proclamations and Orders in Council now in force relating to the war, other than the Order in Council of Aug. 4, 1914, with reference to the departure from British ports of enemy vessels which, at the outbreak of hostilities, were in such ports or subsequently entered the same.

The Gazette also contains an Order in Council, dated Nov. 5, annexing the Island of Cyprus.

The order, after reciting the Convention of June 4, 1878, the Annex thereto, and the Agreement of Aug. 14, 1878, by which the Sultan of Turkey assigned the Island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England, and affirming that by reason of the outbreak of hostilities with Turkey the Convention, Annex, and Agreement have become annulled, asserts that it has seemed expedient to annex the island. His Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, has therefore ordered:

From and after the date hereof the said island shall be annexed to and form part of his Majesty's dominions, and the said island is annexed accordingly.

### EGYPT'S NEW SULTAN

*The new Sultan of Egypt, Hussein I., made his State entry on Dec. 20, 1914, into the*

*Abdin Palace, in Cairo. The streets were lined with troops and the progress of their new ruler was watched by thousands of enthusiastic spectators. The King of England sent a telegram to the Sultan, to which his Highness replied thanking his Majesty for the promised British support. A new Cabinet had already been formed. Rushdi Pasha retained the position of Prime Minister and the portfolio of the Interior. Following is King George's telegram to the Sultan:*

On the occasion when your Highness enters upon your high office I desire to convey to your Highness the expression of my most sincere friendship and the assurance of my unfailing support in safeguarding the integrity of Egypt and in securing her future well-being and prosperity.

Your Highness has been called upon to undertake the responsibilities of your high office at a grave crisis in the national life of Egypt, and I feel convinced that you will be able, with the co-operation of your Ministers and the Protectorate of Great Britain, successfully to overcome all the influences which are seeking to destroy the independence of Egypt and the wealth, liberty, and happiness of its people.

GEORGE R. AND I.

*The Sultan telegraphed the following reply:*

To his Majesty the King, London:

I present to your Majesty the expression of my deepest gratitude for the feelings of friendship with which you see fit to honor me and for the assurance of your valuable support in safeguarding the integrity and independence of Egypt.

Conscious of the responsibilities I have just assumed, and resolved to devote myself, in entire co-operation with the Protectorate, to the progress and welfare of my people, I am happy to be able to count in this task on your Majesty's protection and on the assistance of your Government.

HUSSEIN KAMEL.

# Servia and Her Neighbors

## Views of Leading Statesmen

**P**REMIER PASHITCH spoke in the Skupstchina, or Servian Parliament, on Aug. 4, 1914, and made the following declaration given to the press by the Official Servian Bureau:

Mr. Pashitch laid stress on the fact that the Serajevo affair was used as pretext for the war, desired long ago by the Austrian Monarchy, which did not look on Pan-Serbism with a favorable eye, while the aspirations of other countries, of Rumania, Germany, and Italy, were tolerated. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy wished to crush Servian aspirations by curbing the Servian prestige.

In answering the Austrian note, Mr. Pashitch said, we reached the extreme limits of submission to her demands. We did everything in order to avoid the conflict and prove that we were peaceful. Now, all united, we will defend our rights.

We rely on the sympathy and support of great and sisterly Russia, who knows that our foes have been conspiring against our independence and our progress, and who will not permit our prestige to be crushed. At the side of Russia we have other friends.

(Long live Russia! Long live England! Long live France! Long live the Triple Entente!)

I thank the Opposition—continued Mr. Pashitch—because she has united with us in these critical moments, forgetting in the face of danger party lines and the dissension of opinions.

*From Nish the following official communication was telegraphed to the foreign press by the Government Bureau on Aug. 9, 1914:*

The Servian mobilization was effected with marvelous order, and once more it proved the good military organization of Servia, and how much the country can rely on the patriotic devotion of her soldiers.

Notwithstanding the erroneous statements of a part of the foreign press, notwithstanding the speedy development of events, notwithstanding the season of work in the fields, fully 80 per cent. of the reserves presented themselves on the first day of mobilization, which was completed amid general enthusiasm.

For a long time the Servians knew that the main struggle would be turned against Austria. The Montenegrin and Servian peoples enter the war against the common foe with an equal confidence in their armies. The enthusiasm of these two countries is all the stronger from the fact that they are fighting simultaneously with the aid of the Russians, French, and English. Numerous manifestations have taken place in Servian and Montenegrin cities in favor of Russia, France, and England.

### THE BULGARIAN MENACE

*Following is the account of the declaration of the Servian Minister of Commerce, Mr. Paul Maringovich, published in the Bulgarian newspaper Mir of Sofia in November, 1914:*

Mr. Maringovich's declarations are characteristic of the Serbo-Bulgarian relations. This Servian statesman at first spoke of the trials of the Servian Nation on account of the war, and then expressed the belief that these trials will pass and Servia will see better days with the



realization of her ideals. Mr. Maringovich predicts that the differences between Servia and Bulgaria will be settled in the future and that the two peoples will live in perfect harmony.

Regarding the Serbo-Bulgarian relations Mr. Maringovich said in the Mir:

"I am sorry to hear that Bulgaria demands concessions from us. In exchange for her friendship she demands concessions in Macedonia. But in this case that cannot be called friendship.

"Bulgaria demands this today because we are at war with Austria, and we cannot accordingly oppose her. But in doing this she simply betrays her weakness because it is a certain proof of weakness to strike one from behind while he is struggling with another. If Bulgaria is proud and strong she can measure herself with us as soon as the war with Austria is over. A strong Bulgaria must measure herself with the strong and not with the weak.

"Why do people in Bulgaria today insist on concessions? Do you know how many difficulties there are today in the granting of such territorial concessions? You felt the pain of similar action. Silistria was taken from you while your army was victoriously marching on Constantinople. Do not insist on implanting deep in the Servian heart a mortal hatred against yourselves.

"Do not ask the reason of our dissensions of today, in a difference of interests, because such difference does not exist, but try to find it in the arrogance and the conceit of the two nations. We do not recognize you as a nation. But this recognition must be made with the understanding that you drop your conceit.

"In Bulgaria people think that at this moment we have the support of Russia. But there is a mistake even in this, as we are further than you from Russia. If today Russia offers to us her support she is doing that because we are struggling against Austria and preventing her from invading the Balkans.

"To this argument you oppose the treaty of Bucharest. But that treaty is not our work. By not accepting the Czar's wish in his telegram of May 5,

(18,) 1913, you lost his support. This example from the past can show you how far you can go when you oppose Russia. But in no case are you entitled to blame those who are not guilty of your misfortune.

"When Russia undertakes to do something for the Slavs, she always does it in a way beneficial to the party to which she promised her support.

"When this war is over, when the whole of Slavdom shall be freed, when in a special congress all the interests of the Slavs shall be discussed and the services rendered by each and every one of them shall be weighed, Bulgaria must fear that decisions will be taken which will be contrary to her and that her interests will be sacrificed.

"A country must not act always according to her interests. Does not the Bulgarian people have any obligations toward Russia? Duty always stands above mere interest.

"When the war is over an entirely different atmosphere will rule in the souls of the people, and it will then be possible to weigh the actual interests with more equanimity and more calm. At least we Servians have this opinion."

*The following statement was made by the Servian Minister at Petrograd, Mr. Spalaikowich, in the Russkoye Slovo:*

What is Bulgaria going to do in the present circumstances? To which side will she cling? Is not her people going to take the arms against their secular enemy, the Turks?

This solution would be the most satisfactory for Bulgaria. Now a chance is given her to fulfill her obligations to Russia, who made her free. Let the Bulgarian sword be thrust against the secular enemy of Slavdom and the petty differences be forgotten.

Bulgaria, under the Russian wing, will enter the Slav family united, strong, and beloved. If she remains inactive she will drag herself poor and forgotten by all and full of regrets.

#### A PEASANT'S ANSWER

*As illustrating the popular feeling in Bulgaria the following letter from a*

*peasant to Mr. Maringovich appeared in the official organ of the Bulgarian Government, Echo de Bulgarie, published in French:*

Your Excellency: I am a plain peasant from the Danube country. While born on the shores of the beautiful blue Lake of Ochrida, and really, I cannot understand what is the meaning of your factum, (sic.) What have you come to do among us? Nobody knows you any more in Sofia. You are Servian and consequently a foreigner to us Bulgarians. There are certain pains that nothing can alleviate, nor heal, and there are wounds that nothing can cicatrize.

Since your entry in Ochrida, in my father's house, you, the Servian Army, behaved like enemies. You profaned the church, that Bulgarian church where I took my first communion. You have despoiled the archives and burned our libraries; you ordered closed our national school where I learned to mumble the alphabet of my mother tongue.

I have seen the epic struggle of my compatriots against Greeks and Turks, and I took part with them in order to obtain these national institutions. And did you come there in Ochrida and everywhere in Macedonia protected by our valiant army of Lulé Bourgas and Chataldja, to perform the duty of allies—of Slav brethren?

You established yourselves as conquerors of the country, as vandals, with the manifest purpose of extinguishing every vestige of our national culture. You associated yourself with the non-Slavs (Rumanians and Greeks) against us, your allies, in order to reach your end. Why, then, do you call us Slays? We were called Tartars until just before you arrived in Sofia.

You treated as villains our Bishops, whom the Turks and the Greeks were forced to restore us after a struggle of seventy-five years. You burned our Bulgarian books, and you forbade, under penalty of death, our people from calling themselves Bulgars. You tortured my parents with all the refinements of torture that you have invented.

Why, I beg of you? Because you were

Servians? I will not go so far as to injure you with the belief that the Servians are capable of crimes against nature. Then, because we were Bulgarians; because those poor people, taking you for their brethren, for Christians, for Slavs, at least had the courage to say they were Bulgarians and to think themselves such.

And this continues today with increased intensity. Ah, Mr. Maringovich! You have committed there and you persist in committing a crime against humanity that nothing will ever efface. You stabbed us to the heart, with premeditation, and the wound is still bleeding; you killed our faith in the Slav brotherhood. You morally assassinated us.

In the face of these crimes, Bregainitza and Slivnitza are pale figures. These odious crimes will not be left unpunished. The day of chastisement will come whether you look for it or not.

Your Excellency, I permit myself to repeat the question: What have you come to do among us?

Really you must have a good cheek—permit me this undiplomatic expression—and a Servian cheek, in order to have the audacity to come here and tell us tales. It is not only this; but you make sport of our sacredest and deepest sentiments, you reopen our wounds, and you purely and simply abuse us. You ought to have thought of all this before you set out for Sofia. Today there is an abyss dividing Serbs and Bulgars. It is an open precipice which will serve for you as a grave. You wish to fill it? To succeed you must employ other means than words.

Sir: You are a foreigner to us; there is not an honest man in all Bulgaria who can consider you a welcome guest. Nobody knows you. For every Bulgar there is only one word and one gesture for you. We stake our liberty in giving you the answer and in making the gesture.

Sir: You may take the train which brought you here from Nish. There is the depot. Farewell! Kindly accept the assurance of my consideration for your person, whom I had not the advantage to know.

## THE MINISTRY'S POSITION

*The statement by the new Servian Cabinet in the Skuptschina on Dec. 8, 1914, follows:*

The new Ministry has made in the Skuptschina the following declarations: The Government that has the honor to appear before you has been constituted with the purpose of manifesting to the end of this great crisis the union of the wills, the forces, and the intentions of all political parties of our country.

This Government is convinced of the confidence of the Skuptschina, as it puts all of its forces to the service of the great cause of the Servian Nation, and of the Serbo-Croatian-Slovenian family.

The Government considers its first duty to bow low before the heroic sacrifices voluntarily made on the altar of the fatherland.

The Government sends to the entire army and to all the military, from commanders down to simple privates, the expression of its confidence, its admiration, and its gratitude for their efforts and their sacrifices to the common fatherland.

Our little and young army, conserving the good reputation it had acquired in the past years, has put itself worthily on the side of the glorious and veteran armies of our great allies, who are struggling together with us for the cause of justice and liberty.

There is no doubt that in the end of these painful days of war our historic nation will be recognized and appreciated.

The Government is convinced that all the Servian people are united until the end of this hallowed war, to defend their hearths and their liberty; that their sole duty is to assure an army proportionate to this great war, which from the very beginning has been a struggle for the emancipation and the union of all our brother Serbo-Croato-Slovaks, who now suffer under foreign rule.

The brilliant success which will crown this war will compensate largely the great sacrifices of the present Servian generation. In this struggle the Servian people have not to choose, because in a

question of life and death there is no choice.

This people is forced to struggle and will do its duty with the same unflinching energy of a century ago for the redemption of the tomb of Kossovo.

The Government will try faithfully to represent this national decision; and faithful to its powerful and heroic allies, it will with confidence await the hour of victory.

The Government, conscious of the pains and hardships suffered by the army and in large part by the nation, will do all that human strength can do for the amelioration of the present situation and will energetically try all measures for refitting the army and bettering the sanitary service, as in this cause no sacrifices shall be spared.

In concert with you, gentlemen, the Government will take all the necessary measures for helping the population to recuperate after the war.

Now, while the enemy is yet at the gates of our country, the Government cries: Forward, with God's help, against the enemy! Forward in the struggle against the enemy!

[All the Deputies, without party distinction, repeated the last words of Premier Nicola Pashitch, and immense applause greeted the manifesto.]

## STATEMENT TO GREECE

*The Servian Minister at Athens, Mr. Baluhtchich, caused this announcement to be made on Nov. 29, 1914:*

On Nov. 29 the Servian Minister at Athens declared that all talk of Servian concessions of any kind in favor of Bulgaria was premature.

The Servian Government, the Minister said, finds it impossible to proceed to any concession, territorial or moral, so long as Serbia is in a state of war.

The Bulgarian Government has not made, and it is impossible to formulate, her demands directly to Servia, because it is impossible to foresee the outcome of a struggle so violent and apparently destined to be long. For Servia it is impossible to enter negotiations of indemnity or concessions for the neutrality of Bulgaria before an end is put to the present



situation. The only certain thing is that the Governments of the Triple Entente are endeavoring to reconstitute the Balkan League, which is to be made of three Balkan States, namely, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria.

But, as I had the occasion of stating some time ago, the Bulgarian territorial demands, with regard to the reconstitution of the league, have been so preposterous that neither Greece nor Serbia could begin discussions on such a basis.

I deny, in the most emphatic manner, Mr. Baluhtchich said, the news that Serbia was to cede, or that Bulgaria directly and formally demanded from my Government, any strip whatever of Macedonian territory, at least for the time being.

Likewise it is untrue that the Bulgarian Prime Minister, Mr. Radoslavoff, demanded from the Ambassadors of the Triple Entente that the compensation for her neutrality be guaranteed to her from now for the future. It is true that a disturbing political ferment is going on now in the Balkan Peninsula, the Serbian Minister said in conclusion, but it is a difficult thing to express opinions at this time.

However, before the war is over, neither concessions nor discussion can be made, at least as far as Serbia is concerned, and it seems that the Triple Entente concurs in this view.

#### BULGARIA AND KULTUR

*In the semi-official Servian daily, Samouprava, published in Belgrade and now at Nish, the following editorial article appeared early in the first week of October, 1914:*

The Bulgarians are a queer people. Those of the foreigners who sympathize with them are apt to call them realists, positivists, and calculants, but we Servians, knowing them, understand that such definitions applied to them are flattering euphemisms and nothing more. The Bulgarian people are really laborious and thrifty. Unfortunately the cultured members of Bulgarian society, who studied abroad, bear in their social and political life the fundamental characteristics of the German intellect.

The cultured Bulgarians have absorbed the German Kultur, although they do not owe Germany even the hundredth part of what they owe to Russia.

All these are facts that need not proofs. Bulgaria, therefore, could not more wantonly accuse Serbia than by saying that we allied ourselves with the enemies of Slavdom. The cynicism of these accusations is proved by the following officially registered Bulgarian actions:

The Stoilof Ministry has concluded an alliance with Serbia and also an understanding which the Bulgarians sold to Turkey for eight Bishoprics in Macedonia.

During the crisis which followed the annexation of Servian Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria, and when Russia was mortally insulted, Bulgaria, in common understanding with Austria, proclaimed her independence and definitely annexed Oriental Rumelia. These profits Bulgaria secured to the detriment of Servian interests.

During the Balkan war, and notwithstanding all that Serbia had done for Bulgaria, the Bulgarian attitude was once more treacherous, culminating in the wanton attack upon her allies at the instigation of Austria.

Today, when Russia fights a life-and-death struggle, Bulgaria is keeping neutral, and every one knows what kind of neutrality is this when such a multitude of Germans is passing through Bulgarian territory in order to arm and lead the Turks against Russia. And, last but not least, immediately after the present war between Austria and Serbia, the Bulgarians proposed an alliance to Rumania.

After all this it is a wonder how the Bulgarians dare to invoke Slav sympathies, which they always sold to Austria, and which the Bulgarian press is now trying to sell at auction. Lucky he who buys them.

#### AFTER FIVE MONTHS' FIGHTING

*On Dec. 17, (30, New Style,) 1914, Crown Prince Alexander of Servia, in his quality of Commander in Chief of the Army, issued the following order of the day to his troops:*

Soldiers! It is now five months since the day when the enemy attacked our beloved country. Notwithstanding the fact

that we had suffered the trials of two heroic but hard wars, nevertheless firm and undaunted we have stood the attack. Having routed the enemy in Tchar and Zadar, we gave him, after heroic and sanguinary battles, the biggest blow of all.

Thousands of prisoners, hundreds of guns, a quantity of war booty, which came to our hands, are witnesses of his defeat and our glory.

Soldiers! I feel proud in announcing to you that not a single enemy remains on the soil of the Servian Kingdom. We cast him out with great losses.

At this sacred moment, when on the heroic City of Belgrade anew waves the victorious Servian flag, I desire to fulfill a great duty of gratitude. In our ranks, in this third war, are fighting our brothers which we have liberated from the Turkish yoke. The soldiers of Kossovo, of Vardar, of Hekligovatz, of Bregalnitsa, of Bitolie, and of Porets, have shown themselves worthy of their brothers of Shumadia and the Danube, of Poutrin and Morava, of Timok and Usjitsa.

They have shown themselves worthy of the heroes Milaten and Dughan, who for long have carried the glory and the good name of the Servian arms.

I want to give to these new soldiers of ours conspicuous proofs of the gratitude of the fatherland. In the face of the undeniable proof of their fulfillment of their duty, in the face of their enthusiasm I declare that these soldiers shall have the political and constitutional rights of Servia, their liberatrix! The Skuptschina, in its first sitting after peace is signed, will take all the necessary measures in order that full liberties be given to our brethren.

Soldiers! The iron ring of our powerful allies is fastening tighter every day around our common enemy. And he, (the enemy,) feeling that his defeat is well nigh at hand, and dreading its dire consequences, fights desperately and strenuously. But in vain. The number of their soldiers is diminishing daily, and our allies are strengthened with new troops on the fields of battle.

The end of this gigantic struggle is from now known, although not yet ac-

complished. We must, therefore, for some time to come, fulfill our difficult duty and stay by the side of our big and powerful allies, who are fighting for us, till our enemy is annihilated on the battlefield.

And then peace will come to crown worthily those who have been sacrificed for our great fatherland, and then our country will be much enlarged, much stronger, and much happier than she ever has been. And for this, oh, my heroic Servia will be grateful to you.

### RUSSIAN CONGRATULATIONS

*On Dec. 18, 1914, the new Russian Minister to Servia, Prince Troubetzkoï, presented his credentials to the Servian Crown Prince Alexander, whom he addressed as follows:*

Illustrious Sir: I have the honor to hand to your Royal Highness the letter by which his Majesty the Emperor of Russia has deigned to accredit me by his Majesty the King of Servia.

My august master has charged me to express to you the vivid sympathy and the sincere admiration which his Majesty feels for the valiant people of Servia, her heroic army, and her venerable chief.

Allow me to express to your Highness the joy that I feel in fulfilling the imperial commission today when your army has covered itself with immortal glory and has written in Servian history the most beautiful page that a people may desire.

Separated by a long distance, but, attracted by the heart of her elder sister, Servia may say that in this terrible struggle against an enemy, numerically stronger but morally weaker, she is not alone and will not be forsaken.

I pray that this conviction may double the unflinching courage of the Servians and lead them always to new victories.

In assuming today the duties incumbent upon me after the death of my lamented predecessor, Hartwig, I take the courage, illustrious Sir, to express the hope that your Highness will not deprive me of his assistance, which will be absolutely necessary to me in order that I may work to the best of my abilities for the common good of the two countries,

and also for the consummation of peace in the Balkan Peninsula, this peace that Russia considers as the essential aim of her efforts and her sacrifices.

*Crowe: Prince Alexander answered as follows:*

The expression of the vivid sympathy and admiration which his Majesty the Emperor has addressed through you to the people and army of Serbia are so much the more welcome, as I personally witnessed the hard conditions under which my valiant army is struggling and the heavy burdens oppressing my brave people.

The fact that, although separated by a long distance from Russia, her elder sister, Serbia can find in her bosom a heart having the same sentiments as hers, has encouraged our army and our people to persist in the heroic struggle that they are waging against a more numerous enemy. This certainly will give us new strength to carry the struggle to the end.

In the fulfillment of your mission, after the death of your predecessor, a mission which the late Hartwig performed with such love and such devotion to the true Slav interests, you can rest on my absolute confidence and the continued support of my Government, being sure that the greatness and the power of Serbia are in full accord with the greatness and the power of holy Russia.

The lamented Hartwig made many trips for the mutual benefit of both countries, Russia and Serbia, and his efforts had resulted in creating stable conditions and securing the peace of the Balkans.

In accepting the letters, by which his Majesty the Emperor has accredited you by his Majesty the King of Serbia, my beloved father, I bid you, Mr. Minister, welcome, and I wish you success in your mission.

#### BULGARIA'S SENTIMENT

*The following Bulgarian view of the Serbian victory that resulted in the recapture of Belgrade is presented from an editorial article of the Dnevnik of Sofia:*

The Austro-Hungarian action against Serbia seems to have failed. It goes

without saying that the return of the Servians to Belgrade does not mean yet that the handful of the starving and half-naked Serbian Army has been victorious against its strong opponent.

The Serbian success, according to latest information, is due to means that are very little laudable in themselves.

The commander of the advance posts of the Austro-Hungarian Army, being a native of Dalmatia, became intimate with the Servians and committed an odious treason. He disclosed to them the dispositions of the Austro-Hungarian forces, and he himself, with the sections forming the guard, surrendered to the Servians.

From the Austrian rearguard one part scattered to various villages, another was sleeping. They were not ready and, caught unexpectedly, were dispersed.

Austro-Hungarian prestige is severely wounded. The shameful treason shows how dangerous is the Pan-Serbian propaganda to the integrity of the Austrian Empire, when corruption has reached even the officers standing in high command.

The Austro-Hungarian General Staff, as we are informed, has already taken those measures imposed by the situation. The Generals, Frank and Potiorek, have been recalled and will be probably court-martialed. And it seems that the "brilliant" Serbian victories are the beginning of the end of the "Slav Belgium."

#### GREECE ACCLAIMS

*The following editorial article, headed "A New Marathon," on the Serbian victory, appeared in the Greek newspaper Patris of Athens on Dec. 3, (16, New Style,) 1914, expressing the views of the Hellenic Government:*

The reoccupation of Belgrade by the Servians is one of those military feats which amount to historical phenomena. The Servians not only contributed the greatest feat of the European war, as far as results are concerned, but won for themselves an immortal page in the world's history.

Greece alone can show an analogous achievement, although greater, when she expelled the Persian invasion.



Only the achievements of Arhangelo-vatz, Ouzhitse, and Lazarevats can compare in a certain degree to the brilliancy of Marathon and Plataea. And the Servian achievement appears all the more Hellenic if analogies are to be considered.

The Servians, until yesterday a little people, with an army almost insignificant in face of the masses of the Austrian columns, submissive in times of peace, in the face of the most oppressive demands of Austrian diplomacy—considered like all the small peoples to be living at the mercy of the great—when the hour of supreme defense for altars and hearths struck, and in the face of an enemy threatening to swallow their country, they arose, terrible in their vengeance, and repeated the feat of the routing of Goliath by their small but invincible power.

This was possible because their regiments were not moved by the consciousness of numerical superiority, but were enlivened and strengthened before death by the undying fire of freedom, national pride, and the conviction that they were thrust into the most honored struggle, after which there would not be left for them anything but to live or die.

And the Austrians, who considered their campaign against Serbia as mere child's play; the Austrians with their German military organization; the Austrians, who constitute one-sixth of the entire European military power, started against Serbia with the same logic, the same haughtiness, the same bombastic prediction of the result of the unequal war with which the Persian masses moved against Greece. \* \* \*

## Little Montenegro Speaks

*The following Montenegrin message to Italy appeared in La Gazzetta del Popolo of July 21, (Aug. 3,) 1914:*

THIS terrible European war, if one takes away from it the diplomatic ornaments with which the Chancelleries are wont to decorate it, dates from a century back. It is, let us hope, the final revolt of the nations oppressed by the unjust work of the Congress of Vienna.

The nationalities of which the powers of the Triple Entente, and especially Russia, have made themselves the champions have not provoked this bloody struggle. It was imposed on them by the reactionary spirit of the Germanic world, which desired to consolidate its hegemony, based on the sufferings of the weak, impossible to describe, and on the contempt of right, which was proclaimed as a system of government.

The neutrality observed up to now by your august Italian country has been a

powerful assistance to the cause of right against the cause of oppression.

We Serbs of Montenegro and Serbia are now on the point of conquering that national unity, which our poets, our thinkers, and our sovereigns have sung, implored, and prepared, and, following the trail opened by Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi, we put our confidence in Italy, this mother of civilization, who by her smile embellishes the sun-kissed Slav shores of the Adriatic.

Help us in conquering the place which is awaiting us at the altar of justice! We firmly believe that Italy, when at the price of new sacrifices she shall have all of her exiled sons united under her glorious standard, will inaugurate a new era of friendly and intimate connections with the young Slav world, who from her hands received so many benefits and who in exchange offers her the collaboration of young and enthusiastic people in the great task undertaken by our protectors in the name of civilization and liberty.

# Bulgaria's Attitude

## Speech From the Throne

By Tsar Ferdinand I.

*The following speech by Tsar Ferdinand I. of Bulgaria was read at the opening of the Bulgarian Parliament, called the Sobranje, on Oct. 15, (28,) 1914, by the Prime Minister, Mr. Radoslavoff:*

WITH the ending last year of a long and exhausting struggle which we conducted with incomparable self-denial, the Bulgarian people and my Government directed again their efforts toward the healing of the wounds of the recent past and the remodeling of the national forces, and likewise toward creating new resources and prosperity for the country.

Our common peaceful activity was interrupted by the breaking out of the greatest and most terrible of all wars that history has up to this day recorded. In face of this mighty struggle of the European nations my Government has deemed it its duty before the nation, and the course imposed on it, to declare the neutrality of Bulgaria and to maintain this attitude sternly and honestly according to international obligations and the interests of the fatherland.

Thanks to this process, my Government maintains good and friendly relations with all the great powers; has succeeded in giving to our relations with our neighbors a color of greater confidence, so necessary after the crisis of the last year, and in the midst of the events that lie heavy today on the whole of Europe.

*A supplemental statement of the royal position was made by the Bulgarian Premier, Mr. Radoslavoff, in the So-*

*branje at the sitting of Nov. 12, (25,) 1914, which follows:*

With the proclamation of the state of siege, taken in accordance with the decision of Parliament, as a measure of further security, everything is moving along according to the laws and the Constitution of the country. And the Government is endeavoring that the internal administration may proceed in as orderly a way as possible.

You remember very well that on the 16th (29th) of July, when war was declared by Austria-Hungary, I came here and told you that the decision of the Government was to maintain strict neutrality.

One day before the closing of the extra session of Parliament I repeated the declarations of the Government, that no matter what kind of political combinations were formed around us the Government is resolved to maintain absolute neutrality to the end.

It was with pleasure that I heard at that time the assurances of all the party leaders that if I were to keep this attitude they would help me maintain the absolute neutrality of Bulgaria.

I do not know why after a few days there have been published various statements signed by the different party leaders.

Nothing in particular had been done on our side up to that time. There was nothing irregular, but, notwithstanding all this, complaints have been lodged against the Bulgarian Government that its neutrality was one-sided, that the Government was favoring one group of the powers while hostile to the other, that through Bulgaria arms and ammunition were sent from a belligerent

country [Germany] to a non-belligerent, [Turkey,] and this moved the leaders of the parties to turn to the nation and denounce the sincerity of your Government.

The silence of the nation and the attitude of the powers gave us full justification for the fairness and loyalty with which we keep our neutrality.

Two months ago the nation had witnessed a manifesto, signed by all the party leaders with the exception of the narrow Socialists, which means that the opposition has not been united on this question, as it is said in the manifesto that all the opposition was united in a fear lest the Government abandon its neutrality. In the manifesto addressed to the Bulgarian Nation the desire was expressed for the formation of a Ministry in which all the political parties were to be represented.

But the silence of the nation has given ample proof of its confidence in the present Ministry. The declaration of the Government on July 13 (26) holds today, as it held then. We are keeping the strict neutrality of Bulgaria. Those that were supposed to have grievances against us have no proofs to show our breach of neutrality. Every side was satisfied with our assurances.

Notwithstanding the difficulties with which the path of the Government is strewn today, I, supported by the majority of the Parliament, will follow the same policy. Bulgaria has remained neutral, and up to now she is in excellent relations with all neighboring countries.

Bulgaria is in most friendly relations with Rumania, Greece, and Servia, which is at war. Bulgaria keeps the most sincere relations with Turkey. Bulgaria remains neutral and loyal in her position. I make the declaration so that the entire nation may be informed that the present Government has assured the territorial integrity of Bulgaria.

Our policy meets with the approval of all the great powers without exception. If we ever are led by the force of circumstances to enter some arrangement whereby Bulgaria will obtain something more in the way of territory, this will

come from the will of the entire Bulgarian concert, with which we desire to remain up to the end in good relations.

This is what I can and what I must say today in the National Parliament. [Cheers and applause.]

## BULGARIAN PARLIAMENT REPLIES

[As voted on Nov. 12, (25,) 1914.]

**Your Majesty:** The national representation considers it an agreeable duty to express its satisfaction for the statements addressed to it and to offer its collaboration to the Tsar and the Government for the safeguard of the dear interests of the fatherland.

**Your Majesty!**

The breaking out of the terrible war which today oppresses and exhausts the nations has stopped the peaceful activity in which the Bulgarian Nation and your Government were engaged for the regeneration of the national forces and the creation of new resources for the prosperity of the country and the healing of the wounds of the long and heroic war which the nation, with unflinching self-sacrifice, has waged in the past year.

**Your Majesty!**

In the face of the momentous and far-reaching events now taking place in Europe and around Bulgaria, the national representation has noted with delight that the Government, having at heart the future of the country when it declared the neutrality of Bulgaria, is maintaining this attitude strictly and loyally, as the international necessities and the most vital interests of the country demand.

**Your Majesty!**

The national representation has learned with joy that, thanks to this attitude, the Government of your Majesty has preserved good and friendly relations with all the great powers and has improved our relations with our neighbors, which good relations are so necessary for Bulgaria after the crisis of the last year, and during the events of which we are the witnesses.

**Your Majesty!**



The great events that are shaking Europe are apt to call for our attention, but, in spite of this, they will not stop us in the way of the peaceful development of our culture, to which Bulgaria after the war devoted her energies.

We will carefully examine and heartily approve of all the measures which the Government may take for the progress of the country and will give them our support.

Long live his Majesty the Tsar!

Long live her Majesty the Tsarina!

Long live his Royal Highness the Crown Prince!

*Following is the allocution of Tsar Ferdinand I., on Dec. 2, (15,) 1914, to the Delegation of the Sobranje, which brought to him the Bulgarian Parliament's answer to the speech from the throne.*

Gentlemen: It has always been agreeable to me to meet the representatives of the National Parliament and exchange with them ideas on the situation and the administration of the country. In the present year, however, during the development of the events around us this contact with the representatives of the people is not without some importance for the Chief of the State.

I desire to hear from you, gentlemen, what are the concerns of the nation and to partake of them with you. The thought that I am nourishing, and my hope is, that, thanks to the stability and the wisdom of the Bulgarians, the country will emerge from the new trials untouched and without being threatened in the future.

I am really proud in duly acknowledging the virtues of the Bulgarian people. When, in 1912, this people, moved by a single impulse, arose and crushed a strong opponent by a force and ardor unsurpassed till now, the whole world recognized its military virtues. But the Bulgarian Nation has also displayed unique virtues in its reverses by valiantly enduring the blows of misfortune.

This nation will warmly undertake its mission in order to achieve its destiny, when it will win more respect on the part of foreigners than it won by its

victory; and the hearts of its sons, so devoted to the fatherland, will be warmed anew.

Today, when the whole of Europe is burning and the conflagration is approaching us, when all the nations around us are moving and making ready for action, the Bulgarian Nation, duly appreciating the situation, has established its attitude with an equanimity and a reserve which constitute the undeniable proofs of its wisdom and its political maturity.

The eyes of the Tsar and of the people are turned toward you. In the advices that you are giving, in the opinions that you express, I observe your care for the national prosperity and your resolution to sacrifice everything on the altar of the fatherland and for the interests of the nation. This sets me at rest and inspires me with the hope that in the future also complete harmony will prevail between the nation and the Crown, and that from this harmony we shall draw the necessary strength for the assurance of the future of Bulgaria.

May God watch over the fortunes of our fatherland and may He crown with success our common efforts.

### BULGARIA'S NEUTRALITY

*In the last sitting of the Bulgarian Sobranje, just before the Christmas holidays, the Premier, Mr. Radoslavoff, made the following statements as they appear in the semi-official organ, Narodni Prava of Sofia:*

Since last July Bulgaria has maintained strict neutrality. Whatever accusations have been addressed to her from abroad as to her alleged breaches of neutrality, on the part of one or other of the belligerent groups, are without any foundation whatever. It is recognized that such insinuations come from our enemies, who have every interest in our breaking neutrality.

The Government maintains and will maintain its neutral policy to the end, and in this case we declare that we will adhere to it, and, supported by the country, we will try to take as much advantage of it as is possible.

Whether we are going to have or not to have a Ministry in which all the political parties will be represented, this does not at all interest those from abroad, where the dignified attitude of our Government is recognized. Do not ask us to negotiate what the Triple Entente is willing to give us, or to say to the Central Powers—Austria and Germany—"You, what are you going to give us?"

Because in that case they would answer: "Why should we give you anything? For your inactivity? Because you keep tranquil, watching us shedding our blood? Is it for this that we must give you something?"

I, for myself, have repeated on another occasion that during these critical moments, when new States are being founded while others are falling to the ground, to safeguard and preserve the present frontiers of Bulgaria is the greatest service that can be rendered her. We know what we have asked and what was offered to us. But who guarantees that we shall have what was orally promised to us? We ourselves cannot guarantee it.

I declare that we are on good terms with our neighbors so long as they respect the interests of Bulgaria. If I knew that we would receive Macedonia and Cavalla and Dobrudja, be sure that I, first among all, would advise the formation of a coalition Ministry.

*Representative Tchandref* (interrupting)—Go ahead and take them alone.

*Radoslavoff*—But now we may not, neither in Chataldja nor in Cavalla nor in Dobrudja. The Bulgarian Government is pursuing the absolute preservation of peace and is watching developments. The friends that we have, notwithstanding all evil machinations, have not deserted us. Bulgaria still has friends, but friends and enemies tell us, Keep quiet, Bulgarians! In this lies your safety!

#### A MILITARY ESTIMATE

*The subjoined statement by the Bulgarian General, Savoff, appeared in the Vienna Reichspost of Dec. 20, 1914:*

Taking into account the military operations up to this date, it is easy to conclude that the two central monarchies are holding the advantage of the Allies. Germany has demonstrated to the world her enormous strength, while Austria-Hungary has shown herself to be really a great power. Austria-Hungary must be proud of her army and of the brilliant successes it has won against the colossal Russian military organization.

*So far as the neutral States are concerned, Gen. Savoff said:*

Bulgaria will keep neutral as long as she can. The responsible factors of the country will face every influence, and will act according to the best interests of the fatherland. We must insist on the correction of the mistakes made by the treaty of Bucharest. We are resolved, in case this should prove necessary, to take back by force of arms the territories that belong to us and that have been snatched from us. The Bulgarian Army is ready and will do its duty up to the end when the interests of the country demand it.

#### OPPOSITION PARTY'S STATEMENT

*Following is an editorial article published Oct. 15, (28), 1914, in the Mir, the organ of the Nationalists, and signed by A. Bouroff, ex-Minister and ex-Vice President of the Bulgarian Parliament, or Sobranje.*

The Government knows that the Bulgarian people will never forgive it, should the Ministry let pass the present historical opportunity without securing important advantages for Bulgaria.

These advantages the Government is endeavoring to obtain by keeping a pro-Austro-German neutrality. In order not to disclose this policy, the Government avoids a discussion with Austria and Germany.

In order to render service to Austria the Government is courting Turkey, provoking Russia through its action and its press, avoids the constitution of a council of State demanded by the opposition, and objects to the formation of a Ministry in which all the political

parties were to be represented. Perhaps the Government would go even further, but it is prevented from doing so, on one hand, by Rumania, who maintained a puzzling position, and the probable surprises that her "friendly" Turkey has in store, and on the other by the explicit and general unwillingness of the Bulgarian people to jeopardize its existence through adventurous actions that are so contrary to its national character and sentiments. The result of these contradictory inclinations and influences is shown in our present political weakness, which I am afraid will be fruitless in the end.

What is to be expected from this policy? In case of victory of the Triple Entente, Bulgaria can hope for nothing good. If the Dual Alliance is victorious we shall have certain compensations that to my deep conviction will be far from satisfying our national aspirations. The Austro-German alliance, first of all, will think of itself; that is to say, to realize the greatest ideals of pan-Germanism, the debouching of Austria in the Aegean Sea through Saloniki, which necessarily comprises the occupation by Austria of all Macedonia west of the Vardar. In the second place, Turkey will have to be compensated and strengthened, as in the future her army will be a more obedient organ in the hands of German diplomacy and more amenable than Slav Bulgaria, whose troops, in the opinion of the most prominent German papers, cannot fight the Russians, while Turkey at any time is ready to serve Germany. But Turkey can be compensated in Europe only at the expense of Bulgarian Thrace. To Bulgaria will be given, at most, Istip, Kotchana, Radovich, Serrés Drama, and Cavalla to make good the losses in Thrace.

To obtain such a meagre result, the Government of Bulgaria maintains a policy contrary to popular sentiment and to the racial bonds of the people, and a policy contrary to the further interests of Bulgaria, which are incompatible with the building up of a strong Turkey in the Balkans, a Turkey that would be the bulwark of Germany. The most essential

part of it is that this policy is based on a most improbable hypothesis, that is to say, the final triumph of the Austro-German arms. If the Bulgarian Government had left prejudices to one side and looked clearly at the events, they would not have been slow to understand that from the moment England stepped into the war and Italy abandoned her allies, the Austro-German alliance politically lost the game. Each passing day diminishes more and more the hopes of success of the Dual Alliance, and permits England and Russia to expand their inexhaustible forces. It is not difficult to foresee from now the terms of peace that England and Russia will impose. Any policy which expects to profit from the defeat of these two powers is doomed to failure, and because such is the policy of the Bulgarian Government, we think that it is against the interests of the country.

This policy, among its other disadvantages, opens forever a gap between little Bulgaria and great Russia, which power, even if defeated, will never cease to play an active part in the Balkans. Against this policy, which is risking much to obtain little, we propose the policy of coming to an agreement with the Triple Entente, on the basis of a Bulgarian neutrality favorable to it, which surely and without sacrifices is expected to bring to us greatest results. The only thing that the powers of the Triple Entente are demanding from us is to open negotiations with them. This does not abolish our neutrality, because other States, too, such as Italy, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, are negotiating at the present time.

#### BALKAN ALLIANCE OPPOSED

*An editorial article which appeared in the Bulgarian paper Volja of the Stamboulouist Party, on Dec. 20, 1914, appears below.*

The question has been raised whether in reality negotiations are being conducted between the Balkan States, that is to say, Bulgaria and Servia, Greece and Bulgaria, Bulgaria and Rumania. How much of this is true?

Such negotiations are not being con-



ducted, neither do we believe that it is possible for them to exist, because we do not know what our neighbors demand from us. The only true part of this story is that the powers of the Triple Entente are endeavoring to drag into the war Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania, a thing that would be not only profitable to them, but even necessary for these same powers of the Triple Entente.

And as long as Bulgaria is not any longer inhabited by imbeciles, who will undertake once more a war for the promotion of the glory and the interests of those who by every means endeavored to ruin us, these powers are thinking today, being moved by some sentiment of humanity, that certain concessions must be made to Bulgaria, but on condition of military support.

And so far as concerns Serbia, who only a few days ago was on the brink of the precipice, and who, in a little while from now, will find herself in a worse position, it is apparent that, without the assistance of Bulgaria, her ruin will be certain. This, however, does not prevent Serbia as well as the Triple Entente from insisting on giving us as little as possible,

and then only after the Serbs have taken Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Rumania and Greece desire an understanding for the sake of their tranquillity. And it was said that Rumania is giving Dobrudja, but Greece does not want even to hear of the cession of Cavalla Drama and Serrés, but, on the contrary, demands, in case Bulgaria gets Servian Macedonia, to obtain for her (Greece's) account Doirani, Ghevgeli, and Monastir. Greece and Rumania agree on one point—themselves to stay out of the war, while inducing Bulgaria to fight.

But Bulgaria insists on getting compensation, not by war, but by her neutrality. The aspirations therefore of the interested States are totally different, and, under such circumstances, no understanding is possible. The object of the Triple Entente is clear. But this is no concern of ours, nor of any of the other Balkan States, with the exception of Serbia.

Therefore, to speak plainly, the understanding will be possible only when interests are taken into account. And on this basis some means to an understanding with our neighbors will be found, whether they want it or not.

## The Turk in Egypt's Eyes

CAIRO, Jan. 31.—In order to understand the bearing of the latest news upon Moslem opinion, particularly in Cairo and Alexandria, it must be borne in mind that Turkey still enjoys considerable military prestige here. Tens of thousands of Egyptians continue to regard her one of the great powers. They never believed the news of her defeat in the Balkans, and the reoccupation of Adrianople confirmed them in their skepticism. At the same time, a secret German propaganda for some years before the war did much to spread abroad the doctrine of German invincibility. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a section of the population holds entirely erroneous views as to the present balance of power and requires unmistakable evidence of Turkish defeat to open their eyes.

# Greece's Watchful Waiting

## Hellenic Neutrality Defined

*Reprinted from the Greek newspaper Athenae, published at Athens, July 23, (Aug. 3,) 1914*

**Y**ESTERDAY at 10 A. M. the Council of Ministers met at the Premier's house and took cognizance of a number of dispatches from the Hellenic representatives of the Governments of the great powers relating to the European war which has just begun. At 11 A. M. the Ministers went in a body to the palace, where, under the Presidency of the King, a council was held which discussed the position of Greece in the European conflict. His Majesty, having listened to the Premier, who communicated all the latest news regarding the situation, agreed on all points as to the attitude of Greece in the Austro-Servian conflict, which attitude would be one of absolute neutrality as long as Bulgaria and Turkey remained neutral.

During this council the Chief of Staff of the army, Gen. v. Dousmanis, was sent for, and he gave the Ministers some information of a military character regarding the position of Greece. Gen. Dousmanis assured them that the army was in excellent condition and that all preliminary preparations for a mobilization were already taken.

### FRENCH, GREEKS, AND GERMANS

[*Editorial comment of the Athenae of Aug. 9 (Sept. 21)*]:

\* \* \* In Greece there does not exist a discrimination between those who love France and those who do not, because as a rule the entire nation worships France. The Hellenic world, from the most uneducated citizen to the one who represents all the development of intellect, worships France.

It was always with admiration that the discerning Hellenic intellect looked upon the French Nation, which is the leader in every progress. French letters, French art, and French industry have found in Greece sincere admirers and enthusiastic heralds. The French heroism, the devotion that every Frenchman feels for the ideals of the fatherland, the superiority of the French woman, whom certain malevolent writers have so misrepresented to the world; the virtue of the French housewife, the French mother, and the French patriot, have always been splendid examples to those who are apt to think on the world's progress. The birthplace of the forerunners of the modern social and civic spirit and the mother of the most genuine philhellenism, the France of Rabelais, Molière and Voltaire and Béranger and Hugo has always been an object of respectful sympathy for those in Greece who are admirers of the beautiful, the liberal, and the ideal.

Every one of us knows that, if France has not been able to help materialize the Greek's rightful aspirations, this is not due to lack of good intentions on her part, but rather to the French compliance with the interests of the Slav; and we know that France had to cultivate those interests by her own wealth, and contrary to her democratic principles, only in order to have an alliance against her neighboring enemy, against whom she meditated revenge for a defeat and the vindication of her subjugated children.

For the German people, this people of progress and civilization, which has never aspired to a world hegemony by the subjugation of other peoples, outside of the needs of their frontiers, Greece feels the same admiration and sympathy. And when such French patriots as Jules Huret and Georges Bourdon, in voluminous works, have cited the German progress and German social civilization as an example to their own country, it would be almost a reversal of logic if we outsiders were to deny these things, at the sight of two friends who have come to blows.

If there is anything that grieves the Greek soul, which has always been used to appreciate virtue disinterestedly, it is the fratricidal woe of two nations who ought to be, hand in hand, forerunners and co-workers in the great enterprises of science and civilization!

#### PRIME MINISTRY'S ATTITUDE

*Premier Venizelos set forth the Government's neutral policy in his speech to Parliament on Sept. 15, (28) 1914. A translation appears below.*

*After speaking of the Greco-Turkish relations and the efforts being made at the time for the settlement of the outstanding questions of the refugees and the Aegean Islands, Mr. Venizelos said:*

Unfortunately the labors of the new session are beginning amid the clangor of the great European war. The Government has declared that during this war Greece is to remain neutral, but at the same time it did not conceal the fact that it has obligations toward one of the belligerents, Servia, and that said obligation it was resolved to fulfill faithfully should the *casus foederis* arise.

Greece, however, wishes nothing more than that such an occasion should not arise, as it desires that the conflagration which is gradually enveloping Europe should not spread over the Balkans, whose peoples, after two wars, so much need rest.

So far as it depends upon the initiative of Greece, every one may be assured that the European conflagration will not

spread in the Balkan Peninsula. And if its other peoples are inspired by the same thoughts, then we can feel sure that peace will be preserved in the Levant up to the end of the war.

But even for the neutrals there are obligations. The position of the neutrals is not so easy as one might think, and the Government has endeavored and is still endeavoring to fulfill as perfectly as possible the various obligations imposed by neutrality. I must acknowledge at this time that my task has been rendered easier by public opinion, which, notwithstanding its sympathies, has done nothing to hurt any one of the belligerents. I regret that I cannot say the same as regards the press, because the press, not confining itself to the expression of so many natural sentiments, has often indulged in violent attacks against the belligerents, and especially at the time when, owing to the peculiar psychological condition in which the latter find themselves, every such attack touches them most deeply. And I again entreat you, from this official tribune, to avoid any such attack. I hope my advice will be more willingly complied with at this time.

#### WHERE GREECE STANDS

*The following statement by Premier Venizelos was published in the Corriere della Sera of Milan on Oct. 29, 1914.*

The Greek Government has declared its neutrality and will abide by this policy. Notwithstanding this, she did not deny her treaty obligations to Servia, and is resolved to fulfill all the terms of this treaty should the *casus foederis* arise.

It is understood that Greece does not desire this *casus foederis* to arise.

Our relations with Turkey have been strained for some months. But after the negotiations of Bucharest some agreement was reached regarding the refugees. Those in Europe will learn that the Turks expelled two hundred thousand persons from Thrace and Asia Minor. One portion of them we have settled in the islands. Besides those there are about fifty thousand Turkish refugees—



though not persecuted—in Macedonia. A mixed committee was to arrange the exchange of these refugees at the beginning of the war. As to the question of the ownership of the Aegean islands, the Hellenic Government considers the question settled from an international standpoint, not only by the treaties of London and Athens, but also by the unanimous decision of all the European powers.

The Government declared that it was ready to satisfy Turkey regarding this question, under the *sine qua* condition that the islands would continue to be occupied and administered by Greece in the same way as all the other provinces of the Hellenic Kingdom. After an exchange of views on the subject, it was decided that I should meet the Grand Vizier in Brussels, but the war prevented this.

Afterward this desire was again expressed, that the negotiations which originally were to take place in Brussels should open elsewhere. To this end both parties sent delegates to Bucharest in order to find some solution of the island question, but again this meeting failed to accomplish anything.

Turkey proposed an adjournment of the negotiations to a more propitious time, alleging that the general conditions in Europe, and her internal troubles, made it impossible for her delegates to continue the discussions on the island question. Unfortunately the plight of the Greek populations in Turkey is becoming worse every day, and large numbers of refugees are coming daily to Greece.

Regarding Bulgaria, I can say nothing, except that she keeps repeating her intention of remaining neutral. At the same time Bulgaria did not mobilize, therefore we have not taken this measure ourselves.

But naturally—and this must be taken in its widest meaning—when the flames of a conflagration are licking one's door one must take all the precautionary measures. Is it not right?

Regarding Epirus, we declared clearly that we have no designs upon Avlona.

## OCCUPATION OF EPIRUS

*The subjoined statement by Premier Venizelos appeared in The London Morning Post.*

ATHENS, Oct. 27.

In the Chamber of Deputies this evening, in reply to an interpellation, M. Venizelos, the Premier, stated that Greece had reoccupied Northern Epirus solely to restore order and security to those districts already cruelly tried by prolonged bloodshed and anarchy. The Premier emphasized the provisional character of this reoccupation, inasmuch as Greece continued to respect the international agreements regarding Albania.

M. Venizelos was followed by M. Zographos, the late President of the Epirote Provisional Government, and now Deputy for Attica, who, amid profound attention and great enthusiasm, recounted the enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure by the Epirotes for their freedom, and declared that the liberation of Epirus must this time be final. M. Rallis, one of the leaders of the Opposition, declared that Epirus was resolved to remain united with Greece.

I am informed from a diplomatic source that the great powers have received the announcement of the reoccupation in a friendly spirit, and no protests have thus far been received from quarters whence they might have been expected.

## RELATIONS WITH BULGARIA

*Following is an editorial article from the semi-official newspaper Patris of Athens of Dec. 12, (25,) 1914:*

With Bulgaria not one of the Balkan States can come to any understanding. The neighboring Balkan peoples, at least the Christians, cannot agree with them—not because they are lacking good intentions, but because the Bulgarians in their demands are unreasonable, unjust, insatiable, monstrous, and treacherous; because the Bulgarians always demand the impossible; because they are pursuing profits at the expense of third parties, whom they invite to cede rights obtained by sacrifices and based on the right of war; because, while they can demand compen-

sations at the expense of a non-Christian neighbor—to which no one would object—they turn on their co-religionists, struggling to take away from them what they lawfully and with sacrifices have acquired.

On account of this policy of the Bulgarians, not one of the Christian peoples of the Balkan Peninsula believes in the possibility of an understanding with them. That, also, is Rumania's position. Accordingly it should be unnecessary to deny the news from Sofia announcing the attainment of an alleged Rumano-Bulgarian rapprochement. In order to reach this understanding, the Bulgarians would not confine themselves to the rules of present Rumano-Bulgarian practice, which in itself is a question of secondary importance.

The Bulgarians turn eager eyes to the whole of Dobrudja, which might perhaps be the dowry of the royal Rumano-Bulgarian match so impudently heralded in Sofia, although the whole thing was a monstrous lie, without any appearance of respect for the family affairs of the royal throne of Rumania.

But, as in our own case, neither the Servians can cede even an acre of land to Bulgaria nor Rumania give back Dobrudja, because all of these territories belong to their present owners by right of war. For the same reason the Serbo-Bulgarian relations failed a month ago; likewise no ground was found for an understanding between Bulgaria and Greece; and for the same reason the negotiations between Rumania and Bulgaria are failing today.

The Bulgarians have turned from one to another of the peoples of the Balkans in order to cheat them. But this attempt, made once too often, at length has failed. But will this final failure bring to reason the hotheads of Sofia? After the cruel disappointment they received at the hands of Rumania, the Bulgarian politicians must understand

that whatever is won by war only is given back. No one is so stupid as to give them willingly his dominions.

Do they wish to take them? Let them come. Let them declare war. Because so long as they are not doing this, and so long as they persist in their present methods, they are offering the spectacle of a childish if not a demented people.

#### GRECO-RUMANIAN FRIENDSHIP

*The Rumanian Minister, Mr. Filidor, presented his new credentials to King Constantine on Dec. 14. His speech appears below:*

Your Majesty! I have the honor to deliver to your Majesty the letters with which his Majesty, my august sovereign, has deigned to confirm my quality as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, a mission which I had already the honor of filling under the glorious reign of the great King Carol I., the founder of the Rumanian dynasty.

I happened to be a witness of the most brilliant period of the history of new Greece, during which your Majesty at the head of his Government has succeeded, by his military talents, in bringing into realization the great achievements of ancient Greece, whose majestic relics are serving still as an inimitable example to the whole of mankind.

The military effort of your Majesty has been crowned by the Treaty of Bucharest, which was a common pacifying work of Greece and Rumania, and which was so instrumental in strengthening the bonds of friendship and interests which so happily unite the two peoples.

Deeply impressed by the conviction that my mission consists in working for this latter end, I dare pray your Majesty to grant me his august favor, as in the past, and I assure you that I will employ all my energy for the fulfillment of this effort, so necessary for the future fortunes of both countries.

# Where Rumania Stands in the Crisis

## Declaration of Neutrality

BUCHAREST, Aug. 5, 1914.

THE Council of the Crown has decided on the neutrality of Rumania—Agence Roumaine.

### THE SITUATION IN RUMANIA

[The subjoined articles were sent by correspondents of the *Paris Temps*.]

Aug. 23, 1914.—The departure of the mobilized French soldiers who were in Bucharest has been the occasion for sympathetic manifestations toward France.

Among the population and in the streets there was not a single voice which was not heartily and enthusiastically for the Triple Entente in general and France in particular.

Certain personages, such as the General Pilot who in 1870 fought on the side of France, and certain newspaper editors who, yielding to national aspirations, have carried on since the first day of the war a violent campaign against Austria, are enthusiastically cheered by the public in the cafés and by the majority of the army officers who assisted in uniform at these scenes.

More than that, there were imposing manifestations in the streets; other meetings, still more effective, were held in secret, at which Generals and superior officers assisted. But notwithstanding this public sentiment the police are on the lookout; the orders they have received are particularly severe, as entire regiments are kept in readiness in the public parks and Government buildings. All those functionaries who are suspected of being openly hostile to Austria are closely followed and watched.

What is the reason of this? One may put the question to himself, as really this sentiment of the nations corresponds too well with a secular and inevitable policy. Despite all contrary reasoning,

one fact remains, and this is summed up in Transylvania and Bukowina and the five million Rumanians who are under Austro-Hungarian rule. There is for the Rumanians of the kingdom the unforgettable series of persecutions of every kind to which their brethren on the other side of the mountains are subjected—persecutions dating from yesterday and which are continued today. Only the day before the Austrian mobilization fifty students from the Rumanian Kingdom who happened to be in Brassow (Hungary) on an excursion were arrested and brought before the police authorities, and actually thrown into prison, because they dared display badges with Rumanian colors in their buttonholes.

"If I were to march into Moldavia," a Rumanian was telling me, "against the enemies of Austria, I would have to begin by sabring all the Moldavian peasants, who are crying, 'Down with Austria!' Of course, I never could do this!"

Under such conditions, if the waverings of the Government were to be explained, the task would be a hard one. In our opinion, they may be ascribed to different causes, the more important factor being the opinion of the King himself; but this alone would not suffice.

The King (Carol) is first of all bound to Emperor Francis Joseph by an old friendship. King Carol has never admitted that the diminution of his kingdom after Plevna was a right thing, and the toasts in Constanza (during the Czar's visit to Rumania early in the Summer of 1914) have demonstrated, for those who could read between the lines, in both the politeness of the Czar and the reserved tone of King Carol, that this sentiment had not yet disappeared.



In the face of this disposition, so firmly expressed, the Ministers and the party leaders of Rumania felt rather uncomfortable. It must be borne in mind that a parliamentary régime, properly speaking, does not exist; the Ministries do not fall by vote of the chambers of Parliament. When the King estimates that a Ministry has been too long in power, when he hears distinctly the murmur of the Opposition, then he calls a new President of the Council, who has Parliament prorogued and a new one formed—this is the exact procedure—according to his liking. By reason of this process, and also by reason of a special attraction which the Court exercises over a small, refined, and elegant society, the counsels of the King are inspired by the advices of his counselors.

But there are also other reasons that plead for this uncertain attitude, and by which it is attempted to justify a policy of indifference.

The successes of last year—of which the Rumanians have not understood the causes, because they never tried to understand them—have troubled them in a certain way.

Their statesmen persist perhaps a little too much in playing Machiavelli, and in exalting abstention to a system. Their fondest desire at the present moment is not, we are persuaded, to march on Austria, but, on the contrary, not to march at all, and not to intervene in the war up to the day of the final liquidation.

What is this policy worth? The chances are that it may not always be good, particularly in the present state of things. Rumania is still a small country by reason of its area. In addition to this, her neighbors, on which she was wont to exercise a moderating influence, are bound to change in density of population. And it is very likely that Rumania, on the next day after the war, might find herself suddenly surrounded by homogeneous peoples, who in the meantime would become distinctly more important than she is, and that these people might have against her certain slight grievances which they would make her feel. More-

over, even if Austria by chance is victorious, and even if the Government at Bucharest helped her, is it not clear that her (Rumania's) Hungarian neighbor, becoming stronger, would make her (Rumania) suffer the same as she made the Servians suffer when they were feeble?

Rumania may well protest her friendship, but this will not prevent her, if only by her presence, from being a danger to the tranquillity of the Hungarian subjects in Transylvania. And then who is going to defend her?

Here is what the good sense of the people says, and it is this common sense which will triumph in the end over all vacillation, and will, in spite of everything, assert its way of seeing things.

#### THE ATTITUDE OF RUMANIA

Sept. 25, 1914.—Mr. Diamandy, Rumanian Minister at Petrograd and an ardent advocate of Rumanian intervention, has returned to the Russian capital after a voyage to Bucharest, where he went in order to explain his views to his Government.

The return of Mr. Diamandy to Petrograd is regarded as a favorable omen, as this diplomat had expressed previous to his departure that he would not come back to his post if he were not successful in placing Rumania on the side of the Triple Entente.

On the other hand, l'Agence de Balkans is in receipt of the following dispatch from Bucharest, Sept. 19, 1914:

"The semi-official papers of the Rumanian Government have published the following statement with regard to the Treaty of Bucharest: The viewpoint of Rumania on the subject of the Treaty of Bucharest, and of its connection with the European war, has been discussed and established in a council of the Crown, held on the 21st of July, (Aug. 3, N. S.) In the Treaty of Bucharest the Rumanian interest was not bound to fixed frontier lines, except so long as these assured an equilibrium necessary to Rumania. Rumania was not obliged to protect this equilibrium in its

actual form any longer than in her mind this could be possibly maintained.

"If the European war, in its future consequences, should bring about certain modifications in the actual frontiers of one or the other of the Balkan States, the interest of Rumania requires that the Balkan equilibrium be established in accordance with the changes made to correspond with the purpose of maintaining the real equilibrium in its new form, no matter what the frontier lines will be in their final re-establishment. In connection with the attitude of Rumania in the presence of the European war no new decision has been taken. All the political parties are subjecting their attitude to the action of the Government. Mr. von Busch, the new Minister of Germany, has arrived and was received yesterday in confidence by King Charles."

#### DEATH OF KING CHARLES

(A dispatch sent to *The London Times*)

Oct. 12, 1914.—King Charles of Rumania died of heart failure early on Saturday morning at the Castle of Pelesh, Rania.

Yesterday Parliament was convoked, and the new King took the oath of allegiance. Subsequently the Government issued a proclamation stating that the new King would follow in the footsteps of his predecessor and realize the ideals of the Rumanian race.

Both in itself and as an episode of the present European conflagration, the death of the King of Rumania is an event of singular importance. The late King was in many respects the maker of his adopted country. When, in March, 1866, he accepted the crown, the condition of the Danubian principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia, was little better than that of a misgoverned Turkish province. They still owned Ottoman suzerainty, their army was nonexistent, their financial resources were precarious, the condition of their people was wretched, their means of communication were primitive, and their public affairs were in a condition bordering on anarchy. With the support of the French Emperor, to whom he was distantly related, Prince Charles of

Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen faced one of the most difficult tasks ever allotted to an inexperienced ruler, and carried it to triumphal completion.

He created an army, introduced railways, won independence for his realm and for himself. He evolved order out of chaos, secured military renown at Plevna as commander of the joint Russo-Rumanian forces in the Russo-Turkish war, established national finance on a sound basis, built up a considerable export trade, extended the frontiers of the principality and raised it to the rank of a kingdom, and watched with untiring vigilance over every aspect of national development. Not only as the first recognized and independent sovereign of modern Rumania, but as her creator, King Charles will ever hold a foremost place in Rumanian history.

In this great work the late ruler derived advantage, not only from his eminent personal qualities, but from his foreign origin. As a German Prince, powerfully connected, he stood outside and above Rumanian party factions, and succeeded gradually in imposing his will on them all. Born on April 20, 1839, at Sigmaringen, near the source of the Danube, he was barely 27 when he accepted the call to rule an unknown country with which his only connection was that, like the estates of his family, it, too, was watered by the Danube. Of middle height, well built, pronounced features, and clear, gray eyes, his personality expressed quiet energy. His statecraft he learned by experience and from the excellent counsel of his father, Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern, head of the senior and Roman Catholic branch of the Hohenzollerns. Only once did he falter. In March, 1871, when the French sympathizers of his subjects exposed him as a German Prince and a Hohenzollern to great unpopularity, while the bankruptcy of the Jewish speculator to whom his railway schemes had been intrusted threw discredit upon his ideas of economic development, he summoned the members of the Provisional Government from whom he had accepted the crown and announced to them his decision to abdicate. Fortunately for Rumania, they

succeeded in dissuading him from his purpose. The famous Conservative statesman, Lascar Catargi, formed a Ministry which held office for five years and enabled the ruler to turn the most dangerous corner of his reign. Thenceforward the path was comparatively clear, though by no means easy. It led to Rumanian participation in the Russo-Turkish war, to the conquest of national independence, and eventually, on May 22, 1881, to his coronation as King of Rumania, with a crown made of steel from a Turkish gun captured by Rumanian troops at Plevna.

Yet the Rumanian triumph was not unalloyed. Russia injudiciously and ungratefully insisted on depriving Rumania of the portion of Rumanian Bessarabia of which Russia had been deprived after the Crimean war, and allotted the Dobrudja, a swampy region south of the Danube, to the principality as compensation. The indignation in Rumania was indescribable and has never entirely subsided. The Senate in the Chamber declared the resolve of the country to defend its integrity by force. The Czar threatened to disarm the Rumanian Army—a threat which drew from Prince Charles the proud reply: "The Rumanian Army, which fought so gallantly before Plevna under the eyes of the Czar, may be annihilated, but will never be disarmed." But he nevertheless recognized the futility of resistance to the Russian demand, and exerted himself to calm the national excitement. In later years the breach was partially if not wholly healed.

Of the more material achievements of his reign there is little space to speak. The best record of his life is to be found in the present condition of the country—*si monumentum requiris circumspice*. His furtherance of the petroleum industry, of the export of grain, timber and other agricultural produce, the building of the great bridge over the Danube at Tchernavoda, and the extensive harbor at Constantza, the network of railways, the immense system of fortifications defending the capital, and the line Fokshani-Galatz—all these and much more are mainly his work.

Little is yet known of the action of King Charles in the last crisis of his life. It is a strange coincidence that just as the Franco-German war of 1870-71 brought him into conflict with the Francophil tendencies of his subjects and led to his offer of abdication, so the present war should again have engendered rumors of his abdication on account of his alleged antagonism to the national desire for the acquisition of Transylvania and the Southern Bukovina, which are peopled by more than 3,000,000 Hungarian and Austrian Rumanes. The Rumanian people felt that the hour for the liberation of their kindred had struck. Russia is understood to have invited Rumania to occupy the desired territory. But King Charles, who brought and kept Rumania within the orbit of the Triple Alliance, was, as a Hohenzollern and a German Prince, averse to hostile action against the German Emperor and the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is, moreover, stated that he was bound by his word of honor never to take the field against a Hohenzollern cause.

The late King Charles married, in November, 1869, Princess Elizabeth of Wied, the gifted "Carmen Sylva," whose brilliant literary and artistic talents have gained her a worldwide reputation. The only child of the marriage, the infant Princess Marie, died in 1874—bereavement that ever left a note of sadness in the lives of her parents.

### THE NEW KING

King Ferdinand, who now succeeds his uncle on the throne of Rumania, was born in August, 1865, and, like his predecessor, is a Hohenzollern and a Roman Catholic.

Among his near relatives are the King of the Belgians and his namesake, Tsar Ferdinand of the Bulgarians, who are both first cousins, and his niece, Queen Augustina Victoria, the consort of Dom Manoel. Through his mother, the Princess Antonia, who was born an Infanta of Portugal, King Ferdinand is kin with all the house of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, to which his consort, the new Queen



Mary, belongs as daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh.

Her Majesty is thus first cousin to King George and to the Czar, as also to Princess Nicholas of Greece. Her three sisters are married respectively to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, Prince Ernest, the eldest son of the media-tized Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and to the Infante Alfonso d'Orléans of Spain.

Their Majesties have six children, of whom the Crown Prince Carol, who celebrates his 21st birthday this week, and the Princess Elizabeth, born in 1894, are of marriageable age. The youngest, Prince Mircea, who bears a historic Rumanian name closely connected with Silistria, was born during the Balkan war at the beginning of 1913. King Ferdinand's family is a remarkable example of religious differences—his Majesty is a Roman Catholic, the Queen is a Lutheran, and their children are members of the Orthodox Church of Rumania.

The Rumanian Minister has received a copy of a proclamation published in The Official Gazette stating that the new King will follow in the footsteps of the late monarch and will accomplish the ideals of the Rumanian race.

### IN RUMANIA'S PARLIAMENT

[From The Messaggero of Rome.]

BUCHAREST, Dec. 17.

The intention of the Government to avoid in Parliament any discussion of the political action of the Ministry was reaffirmed yesterday by Premier Bratiano, who, in a brief declaration in the Chamber, prayed the parties to waive any discussion whatever upon the answer of Parliament to the speech from the throne, and to have confidence in those governing the country.

The independent Deputies, however, have shown themselves determined to provoke a discussion. Among the others, Mr. Couza, a Nationalist, demanded permission to express his personal admiration for the valor of the Servians, and insisted on ample measures being taken

for preventing the exportation of articles of which in due time there will be an absolute deficiency in the country.

Constantin Mille, an independent, and proprietor of the newspaper *Adeverul*, delivered a long speech in which he declared himself dissatisfied with the policy of the Government, which ought to have taken a decisive stand at the beginning of the conflict. Instead of doing this, the Government has put us in the position of not knowing to which side we must turn, as long as our only intention is to turn first to this side and then to that, without having the necessary guarantees.

After paying high tribute to the valor of the Servian Army and the heroism of Belgium, the speaker demonstrated that Rumania, since the beginning of the conflict, ought to enter the war on the side of the Triple Entente.

He afterward protested against certain facts that the expressed neutrality of the country cannot tolerate; such as the passage through Rumanian territory of guns and ammunition from Germany for Turkey; the taking over by Germany of certain medical supplies originally intended for the Rumanian Army, and exchanging the same for grain.

He then assailed the propaganda carried out by German emissaries through certain news agencies, and the corruption of certain papers of the Rumanian press.

And during all this time, concluded Mr. Mille, our brethren in Transylvania are being exterminated by war while expecting our intervention. The Government must break its silence, which is becoming more and more suspicious, and frankly affirm its intention.

### RUMANIA'S POLICY

[From The London Daily Telegraph of Dec. 29, 1914.]

BUCHAREST, Dec. 28.

Today, in the debate on the address in reply to the message from the throne, the Prime Minister repeated the declaration made in the Chamber asking the majority to waive discussion and the Opposi-

tion to leave the Government full liberty of action to fulfill its great duty.

The Conservative Party, by the mouth of its chief, expressed its willingness to do this. M. Disesco, on behalf of the Conservative Democrats, repeated the declaration made by M. Take Jonesco, in the Chamber, according to which Rumania ought to abandon her neutral position and make an immediate alliance with the Triple Entente.

M. Disesco added that the Rumanian-Austro-German alliance ceased to exist from the day when the Crown Council was held at Sinăia; that council settled the matter of Rumania's neutrality. The speaker laid stress on the ingratitude of Austria toward Rumania in 1913, and alluded to the statements made recently by M. Take Jonesco concerning the threat of Austria against Rumania in 1913 should that country attack Bulgaria.

He concluded by observing that the two sections of the Opposition, Conservative and Conservative-Democrat, had declared for abandonment of neutrality and an alliance with the Triple Entente, and expressed the hope that presently this policy will be adopted officially. The address was afterward agreed to unanimously.

A large number of Senators telegraphed to the President of the Italo-Rumanian League at Rome expressing their happiness at witnessing the realization of the league's initiative, and requesting the President to consider them members of the Rumanian section of the league, which, being convinced of the profound significance and great usefulness of closer relations between the two countries, they joined with enthusiasm.

### "LEAGUE OF UNITY"

BUCHAREST, Dec. 27.

At a special session today the League for the National Unity of All Rumanians acclaimed with grand enthusiasm the new committee, which has as President the Rev. Father Lucaci, the great propagandist of and martyr for the Rumanian cause in Transylvania and a member

of the Rumanian National Committee of Hungary. There were also elected MM. Take Jonesco, Nicolas Filipescu, and Delavrance Gradischteano, all former Ministers. The committee is charged with the hastening of action by Rumania for the conquest of the Rumanian provinces of Austria-Hungary.

### RUMANIAN STATISTICS

[From *Le Messager d'Athenes*, Nov. 28, 1914]

According to statistics published in a Rumanian paper, when the foreign press speaks of Rumanian aspirations it sums up the whole question in the word Transylvania.

It is not unnecessary perhaps to remark that this word has in this case a significance rather political and ethnological than purely geographical. This word comprises all the Austro-Hungarian territories occupied by Rumanians, with the understanding that Transylvania is the most important as regards area and Rumanian popularity.

Actually the Rumanian claims on the Austro-Hungarian territories are the following:

Transylvania—57,250 square kilometers, 2,850,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,750,000 are Rumanians.

Banat—28,510 square kilometers area, and 1,730,000 inhabitants, of whom 700,000 are Rumanians.

Crishana—Area, 41,338 square kilometers, and 2,920,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,100,000 are Rumanians.

Mamoresh—Area, 9,720 square kilometers, and 360,000 inhabitants, of whom 120,000 are Rumanians.

Bukowina—Area, 10,471 square kilometers, and 900,000 inhabitants, of whom 300,000 are Rumanians.

Total area, 147,280 square kilometers, and 8,760,000 inhabitants, of whom 3,970,000 are Rumanians.

In consequence, of 8,760,000 inhabitants of trans-Carpathian Rumania, nearly 4,000,000 are Rumanians, 2,200,000 Hungarians, 1,000,000 Serbo-Croatians, 730,000 Germans, and so on.

## RUMANIA'S CLAIMS

[From The London Times, Nov. 25, 1914]

SOFIA, Nov. 23.

The efforts made by Germany and Austria-Hungary to win over Rumania, or at least to induce her to refrain from prosecuting her claims to Transylvania, are being pursued with indefatigable energy and perseverance. The same methods are being employed in Bucharest as here, but on an even larger scale. The issues involved seem to be more fully realized by the Central European powers than by their opponents, and no pains are being spared to draw Rumania and Bulgaria within the orbit of their influence.

The campaign in Bucharest was at first attended by a certain measure of success, owing to the attitude of M. Bratianu, the Premier; of M. Carp, a former Prime Minister, and of M. Marghiloman, the present leader of the Conservative Opposition. But many influential Liberals have already associated themselves with the program of the action advocated by M. Take Jonesco, the chief of the Conservative-Democratic Party, and of M. Filipescu, a former Conservative Minister, whose advocacy of a forward policy threatens to cause a split in the Conservative camp. The great bulk of the political world desires to profit by the European crisis to secure Transylvania, the only difference of opinion being with regard to the advisability of immediate action. The consultative committee of the Conservative Party has passed a resolution demanding the abandonment of neutrality.

The concessions offered by Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, in the hope of averting the coming storm, make no impression on the Rumanians either within or without the monarchy. He promises to allow the teaching of Rumanian in the schools, the use of the language in the public services, and increased Rumanian representation in the Hungarian Parliament. But the time for concessions has gone by. The Austrian advance into Serbia threatens to cut off Rumania from Southern and Western Europe and to prevent the arrival from

the United States of the large supplies of stores and medicaments ordered there.

It is evident that neither Rumania nor Bulgaria can long maintain its present attitude. It remains for the powers of the Entente to devise a means for securing the co-operation of both States.

Servia recently inquired in Bucharest whether Rumania would oppose territorial concessions to a neighboring State, evidently indicating Bulgaria. Rumania replied that she would be happy to see all the quarrels of her neighbors arranged. The Government at Nish, appreciating the necessities of the situation, is now disposed toward a policy of concession. Servia's only hope of maintaining an independent existence lies in the success of the Entente powers. She is, therefore, bound to consent to any course they may deem necessary at the present juncture.

## UTTERANCES OF STATESMEN

*The New York Daily Greek Atlantis, in its issue of Nov. 21, 1914, reports as follows the statement of three Rumanian leaders to a Greek paper in Constantinople. The Rumanian Foreign Minister, Mr. Purumbaru, said:*

Rumania is inspired by a sincere desire not to displease either of the two European Georges. Having adopted a policy of neutrality, she will maintain it to the end. Russia has expressed her satisfaction with the present attitude of Rumania, while Austria, since the beginning of the war, has avoided taking any oppressive measures against the Rumanians of Transylvania. As regards Italy, the Rumanian people harbor the friendliest intentions toward her. The Italo-Rumanian relations are most cordial. In Rumania the policy of Italy is followed with much attention. The relations of Rumania toward the other Balkan States, and especially toward Servia and Greece, are good. It is true that the Bulgarian intentions are not very clear. It appears, however, that the desire for peace is strong in Sofia, where it is felt that the interest of Bulgaria lies in adapting rather the country to the present situation than in throwing it into a



struggle whose results would be unknown beforehand.

As for Servia, Rumania has not intervened on her behalf in this war, as it had not its origin in the Treaty of Bucharest.

In accordance with the common understanding of all the Balkan States, Rumania is always in favor of a union of them all, but opposes any combination between two or more Balkan States to the detriment of another.

*M. Jonesco, leader of the Opposition, spoke on the Balkan situation as follows:*

I always believed and still believe that the Balkan States cannot secure their future otherwise than by a close understanding among themselves, whether this understanding shall or shall not take the form of a federation. No one of the Balkan States is strong enough to resist the pressure from one or another of the European powers.

For this reason I am deeply grieved to see in the Balkan coalition of 1912 Rumania not invited. If Rumania had taken part in the first one, we should not have had the second. I did all that was in my power and succeeded in preventing the war between Rumania and the Balkan League in the Winter of 1912-13.

I risked my popularity, and I do not feel sorry for it. I employed all my efforts to prevent the second Balkan war, which, as is well known, was profitable to us. I repeatedly told the Bulgarians that they ought not to enter it because in that case we would enter it too. But I was not successful in my efforts.

During the second Balkan war I did all in my power to end it as quickly as possible. At the conference of Bucharest I made efforts, as Mr. Pashich and Mr. Venizelos know very well, to secure for beaten Bulgaria the best terms. My object was to obtain a new coalition of all the Balkan States, including Rumania. Had I succeeded in this the situation would be much better. No reasonable man will deny that the Balkan States are neutralizing each other at the present time, which in itself makes the whole situation all the more miserable.

In October, 1913, when I succeeded in facilitating the conclusion of peace between Greece and Turkey, I was pursuing the same object of the Balkan coalition. On my return from Athens I endeavored, though without success, to put the Greco-Turkish relations on a basis of friendship, being convinced that the well understood interest of both countries lies not only in friendly relations, but even in an alliance between them.

The dissensions that exist between the Balkan States can be settled in a friendly way without war. The best moment for this would be after the general war, when the map of Europe will be remade. The Balkan country which would start war against another Balkan country would commit, not only a crime against her own future, but an act of folly as well.

The destiny and the future of the Balkan States, and of all the small European peoples as well, will not be regulated by fratricidal wars, but, with this great European struggle, the real object of which is to settle the question whether Europe shall enter an era of justice, and therefore happiness for the small peoples, or whether we will face a period of oppression more or less gilt edged. And as I always believed that wisdom and truth will triumph in the end, I want to believe, too, that, in spite of the pessimistic news reaching me from the different sides of the Balkan countries, there will be no war among them in order to justify those who do not believe in the vitality of the small peoples.

#### RUMANIANS IN HUNGARY

*N. Filipescu, ex-Minister of War, said:*

The position of the Rumanians in Hungary is not so bad after all. Since the beginning of the general war the Rumanians of Hungary gave proofs of their faith and devotion to Hungary.

We hoped to see this country appreciating the fact. Our belief is strengthened every day. I am convinced that if from this war Hungary should emerge victorious she would show less good-will toward the Rumanians of Transylvania. It is the first time that I have expressed

in this way my opinion as a seeming threat. I hoped that the Hungarians would in the end take to the right path. But I see that we have nothing to hope from that side, and I only regret our former amicable relations with Germany.

Two Balkan States—Servia and Greece—are nearer to us on account of the

recent past. But in saying this I do not mean that our relations in the future will be less friendly. With the other States, and especially Bulgaria, our relations might become better. This is our sincerest desire. As for Turkey, we never ceased to be on good terms with her, and I hope the same will hold good in the future.

## Exit Albania?

### Departure of Prince William of Wied—After the Revolution of July, 1914

[From *Il Corriere della Sera* of Milan, Italy, of Sept. 3, 1914]

DURAZZO, Sept. 3.

**A**N hour ago the Italian yacht *Misurata*, flying the Albanian ensign on the foremast and the Italian colors aft, weighed anchor and proceeded to Venice. Aboard the *Misurata* were Prince William of Wied, Princess Sophie, Tourkhan Pasha, (the Albanian Premier,) Akis Pasha, and other members of the Court.

Princess Sophie, coming aboard the launch which took them to the *Misurata*, was weeping. Prince William looked calm. The Italian marines and the Rumanian volunteers cheered, and the cruiser *Libia* saluted the Prince with the regular number of salvos. The square near the seashore was by that time full of refugees.

Prince William bade Durazzo good-bye, but every one is convinced that he will never come back.

Last Monday (Aug. 31) the Ministers of the powers met in the Italian Legation to consider the taking of certain measures, in case of trouble, which was already brewing on account of the non-payment of the apportionments to the men of the garrison.

On the morning of the next day the Minister of Rumania brought to the palace a letter from the insurgents addressed to the representatives of the powers and announcing that the patience of the insurgents was exhausted, and that they were resolved to enter Durazzo by any means. An identical letter was addressed to the inhabitants of the city.

It was then that the Prince decided to abandon Durazzo.

The Ministers, having received the message of the insurgents and having been notified of the intention of the Prince to leave the place, met again in the palace in order to find a way of settlement of the vexing financial problem. At the same time the International Commission of Control decided to call on the insurgent camp at Shiak, (outside of Durazzo,) give them the news of the imminent departure of the Prince, and invite them to the city.

The insurgents replied assuring the commission of their good intentions toward the city and the foreigners. They added that they had not taken any decision regarding the new form of government, because some of their chiefs

were at that time in Avlona, and they promised to make their decision known after the departure of the Prince from Durazzo. On the other hand, they left it to be understood that there was already established in Albania a mutual national confidence between all the Mussulman Albanians.

On its return to Durazzo the International Commission of Control found itself face to face with another surprise. The gendarmerie had mutinied. The men belonging to this corps were opposing the departure of the Prince before he had paid their wages, and threatened to make use of their weapons.

The commission sent the French delegate to the gendarmerie barracks, and it was with great trouble that the men were dissuaded from their original designs. Yesterday the Prince distributed decorations freely. Today at 7 A. M. he left the palace, and, saluted by the Diplomatic Corps, he repaired to the waterfront.

After the Prince and Princess embarked, the adjoining square was filled with great crowds of people. Malissor and Kotsovessi tribesmen and all those who were yet in Durazzo as protectors of the Prince went to the waterfront in order to embark on an Italian mail steamer bound for San Giovanni di Medua.

These people looked desperate and gave the impression of being in the last degree of poverty. Each one had from two to three pistols, and no one was unarmed. There might have been nearly 2,000 men there, all eager to leave, but this proved impossible, as their chiefs, Issa Boletinotz and Bairam Zouri, had not provided them with the necessary tickets.

At last, with the help of the Almighty, order was re-established, and, after two hours of trouble impossible to describe, these 2,000 refugees embarked on the steamer Citta di Bori.

The Italian marines re-embarked on the cruiser Libia, and the International Commission took charge of the Government.

## LAST PROCLAMATION OF PRINCE OF WIED

*Before leaving Durazzo, the Prince of Wied addressed the following proclamation to the Albanian people:*

Albanians, when your delegates came to offer me the crown of Albania, I answered with confidence to the appeal of this noble and chivalrous people who were asking me to aid them in the work of their national regeneration. I came to you animated by the most ardent desire to help you in this patriotic task.

You have seen me, from the beginning, devoting all my efforts for the reorganization of the country, and desirous of giving you a good administration and justice for all. But ill-omened events occurred to destroy our common labors. In fact, certain souls, blinded by passion, have misunderstood the scope of our reforms and have not given credit to a Government just born. On the other hand, the war which broke out in Europe has all the more complicated our position.

I therefore thought that, in order not to leave unfinished the work to which I wish to consecrate my forces and my life, I must just for a little while go to the Occident.

But know that, from afar as from near, I will have but one thought—to work for the prosperity of our noble and chivalrous Albanian fatherland. During my absence the International Commission of Control, deriving its powers from Europe, which created our country, will assume the Government.

ESSAD PASHA PRESIDENT

[From Le Temps, Paris]

DURAZZO, Oct. 4.

Essad Pasha was today named President of the temporary Government. The time limit for taking possession of the Government expired at 2 P. M. A short time before this hour Essad Pasha occupied the strategic points of the city with his forces of 10,000 Ottomans.

The members of the Albanian Senate



elected him President, and expressed to him their congratulations for the confidence the nation has in him.

### ALBANIA UNDER MANY RULERS

[From The London Times, Oct. 30, 1914]

BUCHAREST, Oct. 27.

There are now six Italian warships at Avlona, where a sanitary station will be established for the relief of Albanian refugees driven from Epirus by the Greek "sacred bands." The duty of maintaining the decisions of the conference in London will apparently be intrusted to Italy as the only neutral power among the signatories to the Albanian settlement. The consent of Austria to this arrangement would seem to have been secured.

At present Albania is under six different régimes. Scutari and its neighborhood is governed by a local commission composed of Moslems and Christians. Avlona is also administered by a commission. The Mirdites form a separate State under Prenk Bib Doda. The Malissors remain isolated under their patriarchal institutions. The southern districts have been appropriated by the Greek invaders. Durazzo and the central regions obey Essad Pasha, who enjoys the title of Prime Minister and is recognized by the International Commission. That shadowy body, now reduced to four members, personates the ghost of the European concert. Except in the south the country is remarkably tranquil under its indigenous institutions.

After he had left Albania Prince William of Wied received a telegram from the King of Italy assuring him of support in the future. His subsequent inclusion, however, in the German General Staff is regarded as seriously compromising to his prospects as sovereign of Albania.

### ITALY'S SANITARY MISSION

[From The London Morning Post, Oct. 28, 1914]

ROME, Oct. 27.

The dispatch of the battleship Dandolo, the Climene and other Italian war-

ships to Valona is due to the Government's knowledge of a scheme for starting an agitation tending to infringe the decision of the London Conference, which declared Albania neutral. Ismail Kemal Bey, whom I have just seen, expressed his satisfaction at Italy's action at Valona on both political and humanitarian grounds. He did not think that the step would lead to complications, and described the condition of the people at Valona as very miserable.

The Tribuna, commenting on the Government announcement, declares that Italy's aim is for the present solely humanitarian, since the miserable conditions of Valona necessitate sanitary aid. A few companies of marines will land from the Dandolo to protect the Sanitary Mission.

With regard to coast surveillance, the British and French Governments have warned Italy of a suspicious Moslem movement in the harbor of Smyrna, whence a thousand rabid young Turks have started or are starting on two steamers hired by the committee for Albania, with the intention of hoisting the Turkish flag and reannexing Albania to Turkey. Italy, in perfect accord with all the signatories of the London Conference, proposes to thwart the attempt.

The Giornale d'Italia considers that what has been done at Valona is sufficient affirmation of Italian interests. Italy never meditated expeditions into the interior or a protectorate over Albania. The Government's intention is to show that whoever touches Valona touches Italian interests, which are that no power shall establish a naval base there.

### SASENO OCCUPIED

[From The London Times, Oct. 30, 1914]

ROME, Oct. 30.

The Italian occupation of the rocky and desolate islet of Saseno, which, from a strategic point of view, completely dominates the sea approaches to Avlona, is a logical consequence of the occupation of that town for the purpose of establishing a hospital and maintaining order. The islet itself was for some months

in 1913 and 1914 a bone of contention between the Italians, who insisted on obtaining it for the Principality of Albania, and the Greeks, who were equally anxious to retain it in their own possession. With Saseno under the control of a foreign power, the possessor of Avlona could never make the town into a place of arms.

Saseno, as one of the Ionian Islands, became a British protectorate in virtue of the Treaty of Paris of Nov. 5, 1815, but was given to Greece by the Treaty of London of March 29, 1864. The Ambassadors' Conference decided in the Autumn of last year that it was illogical to allow the chief harbor of Albania to be dominated by the territory of a foreign power, and by the Protocol of Florence, Dec. 19, 1913, it was definitely included in Albania. This decision was ratified by legislative enactment in Greece, to which effect was given by King Constantine's proclamation of June 13, 1914, shortly after which the Hellenic garrison was withdrawn. During the Greek régime the island, being neutralized by the Treaty of 1864, was quite unimportant, and at one time the Turks, by arrangement with the Hellenic Government, maintained a lighthouse there.

### GREEK TROOPS IN EPIRUS

[From The Morning Post, London, Oct. 28, 1914]

ATHENS, Oct. 26.

In view of the continuous Albanian attacks and the growing insecurity in Northern Epirus the Greek Government today ordered Greek troops to occupy the districts of Argyrocastro and Pre-meti. The official communiqué just issued declares this to be an entirely provisional measure to restore order and security in a country already exhausted by prolonged sanguinary conflicts, and Greece proposes to continue to adhere to the international arrangements regarding Epirus. It goes without saying that this reoccupation coincides entirely with public opinion, which has long been exercised over the sufferings of the Epirotes.

### ASSENT OF THE POWERS

[From The London Morning Post, Oct. 30, 1914]

Following are the replies of the great powers (states Reuter's Agency) to the Greek note announcing the intention of Greece to reoccupy Epirus:

France declared that she saw no objection to the course proposed by M. Venizelos's note.

Russia intimated that she would gladly accept whatever decision in the matter was reached by Great Britain and France.

The British Government accepted M. Venizelos's note.

Germany and Austria-Hungary replied that they accepted the declaration of the Greek Government that the occupation would not be contrary to the decisions of the London Conference.

Italy declared that she, for the same purpose as set forth in the Greek note, namely, the maintenance of order and security, was taking similar steps at Valona, and that she had adopted this course while fully respecting the decisions of the powers. She raised no objections to M. Venizelos's proposal.

### ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF AVLONA

[From the Messaggero of Rome, Dec. 28, 1914]

AVLONA, Dec. 26.

*The following proclamation addressed to the population was posted here:*

The grave disorders that become apparent from time to time in this country have paralyzed commerce, work, and initiative, and are endangering the life and property of the inhabitants.

The Italian Government, a watchful guardian of Albanian fortunes, desires that your tranquillity, so cruelly tried, shall be assured. Invoked by your wishes the marines of Italy are disembarking from the ships to establish order and defend you.

(Signed) ADMIRAL PATRIS.

## THE LAST WORD

[From the *Messaggero* of Rome, Jan. 6, 1915]

DURAZZO, Jan. 4.

Yesterday the rebels by a letter signed "The Mussulman Committee" demanded that the Ministers of Servia and France be consigned to them.

At 6:30 o'clock the attack against the city began.

Essad Pasha visited the trenches, no-

tified the Italian Legation that there was great danger, and demanded all possible assistance.

At 2:30 a few cannon shots from the Misurata and the Sardegna made themselves heard, defending the city, silencing in this way the rebel musket fire.

The Italian colony and the legations of Italy, France, and Servia are embarked on the ships Sardegna and Misurata.

## TO BELGIUM

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[From King Albert's Book]

CHAMPION of human honor, let us lave  
 Your feet and bind your wounds on  
 bended knee,  
 Though coward hands have nailed you to  
 the tree  
 And shed your innocent blood and dug your  
 grave,  
 Rejoice and live! Your oriflamme shall wave  
 While man has power to perish and be  
 free—  
 A golden flame of holiest liberty,  
 Proud as the dawn and as the sunset brave.

Belgium, where dwelleth reverence for right  
 Enthroned above all ideals; where your  
 fate  
 And your supernal patience and your might  
 Most sacred grow in human estimate,  
 You shine a star above this stormy night,  
 Little no more, but infinitely great.





The Balkan States, After the Second Balkan War

# The War in the Balkans

General Aspect of the Near East on Aug. 1, 1914

By Adamantios Th. Polyzoides

*Editor of The Atlantis, New York*

THE opening of the great European war found the Balkan Peninsula in the political shape given to it by the Treaty of Bucharest, Aug. 10, (Old Style, July 28,) 1913.

This treaty was signed in the Rumanian capital immediately after the second Balkan war by Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, and considered in its essential points, was the handiwork of European diplomacy, at whose instance Rumania had entered the war, with the avowed purpose to re-establish the destroyed Balkan equilibrium. Europe had two reasons for interfering in what was then considered as the final settlement of the Balkan question. In the first place, she wanted to reaffirm her authority and predominance over the Balkan States, and, in the second, she considered it as an indispensable part of her Near Eastern policy never to allow much freedom of movement on the part of these same States, which in two successive wars had proved their ability to safeguard and promote their vital interests in spite of all European opposition. To explain this course of European diplomacy one must bear in mind that the Balkan States, since their constitution as such, have always been considered as protégés of Europe, or, to put it more plainly, as not being of age, and therefore deprived of the right and privilege to deal directly with their ancient master, Turkey, in all serious matters in which their most vital interests were involved.

In the Treaty of Berlin after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 a congress, in which all of the Great European powers participated, most emphatically affirmed that Turkey was responsible to Europe for

any complaints that the Balkan States might have against the Ottoman Government regarding the treatment of their connationals, still left under the Sultan. At the same time the Balkan States received due warning regarding their dealings with Turkey, and were made to take a pledge that whenever they had troubles with the Porte the powers and not themselves were to be the arbiters. All the world knows how Turkey, by constant wire-pulling, secured immunity from Europe for not fulfilling the obligations incumbent on her by the Treaty of Berlin, and how one of the Balkan States, namely, Greece, was left alone and unprotected, to be chastised by Turkey in 1897 for not leaving to the powers the settlement of the Cretan question which had brought about the war.

The European powers, having done practically nothing during thirty-five years for the betterment of the conditions under which the non-Moslem populations had to live in Turkey, were overwhelmed to hear in the Autumn of 1912 the news of a series of alliances concluded at Sofia on June 12 between Bulgaria and Servia, and between Bulgaria and Greece, for the purpose of settling once for all the perennial Balkan question. European diplomacy was slow, as usual, in grasping the meaning of the new alliance, and when, on Oct. 5, 1912, Montenegro suddenly declared war on Turkey, with Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece following suit on the 18th, there was consternation in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and, to a certain degree, in Petrograd.

An idea of the unpreparedness of European diplomacy in the face of the sudden

Balkan war can be had by simply glancing at the records of the British House of Commons of the first weeks after the war was declared.

Sir Edward Grey, then and now Foreign Secretary of State for Great Britain, making the first announcement of the rupture between Turkey and the Balkan States, said—exposing the views not only of his Government but of the European concert as well—that Europe, being taken unawares, would not permit any alteration of the Balkan frontiers as the result of the war.

After the first victories of the Balkan allies we see Great Britain changing her policy. "The Balkan victors shall not be deprived of the fruits of their victories," Premier Asquith was declaring in Parliament less than a fortnight after Sir Edward spoke. In both these instances the British statesmen were voicing the policy of the European concert taken as a whole. In the first place, the Foreign Secretary was led into believing that Turkey might prove victorious against the Balkan coalition, and the warning about the immutability of the Balkan frontiers was only for Turkey, in case her victorious armies were to cross the boundaries into Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece.

When events marked the utter collapse of the Turkish campaign, Premier Asquith came out with the declaration that Europe had agreed on a policy safeguarding the interests of the victorious Balkan allies. This policy was maintained as long as the Balkan victories were confined in their first progress toward Ottoman territory, at the same time leaving the great European interests unharmed. But when Servian troops arrived at Durazzo, and Montenegro entered Scutari while Greece kept pushing on to Avlona, and Bulgaria stood before Tchataldja, the European concert was no longer unanimous in safeguarding the interests of the victors.

Austria, seeing her secular dream of a descent on Saloniki definitely destroyed, and feeling at the same time the imperative need of making impossible a Servian occupation of the Adriatic

littoral, raised her voice in favor of the creation of an autonomous Albania at the expense of Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece.

Italy, and then Germany, joined their ally in support of Albania. Russia, at the same time not wishing to give any greater impetus to the Bulgarian campaign, dexterously manipulated Rumania, which raised at that time her first claims on Dobrudja.

France, who for the last twenty-five years has subjected her Near Eastern policy to the exigencies of the Petrograd statesmen, agreed to the Albanian proposals of the four powers, and finally Great Britain, fearing complications, declared abruptly through Sir Edward Grey that the Balkan war was one of conquest, and for that reason subject to European intervention. In this way European diplomacy stepped into the Balkan conflict and took charge of the final settlement of the first war.

The resolution to interfere in the war once taken, the European powers lost no time in finding a way to end the conflict, and with this object in mind they forced on the belligerents two successive armistices, culminating in the two peace conferences of London. These armistices served two purposes from the diplomatic point of view; first, they exhausted financially the little Balkan countries; and, secondly, they prepared public opinion for the acceptance of any peace terms.

The second conference in London succeeded in forcing a peace treaty on the Balkan States. With the exception of Bulgaria, who hoped to retain most of the Turkish territory won by the Balkan coalition, every one was dissatisfied with the way the London conference ended.

Turkey, on one hand, was losing more territory than at first imagined, as the result of her defeat, and the loss of Adrianople was especially hard for every Turk.

Greece was obliged to sign a peace treaty giving her vague and indefinite boundaries and leaving out the question of the Aegean Islands and Epirus, to be settled at a later date by another



conference of the Ambassadors of the six great powers in London.

Servia also had to wait for the realization of her fondest hope, which was to obtain a free commercial access to the Adriatic by way of Durazzo or San Giovanni di Medua. That question also was to be decided by the Ambassadorial conference. Montenegro was to lose Scutari, for which she had shed her heart's blood, without getting at the same time any adequate compensation. Such was the Peace of London, from the strictly Balkan point of view, and its conclusion in May, 1913, was the signal for the disruption of the Balkan League and the forerunner of the second war. One month later Bulgaria, having fallen under Austrian influences, quarreled with Servia and Greece over the division of certain Macedonian territories, and on June 16 (29, New Style,) all of a sudden attacked her erstwhile allies, thereby bringing about the second Balkan conflict, with Greece, Servia, and Montenegro united against her. The outcome of this war, the entry of Rumania and Turkey into the field against Bulgaria, the tearing up of the London Treaty, and the settlement of Bucharest are too well known to need an extensive mention here.

The Treaty of London once torn to pieces by the second Balkan war, it remained for the great powers to find a new way of forcing their terms on the recalcitrant Balkan States, and this they succeeded in doing by adroitly using Rumania as the representative of European diplomacy. Thus the Rumanian Army, without any provocation from Bulgaria, took the field against her neighbor, and acted as a mediator and arbiter of the second Balkan conflict.

The Greek, Servian, Montenegrin, and Bulgarian delegates who went to Bucharest at the close of the war knew beforehand that behind the actions of the Rumanian Government stood united the whole of European diplomacy, again striving to put down once for all these insolent little States who thought themselves emancipated from European guardianship. These delegates knew quite well

that there was no escape, but they went, trying and hoping for the best. The Rumanian "Green Papers," published a short time after the Treaty of Bucharest and covering a period between Sept. 20, 1912, and Aug. 1, 1913, give a vivid and true story of the whole proceedings, showing once more what a powerful instrument diplomacy is in the hands of the strong for cheating the weak.

On Aug. 1, 1914, we see the Balkan Peninsula presenting the following aspect:

From the erstwhile European Turkey, of six vilayets, or departments, namely, those of Adrinople, Saloniki, Monastir, Uskub, Jannina, and Scutari, only one, and that mutilated, remains, the Vilayet of Adrianople. Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Albania appropriated the rest. Gone is Crete, and gone are the twenty-six Aegean Islands, twelve of them permanently united to their Hellenic motherland, while Italy temporarily occupies fourteen as a result of the Tripolitan war of 1911. Thus Turkey, from an area of 168,500 square kilometers, and 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 inhabitants, forming her European dominions, was reduced to about 30,000 square kilometers and nearly 3,000,000 inhabitants, including the population of Constantinople, amounting, according to the only available foreign statistics, to 1,203,000 inhabitants. Of course Turkey has in Asia an area of more than 2,000,000 square kilometers, with a population approximating 20,000,000, but that, properly speaking, does not enter into Balkan considerations.

Greece, after her two victorious wars, approximates 120,000 square kilometers in territory, with more than 5,000,000 population.

Rumania has 139,690 square kilometers of area and 7,601,660 of population.

Servia has an area of 87,300 square kilometers and a population of 4,256,000.

Bulgaria's area is 114,000 square kilometers, with 4,766,900 of population.

Montenegro has an area of 14,180 square kilometers and half a million in population, and, lastly, Albania, the new-

born State, with its scant hope of future political life, has an area of about 17,600 square kilometers, with an approximate population of 800,000 inhabitants.

Were the Balkan States satisfied with the above arrangement when the great European war broke? To this question we have the following answer from those concerned:

Turkey never forgave the European powers the treatment accorded to her in the London peace conference, and proved her dissatisfaction by entering Thrace and occupying Adrianople immediately she saw Bulgaria engaged in the second war. But Turkey desired also the Aegean islands occupied by Greece, and these, all but two at the entrance to the Dardanelles, the powers allotted to Greece, not securing thereby an increase of Turkish sympathies.

Greece was disappointed in two instances by the European powers; first, because they did not make their decision regarding the islands binding upon Turkey, thus creating a series of unending controversies between the Porte and the Government of Athens, one result of which was the wholesale expulsions and persecutions of the Greek element in Turkey, and especially in the Vilayets of Adrianople and Smyrna. The question of settling in a friendly way the Greco-Turkish differences was to be discussed between the Grand Vizier, Prince Said Halim, and the Premier of Greece, E. K. Venizelos, in a meeting of the two statesmen in Brussels, when the great European war broke.

Bulgaria, who for a moment saw her most cherished dream of Balkan hegemony realized and had all her fondest hopes shattered by the second war and the Treaty of Bucharest, cannot help regarding her neighbors as the robbers of what she considers her national patrimony, and at the same time she does not forget that in all their proceedings against her, Greek, Servian, Rumanian, and Montenegrin acted with the tacit approval of the great powers.

Servia for years had struggled to get an outlet on the Adriatic, and when, after a glorious war, she attained her goal,

she found Austria opposing her, and behind Austria the whole of the European concert.

Montenegro in the same way cannot forget the disappointment of being cast out of Scutari after one of the most strenuous and glorious campaigns of her history, and lastly Albania, poor and helpless, without any support from her creators, feels all that a weak and wretched foundling has to feel toward those responsible for its misfortunes and miseries. In contrast with these feelings, Rumania was the only Balkan State perfectly satisfied with the new arrangement. In fact, Rumania, having played in the war the part of a great power, came out of it not only with increased prestige but also with the richest of all the Bulgarian provinces, Dobrudja, as a sort of deserved payment for serving the ends of European diplomacy.

From this general dissatisfaction of the Balkan States with European diplomacy and European intrigue sprang Gavrilo Princip and the murder at Sarajevo that plunged Europe and the World into the greatest and most disastrous war of all time.

In fairness, however, to the Balkan States it must be said at this juncture that war, in whatever form and character, was far from the Balkan mind on June 28, 1914, when the Austrian Archduke and heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand, and his consort were assassinated by the Servian youth Princip in the capital of Bosnia.

The years 1912 and 1913 had been too costly for the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, and the necessity of a continued peace for a good number of years was universally recognized, with the exception of Constantinople, in Athens, Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade, Cetinje, and even Durazzo. To prove this we have the opinions of all the Balkan leaders and the views expressed in the Balkan press up to Aug. 1, 1914.

A single point yet calls for a few remarks, and this covers the mutual relations of the Balkan States just before the European war.

We have seen in what a degree the

question of the ownership of the Aegean Islands had divided the Governments of Athens and Constantinople. In fact, if any war in the Near East were to be feared, this was one between the two secular enemies, Greek and Turk, and when in May, 1913, the anti-Greek agitation in the Ottoman Empire reached its climax it was only through the tremendous influence of the Greek Premier on Hellenic public opinion and his extreme moderation that a new diplomatic rupture between the two countries was averted.

In anticipation of this eventuality Turkey secured two battleships of the dreadnought type, the Brazilian *Rio de Janeiro* (then *Sultan Osman I.* and afterward *H. M. S. Erin*, England having taken over the ship on Aug. 5, 1914) and the *Reshadieh*, (likewise taken over by England and renamed *H. M. S. Agincourt*), and was preparing for war in such haste that Greece did not hesitate to buy at the original cost price the two old American battleships *Idaho* and *Mississippi*, (now *Lemnos* and *Kilkis*.)

This was in July, 1914, just a few weeks before the European war. Since that time Greco-Turkish relations have been neither better nor worse. It must be said here that these relations had their origin, not in the obsolete London Treaty of May, 1913, but in the Treaty of Athens, signed in December, 1913, between the two countries, and covering in a general way the more essential points of the outstanding questions between the two parties, excluding, however, the Aegean Islands controversy.

After signing the Treaty of Bucharest Bulgaria turned her attention exclusively to Turkey, and, letting bygones be bygones, concluded the Peace Treaty of Constantinople in October, 1913, and inaugurated the most friendly relations with her erstwhile opponent. Since that time the report has spread that an alliance, both offensive and defensive, had been signed by the two countries, but this has been repeatedly denied both from Constantinople and Sofia.

The diplomatic relations between Serbia and Turkey and Montenegro and Turkey were re-established a short time

before the European war, but these countries, being now in no direct contact with Turkish territory, their relations with the Porte are of little importance.

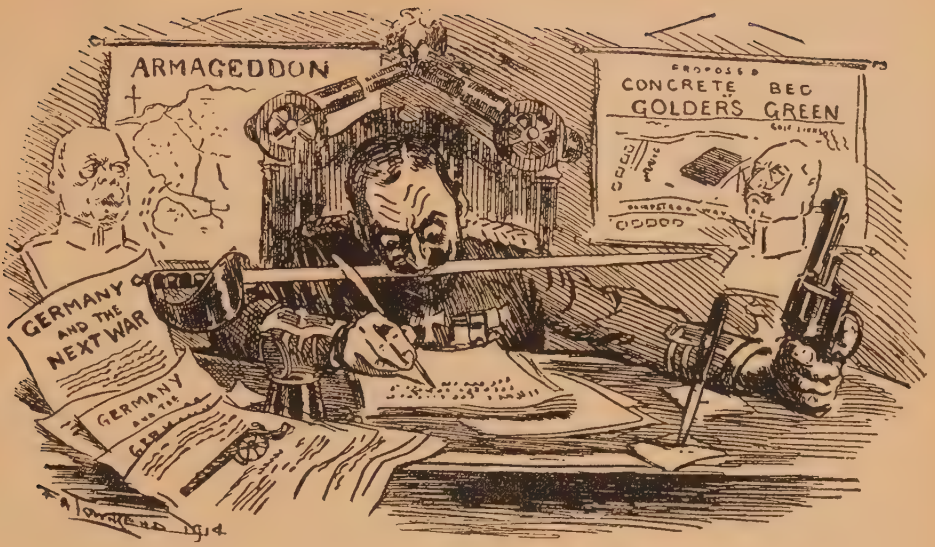
Between Bulgaria on one hand and Rumania, Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro on the other, the diplomatic relations have been re-established, but gone is the old friendship, for reasons already explained. Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro are the best of friends and, according to unofficial and confidential reports, a defensive and offensive alliance for the maintenance of the Balkan status quo exists between the three countries. Between Rumania and Greece friendly relations exist, and for some time it was said that a marriage was to be arranged between the Greek Crown Prince, George, and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Rumanian King, Ferdinand I., who succeeded to the throne after the death of his uncle, King Charles. This match, however, seems to have been abandoned, perhaps for political reasons, and more so because Greco-Rumanian relations have not as yet reached that firmness which only might justify such a rapprochement of the two royal families.

Between Serbia and Rumania there is some courtesy but scarcely any friendship, and this is not surprising, especially now, when each side is aiming to an aggrandizement (at the expense of Austria) in a way injurious to the other. Montenegro naturally follows Serbia's course, and as for Albania, what we said previously of her applies now, with this particular observation, that the only neighborly interest shown her is from Italy, trying to play the game of Tripoli at the expense of the Skipetars, while all the other European powers are busily engaged in the great war.

In conclusion we may note that of all the Balkan States only Rumania and, to a certain degree, Greece have any money to run their affairs. This, however, has nothing to do with the matter of their entrance in the war, as in that case there will be one or the other European combination to pay the freight.

Such was the aspect of the Balkan Peninsula at the beginning of the great European war.





*(From The Bystander, London.)*

How the Famous Bernhardt Wrote the Eulogy of Germany's Culture

# THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

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A SELECTION OF NOTABLE CARTOONS FROM  
LEADING ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND  
GERMAN PUBLICATIONS, SHOWING HOW THE  
KNIGHTS OF THE PEN AND BRUSH ARE  
WAGING THE WAR OF CARICATURE AGAINST  
THE FOES OF THEIR RESPECTIVE ALLIANCES

# The Outcast



A Place in the Shadow.



# The Triumph of Kultur



"Deutschland über Alles"



# The God in the Cart

(AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.)



(From Punch, London.)

TURKEY: "I'm getting a bit fed up with this. I shall kick soon."  
AUSTRIA: "Well, I was thinking of lying down."

# The Great Illusion



(From *Punch*, London.)

KAISER: "My poor bird, what *has* happened to your tail feathers?"

GERMAN EAGLE: "Can you bear the truth, Sire?"

KAISER: "If it's not for publication."

GERMAN EAGLE: "It's like this, then. You told me the British lion was 'contemptible. Well—he wasn't!'"



## What Punch Thinks Is Awaiting the Kaiser



(From *Punch*, London.)



# The Man Behind the Kaiser



(From *The Bystander*, London.)

# Nothing Doing



(From Punch, London.)

IMPERIAL DACHSHUND: "Here I've been sitting up and doing tricks for the best part of seven weeks, and you take no more notice of me than if--"  
UNCLE SAM: "Cut it out!"



## As Between Friends

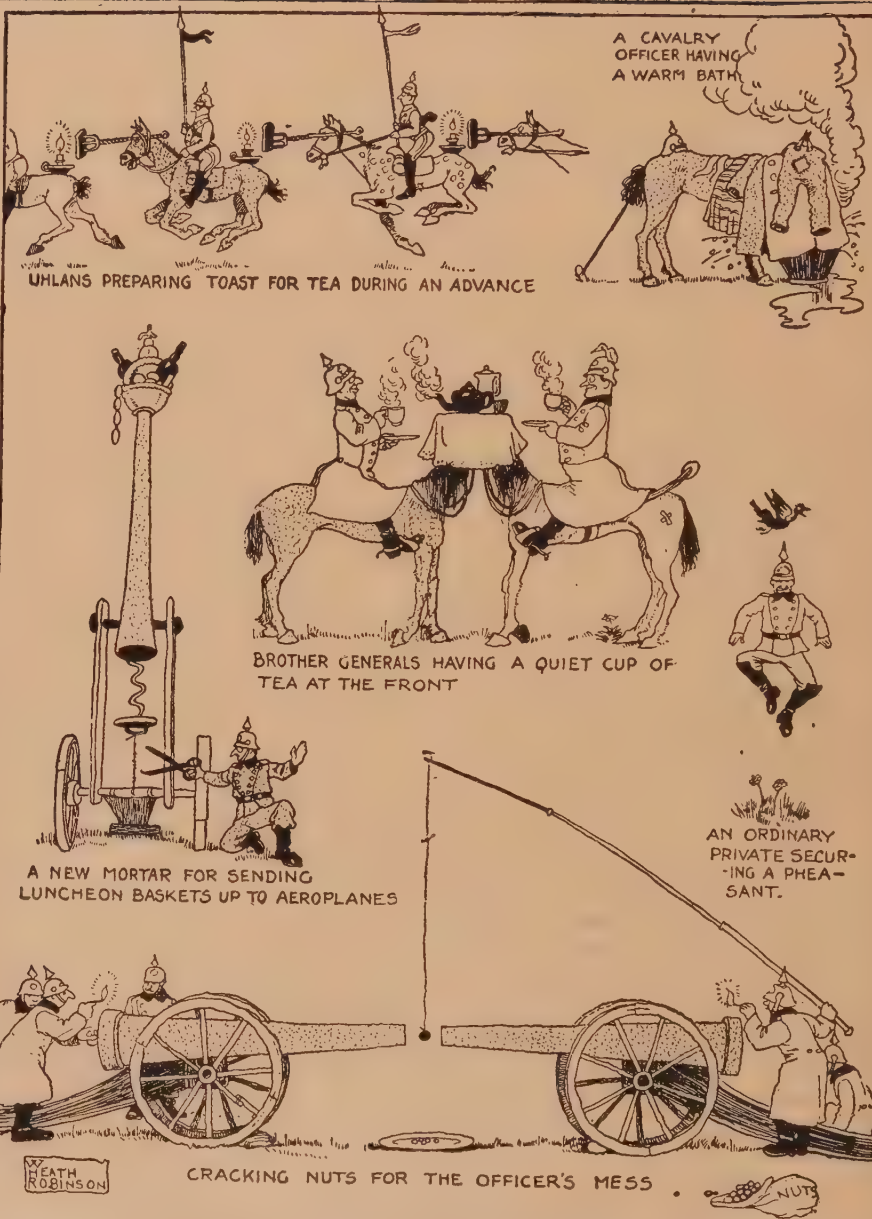


(From *Punch*, London.)

BRITISH LION: "Please don't look at me like that, Sam. "You're not the eagle I'm up against."



# Kultur



(From The Sketch, London.)

Making the German Officers' Mess a Success.

# Halted



BRAVO, BELGIUM!



## Seduction or Coercion



GERMAN TROUBADOUR (to Miss Columbia): "She must listen or take the consequences."



## Found to be Solid



GERMANY: "Whew! I thought it was easily crumbled!"

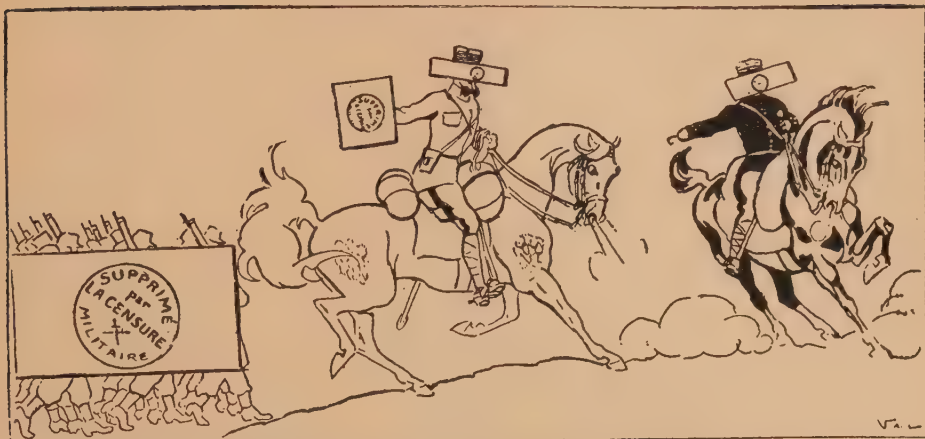
## A Stained Goth



Designed for a Window at Potsdam Cathedral

# Chaffing the French Censor

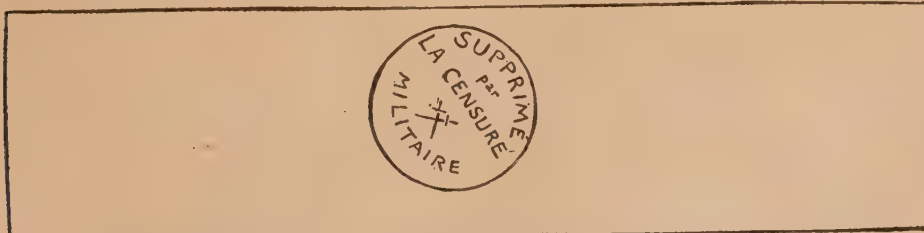
(From *La Vie Parisienne*, Paris.)



"At the same instant, happily, a furious gallop resounded along the road from —, and, full of joy, our Colonel cried: 'They are the —.' They were, as a matter of fact, the —."



"Despite this reinforcement, it was hot work. Capt. — of the — Company of the — Regiment especially distinguished himself, leading his men in an irresistible charge. We lost — men, but the enemy left — dead in the ruins of the village of —."



"At the end of the — — — victory — — — important strategic point — — —. 'I am very pleased with you,' said our General to us."



# The Under-Study



(From *Numero*, Turin.)

The Triple Alliance Revised and Corrected.

## A Substitute for Belgian Blocks



*(From Numero, Turin.)*

A New Form of Paving for French and Belgian Cities.

# The Rising Tide



—Marcus, in *The New York Times*.



# You Can't Bluff the Turk

(From *Simplicissimus*, Munich.)



"Will you restore the capitulations immediately?"



"No."



"Will you give up the Goeben and the Breslau immediately?"



"No."



"In respect to the Dardanelles, will you immediately —?"

"No. And now suppose you just put up that revolver."



"With pleasure! The thing wasn't loaded at all!"

# The Mistress of the Sea

(From *Lustige Blaetter*, Berlin.)



Behold, O World, How I Stand Here!

Look Out, Britannia!

# The "Prize-Taker"

(From *Lustige Blaetter*, Berlin.)



"How long will you allow this brute to tread on your corns?"  
[The allusion is to England's attitude toward neutral shipping.]

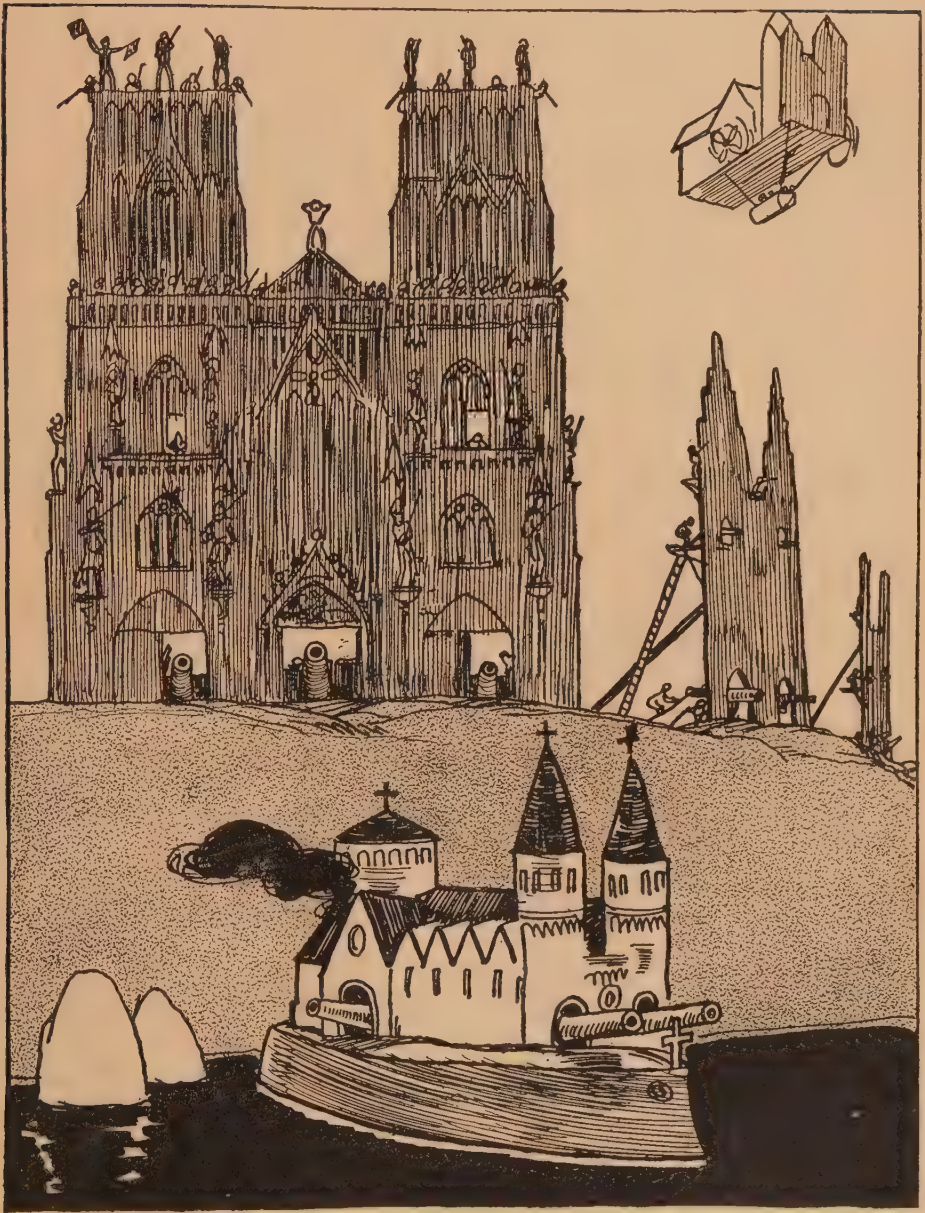


## The Face at the Window



(From *Lustige Blätter*, Berlin.)

## Novel Coastwise Scenery



*(From Jugend, Munich.)*

Since it was given out that the German barbarians were refusing to fire on cathedrals, England has worked out a jolly little plan for coast defense.



# The Dancers

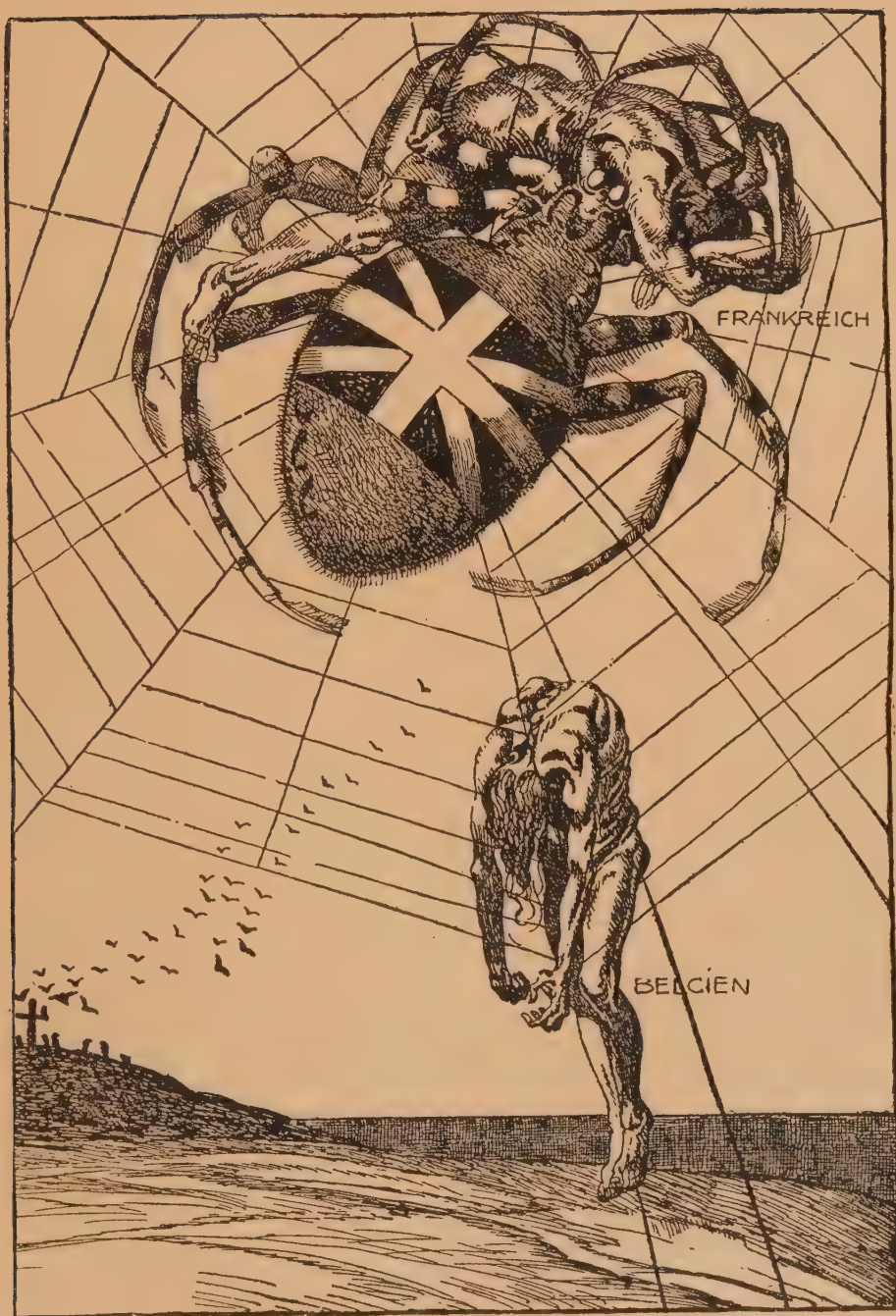


(From *Lustige Blaetter*, Berlin.)

How the Germans Conduct the English Ballet.



# The English Spider



(From Jugend, Munich.)

## The Jap-Infested British Lion



*(From Simplicissimus, Munich.)*

"Goddam! What kind of fleas have I got in my mane anyway!"



# The Englishman and His Globe



(From *Simplicissimus*, Munich.)

"Curses! Blood is more slippery than water!"  
[The original was in black and red and vividly represented a dripping globe.]



## The German Watch in Kiao-Chau



(From *Simplicissimus*, Munich.)

[Published before the fall of the German stronghold in China]

# GERMANY vs. BELGIUM

## *Case of the Secret Military Documents Presented by Both Sides*

[The Belgo-British plot alleged by Germany is thoroughly aired in the following communications. The text of the secret documents, which, according to the German contention, prove that the Allies did not intend to respect Belgian neutrality—that Belgium herself conspired with England to break it—was discovered in the archives of the Belgian Government after the German occupation of Brussels, and is embodied on Pages 1105 to 1109 in the subjoined article, published in behalf of Germany by Dr. Bernhard Dernburg.

The article, called by Dr. Dernburg "The Case of Belgium," as reproduced below, and published between gray covers like the Belgian "Gray Book," prompted publications in rejoinder by the Belgian Legation at Washington. The first of these, entitled "The Innocence of Belgium," appears on Page 1110; it states that the secret documents show in their own statements the "clearest proof of the innocence of Belgium." The second Belgian article, headed "Why Belgium Was Devastated," and appearing on Page 1115, embodies the German proclamations establishing military rule in the violated territory.—EDITOR.]

## "THE CASE OF BELGIUM"

"In the Light of Official Reports Found in the Secret Archives  
of the Belgian Government After the Occupation of Brussels"

### Remarks Introductory to the Secret Documents

By Dr. Bernhard Dernburg

**H**EREWITH are published facsimiles of papers found among the documents of the Belgian General Staff at Brussels, referring to arrangements between the English Military Attaché and the Belgian Minister of War regarding British intervention in Belgium.

It will be remembered from the British "White Book" that in November, 1912, a correspondence passed between Sir Edward Grey and the French Minister in London, in which it was stated that British and French military and naval experts had consulted together from time to time as to plans to be followed in case of war, and it was stated in this correspondence that in accordance with such prearranged plans the French fleet would stay in the Mediterranean to safeguard the joint inter-

ests there, whereas the British fleet would safeguard their interests in the north. Of this correspondence the members of the British Cabinet remained ignorant until the Cabinet meeting immediately preceding the written statement by Great Britain on Aug. 2 that in case a German fleet attacked the French coast or passed into the Channel, England would give all the assistance in her power, ("British White Papers," No. 148,) and it was also, of course, concealed from the British public until the speech of Sir Edward Grey on Aug. 3. It will be remembered that in consequence of this revelation the British Minister of Commerce, Mr. John Burns, and two other members, Lord Morley and Mr. Trevelyan, left the British Cabinet under protest; that the leader of the British Labor Party Mr. Ramsay

Macdonald, resigned from the leadership and that Mr. Arthur Ponsonby in his famous letter denounced Sir Edward Grey's practices.

Mr. Ponsonby said that time and again they had been assured that there were no obligations whatsoever on the part of Great Britain to come to France's assistance, and yet they found themselves now so hopelessly entangled that as a matter of fact the British Government could not back out.

The fact of these consultations, by which, of course, all the plans of mobilization of both the British and French armies were disclosed to the two allies and which include the landing of English troops in France, is now fully established by the annexed documents. They show that these conversations were also held with Belgium, that plans had been concerted to invade Belgium with an army of 100,000 men by way of three French ports—viz., Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne—and that the British plans even considered a landing by way of the Scheldt, thus violating also Dutch neutrality.

The documents, giving all the details as translated and showing that Belgian railway cars were to be sent to the named French ports in order to transport the British troops into Belgium, are dated from 1906.

The Belgian Minister at Berlin, Baron Greindl, a well-known Belgian patriot, protested to his Government. The heading of his protest is also given in facsimile. In it he said that it was not quite safe to trust to the British and French to keep the Belgian neutrality, that it was not wise to take all measures only against a German infraction of Belgian neutrality, and that the British spirit was clearly shown by the words of Col. Barnardiston that the Scheldt might be used for transporting troops into Belgium.

Furthermore, it will be remembered that the British and French Governments violently protested when the plans were made public that the Dutch Government intended to fortify the mouth of the Scheldt in 1906. But in 1912,

when the Balkan crisis became acute, the British went one step further. When Col. Bridges, in a conversation with Gen. Jungbluth, the Chief of the Belgian General Staff, said that England was ready to strike, that 160,000 men were ready to be landed, and that they would land them as soon as any European conflict should break out, Gen. Jungbluth protested that for such a step the permission of Belgium was necessary. The cool reply was that the English knew it, but thought that, as Belgium was not strong enough alone to protect herself, England would land troops anyway. Gen. Jungbluth answered that Belgium felt strong enough to protect herself, which is in keeping with her declaration to France, when she offered to protect Belgium by five army corps, as reported in the British "White Book." The position of England was therefore that, while in 1906 they had already concerted plans for a joint action, in 1912 England intended action in any case, should a European conflagration break out.

Now, it must be recollected that as early as July 28, 1914, Sir Edward Grey said to Prince Lichnowsky, as mentioned in his communication to Sir E. Goschen: "The situation was very grave. While it was restricted to the issues at present actually involved, we had not thought of interfering in it. But if Germany became involved in it and then France, the issue might be so great that it would involve all European interests, and I did not wish him to be misled by the friendly tone of our conversation—which I hoped would continue—into thinking that we should stand aside." (British "White Papers," No. 89.)

This was at a time when the Belgian issue had not been raised at all. It only came about by Sir Edward Grey's notes written on July 31. Thus the British entanglement with France, as evidenced by the British "White Book," prevented England taking the same attitude in 1914 which she had taken in 1870, when she made a treaty with France as against the German invasion of Belgium and with Germany as against the French



invasion of Belgium. A similar agreement was suggested by Prince Lichnowsky to Sir Edward Grey on Aug. 1, 1914, as reported in the English "White Book," No. 123, when the former asked Sir Edward Grey whether if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality England would engage to remain neutral, upon which Grey replied that he could not say that.

It is therefore perfectly evident, in the first place, that in case of a German war, that was sure to be brought about by Russia's mobilization against Germany, England would go to war against Germany, and it has been proved that the English assurance to that effect has strengthened the hands of the Russian war party, which thereupon got the upper hand and forced the Russian Czar into the war, (see report of Belgian Chargé d'Affaires at St. Petersburg to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Brussels, July 30.)

In the second place, it is shown that England meant, with or without Belgium's will, to land her troops, in violation of Belgium's neutrality, in Belgium, irrespective of whether German troops were marching through Belgium or not, because no such declaration had been made in 1912 or any time thereafter until Aug. 4 in the German Reichstag. It is further evident that as soon as Russia mobilized, Germany would have to fight Russia as well as France and England, and that in such a fight she was forced to draw quickly when she saw her enemies reaching for their hip pockets. And only the prompt action at Liège that put this important railway centre commanding the railway connections to France and Germany into German hands prevented the English landing and invading Belgium.

The guilt of the Belgian Government in this matter consists, in the first place, in making and concerting plans with the English and French Governments as to what steps to take in case of war. A plan of the French mobilization was found in the same docket, and it cannot be presumed that the conference between British and French experts was

unknown to the British Military Attaché in Brussels. It is furthermore impossible to believe that the French railway for the shipping of British troops from Calais, Dunkirk, and Boulogne into Belgium in Belgian cars could have been used without the knowledge of the French authorities. Secondly, that Belgium did not heed the advice of Baron Greindl and did not try to insure her independence in the same way by approaching Germany and making a similar contract with her. This disposes of the contention that the Belgian conversation had a purely defensive character as against all comers. It shows the one-sidedness of the inclination, which is evidenced also by the placing of all Belgium's fortresses on the eastern frontier.

The Belgian people had been told at the beginning of the war that Germany demanded that the Belgian forces should fight with the Germans against the French and the English, and the truth had become known only three full months later, when the Belgian "Gray Book" was published. Then Belgium was practically occupied territory. While Belgium pretended neutrality and friendship toward Germany, it was secretly planning for her defeat in a war which was considered unavoidable. The poor Belgian people, however, must suffer because of the large ambitions of King Leopold of Congo fame and of a broken-down diplomacy.

The Imperial Chancellor has declared that there was irrefutable proof that if Germany did not march through Belgium, her enemies would. This proof, as now being produced, is of the strongest character. So the Chancellor was right in appealing to the law of necessity, although he had no regret that it violated international law. This law of necessity has been recognized as paramount by nearly every prominent statesman, including Gladstone, and by all teachers of international law, even by the United States Supreme Court's decision, Vol. 130, Page 601, stating in regard to the treaty with China concerning Chinese immigration into the United

States: "It will not be presumed that the legislative department of the Government will lightly pass laws which are in conflict with the treaties of the country, but that circumstances may arise which would not only justify the Government in disregarding their stipulations, but demand in the interests of the country that it should do so, there can be no question. Unexpected events may call for a change in the policy of the coun-

try." And to strengthen this opinion another decision by Justice Curtis, rendered in 1908, may be cited, stating that "while it would be a matter of the utmost gravity and delicacy to refuse to execute a treaty, the power to do so was a prerogative of which no country could be deprived without deeply affecting its independence."

We now let these Belgian documents speak for themselves.

## Summary of the Secret Documents

I. The first document is a report of the Chief of the Belgian General Staff, Major Gen. Ducarme, to the Minister of War, reporting a series of conversations which he had had with the Military Attaché of the British Legation, Lieut. Col. Barnardiston, in Brussels. It discloses that, as early as January, 1906, the Belgian Government was in consultation with the British Government over steps to be taken by Belgium, Great Britain, and France against Germany. A plan had been fully elaborated for the landing of two British army corps in French ports to be transferred to the point in Belgium necessary for operations against the Germans. Throughout the conversation the British and Belgian forces were spoken of as "allied armies"; the British Military Attaché insisted on discussing the question of the chief command; and he urged the establishment, in the meantime, of a Belgian spy system in Germany.

II. When in the year 1912 Lieut. Col. Barnardiston had been succeeded by Lieut. Col. Bridges as British Military Attaché in Brussels, and the Chief of the Belgian General Staff, Major Gen. Ducarme, had been succeeded by Gen. Jungbluth as Chief of the Belgian General Staff, the conversations proceeded between the two latter officials. That is to say, these were not casual conversations between individuals, but a series of official conversations between representatives of their respective Governments, in pursuance of a well-considered policy on the part of both Governments.

III. The above documents are given additional significance by a report made in 1911 by Baron Greindl, Belgian Minister in Berlin, to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs, from which it appears that this representative of the Belgian Government in Berlin was familiar with the plans above set forth and protested against them, asking why like preparations had not been made with Germany to repel invasion by the French and English.

Taken together, these documents show that *the British Government had the intention, in case of a Franco-German war, of sending troops into Belgium immediately—that is, of doing the very thing which, done by Germany, was used by England as a pretext for declaring war on Germany.*

They show also that the Belgian Government took, in agreement with the English General Staff, military precautions against a hypothetical German invasion of Belgium. On the other hand, the Belgium Government never made the slightest attempt to take, in agreement with the German Government, military precautions against an Anglo-French invasion of Belgium, though fully informed that it was the purpose of the British Government to land and dispatch, across French territory into Belgium, 160,000 troops, without asking Belgium's permission, on the first outbreak of the European war. *This clearly demonstrates that the Belgian Government was determined from the outset to join Germany's enemies.*

## DOCUMENT NO. 1

### Report of Gen. Ducarme, Chief of the Belgian General Staff, to the Belgian Minister of War

*"Confidential*

"Letter to the Minister

"Concerning the Confidential Conversations.

"BRUSSELS, April 10, 1906.

"Mr. Minister:

"I have the honor to report to you briefly about the conversations which I had with Lieut. Col. Barnardiston and which have already been the subject of my oral communications.

"The first visit took place in the middle of January. Mr. Barnardiston referred to the anxieties of the General Staff of his country with regard to the general political situation, and because of the possibility that war may soon break out. In case Belgium should be attacked, the sending of about 100,000 troops was provided for.

"The Lieutenant Colonel asked me how such a measure would be regarded by us. I answered him, that from a military point of view it could not be but favorable, but that this question of intervention was just as much a matter for the political authorities, and that, therefore, it was my duty to inform the Minister of War about it.

"Mr. Barnardiston answered that his Minister in Brussels would speak about it with our Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"He proceeded in the following sense: The landing of the English troops would take place at the French coast in the vicinity of Dunkirk and Calais, so as to hasten their movements as much as possible. The entry of the English into Belgium would take place only after the violation of our neutrality by Germany. A landing in Antwerp would take much more time, because larger transports would be needed, and because, on the other hand, the safety would be less complete.

"This admitted, there would be several other points to consider, such as

railway transportation, the question of requisitions which the English Army could make, the question concerning the chief command of the allied forces.

"He inquired whether our preparations were sufficient to secure the defense of the country during the crossing and the transportation of the English troops—which he estimated to last about ten days.

"I answered him that the places Namur and Liège were protected from a coup de main, and that our field army of 100,000 men would be capable of intervention within four days.

"After having expressed his full satisfaction with my explanations, my visitor laid emphasis on the following facts: (1) That our conversation was entirely confidential; (2) that it was not binding on his Government; (3) that his Minister, the English General Staff, he and I were, up to the present, the only ones\* informed about the matter; (4) that he did not know whether the opinion of his sovereign had been consulted.

\* \* \*

"In a following discussion Lieut. Col. Barnardiston assured me that he had never received confidential reports of the other Military Attachés about our army. He then gave the exact numerical data of the English forces; we could depend on it, that in twelve or

---

\*This is similar to the manner in which the English entente with France was arranged. The British Parliament and the British Cabinet were kept in ignorance of the fact that English and French naval experts were consulting together. The British Minister for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, repeatedly assured the country that Great Britain's hands were free. Yet, when the crisis came, this quite unofficial exchange of military views and plans, this mere gentleman's agreement, revealed itself, of course, as a binding obligation. Nations do not reveal their military secrets to each other except on the clear understanding that an alliance is in force.



thirteen days two army corps, four cavalry brigades, and two brigades of horse infantry would be landed.

"He asked me to study the question of the transport of these forces to that part of the country where they would be useful, and he promised to give me for this purpose details about the composition of the landing army.

"He reverted to the question concerning the effective strength of our field army, and he emphasized that no detachments should be sent from this army to Namur and Liège, because these places were provided with garrisons of sufficient strength.

"He asked me to direct my attention to the necessity of granting the English Army the advantages which the regulations concerning the military requisitions provided for. Finally he insisted upon the question of the chief command.

"I answered him that I could say nothing with reference to this last point, and promised him that I would study the other questions carefully.

\* \* \*

"Later on the English Military Attaché confirmed his former calculations; twelve days would at least be necessary to carry out the landing at the French coast. It would take a considerably longer time (1 to 2½ months) to land 100,000 men in Antwerp.

"Upon my objection that it would be unnecessary to await the end of the landing in order to begin with the railway transportations, and that it would be better to proceed with these when the troops arrived at the coast, Lieut. Col. Barnardiston promised to give me exact data as to the number of troops that could be landed daily.

"As regards the military requisitions, I told my visitor that this question could be easily regulated.

\* \* \*

"The further the plans of the English General Staff progressed, the clearer became the details of the problem. The Colonel assured me that one-half of the English Army could be landed within eight days; the rest at the conclusion of the twelfth or thirteenth day, with the

exception of the horse infantry, which could not be counted upon until later.

"In spite of this I thought I had to insist again upon the necessity of knowing the exact number of the daily shipments, in order to regulate the railway transportation for every day.

"The English Military Attaché conversed with me about several other questions, namely:

"(1) The necessity of keeping the operations secret, and of demanding strict secrecy from the press;

"(2) The advantages which would accrue from giving one Belgian officer to each English General Staff, one interpreter to each commanding officer, and gendarmes to each unit of troops, in order to assist the British police troops.

\* \* \*

"In the course of another interview Lieut. Col. Barnardiston and I studied the combined operations to take place in the event of a German offensive with Antwerp as its object, and under the hypothesis of the German troops marching through our country in order to reach the French Ardennes.

"In this question, the Colonel said he quite agreed with the plan which I had submitted to him, and he assured me also of the approval of Gen. Grierson, Chief of the English General Staff.

"Other secondary questions which were likewise settled had particular reference to intermediary officers, interpreters, gendarmes, maps, photographs of the uniforms, special copies, translated into English, of some Belgian regulations, the regulations concerning the import duties on English provisions, to the accommodation of the wounded of the allied armies, &c. Nothing was resolved on as regards the activity which the Government or the military authorities might exert on the press.

\* \* \*

"During the final meetings which I had with the British Attaché, he informed me about the numbers of troops which would be daily disembarked at Boulogne, Calais, and Cherbourg. The distance of the last place, which is neces-

sary for technical considerations, will involve a certain delay. The first corps would be disembarked on the tenth day, and the second on the fifteenth day. Our railways would carry out the transportation so that the arrival of the first corps, either in the direction of Brussels-Louvain or of Namur-Dinant, would be assured on the eleventh day, and that of the second on the sixteenth day.

"I again, for a last time, and as emphatically as I could, insisted on the necessity of hastening the sea transports so that the English troops could be with us between the eleventh and twelfth day. The happiest and most favorable results can be reached by a convergent and simultaneous action of the allied forces. But if that co-operation should not take place, the failure would be most serious. Col. Barnardiston assured me that everything serving to this end would be done.

\* \* \*

"In the course of our conversations, I had occasion to convince the British Military Attaché that we were willing, so far as possible, to thwart the movements of the enemy and not to take refuge in Antwerp from the beginning.

"Lieut. Col. Barnardiston on his part told me that, at the time, he had little hope for any support or intervention on the part of Holland. At the same time he informed me that his Government intended to transfer the basis of the British commissariat from the French

coast to Antwerp as soon as all German ships were swept off the North Sea.

\* \* \*

"In all our conversations the Colonel regularly informed me about the secret news which he had concerning the military circumstances and the situation of our eastern neighbors, &c. At the same time he emphasized that Belgium was under the imperative necessity to keep herself constantly informed of the happenings in the adjoining Rhinelands. I had to admit that with us the surveillance service abroad was, in times of peace, not directly in the hands of the General Staff, as our legations had no Military Attaché. But I was careful not to admit that I did not know whether the espionage service which is prescribed in our regulations was in working order or not. But I consider it my duty to point out this position which places us in a state of evident inferiority to our neighbors, our presumable enemies.

"Major General, Chief of the General Staff. (Initials of Gen. Ducarme.)

"Note.—When I met Gen. Grierson at Compiègne, during the manoeuvres of 1906, he assured me the result of the reorganization of the English Army would be that the landing of 150,000 would be assured and that, moreover, they would stand ready for action in a shorter time than has been assumed above.

"Concluded September, 1906."

(Initials of Gen. Ducarme.)

## DOCUMENT NO. 2

### Minutes of a Conference Between the Belgian Chief of the General Staff, Gen. Jungbluth, and the British Military Attache, Lieut. Col. Bridges

(Lieut. Col. Barnardiston, British Military Attaché in Brussels, was succeeded in his office by Lieut. Col. Bridges. Likewise, Gen. Ducarme was succeeded, as Chief of the Belgian Staff, by Gen. Jungbluth. A conversation between Col. Bridges and Gen. Jungbluth was committed to writing, and that writing was also found at the Belgian For-

eign Office. The document, which is dated April 23 and is presumed to belong to the year 1912, is marked "confidentielle" in the handwriting of Graf v.d. Straaten, the Belgian Foreign Secretary. This is the translation:)

"Confidential.

"The British Military Attaché asked

to see Gen. Jungbluth. The two gentlemen met on April 23.

"Lieut. Col. Bridges told the General that England had at her disposal an army which could be sent to the Continent, composed of six divisions of infantry and eight brigades of cavalry—together 160,000 troops. She has also everything which is necessary for her to defend her insular territory. Everything is ready.

"At the time of the recent events the British Government would have immediately effected a disembarkment in Belgian (*chez nous*) even if we had not asked for assistance.

"The General objected that for that our consent was necessary.

"The Military Attaché answered that he knew this, but that—since we were not able to prevent the Germans from passing through our country—England would have landed her troops in Belgium under all circumstances, (*en tout état de cause*.)

"As for the place of landing, the Military Attaché did not make a precise statement; he said that the coast was rather long, but the General knows that Mr. Bridges, during Easter, has paid daily visits to Zeebrugge from Ostend.

"The General added that we were, besides, perfectly able to prevent the Germans from passing through."

### DOCUMENT NO. 3

#### Report of Baron Greindl, Belgian Minister in Berlin, to the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs

[On the 23d of December, 1911, Baron Greindl, then and for many years Belgian Minister in Berlin, made a report to the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs. There was found in Brussels a copy of this report. Although a copy, the official character of this third document found in Brussels is evident from the official imprint on the paper on which the copy stands. The first page reads:]

..... SECTION

No. ....

....ENCLOSURE

COPY

Reply to No.

General department

Office of .....

BERLIN, Dec. 23, 1911.

Belgian Legation,

No. 3,022—1,626.

Strictly Confidential.

What is Belgium to do in case of war?  
Mr. Minister:

I have had the honor to receive the dispatch of the 27th November last, P without docket number, registration number 1,108, \* \* \*

[Baron Greindl's report is an extreme-

ly long one. Extracts from it were published in The North German Gazette of Oct. 13. A facsimile has been made of the first page only of the document, because of its great length.

The writer reveals with great astuteness the ulterior motives underlying the English proposal and draws attention to the danger of the situation in which Belgium had become involved by a one-sided partisanship in favor of the powers of the Entente. In this very detailed report, dated Dec. 23, 1911, Baron Greindl explains that the plan of the General Army Staff for the defense of Belgian neutrality in a Franco-German war as communicated to him only concerned the question as to what military measures should be adopted in case Germany violated Belgian neutrality. The hypothesis of a French attack on Germany through Belgium had, however, just as much probability in itself. The diplomat then goes on in the following manner:]

"From the French side danger threatens not only in the south of Luxemburg, it threatens us on our entire joint fron-



tier. We are not reduced to conjectures for this assertion. We have positive evidence of it.

"Evidently the project of an out-flanking movement from the north forms part of the scheme of the *entente cordiale*. If that were not the case, then the plan of fortifying Flushing would not have called forth such an outburst in Paris and London. The reason why they wished that the Scheldt should remain unfortified was hardly concealed by them. Their aim was to be able to transport an English garrison, unhindered, to Antwerp, which means to establish in our country a basis of operation for an offensive in the direction of the Lower Rhine and Westphalia, and then to make us throw our lot in with them, which would not be difficult, for, after the surrender of our national centre of refuge, we would, through our own fault, renounce every possibility of opposing the demands of our doubtful protectors after having been so unwise as to permit their entrance into our country. Col. Barnardiston's announcements at the time of the conclusion of the *entente cordiale*, which were just as perfidious as they were naïve, have shown us plainly the true meaning of things. When it became evident that we would not allow ourselves to be frightened by the pretended danger of the closing of

the Scheldt, the plan was not entirely abandoned, but modified in so far as the British Army was not to land on the Belgian coast, but at the nearest French harbors.

"The revelations of Capt. Faber, which were denied as little as the newspaper reports by which they were confirmed or completed in several respects, also testify to this. This British Army, at Calais and Dunkirk, would by no means march along our frontier to Longwy in order to reach Germany. It would directly invade Belgium from the northwest. That would give it the advantage of being able to begin operations immediately, to encounter the Belgian Army in a region where we could not depend on any fortress, in case we wanted to risk a battle. Moreover, that would make it possible for it to occupy provinces rich in all kinds of resources and, at any rate, to prevent our mobilization or only to permit it after we had formally pledged ourselves to carry on our mobilization to the exclusive advantage of England and her allies.

"It is therefore of necessity to prepare a plan of battle for the Belgian Army also for that possibility. This is necessary in the interest of our military defense as well as for the sake of the direction of our foreign policy, in case of war between Germany and France."

[The text of the documents presented above is not disputed by the Belgian Government. Instead it is made the basis of the Belgian reply, beginning on the next page.]

## THE BELGIAN BATTLEGROUND

By the HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT

[From King Albert's Book]

THE heart of the world should go out to the poor people of Belgium. Without being in any respect a party to the controversies of the war, their country has been made the battleground of the greatest and in some respects the most destructive war in history. Any movement to relieve their distress has my profound sympathy.

# "INNOCENCE OF BELGIUM"

## "Reply to Publication of Military Documents by Germany"

[The following letter from the Belgian Legation at Washington certifies the official character of the documents presented below.—EDITOR.]

LEGATION DE BELGIQUE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Jan. 25, 1915.

To the Editor of The New York Times Current History:

In accordance with the request, in your letter of December 10, addressed to the Belgian Minister, for official documents published by the Legation, I have the pleasure of sending you, herewith, by the Minister's instructions, a copy of a pamphlet entitled "The Innocence of Belgium," dealing with the Military Documents published recently in THE NEW YORK TIMES. I also take this opportunity to transmit to you a copy of a pamphlet entitled "Why Belgium Was Devastated," containing translations of the German Proclamations issued in Belgium.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES GUSTAVUS WHITELEY.

THE German Government has at last decided to publish the documents which it says were found in Brussels, and which it claims prove that Belgium violated her neutrality.

As a matter of fact these documents are the clearest proof of the innocence of Belgium.

Document No. 1 refers to a conversation between Major Gen. Ducarme and the English Military Attaché, Lieut. Col. Barnardiston.

The English Military Attaché went to call on the Belgian General and told him of the anxiety on the part of the English General Staff in regard to the general political situation and the possibility of war. "In case Belgium should be attacked, the sending of about 100,000 troops was provided for."

He (the British Military Attaché) proceeded in the following terms:

"The landing of the British troops would take place on the French coast.  
\* \* \* The entry of the English into

Belgium would take place only *after the violation of our (Belgian) neutrality by Germany.*"

It almost seems as if Col. Barnardiston had foreseen the future.

The document continues as follows: "My visitor laid emphasis on the following fact: that it (the conversation) was not binding on his Government \* \* \* and that he did not know whether the opinion of his Sovereign had been consulted." It was thus clearly shown by the British Military Attaché that his communication was simply a conversation; it is, moreover, perfectly well known that Military Attachés have no power to make conventional agreements.

The document further continues: "In the course of another interview, Lieut. Col. Barnardiston and I studied the combined operations to take place in the event of a German offensive, with Antwerp as its object, and under the hypothesis of the German troops marching through our (Belgian) country, in order

to reach the French Ardennes"—an additional proof that the object of the conversation was solely to prevent a violation of Belgian neutrality.

Document No. 2 refers to a conversation between the British Military Attaché and Gen. Jungbluth, in which the former said that the British troops would effect a landing "even if we (the Belgians) did not ask for assistance." This is an additional proof that no agreement or convention had been made.

To this the Belgian General replied that "our (Belgium's) consent was necessary," and he added that "we (the Belgians) were, moreover, perfectly able to prevent the Germans from passing through Belgium," thus showing his anxiety to preserve the neutrality of Belgium.

Dr. B. Dernburg claims that England would have sent troops into Belgium in any event, even if Germany had not invaded Belgium. Affirmations which are not based upon any evidence cannot destroy the text itself of the documents.

In a letter of Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs of England, addressed to the British Minister to Belgium, on the 7th of April, 1913, the British statesman declares in the most formal way, that: "As long as Belgium's neutrality was not violated by any other power, we (the British) should certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory."

The full text of this important letter is as follows:

In speaking to the Belgian Minister today I said, speaking unofficially, that it had been brought to my knowledge that there was apprehension in Belgium lest we should be the first to violate Belgian neutrality. I did not think that apprehension could have come from a British source.

The Belgian Minister informed me that there had been talk, from a British source which he could not name, of the landing of troops in Belgium by Great Britain, in order to anticipate a possible dispatch of German troops through Belgium to France.

I said that I was sure that this Government would not be the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and I did not believe that any British Government would be the first to do so, nor would

public opinion here ever approve of it. What we had to consider, and it was a somewhat embarrassing question, was what it would be desirable and necessary for us, as one of the guarantors of Belgian neutrality, to do if Belgian neutrality was violated by any power. For us to be the first to violate it and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium also. What we desired in the case of Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and, as long as it was not violated by any other power, we would certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory. I am, &c., (Signed) E. GREY.

Document No. 3 contains, according to Dr. B. Dernburg, the personal views of the Belgian Minister in Berlin, but it does not, in any way, indicate the existence of an agreement between Belgium and England against Germany.

It is impossible to say that these documents constitute a proof of an agreement between England and Belgium against Germany, unless one accepts the idea that Germany had a right to violate Belgium's neutrality, and that all measures taken as a precaution against violation of neutrality must therefore have been taken against Germany.

The documents contain merely conversations between military officers in regard to a possible future co-operation of their armies in the event of violation of Belgian territory by Germany. They never even resulted in an agreement between those Governments; Military Attachés have no authority to make such agreements.

The events that happened last August and the sudden invasion of Belgium by Germany show that the British Government was fully justified in fearing the violation of Belgian territory by Germany. It seems incredible, after what has passed, that the German Government should denounce the British Government for approaching Belgian military officers and taking precautions against the very thing which eventually happened.

If further proof should be necessary, the documents published in the "Gray Book" show as clearly as possible that, when the war broke out, Belgium had



no such agreement with any of the powers.

On July 24 the following letter was sent by the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the various Belgian Legations concerned, with instructions to communicate the same to the powers as soon as said Legations should have received telegraphic orders to do so.

Mr. Minister:

The international situation is serious; the eventuality of a conflict between several powers cannot be set aside from the anxieties of the Government of the King.

Belgium has observed with the most scrupulous exactness the duties of a neutral State which are imposed on her by the Treaties of April 19, 1839. These duties, whatever the circumstances may be, *will be resolutely fulfilled by her.*

The friendly disposition of the powers toward her has been so often affirmed that Belgium has the confidence that her territory will be untouched by any attack if hostilities should break out on her frontiers.

All the necessary measures have nevertheless been taken, in order to assure the observance of her neutrality. \* \* \* It is scarcely necessary to insist upon their character. \* \* \* *These measures are not and can not have been inspired by a design to participate in an armed struggle of the powers, nor by any sentiment of defiance toward any one of them.*

Belgium declared that she would not fail to fulfill all of her duties, that she had not a single agreement of alliance with any one, and that she wanted to remain absolutely neutral.

Seven days later the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs communicated to the Belgian Legations his answer to the question which Sir Edward Grey had asked Belgium in the name of England:

"Mr. Minister:

"The British Minister requested to see me very urgently and communicated to me the following:

"*'Sir Edward Grey has asked the French and German Governments, separately, whether each of them was prepared to respect the neutrality of Belgium.*

*'In view of the existing treaties, I am also instructed to inform the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Belgium that Sir Edward Grey presumes that Belgium will*

*do her utmost to maintain her neutrality.'*

"I immediately thanked Sir Francis Villiers for this communication, which the Belgian Government appreciates very highly, and I added that Great Britain and the other nations, guarantors of our independence, might be sure that we would neglect no effort to maintain our neutrality, and that we were convinced that the other powers, in view of the excellent relations of friendship and confidence which we have always enjoyed with them, would observe and maintain this neutrality."

At the decisive moment, the attitude of Belgium was thus irreproachable. She was not bound to any other nation; she had her hands free. She declared that she was ready to make the necessary sacrifices to defend her neutrality and to resist any aggression from whatever source, and she added that, trusting in her friendly relations with the powers, she was unwilling to believe that any of them would violate her neutrality.

On Aug. 3, at 7 A. M., after having received the ultimatum from Germany, Belgium declared that she refused to repudiate her engagements.

The next day, the 4th of August, at 3 P. M., the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs received from Sir F. Villiers, Minister of England in Brussels, the following note:

BRUSSELS, Aug. 4, 1914.

I am instructed to inform the Belgian Government that, if Germany exercises pressure for the purpose of compelling Belgium to abandon her position of a neutral country, the Government of his Britannic Majesty expects Belgium to resist by every possible means. The Government of his Britannic Majesty is ready, in that event, to join with Russia and France, *if desired by Belgium*, to offer to the Belgian Government, at once, common action for the purpose of resisting the use of force by Germany against Belgium, and at the same time to offer a guarantee to maintain the independence and the integrity of Belgium in the future.

England offered her help *but did not impose it.* She did not intend to send troops into Belgian territory as a preventive measure. She expressly subordinated her assistance *to the desire of Belgium.*

It was only on the 4th of August, during the evening, after having vainly hoped and waited for a change in the attitude of Germany, that Belgium called England, France, and Russia to co-operate, as guarantor powers, in the defense of her territory.

In the preface published by Dr. B. Dernburg, with the documents, it is said that "only the prompt action at Liège that put this important railway centre, commanding the railway connections to France and Germany, into German hands, prevented the English landing and invading Belgium."

It is impossible to conceive how the taking of Liège prevented the English from landing and invading Belgium. That statement is hardly a compliment to the intelligence or the geographical knowledge of the American people. The fact is that Liège was taken a long time before the British troops landed at Calais, and it is still today in the hands of the Germans without in the least interfering with the arrival of British reinforcements in France and in the territory still left in the possession of Belgium. The fact is that Liège was not taken to prevent the British from entering Belgium, but because it was part of the plan of the German General Staff to invade Belgium at once, to march across her territory, to crush the army of France as soon as possible, and then to turn and attack the Russians on the east.

It is interesting to recall here the famous conversation held between the British Ambassador in Berlin, on one side, and the Chancellor of the Empire, Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg, and the German Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. von Jagow, on the other side, at the time of the invasion of Belgium by the German troops. These conversations prove, indisputably, the premeditated intention of Germany to violate Belgium's neutrality:

To the request of Sir Edward Goschen, the English Ambassador in Berlin, to be allowed to know if Germany would pledge herself to respect the neutrality of Belgium, the German Secretary of State replied that "this neutrality had already been violated by Germany." Herr von Jagow went again into the "reasons why

the Imperial Government had been obliged to take this step, namely, that they had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death to them, for, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of the roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition, entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would mean time gained by the Russians for the bringing up of their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was the inexhaustible supply of troops." (Official report of the British Ambassador in Berlin to the British Government.)

This conversation preceded by a few minutes that in which the German Chancellor, giddy at the sight of the abyss into which Germany was falling, uttered these celebrated words: "Just for a word, NEUTRALITY, a word which in wartimes has been so often disregarded; just for A SCRAP OF PAPER, Great Britain is going to make war on a kindred nation. At what price would that compact (neutrality) have been kept? Has the British Government thought of that?" Sir Edward Goschen replied that fear of consequences would hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking a solemn engagement. (Official report of the British Ambassador in Berlin to his Government.)

Finally, the solemn avowal of the German Chancellor, during the sitting of the Reichstag on Aug. 4, 1914, settles this question definitely: "We are in a state of legitimate defense. NECESSITY KNOWS NO LAW. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and have perhaps already penetrated into Belgium. This is against the law of nations."

The truth is that every step taken by Germany was a clear indication of her intentions against Belgium. Her strategic railroads are concentrated on the Belgian frontier, and her military writers, von Bernhardt, von Schlifenbach, and von der Goltz, made no secret of her plan to carry on her war by means of an invasion of Belgium's neutral country. Events have shown how, long before the

war, preparations had been made to carry this plan into effect.

Dr. B. Dernburg says that the one-sidedness of the Belgian inclination is indicated by the placing of all Belgian fortresses on the eastern frontier. The distinguished statesman (apparently confused by the ardor of discussion) has, already in another article, published in *The Independent* of Dec. 7, 1914, placed Antwerp at the mouth of the Rhine; to-day he places Namur on the German frontier, whereas that fortress is situated near the frontier of France. There are three fortresses in Belgium—Antwerp, Liège, and Namur. Antwerp is in the north, Liège in the east, and Namur in the south. Namur, being near the French frontier, could menace Germany only in case the Germans should have penetrated about one-third of Belgium. It is, in fact, a fortress against France.

Nothing has been brought forward to show that, if Germany had not invaded Belgium, France or England would have done so. The exact contrary is clearly indicated by the documents.

Dr. B. Dernburg cites a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and attempts to apply it to the case of Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality and to justify Germany by the law of necessity. The example chosen (the Chinese question) does not involve massacres, bombardments, nor the burning of

towns. It is not an analogous case. The following would be a closer analogy to Germany's action in regard to Belgium: A man pretending that he has been attacked in the street by a powerful enemy, claims that he is justified in killing an innocent person, if by doing so he can gain an advantage over his adversary.

It would be difficult for any one to produce a decision of the Supreme Court justifying a crime on the plea that the perpetration of the crime was advantageous to the culprit who committed it.

When a nation has to resort to such arguments to defend its actions it must realize that its case is desperate.

Germany has converted smiling and peaceful Belgium into a land of sorrow, of mourning, and of ruins. There is not a family that does not mourn one of its dear ones. In the face of the indignation which has aroused the world, Germany, today, endeavors to refute the accusation which rises against her from so many tombs, and she endeavors to throw upon the innocent the terrible responsibility of her own crimes.

It is not probable that this course of action will win back to Germany the sympathy which she has lost throughout the world.

The foregoing documents show clearly that Belgium had made no agreement with England for attacking Germany, nor even an agreement for British military defense of Belgian neutrality.

[Having replied to the representations made in the German indictment drawn by Dr. Dernburg, the Belgian authorities proceeded to compile a pamphlet, the contents of which are reproduced on the following pages, purporting to show from original documents the manner of the German violation of Belgium's neutralized territory.]

## THE BIG AND THE GREAT

By WILLIAM ARCHER  
[From King Albert's Book]

**T**HE Big and the Great  
When they to History's judgment seat  
shall come,  
Which will shine glorious in the eyes of  
men,  
Huge Germany or heroic BELGIUM?  
Which will be hailed Great, Wilhelm or  
ALBERT, then?



# "Why Belgium Was Devastated"

## "As Recorded in Proclamations of the German Commanders in Belgium"

[This article, including the title, is reproduced from the second pamphlet referred to in the letter from the Belgian Legation at Washington to THE NEW YORK TIMES CURRENT HISTORY, appearing on Page 1110.—EDITOR.]

"Necessity knows no law."

—BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

"The wrong that we are committing we will endeavor to repair as soon as our military goal has been reached."

—BETHMANN-HOLLWEG.

### EXTRACT FROM A PROCLAMATION TO THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF THE CITY OF LIEGE

Aug. 22, 1914.

The inhabitants of the town of Andenne, after having declared their peaceful intentions, have made a surprise attack on our troops.

It is with my consent that the Commander in Chief has ordered the whole town to be burned and that about one hundred people have been shot.

I bring this fact to the knowledge of the City of Liège, so that citizens of Liège may realize the fate with which they are menaced if they adopt a similar attitude.

The General Commanding in Chief.

(Signed) VON BUELOW.

NOTICE POSTED AT NAMUR, AUGUST THE 25TH, 1914

(1) French and Belgian soldiers must be surrendered as prisoners of war at the prison before 4 o'clock. *Citizens who do not obey will be condemned to enforced labor for life in Germany.*

*A rigorous inspection of houses will begin at 4 o'clock. Every soldier found will be immediately shot.*

(2) Arms, powder, dynamite, must be surrendered at 4 o'clock. Penalty: death by shooting.

The citizens who know where a

store of arms is located must inform the Burgomaster, under penalty of enforced labor for life.

(3) Each street will be occupied by a German guard who will take ten hostages in each street, whom they will keep in custody.

If any outrage is committed in the street, the ten hostages will be shot.

(4) Doors must not be locked, and at night after 8 o'clock three windows must be lighted in each house.

(5) It is forbidden to remain in the street after 8 o'clock. The people of Namur must understand that there is no greater nor more horrible crime than to endanger the existence of the city and the life of its inhabitants by attacks upon the German Army.

The Commandant of the City.

(Signed) VON BUELOW.

Namur, 25th of August, 1914. (Imprimerie Chantraine.)

LETTER ADDRESSED ON AUG. 27, 1914, BY LIEUT. GEN VON NIEBER TO THE BURGOMASTER OF WAVRE

On Aug. 22, 1914, the General commanding the Second Army, Herr von Bülow, imposed upon the City of Wavre a war levy of three million francs, to be paid before Sept. 1, as expiation for its unqualifiable behavior (contrary to the law of nations and the usages of war) in making a surprise attack on the German troops.

The General in command of the Second Army has just given to the General commanding this station of the Second

Army the order to send in without delay, this contribution which it should pay on account of its conduct.

I order and command you to give to the bearer of the present letter the two first installments, that is to say, two million francs in gold.

Furthermore, I require that you give the bearer a letter, duly sealed with the seal of the city, stating that the balance, that is to say, one million francs, will be paid, without fail, on the 1st of September.

I draw the attention of the city to the fact that in no case can it count on further delay, as the civil population of the city has put itself outside the law of nations by firing on the German soldiers.

*The City of Wavre will be burned and destroyed if the levy is not paid in due time, without regard for any one; the innocent will suffer with the guilty.*

PROCLAMATION POSTED AT GRI-  
VEGNEE, Sept. 8, 1914

*Commune of Grivegnee.*

*Very Important Notice.*

The Major Commandant Dieckmann, at the Château des Bruyeres, requests me to bring the following statement to the knowledge of the inhabitants:

Dieckmann Battalion,

Château des Bruyeres, Sept. 6, 1914.

Present at the discussion:

- (1) The Curé Fryns of Bois de Breux.
- (2) The Curé Franssen of Beyne.
- (3) The Curé Lepropres of Heusay.
- (4) The Curé Paquay of Grivegnee.
- (5) The Burgomaster Dejardin of Beyne.
- (6) The Burgomaster Hodeige of Grivegnee.
- (7) Major Dieckmann.
- (8) Lieut. R. Reil.

Major Dieckmann brought to the knowledge of the persons present the following orders:

"(1) Before the 6th of September, 1914, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, all arms, munitions, explosives, and fire-works which are still in the hands of the citizens must be surrendered at the Château des Bruyeres. Those who do not obey will render themselves liable

to the death penalty. They will be shot on the spot, or given military execution, unless they can prove their innocence.

"(2) All inhabitants of houses in Beyne-Heusay, Grivegnee, Bois de Breux, and Fleron must remain at home after sunset, (at present 7 o'clock P. M., German time.) The aforesaid houses must be lighted as long as any one remains up. The entrance door must be shut. Those who do not conform to the regulations expose themselves to severe penalties. Any resistance to these orders will be followed by sentence of death.

"(3) The Commandant should meet no opposition whatever in these domiciliary visits. Each inhabitant must open all the rooms of his house without even a summons. Whoever makes any opposition will be severely punished.

"(4) Beginning Sept. 7, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I will permit the houses of Beyne-Heusay, Grivegnee, Bois de Breux, to be occupied by persons formerly dwelling in them as long as no formal prohibition to frequent these places shall have been issued against the inhabitants above referred to.

"(5) In order to be sure that this permission is not abused, the Burgomasters of Beyne-Heusay and of Grivegnee shall immediately draw up a list of persons who shall be held as hostages, at the fort of Fleron, in twenty-four-hour shifts; on Sept. 6, for the first time, from 6 o'clock in the evening until midday, Sept. 7.

*"The life of these hostages will depend upon the population of the aforesaid communes remaining pacific under all circumstances.*

"During the night it is strictly prohibited to make any luminous signal whatever. The circulation of bicycles is only allowed from 7 A. M. until 5 P. M., German time,

"(6) I will designate from the lists submitted to me the persons who will be detained as hostages from noon of one day to noon of the next day. If the substitute does not arrive in time, the hostage will remain another twenty-four hours. After this second period of twenty-four hours, the hostage incurs

*the penalty of death if the substitution is not made.*

"(7) Hostages will be chosen, primarily, from among priests, Burgomasters, and other members of the civic administration.

"(8) I demand that all civilians living in the vicinity, especially in Beyne-Heusay, Fleron, Bois de Breux, and Grivegnée, shall show deference toward the German officers by taking off their hats and by carrying the hand to the head in military salute. In case of doubt, every German soldier must be saluted. If any one refuses to do so, he must expect the German soldiers to make themselves respected by any means they may select.

"(9) The German soldiers have the right to visit any wagon or package belonging to the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Any opposition will be severely punished.

"(10) *Any one knowing of the location of a store of more than one hundred litres of petroleum, benzine, benzol, or other similar liquids in the aforesaid communes, and who does not report same to the military commander on the spot, incurs the penalty of death, provided there is no doubt about the quantity and the location of the store. Quantities of 100 litres are alone referred to.*

"(11) Any one who does not instantly obey the command of 'hands up' becomes guilty (sic) of the death penalty.

"(12) *The entrance to the Château des Bruyères and to the park is prohibited under the penalty of death from dark till dawn, (6 P. M. to 6 A. M., German time,) to all who are not soldiers of the German Army.*

"(13) During daytime entrance to the Château des Bruyères is allowed only by the northeast entrance, where there is a guard, and only to the people to whom cards of admission have been given. Any gathering near the guard is prohibited in the interest of the population.

"(14) Any one who by spreading false news prejudicial to the morale of the German troops or who by any means tries to take measures against the Ger-

man Army renders himself a suspect and incurs the risk of being shot immediately.

"(15) Whereas by the above regulations the inhabitants in the vicinity of the fortress are threatened with severe penalties if they violate these regulations in any way, on the other hand these same inhabitants, if they remain peaceful, may rely upon the most benevolent protection and help on all occasions when wrong is done them.

"(16) The requisition of cattle in specified quantities will take place daily from 10 A. M. until noon and from 2 P. M. to 3 P. M. at the Château des Bruyères before the Cattle Commission.

"(17) Any one who under the protection of the insignia of the Swiss (Red Cross) Convention harms, or even tries to harm, the Germany Army and is discovered shall be hung."

(Signed) DIECKMANN,

Major in Command.

Grivegnée, Sept. 8, 1914.

For certified copy: the Burgomaster,

(Signed) VICTOR HODEIGE.

#### SUMMONS TO CAPITULATE

Sept. 4, 1914.

To the Commander of Termonde and, at the same time, to the Burgomaster of Termonde:

The Germans have taken Termonde. We have placed the heaviest siege artillery all around the town. Still, at the present time, one dares shoot from houses upon German soldiers. The town and the fortress are summoned to hoist immediately the white flag and to stop fighting. If you do not yield to this summons immediately the town will be razed to the ground within a quarter of an hour by a heavy bombardment. All the armed forces of Termonde will immediately lay down their arms at the Porte de Bruxelles (Brussels Gate) at the south exit from Termonde. Arms held by the inhabitants will be deposited at the same time and at the same place.

The General Commanding the German Forces Before Termonde,

(Signed) VON BOEHN.



PROCLAMATION POSTED IN BRUSSELS  
SEPT. 25, 1914

General Government in Belgium.

It has happened recently in some places which are not at the present time occupied by strong forces of German troops, military convoys or patrolling parties have been attacked by surprise by the inhabitants.

I draw the attention of the public to the fact that a *record* is kept of the towns and villages in the vicinity in which such attacks have taken place and that they must expect their punishment as soon as German troops pass near by.

The Governor General of Belgium,  
(Signed) BARON VON DER GOLTZ,  
Field Marshal.

Brussels, 25th September.

NOTICE POSTED AT BRUSSELS  
OCT. 5, 1914, AND PRESUMABLY  
IN MOST OF THE COMMUNES  
IN THE COUNTRY

On the evening of Sept. 25 the railway and telegraph lines were destroyed on the Lovenjoul-Vertryck line.

Consequently the two above-mentioned places on the morning of Sept. 30 had to give an account and to furnish hostages.

In the future the communities in the vicinity of a place where such things happen (*no matter whether or not they are accomplices*) will be punished without mercy.

To this end hostages have been taken from all places in the vicinity of railroad lines menaced by such attacks, and at the first attempt to destroy the railroad tracks or the telegraph or telephone wires they will be immediately shot.

Furthermore, all troops in charge of the protection of the railroad lines have received orders to shoot any person approaching in a suspicious manner the railroad tracks or the telegraph or telephone lines.

The Governor General of Belgium,  
(Signed) BARON VON DER GOLTZ,  
Field Marshal.

NOTICE POSTED AT BRUSSELS,  
NOV. 1, 1914

A legally constituted court-martial has pronounced, the 28th of October, 1914, the following condemnations:

"(1) Upon Policeman de Ryckere for attacking, in the exercise of his legal functions, an agent vested with German authority, for willfully inflicting bodily injury on two occasions in concert with other persons, for facilitating the escape of a prisoner on one occasion, and for attacking a German soldier—*Five years' imprisonment.*

"(2) Upon Policeman Seghers for attacking, in the exercise of his legal functions, an agent vested with German authority, for willfully inflicting bodily injury upon said German agent, and for facilitating the escape of a prisoner (all these offenses constituting a single act)—*Three years' imprisonment.*"

These sentences have been confirmed by Gov. Gen. Baron von der Goltz on Oct. 31, 1914.

The City of Brussels, excluding suburbs, has been punished for the crime committed by its policeman de Ryckere against a German soldier by an additional fine of 5,000,000 francs.

The Governor of Brussels,

(Signed) BARON VON LUETWITZ,  
Brussels, Nov. 1, 1914. General.

EXTRACT FROM THE SIXTH REPORT  
OF THE BELGIUM COMMISSION OF INQUIRY

After such proclamations, who will be surprised at the murders, burnings, pillage, and destruction committed by the German Army wherever they have met with resistance?

If a German corps or patrolling party is received at the entrance to a village by a volley from soldiers of the regular troops who are afterward forced to retire the whole population is held responsible. The civilians are accused of having fired or having co-operated in the defense and, without inquiry, the place is given over to pillage and flames, and a part of the inhabitants are massacred.

The Commission of Inquiry has al-

ready mentioned these facts in its report of Sept. 10, (third report.)

The facts which have been gathered since then have confirmed its conclusions.

The odious acts which have been committed in all parts of the country have a general character, throwing the responsibility upon the whole German Army. It is simply the application of a preconceived system—the carrying out of instructions—which has made of the enemy's troops in Belgium "a horde of barbarians and a band of incendiaries."

The reports which the commission has had the honor of submitting to you up to the present, Mr. Minister, concern especially events of which the towns of

Aerschot and Louvain and the communes in the Provinces of Antwerp and Brabant have been the theatre. New reports will be sent you shortly which will permit you to take cognizance of the gravity of acts committed by the invaders in other parts of the country, notably in the Provinces of Liège, Namur, Hainault, and Flanders.

The President,

(Signed) COOREMAN.

The Vice President,

(Signed) COUNT GOBLET D'AL-  
VIELLA.

The Secretaries,

(Signed) CHEVALIER ERNEST DE  
BUNSWYCK,

(Signed) ORTS.

## "FROM THE BODY OF THIS DEATH"

By SIDNEY LOW

[From King Albert's Book]

**S**HE is not dead! Although the spoiler's  
hand  
Lies heavy as death upon her; though  
the smart

Of his accursed steel is at her heart,  
And scarred upon her breast his shameful  
brand;

Though yet the torches of the vandal band  
Smoke on her ruined fields, her trampled  
bones,

Her ravaged homes and desolated fanes,  
She is not dead but sleeping, that wronged  
land.

O little nation, valorous and free,  
Thou shalt o'erlive the terror and the pain;  
Call back thy scattered children unto thee,  
Strong with the memory of their brothers  
slain,

And rise from out thy charnel-house, to be  
Thine own immortal, radiant self again.

# "A Scrap of Paper"

## Current Versions of the German Chancellor's Reference to the Belgian Treaty of Neutrality\*

By Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey

### I.

GENERAL FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF THE GERMAN ARMIES IN FRANCE, via Berlin and London, Jan. 24, 1915.—"I am surprised to learn that my phrase, 'a scrap of paper,' which I used in my last conversation with the British Ambassador in reference to the Belgian neutrality treaty, should have caused such an unfavorable impression in the United States. The expression was used in quite another connection and the meaning implied in Sir Edward Goschen's report and

the turn given to it in the biased comment of our enemies are undoubtedly responsible for this impression."

The speaker was Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor, and the conversation with a representative of The Associated Press occurred at the German Army Field Headquarters, in a town of Northern France, and in a villa serving as the office and dwelling for the Imperial Chancellor, for the Foreign Minister, Gottlieb von Jagow, and for the members

\*The report of Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador to Berlin, on the severance of diplomatic connections between England and Germany, was published by the British Foreign Office as a "White Paper" on Aug. 27, 1914. Sir Edward said that in pursuance of instructions from Downing Street, he went on Aug. 3 to see Gottlieb von Jagow, the German Foreign Minister, and asked if Germany would promise to respect Belgian neutrality. Herr von Jagow replied that it was too late, as German troops had already crossed the Belgian border, and explained the military necessity of this step.

After remonstrance, Sir Edward withdrew, but made another visit the same afternoon and warned von Jagow that unless the German Government at once withdrew its troops from Belgian soil he must demand his passports. Herr von Jagow repeated that withdrawal was impossible; and, seeing that war was now certain, expressed his deep regret at the failure of the policy by which he and the Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, had been trying to get into more friendly relations with England and through her with France.

The Ambassador, after mutual expressions of personal regard, withdrew and visited the Imperial Chancellor, who, according to Sir Edward's story, "began a harangue, which

lasted about twenty minutes. Just for a word, 'neutrality'—a word which in war was so often disregarded—just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation. The policy to which he had devoted himself had tumbled like a house of cards. What Great Britain had done was unthinkable—it was like striking a man in the back when he was fighting for his life against two assailants."

Sir Edward said that he protested strongly against this and told the Chancellor that, while an advance through Belgium might be a matter of life and death for Germany, the defense of Belgian neutrality, in compliance with her solemn engagement, was a matter of life and death for the honor of Great Britain.

"The Chancellor said," Sir Edward continued: "'But at what a price will that compact have been kept! Has the British Government thought of that?' I hinted to his Excellency as plainly as I could that fear of consequences could hardly be regarded as an excuse for breaking a solemn engagement. But his Excellency was so excited, so little disposed to hear reason, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, that I refrained from adding fuel to the flame by further argument."



of the diplomatic suite accompanying Emperor William afield.

The Chancellor apparently had not relished the subject until his attention was called to the extent to which the phrase had been used in discussion on the responsibility of the war. He then volunteered to give an explanation of his meaning, which in substance was that he had spoken of the treaty not as "a scrap of paper" for Germany, but as an instrument which had become obsolete through Belgium's forfeiture of its neutrality, and that Great Britain had quite other reasons for entering into the war, compared with which the neutrality treaty appeared to have only the value of a scrap of paper.

"My conversation with Sir Edward Goschen," said the Chancellor, "occurred Aug. 4. I had just declared in the Reichstag that only dire necessity and only the struggle for existence compelled Germany to march through Belgium, but that Germany was ready to make compensation for the wrong committed.

"When I spoke I already had certain indications, but no absolute proof upon which to base a public accusation, that Belgium long before had abandoned its neutrality in its relations with England. Nevertheless, I took Germany's responsibilities toward the neutral States so seriously that I spoke frankly of the wrong committed by Germany.

"What was the British attitude on the same question?" continued the Chancellor. "The day before my conversation with Ambassador Goschen, Sir Edward Grey had delivered his well-known speech in Parliament, in which, while he had not stated expressly that England would take part in the war, he had left the matter in little doubt.

"One needs only to read this speech through carefully to learn the reason for England's intervention in the war. Amid all his beautiful phrases about England's honor and England's obligations we find it over and over again expressed that England's interests—its own interests—call for participation in the war, for it is not in England's interests that a vic-

torious and therefore stronger Germany should emerge from the war.

"This old principle of England policy—to take as the sole criterion of its actions its private interests regardless of right, reason, or considerations of humanity—is expressed in that speech of Gladstone's in 1870 on Belgian neutrality, from which Sir Edward quoted.

"Mr. Gladstone then declared that he was unable to subscribe to the doctrine that the simple fact of the existence of a guarantee is binding on every party thereto, irrespective altogether of the particular position in which it may find itself at a time when the occasion for action on the guarantee arrives; and he referred to such English statesmen as Aberdeen and Palmerston as supporters of his views.

"England drew the sword," continued the Chancellor, "only because it believed its own interests demanded it. Just for Belgian neutrality it would never have entered the war.

"That is what I meant when I told Sir Edward Goschen in that last interview, when we sat down to talk the matter over privately as man to man, that among the reasons which had impelled England to go into the war the Belgian neutrality treaty had for her only the value of a scrap of paper.

"I may have been a bit excited and aroused," said the Chancellor. "Who would not have been at seeing the hopes and the work of the whole period of my Chancellorship going for nought? I recalled to the Ambassador my efforts for years to bring about an understanding between England and Germany; an understanding which, I reminded him, would have made a general European war impossible, and which absolutely would have guaranteed the peace of Europe.

"Such an understanding," the Chancellor interjected parenthetically, "would have formed the basis on which we could have approached the United States as a third partner; but England had not taken up this plan, and through its entry into the war had destroyed forever the hope of its fulfillment.

"In comparison with such momentous consequences was the treaty not a scrap of paper? England ought really to cease harping on this theme of Belgian neutrality," said the Chancellor. "Documents on the Anglo-Belgian military agreement which we have found in the meantime show plainly enough how England regarded this neutrality. As you know, we found in the archives of the Belgian Foreign Office documents which showed that England in 1911 was determined to throw troops into Belgium without the assent of the Belgian Government if war had then broken out—in other words, to do exactly the same thing for which, with all the pathos of virtuous indignation, it now reproaches Germany."

"In some later dispatch Sir Edward Grey, I believe, informed Belgium that he did not believe England would take such a step because he did not think English public opinion would justify that action. And still people in the United States wonder that I characterized as a scrap of paper the treaty whose observance, according to responsible British statesmen, should be dependent on the pleasure of British public opinion—a treaty which England itself had long since undermined with its military agreements with Belgium!

"Remember, too, that Sir Edward Grey expressly refused to assure us of England's neutrality even in the event that Germany respected Belgian neutrality."

"I can understand, therefore, the English displeasure at my characterization of the Treaty of 1839 as a scrap of paper, for this scrap of paper was for England extremely valuable, furnishing an excuse before the world for embarking in the war."

"I hope, however, that in the United States you will see clearly enough that England in this matter, too, acted solely on the principle of 'right or wrong, my interest.'"

The Chancellor during the conversation had twice risen to take a few impatient steps about the room. He spoke calmly enough, but with an undercurrent

of deep feeling, particularly when he mentioned his efforts for an understanding with England and the world peace which he had hoped would come from them based on an agreement between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, and with a note of thorough conviction as to the justice of the German position toward Belgium.

## II.

### SIR EDWARD GREY'S REPLY

LONDON, Jan. 26.—Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, today authorized the following statement in reply to an interview obtained with Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor, by a representative of The Associated Press and published in London on Jan. 26 and in the United States on Jan. 25:

"The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs authorizes the publication of the following observations upon the report of an interview recently granted by the German Chancellor to an American correspondent. It is not surprising that the German Chancellor should show anxiety to explain away his now historic phrase about a treaty being a mere 'scrap of paper.'"

"The phrase has made a deep impression because the progress of the world largely depends upon the sanctity of agreements between individuals and between nations, and the policy disclosed in Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's phrase tends to debase the legal and moral currency of civilization."

"What the German Chancellor said was that Great Britain in requiring Germany to respect the neutrality of Belgium 'was going to make war just for a word, just for a scrap of paper'—that is, that Great Britain was making a mountain out of a molehill. He now asks the American public to believe that he meant the exact opposite of what he said; that it was Great Britain who really regarded the neutrality of Belgium as a mere trifle, and that it was Germany who 'took her responsibilities toward the neutral States so seriously.'"

"The arguments by which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg seeks to establish the two sides of this case, are in flat contradiction of the plain facts.

"First, the German Chancellor alleges that 'England in 1911 was determined to throw troops into Belgium without the assent of the Belgian Government.' This allegation is absolutely false. It is based upon certain documents found in Brussels which record conversations between British and Belgian officers in 1906, and again in 1911.

"The fact that there is no note of these conversations at the British War Office or the Foreign Office shows that they were of a purely informal character and that no military agreement of any sort was at either time made between the two Governments. Before any conversations took place between the British and the Belgian officers it was expressly laid down on the British side that discussion of the military possibilities was to be addressed to the manner in which, in case of need, British assistance could be most effectually afforded to Belgium for the defense of her neutrality, and on the Belgian side a marginal note upon the record explains that 'the entry of the English into Belgium would only take place after the violation of our (Belgium's) neutrality by Germany.'

"As regards the conversation of 1911, the Belgian officer said to the British officer: 'You could only land in our country with our consent'; and in 1913 Sir Edward Grey gave the Belgian Government a categorical assurance that no British Government would violate the neutrality of Belgium and that 'so long as it was not violated by any other power we should certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory.'

"The Chancellor's method of misusing documents may be illustrated in this connection. He represents Sir Edward Grey as saying, 'he did not believe England would take such a step because he did not think English public opinion would justify such action.'

"What Sir Edward Grey actually wrote was: 'I said that I was sure

that this Government would not be the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and I did not believe that any British Government would be the first to do so, nor would public opinion here ever approve of it.'

"If the German Chancellor wishes to know why there were conversations on military subjects between British and Belgian officers he may find one reason in a fact well known to him—namely, that Germany was establishing an elaborate network of strategical railways leading from the Rhine to the Belgian frontier through a barren, thinly populated tract. The railways were deliberately constructed to permit of a sudden attack upon Belgium, such as was carried out in August last.

"This fact alone was enough to justify any communications between Belgium and the other powers on the footing that there would be no violation of Belgian neutrality, unless it was previously violated by another power. On no other footing did Belgium ever have any such communications.

"In spite of these facts the German Chancellor speaks of Belgium as having thereby 'abandoned and forfeited' her neutrality, and he implies that he would not have spoken of the German invasion as a 'wrong' had he then known of the conversations of 1906 and 1911.

"It would seem to follow that according to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's code wrong becomes right if the party which is to be the subject of the wrong foresees the possibility and makes preparations to resist it.

"Those who are content with older and more generally accepted standards are likely to agree rather with what Cardinal Mercier said in his pastoral letter: 'Belgium was bound in honor to defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath. England kept hers. These are the facts.'

"In the second part of the German Chancellor's thesis, namely, that Germany 'took her responsibilities toward the neutral States seriously,' he alleges



nothing except that 'he spoke frankly of the wrong committed by Germany' in invading Belgium.

"That a man knows the right while doing the wrong is not usually accepted as proof of his serious conscientiousness. The real nature of Germany's view of her 'responsibilities toward the neutral States' may, however, be learned on authority which cannot be disputed by reference to the English 'White Paper.'

"If those responsibilities were in truth taken seriously why, when Germany was asked to respect the neutrality of Belgium if it were respected by France, did Germany refuse? France, when asked the corresponding question at the same time, agreed. This would have guaranteed Germany from all danger of attack through Belgium.

"The reason of Germany's refusal was given by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's colleague, (the German Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow.) It may be paraphrased in the well-known gloss upon Shakespeare: 'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just, but four times he that gets his blow in fust.'

"'They had to advance into France,' said Herr von Jagow, 'by the quickest and easiest way so as to be able to get well ahead with their operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible.'

"Germany's real attitude toward Belgium was thus frankly given by the German Foreign Secretary to the British Ambassador, and the German Chancellor in his speech to the Reichstäg claimed the right to commit a wrong in virtue of the military necessity of hacking his way through. The treaty which forbade the wrong was by comparison a mere scrap of paper.

"The truth was spoken in these first statements by the two German Ministers. All the apologies and arguments which have since been forthcoming are afterthoughts to excuse and explain away a flagrant wrong. Moreover, all the attacks upon Great Britain in regard to this matter and all talk about 'responsibilities toward neutral States' come badly from the man who, on July 29,

asked Great Britain to enter into a bargain to condone the violation of the neutrality of Belgium.

"The German Chancellor spoke to the American correspondent of his 'efforts for years to bring about an understanding between England and Germany.' An understanding, he added, which would have 'absolutely guaranteed the peace of Europe.'

"He omitted to mention what Mr. Asquith made public in his speech at Cardiff,\* that Germany required as the price of an understanding an unconditional pledge of England's neutrality. The British Government were ready to bind themselves not to be parties to any aggression against Germany. They were not prepared to pledge their neutrality in case of aggression by Germany.

"An Anglo-German understanding on the latter terms would not have meant an absolute guarantee for the peace of Europe, but it would have meant an absolutely free hand for Germany, so far as England was concerned, for Germany to break the peace of Europe.

"The Chancellor says that in his conversation with the British Ambassador in August last he 'may have been a bit excited at seeing the hopes and work of the whole period of his Chancellorship going for nought.'

"Considering that at the date of the conversation, Aug. 4, Germany had already made war on France, the natural conclusion is that the shipwreck of the Chancellor's hopes consisted not in a European war, but in the fact that England had not agreed to stand out of it.

\*In his address at Cardiff, appearing in Vol. 1, No. 2, of THE NEW YORK TIMES CURRENT HISTORY, Premier Asquith said:

In a communication to the German Government in 1912 regarding her future policy Great Britain declared that she would neither make nor join in any unprovoked attack upon Germany. But that was not enough for German statesmanship.

Germany wanted us to go further and pledge ourselves to absolute neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war. To that demand there was but one answer, and that was the answer which the Government gave.

"The sincerity of the German Chancellor's professions to the American correspondent may be brought to a very simple test, the application of which is more apposite because it serves to recall one of the leading facts which produced the present war.

"Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg refused the proposal which England put forward, and in which France, Italy, and Russia concurred, for a conference at which the dispute would have been settled on fair and honorable terms without war. If he really wished to work with England for peace why did he not accept that proposal? He must have known after the Balkan conference in London that England could be trusted to play fair. Herr von Jagow had given testimony in the Reichstag to England's good faith in those negotiations.

"The proposal for the second conference between the powers was made by Sir Edward Grey with the same straightforward desire for peace as in 1912 and 1913. The German Chancellor rejected this means of averting the war. He who does not will the means must not complain if the conclusion is drawn that he did not will the end.

"The second part of the interview with an American newspaper correspondent consists of a discourse upon the ethics of the war. The things which Germany has done in Belgium and France have been placed on record by those who have suffered from them and who know them at first hand. After this it does not lie with the German Chancellor to read to the other belligerents a lecture upon the conduct of the war"

## The Kaiser at Donchery

A DISPATCH SENT BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

**B**ERLIN, Jan. 29, 1915.—The Lokalanzeiger has published some further accounts of the visit of Dr. Ludwig Ganghofer, the author, to Emperor William at the German Field Headquarters. It tells of a trip made by the Emperor and Dr. Ganghofer to Donchery, in the region of the Sedan battlefield. Here the Emperor, in speaking of the unity of the German people, is quoted as saying to Dr. Ganghofer: "It is my greatest pleasure that I could live to see it."

The Emperor pointed out to the author where his father had stood at Sedan, where Napoleon and Bismarck met, and other historic spots.

The trip by automobile finally brought the party to the headquarters of Crown Prince Frederick William, where, after luncheon had been eaten, the Emperor turned, smiling, to his son and said:

"One gets better things to eat at your headquarters than at mine. I shall consider whether I shall not requisition your cook."

The Emperor here had an opportunity to see a thousand French prisoners march by. He was greatly pleased when some of them doffed their caps to him, and he returned their salute. During this review he turned to a photographer who was taking pictures and said:

"Photograph the prisoners, and not always me."

The party later climbed a steep ascent to get a view of the surrounding region. When descending, Dr. Ganghofer slipped, but the Emperor quickly grasped him by the arm and saved him from a fall, saying at the same time:

"Soldiers and citizens must help each other all they can."

# HAIL!

## A HYMN TO BELGIUM

POEM BY  
JOHN GALSWORTHY

MUSIC BY  
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

*Moderato sostenuto.* (From King Albert's Book.)

**VOICE.**

*mf*

1. Men of Bel-gium! Hon-our's own! Ye who saved the Ho-ly Grail, Ye who died for

*Moderato sostenuto. ♩=62.*

**PIANO OR ORGAN.**

*mf*

Free-dom's Crown, Hail, ye brave, for ev-er, hail! 2. Wives of Bel-gium! who to Death

*f* *mf*

Paid the toll of Mo-ther's wail, Bound with wid-owed sor-row's wreath The brova-of Death, ye

*f*

dear saints: hail! 3. Maids of Bel-gium! ye who gazed At worse than sul-len Death, and pale In

*p* *sempre p*

N.B.—If it is desired to sing this as a simple Hymn, the Melody of the 3rd verse should be omitted and the words sung to the opening eight bars, as in the 1st and 2nd verses



ter-ror, yet with eyes un dazed,— Smiled on at Hope— ye sweet hearts Hail! Maids of

*cres.* *mf*

*cres.* *mf*

Bel-gium! Sweet-hearts, Hail! 4. Land of Bel-gium! earth and sky For ev-er more shall

*poco rall.* *Grandioso a tempo.*

*poco rall.* *f* *rall.* *f* *a tempo*

tell thy tale The morn-ing comes! Thou shalt not die! Hail! Thou Sad Im-mor-tal Hail!

*sempre f* *f*

*sempre f* *f*

Hail! Thou Sad Im-mor-tal: Hail!

*molto marcato.* *ff*

*ff molto marcato.* *ff*

*Ped*

# Holland's Future

By H. G. Wells

The article which follows was written by H. G. Wells for publication in England. The British censor, however, refused to permit its appearance there, and thus it was printed in the United States for the first time by THE NEW YORK TIMES on Feb. 7, 1915. In the development of his argument Mr. Wells points out that "the Dutch hold a sword at the back of Germany." That Holland has no intention of sheathing this sword, so removing a menace from Germany, is indicated by the recent cable from The Hague telling of the message sent by the Government to the Second Chamber of the Legislature dealing with pending legislation to prolong the term of enlistment in the regular army, in which this language is used: "The position of our country demands today, as it did in August, that our entire military force should be at all times available."

**W**HAT changes for Holland are likely to result from the present war?

Let me, as an irresponsible journalist, try to estimate them, and try to forecast what Holland is likely to do in the next few months. I do not want for a moment to suggest what Dutchmen ought to do; this preaching to highly intelligent neutrals is not a writer's business, but I want to imagine how things must look in the private mind of a wary patriotic Hollander, and to guess what may be the outcome. Because in many ways Holland does seem to hold the key to the present situation.

It is clear that whatever fears may have been felt for the integrity of Holland at the beginning of the war must now be very much abated. The risk of Germany attacking Holland diminishes with each day of German failure, and the whole case and righteousness of the Allies rests upon their respect for Holland. Holland's position as regards Germany now is extraordinarily strong materially, and as regards the Allies it is overwhelmingly strong morally. She has behaved patiently and sanely through a trying crisis. She has endured much almost inevitable provocation and temp-

tation with dignity and honesty. Were she now subjected to any German outrage she could strike with her excellent army of 400,000 men at Aix-la-Chapelle, and turn repulse into rapid disaster.

That is the interesting thing about the Dutch position now. The Dutch hold a sword at the back of Germany. Were they to come into the war on the German side, they would, no doubt, provide a most effective but certainly not a decisive reinforcement to the German western front, but they would also lay open a convenient way for the Allies to the vital part of Germany, Westphalia. But were they to come in on the side of the Allies they would at once deliver a conclusive blow. They could cut the main communications of the German Army in Flanders, they could round up and assist to capture a very large portion of the German western forces, and they could open the road not only to attack but to turn the Rhine defenses. In fact, they could finish Germany.

This situation is already fairly obvious; I betray no strategic secret; it must become manifest to every Dutchman before many more weeks. One has but to look at the map. Every day now diminishes the possibility of Germany being

able to make any effective counter-attack, any Belgian destruction, in Holland, and every day increases the weight of the blow that Holland may deliver. What are the chances that Holland may not ultimately realize to the full the possibilities of that blow and join the Allies?

Against her doing so is the consideration that she is doing very well as she is. She keeps her freedom. Practically the Allies fight to secure it for her. The dread of Germanization which has hung over Holland for forty years seems to recede.

And, of course, as a secondary restraining force there is the reasonable fear of devastation. The "good German" vindictiveness might make one last supreme effort.

But, on the other hand, is she really doing as well as it seems? Unless she intervenes this war will probably last for another full year. She wants it to end. It is a terrible oppression. Her army must remain mobilized, even if it does not fight. Her trade stagnates. She is incumbered by refugees. What if she struck to end the war and get the tension over? Not now, perhaps, but presently. Simultaneously with the Franco-British counter-stroke that now draws near.

And what if she struck also for a hatred of what has happened to Belgium? Suppose the Dutch are not so much frightened by the horrible example of Belgium as indignant. My impression of the Dutch—and we English know something of the Dutch spirit—is that they are a people not easily cowed. Suppose that they have not only a reasonable fear but a reasonable hatred of "frightfulness." Suppose that an intelligent fellow-feeling for a small nation has filled them with a desire to give Germany a lesson. There, it may be, is a second reason why Holland should come in.

And by coming in, there is something more than the mere termination of a strain and the vindication of international righteousness to consider. There is the possibility, and not only the possibility but the possible need, that Holland should

come out of this world war aggrandized. I want to lay stress upon that, because it may prove a decisive factor in this matter.

The Dutch desire aggrandizement for the sake of aggrandizement as little as any nation in Europe. But what if the path of aggrandizement be also the path of safety?

It is clear that both France and Belgium will demand and receive territorial compensation for these last months of horror. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Germans may fling war in its most atrocious and filthy form over Belgium and some of the sweetest parts of France without paying bitterly and abundantly for the freak.

Quite apart from indemnities, France and Belgium must push forward their boundaries so far that if ever Germany tries another rush she will have to rush for some days through her own lost lands. The only tolerable frontier against Germans is a day's march deep in Germany. Of course, Liège will have to be covered in the future by Belgian annexations in the Aix region and stretching toward Cologne, and France will go to the Rhine. I think Belgium as well as France will be forced to go to the Rhine.

It is no good talking now of buffer States, because the German conscience cannot respect them. Buffer States are just anvil States. At any rate, very considerable annexations of German territory by Belgium and France are now inevitable, and Holland must expect a much larger and stronger Belgium to the south of her, allied firmly to France and England.

And to the north is it very likely that the British will be able to tolerate the continued German possession of the Frisian Islands? These islands, and the coast of East Friesland, have had but one use in German hands, and that use has been the preparation of attacks on England. Clearly the British may decide to have no more of such attacks. Every advance in scientific warfare may make them more dangerous and exasperating. The British intend soberly and sanely



to do their utmost to make a repetition of the present war impossible. To secure this they may find it necessary to have Germany out of the North Sea. But they have no desire whatever to take either the Frisian Islands or East Friesland, if Holland will save them that trouble.

Now, suppose the Dutch will not think of this now. Suppose, for the want of their aid, the Allies are unable to press the war to the complete regimentation of Germany, what will be the position of Holland in twenty years' time?

She will stand between England and Germany. A Germany incompletely beaten means an Anglophobe Germany.

Belgium and France expanded, recuperated, allied, linked by a common literature and language, may be too formidable for another German attack. So that there is the possibility that in twenty years' time or so Germany, recovering and vindictive, may in some way contrive to hold off France and Belgium, and try her luck against England alone. By that time submarine and aeroplane may be so developed as to render a German attack on England much more hopeful than it is at present, especially by way of the Rhine mouth. What, in the light of the Belgian experience and the new doctrine of a "right of way," will be the outlook for a little isolated Holland, as small



as she is now, as a buffer State in such a case.

She has always been claimed as a part of the great Pan-German scheme, and at any time she may find the German heel upon her face, vindictively punishing her for her lack of enthusiasm for Teutonic brotherhood. Hadn't she better get herself a little larger and stronger now; hadn't she better help to make the ending of the German threat more conclusive, and link herself definitely with the grand alliance of the Western Powers? Now she could make a very good bargain indeed. If she inquired she would find Britain ready enough to guarantee the integrity and protection of Holland's colonial empire forever by the British fleet. All the four Western Powers, France, Belgium, Holland, Britain, would be willing to make the most binding pledges for such mutual protection. It is the manifest common sense of the settlement that they should set up such a collective guarantee. And, in addition, there are those Frisian Islands, and East Friesland, and that dangerous wedge that Germany drives into Holland along the Rhine. It is not difficult to map a very much improved Dutch frontier along the Ems, and thence striking down to the Rhine and meeting the iron country on the left bank of the Rhine, whose annexation and exploitation is Belgium's legitimate compensation for her devastation and sufferings. Here are the makings of a safer Greater Holland! Thousands of Dutchmen must be looking on the map at the present time and thinking such things as this. There, clearly and attractively, is the price of alliance.

The price of neutrality is an intact Holland—and a certain isolation in the years ahead. But still, I admit, a not unhappy Holland, Dutch and free. Until a fresh Anglo-German struggle begins. Yet, be it noted, a Holland a little help-

less and friendless if some renascent Asiatic Power should presently covet her Eastern possessions.

The price of participation with Germany, on the other hand, is complete envelopment in the warm embrace of the "good German brotherhood"—the gradual substitution of the German language for the Dutch, and a Germanization of such colonies as the Allies may still leave for Holland, frequent State visits from Kaisers, and the subordination of Dutch mercantile interests to those of Hamburg and Altona and (Germanized) Antwerp. And—the everlasting, howling everywhere of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles."

(No! No! They will never fight for the Germans. No sane people will ever fight for the Germans if they can possibly avoid it. Not even our press censorship, not even the Maximilian Krafts in our silliest weekly papers will provoke Holland to that.)

But I have a sort of feeling, for the reasons I have stated, that even without any serious breach of Dutch neutrality by the Germans, Holland may decide presently to put her troops beside the Belgians. And if, as is always possible, the Germans do make some lumpish onslaught upon Dutch neutrality, then I am convinced that at once that sturdy little country will up and fight like the very devil. And do remarkably well by it.

And I have a much stronger feeling that presently the Dutch Government will ask the Germans to reconsider their proposed annexation of Belgium. Upon that point Holland has absolutely dictatorial power at the present moment. She could secure the independence of Belgium at the cost of a little paper and ink, she could force Germany to evacuate her sister country by the mere movement of her army.

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# French Official Report on German Atrocities

Having been instructed to investigate atrocities said to have been committed by the Germans in portions of French territory which had been occupied by them, a commission composed of four representatives of the French Government repaired to these districts in order to make a thorough investigation. The commission was composed of M. Georges Payelle, First President of the Cour des Comptes; Armand Mollard, Minister Plenipotentiary; Georges Maringer, Counselor of State, and Edmond Paillot, Counselor of the Cour de Cassation.

They started on their mission late in September, 1914, and visited the Departments of Seine-et-Marne, Marne, Meuse, Meurthe-et-Moselle, Oise, and Aisne. According to the report, they made note only of those accusations against the invaders which were backed up by reliable testimony and discarded everything that might have been occasioned by the exigencies of war.

*Presented to the President of the Council by the commission instituted with a view to investigating acts committed by the enemy in violation of international law. Decree of Sept. 23, 1914. MM. Georges Payelle, First President of the Cour des Comptes; Armand Mollard, Minister Plenipotentiary; Georges Maringer, Counselor of State, and Edmond Paillot, Counselor at the Court of Appeal.*

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF  
MINISTERS:

SIR: Having been appointed by virtue of a decree of the 23d of last September to carry out on the spot an inquiry in relation to acts committed in violation of international law in the portions of French territory occupied by the enemy which have been reconquered by the armies of the republic, we have the honor to lay before you the first results of our mission.

We have already a full harvest of information to submit. It includes, however, a very limited part of the findings at which we should have been able to arrive if we had not submitted all the evidence which was laid before us to severe criticism and rigorous examination. We have indeed believed it to be our duty only to place on record those facts which, being established beyond dispute, consti-

tute with absolute certainty what may be clearly termed crimes, omitting those the proofs of which were, in our view, insufficient, or which, however destructive or cruel they were, might have been the result of acts of war properly so called, rather than of willful excesses, attributable to the enemy.

Thus we are convinced that none of the incidents which we have investigated could be disputed in good faith. In addition the proof of each of them does not depend only on our personal observations; it is founded chiefly on photographs and on a mass of evidence received in judicial form, with the sanction of an oath.

The lamentable sights which we have had before our eyes have made the task to which we all four addressed ourselves, with a close association of ideas and feelings, a very grievous one. It would indeed have been too painful, if we had not found a powerful support in the sight of the wonderful troops whom we met at the front, in the welcome of the military leaders whose kind assistance has never failed us, and in the sight of the population who bear unprecedented calamities with the most dignified resignation. In the districts which we crossed, and par-



ticularly in that country of Lorraine which was so frequently the victim of the scourge of war, not one entreaty for help, not one moan, reached our ears; and yet the terrible misery of which we have been witness surpasses in extent and horror anything which the imagination can conceive. On every side our eyes rested on ruin. Whole villages have been destroyed by bombardment or fire; towns formerly full of life are now nothing but deserts full of ruins; and, in visiting the scenes of desolation where the invader's torch has done its work, one feels continually as though one were walking among the remains of one of those cities of antiquity which have been annihilated by the great cataclysms of nature.

In truth it can be stated that never has a war carried on between civilized nations assumed the savage and ferocious character of the one which at this moment is being waged on our soil by an implacable adversary. Pillage, rape, arson, and murder are the common practice of our enemies; and the facts which have been revealed to us day by day at once constitute definite crimes against common rights, punished by the codes of every country with the most severe and the most dishonoring penalties, and which prove an astonishing degeneration in German habits of thought since 1870.

Crimes against women and young girls have been of appalling frequency. We have proved a great number of them, but they only represent an infinitesimal proportion of those which we could have taken up. Owing to a sense of decency, which is deserving of every respect, the victims of these hateful acts usually refuse to disclose them. Doubtless fewer would have been committed if the leaders of an army whose discipline is most rigorous had taken any trouble to prevent them; yet, strictly speaking, they can only be considered as the individual and spontaneous acts of uncaged beasts. But with regard to arson, theft, and murder the case is very different; the officers, even those of the highest station, will bear before humanity the overwhelming responsibility for these crimes.

In the greater part of the places where we carried on our inquiry we came to the conclusion that the German Army constantly professes the most complete contempt for human life, that its soldiers, and even its officers, do not hesitate to finish off the wounded, that they kill without pity the inoffensive inhabitants of the territories which they have invaded, and they do not spare in their murderous rage women, old men, or children. The wholesale shootings at Lunéville, Gerbéviller, Nomeny, and Senlis are terrible examples of this; and in the course of this report you will read the story of scenes of carnage in which officers themselves have not been ashamed to take part.

The mind refuses to believe that all these butcheries should have taken place without justification. Still, it is so! It is true that the Germans have always advanced the same pretext for them, alleging that civilians had begun by firing upon them. This allegation is a lie, and those who advance it have been unable to give it any probability, even by firing rifle shots in the neighborhood of houses, as they are accustomed to do in order to be able to state that they have been attacked by an innocent population on whose ruin or massacre they have resolved. We have many times ascertained the truth of this; here is one among others:

One evening the Abbé Colin, Curé of Croismare, was standing near an officer when the report of a gun rang out. The latter cried, "Monsieur le Curé, that is enough to cause you to be shot as well as the Burgomaster, and for a farm to be burned; look, there is one on fire." "Sir," replied the priest, "you are too intelligent not to recognize the sharp sound of your German rifle. For my part, I recognize it." The German did not press the point.

Personal liberty, like human life, is the object of complete scorn on the part of the German military authorities. Almost everywhere citizens of every age have been dragged from their homes and led into captivity, many have died or been killed on the way.

Arson, still more than murder, forms

the usual procedure of our adversaries. It is employed by them either as a means of systematic devastation or as a means of terrorism. The German Army, in order to provide for it, possesses a complete outfit, which comprises torches, grenades, rockets, petrol pumps, fuse-sticks, and little bags of pastilles made of compressed powder which are very inflammable. The lust for arson is manifested chiefly against churches and against monuments which have some special interest, either artistic or historical.

In the departments through which we have gone thousands of houses have been burned, but we have only investigated in our inquiry fires which have been occasioned by exclusively criminal intention, and we have not believed it our duty to deal with those that have been caused by shells in the course of violent fighting, or due to circumstances which it has not been possible to determine with absolute certainty, such as those at Villotte-devant-Louppy, Rembercourt, Mognéville, Amblaincourt, Pretz, Louppy-le-Château, and other places. The few inhabitants who remained among the ruins furnished us with information in absolute good faith on this subject.

We have constantly found definite evidence of theft, and we do not hesitate to state that where a body of the enemy has passed it has given itself up to a systematically organized pillage, in the presence of its leaders, who have even themselves often taken part in it.

Cellars have been emptied to the last bottle, safes have been gutted, considerable sums of money have been stolen or extorted; a great quantity of plate and jewelry, as well as pictures, furniture, objets d'art, linen, bicycles, women's dresses, sewing machines, even down to children's toys, after having been taken away, have been loaded on vehicles to be taken toward the frontier.

The inhabitants have had no redress against all these exactions, any more than they have for the crimes already described; and if some wretched inhabitant dared to beg an officer to be good enough to intervene to spare a life or

to protect his goods he received no other reply (when he was not greeted by threats) than the one invariable formula, accompanied by a smile, describing these most abominable cruelties as the inevitable results of war.

As you have already learned from reading the documents of which we have sent you copies, we proceeded first to the Department of Seine-et-Marne. We there collected proofs of numerous abuses of the laws of war, as well as of crimes committed against common rights by the enemy, some of which exhibited features of special gravity.

At Chauconin the Germans set fire to five dwelling houses and to six buildings used for agricultural purposes with the assistance of grenades, which they threw on to the roofs, and with sticks of resin which they placed under the doors. M. Lagrange asked an officer the reason of such acts and the latter merely replied: "It is war." Then he ordered M. Lagrange to point out to him the situation of the property known as the Farm Proffit, and a few moments later the buildings of this farm were in flames.

At Congis a body of the enemy were engaged in burning a score of houses, into which they had thrown straw and poured petrol, when the arrival of a French detachment prevented them from carrying out their design.

At Penchard, where three houses had been burned, Mme. Marius René saw a soldier carrying a torch which, stuck in his belt, appeared to form part of his equipment.

At Barcy an officer and soldier made their way to the Mairie, and, after having taken all the blankets belonging to the schoolmaster, set fire to the muniment room.

At Douy-la-Ramé the Germans set fire to a mill, whose situation they had ascertained by inquiry in the neighborhood. A workman 66 years old had a narrow escape from being thrown into the flames. By struggling violently and clutching on to a wall he was able to avoid the fate with which he was threatened. Finally, at Courtaçon, after having compelled the inhabitants to furnish

them with matches and faggots, they sprinkled a great number of houses with petrol and set them ablaze. The village, a great part of which is in ruins, presents a lamentable appearance.

Together with these crimes against property, we have been able to place on record in the Department of Seine-et-Marne many grave offenses against the person.

Early in September a German cavalryman arrived one day at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon at the house of M. Laforest, at May-en-Multien, and asked for a drink. M. Laforest hurried off to draw some wine from the cask, but the German, no doubt annoyed at not being served quickly enough, fired his rifle at the wife of his host, who was seriously wounded. Taken to Livry-sur-Oureq, Mme. Laforest was there cared for by a German doctor and had her left arm amputated. She died recently in the hospital at Meaux.

On Sept. 8 eighteen inhabitants of Varedes, among whom was the priest, were arrested without cause and led away by the enemy. Three of them escaped. None of the others had returned up to Sept. 30, the day we were there. From information collected, three of these men were murdered. Anyhow, the death of one of the oldest among them, M. Jourdain, aged 73, is certain.

Dragged as far as the village of Coulombs, and being unable to walk further, the unfortunate man received a bayonet wound in the forehead and a revolver bullet through the heart.

At about the same time a man of 66, named Dalissier, living at Congis, was ordered by the Germans to give up his purse to them. When he proved unable to give them any money, he was tied up with a halter and ruthlessly shot. The marks of about fifteen bullets were found on his dead body.

On the 3d of September, at Mary-sur-Marne, M. Mathe, terrified at the arrival of the German troops, attempted to hide himself under the counter of a wine shop. He was found in his hiding place and killed by a thrust of a knife or bayonet in the chest.

At Sancy-les-Provins, on the 6th of September, about 9 o'clock at night, about eighty people were summarily arrested and imprisoned in a sheep pen. On the next day thirty of them were taken by an officer's order some five kilometers from the village to the barn called "Pierrelez," where a German Red Cross ambulance was established. There an army doctor (*médecin-major*) addressed some words to the wounded under his charge, who at once proceeded to load four rifles and two revolvers, their intention being obvious. Moreover, a French hussar, who had been wounded in the arm and taken prisoner, said to the priest, while asking him for absolution: "I am going to be shot, and it will be your turn next." After having done as the soldier asked him, the priest, unbuttoning his cassock, went and took his place between the Mayor and another of his fellow-citizens, against a wall along which the hostages were lined up; but at this moment two French *chasseurs à cheval* suddenly arrived, and the doctors, with their ambulance staff, surrendered to these soldiers, near whom the hussar had hastened to place himself.

As showing the responsibility of officers of high rank for these proceedings, it is interesting to note that the schoolmaster at Sancy, when he was about to be taken off with the others, was allowed to retain his freedom as a favor by General von Dutag, who was quartered on him.

On the 6th of the same month, after having set on fire some of the houses in Courtaçon, a body of soldiers, believed to belong to the Imperial Guard, took five men and a child of thirteen out into the fields, and exposed them to the French fire so long as the engagement lasted. In the confines of the same commune, Edmond Rousseau, liable to serve in the 1914 class, was arrested for the sole reason that his age marked him out as being on the eve of being called up to the colors, and was murdered under tragic circumstances.

The Mayor, who was one of the hostages, when questioned as to the position of this youth from the military point of



view, replied that Rousseau had passed the medical examination, that he had been declared fit for service, but that his class had not yet been called up. The Germans thereupon made the prisoner strip, in order to satisfy themselves of his physical condition, then put his trousers on again, and shot him within fifty meters of his fellow-citizens.

The town of Coulommiers has suffered considerable pillage. Plate, linen, and boots were taken away, principally from empty houses, and a large number of bicycles were loaded on motor wagons. The Germans occupied this place from the 5th to the 7th of September. On the day before they left they arrested, without any pretext, the Mayor and the Procureur de la République, and an officer grossly insulted them. These two officials were kept in custody until the next morning, together with the Secretary of the Mairie. Guards were set over the Procureur during the night, and did their best to persuade him by remarks exchanged between them that his execution was imminent.

It is generally believed at Coulommiers that criminal attempts have been made on many women of that town, but only one crime of this nature has been proved for certain. A charwoman, Mme. X., was the victim. A soldier came to her house on the 6th of September, toward 9:30 in the evening, and sent away her husband to go and search for one of his comrades in the street. Then, in spite of the fact that two small children were present, he tried to rape the young woman. X., when he heard his wife's cries, rushed back, but was driven off with blows of the butt of the man's rifle into a neighboring room, of which the door was left open, and his wife was forced to suffer the consummation of the outrage. The rape took place almost under the eyes of the husband, who, being terrorized, did not dare to intervene, and used his efforts only to calm the terror of his children.

In the same way, Mme. X., at Sancy-les-Provins, and Mme. Z., at Beton-Bazoches, were the victims of similar outrages. The former was forced to submit

to the will of a soldier with a revolver at her throat; the second, in spite of her resistance, was thrown upon a bed and outraged in the presence of her little daughter, aged 3. The husbands of these two women have been with the army since the commencement of the war.

On the 6th of September, at Guérard, where two workmen, Maitrier and Didelot, had been killed at the outposts, the enemy took possession of six hostages. One only was able to escape and return to his village.

At Mauperthuis, on the same day, four Germans who had already gone in the morning to the house of M. Roger, presented themselves there again at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. "There were three of you here this morning, and now you are only two. Come out," said one of them. Immediately Roger and a refugee named M. Denet, who was a guest in the house, were seized and led away. The next day, at the end of the village, Mme. Roger found the body of her husband, pierced by two bullets. Denet had also been shot, and his body was discovered some little time afterward in such a state of decomposition as to make it impossible to ascertain the nature of the wounds which the unfortunate man had received.

In a hamlet in the same commune, M. Fournier, caretaker of a farm at Champbrisset, resided with a Swiss named Knell. The Germans took them on a cart as far as Vaudoy and murdered them. An inhabitant of Voinsles, named Cartier, suffered the same fate. As he passed on his bicycle along a road a little way from Vaudoy, he was stopped by the Germans, who searched his bag, in which was a revolver. Cartier, without any resistance, gave up his weapon of his own accord. His eyes were bandaged, and he was shot then and there.

On the 8th of September at Sablonnières, where there were scenes of general pillage, M. Delaitre, who had left his house during the battle to take refuge under a culvert, was discovered in his hiding place by a German soldier, who fired at him five times; he died the same day.

At the same place, M. Jules Griffaut, 66 years of age, was herding his cows peacefully in a field, when a detachment of the enemy passed 150 meters from him. A soldier who was alone in the rear of the column took aim at him, and shot him in the face. It is proper to add that a German officer took the trouble to have the wounded man attended to by a German army doctor, and that Griffaut recovered fairly soon.

At Rebais, on the 4th of September, at 11 in the evening, the Germans, after pillaging the jeweler's shop of M. Pantereau and loading the goods which they had taken on to a cart, set fire to the house. They also burned three private houses in the Rue de l'Etang by throwing lighted straw into them.

In this little town serious acts of violence were committed. M. Auguste Griffaut, 79 years of age, was treated with horrible brutality. They repeatedly struck him on the head with their fists. A revolver shot grazed his head. His watch and his purse, containing 800 francs, were stolen from his person.

On the same day, some German soldiers grossly ill-treated Mme. X., a wine-shop keeper, aged 29, on the pretense that she was hiding English soldiers. They undressed her and kept her in the middle of them completely naked for one and a half hours; then they tied her to her counter, giving her to understand that they were going to shoot her. They were, however, called out just then, and went away, leaving their victim in charge of an Alsatian soldier, who untied her and restored her to liberty.

Again, on the 4th of September, other soldiers attempted to rape Mme. Z., 34 years of age, after having sacked her grocery shop. Angered by her resistance, they tried to hang her, but she cut the rope with a knife which was open in her pocket. She was then beaten mercilessly until the arrival of an officer, who was fetched by a witness of the scene.

At St. Denis-les-Rebais, on the 7th of September, a Uhlan obliged Mme. X. to undress, threatening her with his rifle; then he threw her on a mattress

and raped her while her mother-in-law, powerless to intervene, endeavored to keep her grandson, 8 years old, from this revolting sight.

On the same day, at the hamlet of Marais, in the Commune of Jouv-sur-Morin, the three daughters of Mme. X., aged respectively 18, 15, and 13, were with their sick mother when two German soldiers entered, seized the eldest, dragged her into the next room and raped her in succession; while one committed his crime, the other watched the door and with his weapons kept back the half-maddened mother.

Frightful scenes occurred at the Châteaudeau de — in the neighborhood of La Farté-Gaucher. There lived there an old gentleman, M. X., with his servant, Mlle. Y., 54 years old. On Sept. 5 several Germans, among whom was a non-commissioned officer, were in occupation of this property. After they had been supplied with food, the non-commissioned officer proposed to a refugee, a Mme. Z., that she should sleep with him; she refused. M. X., to save her from the designs of which she was the object, sent her to his farm, which was in the neighborhood. The German ran there to fetch her, dragged her back to the château and led her to the attic; then, having completely undressed her, he tried to violate her. At this moment M. X., wishing to protect her, fired revolver shots on the staircase and was immediately shot.

The non-commissioned officer then made Mme. X. come out of the attic, obliged her to step over the corpse of the old man, and led her to a closet, where he again made two unsuccessful attempts upon her. Leaving her at last, he threw himself upon Mlle. Y., having first handed Mme. Z. over to two soldiers, who, after having violated her, one once and the other twice, in the dead man's room, made her pass the night in a barn near them, where one of them twice more had sexual connection with her.

As for Mlle. Y., she was obliged, by threats of being shot, to strip herself completely naked and lie on a mattress

with the non-commissioned officer, who kept her there until morning.

We have also taken note of the fact that, as appears from declarations made by a municipal councilor of Rebais, two English cavalymen who were surprised and wounded in this commune were finished off with gunshots by the Germans when they were dismounted and when one of them had thrown up his hands, showing thus that he was unarmed.

### MARNE

In the Department of the Marne, as everywhere else, the German troops gave themselves up to general pillage, which was carried out always under similar conditions and with the complicity of their leaders. The Communes of Heiltz-le-Maurupt, Euppes, Marfaux, Fromentières, and Esternay suffered especially in this way. Everything which the invader could carry off from the houses was placed on motor lorries and vehicles. At Suippes, in particular, they carried off in this way a quantity of different objects, among these sewing machines and toys.

A great many villages, as well as important country towns, were burned without any reason whatever. Without doubt these crimes were committed by order, as German detachments arrived in the neighborhood with their torches, their grenades, and their usual outfit for arson.

At Lépine, a laborer named Caqué, in whose house two German cyclists were billeted, asked the latter if the grenades which he saw in their possession were destined for his house. They answered: "No, Lépine is finished with." At that moment nine houses in the village were burned out.

At Marfaux nineteen private houses were burned.

At le Gault-le-Forêt seven or eight houses were burned. Of the Commune of Glannes practically nothing remains. At Somme-Tourbe the entire village has been destroyed, with the exception of the Mairie, the church, and two private buildings.

At Auve nearly the whole town has been destroyed. At Etrepy sixty-three

families out of seventy are homeless. At Huiron all the houses, with the exception of five, have been burned. At Sermaize-les-Bains only about forty houses out of 900 remain. At Bignicourt-sur-Saultz thirty houses out of thirty-three are in ruins.

At Suippes, the big market town which has been practically burned out, German soldiers carrying straw and cans of petrol have been seen in the streets. While the Mayor's house was burning, six sentinels with fixed bayonets were under orders to forbid any one to approach and to prevent any help being given.

All this destruction by arson, which only represents a small proportion of the acts of the same kind in the Department of Seine-et-Marne, was accomplished without the least tendency to rebellion or the smallest act of resistance being recorded against the inhabitants of the localities which are today more or less completely destroyed. In some villages the Germans, before setting fire to them, made one of their soldiers fire a shot from his rifle so as to be able to pretend afterward that the civilian population had attacked them, an allegation which is all the more absurd, since at the time when the enemy arrived the only inhabitants left were old men, sick persons, or people absolutely without any means of aggression.

Numerous crimes against the person have also been committed. In the majority of the communes hostages have been taken away; many of them have not returned. At Sermaize-les-Bains the Germans carried off about 150 people, some of whom were decked out with helmets and coats, and compelled, thus equipped, to mount guard over the bridges.

At Bignicourt-sur-Saulx thirty men and forty-five women and children were obliged to leave with a detachment. One of the men—a certain Emile Pierre—has not returned nor sent any news of himself. At Corfélix, M. Jacquet, who was carried off on the 7th of September with eleven of his fellow-citizens, was found five hundred meters from the village with a bullet in his head.



At Champuis the curé, his maid-servant, and four other inhabitants, who were taken away the same day as the hostages of Corfélix, had not returned at the time of our visit to the place.

At the same place an old man of 70, named Jacquemin, was tied down in his bed by an officer and left in this state without food for three days. He died a little time after.

At Vert-la-Gravelle a farmhand was killed. He was struck on the head with a bottle and his chest was run through with a lance.

The garde champêtre Brulefer of le Gault-la-Forêt was murdered at Mac-launay, where he had been taken by the Germans. His body was found with his head shattered and a wound on his chest.

At Champguyon, a commune which has been fired, a certain Verdier was killed in his father-in-law's house. The latter was not present at the execution, but he heard a shot and next day an officer said to him, "Son shot. He is under the ruins." In spite of the search made the body has not been found among them. It must have been consumed in the fire.

At Sermaize, the roadmaker Brocard was placed among a number of hostages. Just at the moment when he was being arrested with his son, his wife and his daughter-in-law in a state of panic rushed to throw themselves into the Saulx. The old man was able to free himself for a moment and ran in all haste after them and made several attempts to save them, but the Germans dragged him away pitilessly, leaving the two wretched women struggling in the river. When Brocard and his son were restored to liberty, four days afterward, and found the bodies, they discovered that their wives had both received bullet wounds in the head.

At Montmirail a scene of real savagery was enacted. On the 5th of September a non-commissioned officer flung himself almost naked on the widow Naudé, on whom he was billeted, and carried her into his room. This woman's father, François Fontaine, rushed up on hearing his daughter's cry. At once fif-

teen or twenty Germans broke through the door of the house, pushed the old man into the street, and shot him without mercy. Little Juliette Naudé opened the window at this moment and was struck in the stomach by a bullet, which went through her body. The poor child died after twenty-four hours of most dreadful suffering.

On the 6th of September at Champguyon, Mme. Louvet was present at the martyrdom of her husband. She saw him in the hands of ten or fifteen soldiers, who were beating him to death before his own house, and ran up and kissed him through the bars of the gate. She was brutally pushed back and fell, while the murderers dragged along the unhappy man covered with blood, begging them to spare his life and protesting that he had done nothing to be treated thus. He was finished off at the end of the village. When his wife found his body it was horribly disfigured. His head was beaten in, one of his eyes hung from the socket, and one of his wrists was broken.

At Esternay, on the 6th of September, toward 3 in the afternoon, thirty-five or forty Germans were leading away M. Lauranceau, when he made a sharp movement as if to free himself. He was immediately shot down.

In the same town the following facts have been laid before us:

During the night, between Sunday, the 6th of September, and Monday, the 7th, the soldiers who were scattered among the houses pillaging, discovered the widow Bouché, her two daughters, and Mmes. Lhomme and Macé, who had taken refuge under the cellar staircase. They ordered the two young girls to undress, then, as their mother tried to intervene, one of the soldiers, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, fired in the direction of the group of women. The bullet, after having struck Mme. Lhomme near the left elbow, broke the right arm of Mlle. Marcelle Bouché at the armpit. During the following day the young girl died as a result of her wound. According to the declarations made by witnesses, the wound was horrible to behold.

Further, our inquiry in the Department of the Marne established other crimes of which women were the victims.

On the 3d of September, at Suippes, Mme. X., 72 years of age, was seized by a German soldier, who pushed the barrel of his revolver under her chin and brutally flung her on her bed. Her son-in-law rushed up at the noise, fortunately for her, at the moment when the rape was about to be consummated.

At the same place and time little —, 11 years old, was for three hours the prey of a licentious soldier, who, having found her with her sick grandmother, dragged her to a deserted house and stopped her mouth with a handkerchief to prevent her crying out.

On the 7th of September, at Vitry-en-Perthois, Mme. X., aged 45, and Mme. Z., aged 89, were both raped; the latter died a fortnight later.

At Jussecourt-Minecourt, on the 8th of September, toward 9 in the evening, Mlle. X. was violated by four soldiers, who broke in the door of her room with the help of a billhook. All four flung themselves on this young girl, who was 21 years old, and ravished her in succession.

As the bombardment of open towns constitutes without doubt a violation of international law, we thought it necessary to go to Rheims, which was for eighty days bombarded by the Germans. We received a sworn statement from the Mayor, from which we learned that about 300 of the civilian population had already been killed; we saw that in different parts of the town numerous buildings had been destroyed, and we took note of the enormous and irreparable damage which had been inflicted on the cathedral. The bombardment has continued since the 7th of October, the day of our visit; the number of the victims, therefore, must now be very considerable. Every one knows how the unhappy town has suffered, and that the attitude of the municipality has been above all praise.

While we were working at the Hôtel de Ville, six shells were fired in the direction of this building. The fifth fell only a short distance from the principal

front, and the sixth burst fifteen or twenty meters from the bureau.

Next day we went to the Château of Baye and witnessed the traces of the sack which this building has suffered. On the first floor a door which leads into a room next to a gallery, where the owner had collected valuable works of art, has been broken in; four glass cabinets have been broken and another has been opened. According to the declarations of the caretaker who, in the absence of her masters, was unable to acquaint us of the full extent of the damage, the principal objects stolen were jewels of Russian origin and gold medals. We noticed that the mounts covered with black velvet, which must have been taken out of the cases, were stripped of a part of the jewels which had previously been affixed to them.

Baron de Baye's room was in the greatest disorder. Numerous objects were strewn on the floor from the drawers which remained open. A writing table had been broken open. A Louis XVI. commode and a bureau à cylindre of the same period had been ransacked.

This room must have been occupied by a person of very high rank, for on the door there still remains a chalk inscription, "J. K. Hoheit." No one could give us exact information as to the identity of this "Highness"; however, a General who lodged in the house of M. Houllier, Town Councilor, told his host that the Duke of Brunswick and the staff of the Tenth Corps had occupied the château.

The same day we visited the Château of Beaumont, which is near Montmirail, and belongs to the Comte de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. The wife of the caretaker declared that this house had been sacked by the Germans in the absence of its owners during an occupation which lasted from the 4th to the 6th of September. The invaders left it in an indescribable state of disorder and filth. The writing tables, bureaus, and safes had been broken open. The jewel boxes had been taken from the drawers and emptied.

On the doors of the rooms we could

read inscriptions in chalk, among which we took note of the following: "Excellenz," "Major von Ledebur," "Graf Waldersee."

### MEUSE

The Department of the Meuse, a great part of which the German armies still occupy, has suffered cruelly. Important communes there have been destroyed by fires lighted willfully by the Germans in the absence of any kind of military necessity, and without the population's having given any provocation for such atrocities by their attitude. This is the case particularly at Revigny, Sommeilles, Triaucourt, Bulainville, Clermont-en-Argonne, and Villers-aux-Vents.

The Germans having completely sacked the houses of Revigny and carried off their booty on vehicles, burned two-thirds of the town during three consecutive days from the 6th to the 9th of September, sprinkling the walls with petrol by means of hand pumps, and throwing into the houses little bags full of compressed powder in tablets. We have been furnished with specimens of these little bags and these tablets, as well as with fuse sticks of inflammable matter which had been left by the incendiaries.

The church, which was classed as a historical monument, and the Mairie, with all its archives, have been destroyed.

Many inhabitants, among whom were children, have been taken away as hostages. They were, however, set at liberty next day, with the exception of M. Wladimir Thomas.

Few localities in the Department of the Meuse have suffered as much as the Commune of Sommeilles. It is nothing but a heap of ruins, having been completely burned on the 6th of September by a regiment of German infantry bearing the number fifty-one. The place was set on fire with help of machinelike bicycle pumps with which many of the soldiers were furnished.

This unhappy village was the scene of a terrible drama. At the commencement of the fire Mme. X., whose husband is with the colors, took refuge in the cellar of M. et Mme. Adnot, together with these

latter and their four children, aged respectively 11, 5, 4, and 1½ years. A few days afterward the bodies of all these unfortunate people were discovered in the middle of a pool of blood. Adnot had been shot, Mme. X. had her breast and right arm cut off; the little girl of 11 had a foot severed, the little boy of 5 had his throat cut. The woman X. and the little girl appeared to have been raped.

At Villers-aux-Vents, on the 8th of September, German officers invited the inhabitants who had not yet fled to leave their dwellings, warning them that the village was about to be burned, because, they alleged, three French soldiers had dressed themselves in civilian clothes; others gave the pretext that an installation of wireless telegraphy had been found in a house. The threat was carried out so rigorously that one house alone remains standing.

At Vaubecourt, where six dwelling houses were burned by the Württembergers, fire was set to a barn with straw piled up by the soldiers.

At Triaucourt the Germans gave themselves up to the worst excesses. Angered doubtless by the remark which an officer had addressed to a soldier, against whom a young girl of 19, Mlle. Hélène Procès, had made complaint on account of the indecent treatment to which she had been subjected, they burned the village and made a systematic massacre of the inhabitants. They began by setting fire to the house of an inoffensive householder, M. Jules Gand, and by shooting this unfortunate man just as he was leaving his house to escape the flames; then they dispersed among the houses in the streets, firing their rifles on every side. A young man of 17, Georges Lecourtier, who tried to escape, was shot. M. Alfred Lallemand suffered the same fate; he was pursued into the kitchen of his fellow-citizen, Tautelier, and murdered there, while Tautelier received three bullets in his hand.

Fearing, not without reason, for their lives, Mlle. Procès, her mother, her grandmother of 71, and her old aunt of 81,



Mlle. Laure Mennehand, tried with the help of a ladder to cross the trellis which separates their garden from a neighboring property. The young girl alone was able to reach the other side and to avoid death by hiding in the cabbages. As for the other women, they were struck down by rifle shots. The village curé collected the brains of Mlle. Mennehand on the ground on which they were strewn, and had the bodies carried into Procès's house. During the following night the Germans played the piano near the bodies.

While the carnage raged, the fire rapidly spread and devoured thirty-five houses. An old man of 70, Jean Lecourtier, and a child of two months perished in the flames. M. Igier, who was trying to save his cattle, was pursued for 300 meters by soldiers, who fired at him ceaselessly. By a miracle this man had the good fortune not to be wounded, but five bullets went through his trousers. When the curé, Viller, expressed his indignation at the treatment inflicted upon his parish to the Duke of Württemberg, who was lodged in the village, the latter replied: "What would you have? We have bad soldiers just as you have."

In the same commune an attempt at rape was made which was unsuccessful by reason of the obstinate and courageous resistance of the victim. Three Germans made the attempt on Mme. D., 47 years old. Further, an old woman of 75, Mme. Maupoix, was kicked so violently that she died a few days afterward. While some of the soldiers were ill-treating her others were ransacking her wardrobes.

The little town of Clermont-en-Argonne, on the slope of a picturesque hill in the middle of a pleasant landscape, used to be visited every year by numerous tourists. On the 4th of September, at night, the 121st and 122d Württemberg Regiments entered the place, breaking down the doors of the houses and giving themselves up to unrestrained pillage, which continued during the whole of the next day. Toward midday a soldier set fire to the dwelling of a cloakmaker by

deliberately upsetting the contents of an oil lamp which he used for making coffee. An inhabitant, M. Monternach, at once ran to fetch the town fire engine, and asked an officer to lend him men to work it. Brutally refused and threatened with a revolver, he renewed his request to several other officers, with no greater success. Meanwhile the Germans continued to burn the town, making use of sticks on the top of which torches were fastened. While the houses blazed the soldiers poured into the church, which stood by itself on the height, and danced there to the sound of the organ. Then, before leaving, they set fire to it with grenades as well as with vessels full of inflammable liquid, containing wicks.

After the burning of Clermont, bodies of the Mayor of Vauquois, M. Poinsignon, (which was completely carbonized,) and that of a young boy of 11, who had been shot at point-blank range, were found.

When the fire was out pillage recommenced in the houses which the flames had spared. Furniture carried off from the house of M. Desforges and stuffs stolen from the shop of M. Nordmann, a draper, were heaped together in motor cars. An army doctor (médecine-major) took possession of all the medical appliances in the hospital, and an officer of superior rank, after having put up a notice forbidding pillage on the entrance door of the house of M. Lebon-didier, had a great part of the furniture of this house carried away on a carriage, intending it, as he boasted without any shame, for the adornment of his own villa.

At the time when this happened the town of Clermont-en-Argonne was occupied by the Thirteenth Württemberg Corps, under the command of Gen. von Durach, and by a troop of Uhlans, commanded by Prince von Wittenstein.

On the 7th of September half a score of German cavalymen entered the farm of Lamermont in the Commune of Lisle-en-Barrois, and, after having milk given to them, went away apparently satisfied. After their departure rifle shots were heard in the distance. A little later a

second troop, composed of about thirty men, presented themselves in their turn, and accused the farm people of having killed a German soldier. Immediately the farmer, Elly, and one of his guests, M. Javelot, were seized and taken to a place near, where, in spite of their protestations of innocence, they were mercilessly shot.

At Louppy-le-Château the Germans gave themselves over to immorality and disgusting brutality during the night of the 8th and 9th in a cellar where several women had taken refuge from the bombardment. All these unhappy women were vilely ill-treated. Mlle. X., aged 71; Mme. Y., aged 44, and her two daughters, one aged 13 and the other 8, and Mme. Z. were violated.

Hostages have been taken away from many communes. At the beginning of September, at Laimont, eight persons were obliged to follow the German troops, and on the 27th of October none of them had returned. The curé of Nubécourt, who was carried off on the 5th of September, has not yet reappeared in his parish.

At Saint-André, M. Havette, who was among the number of persons arrested, obtained from an officer permission to watch over the body of his wife, who had been killed on the previous day by a fragment of a shell. In the evening the inhabitants were ordered to collect together in a barn. Havette believed that he was exempt from this order by reason of the authority he had received, and remained at his house until 11 in the evening. When he left his house he was struck down by a rifle bullet.

Of the other villages besides those whose burning we have related, Vassin-court and Brabant-le-Roi were more or less completely burned. Up to now it has not been possible for us to ascertain completely the circumstances of their destruction. Our inquiry so far as it concerns them will be further pursued.

It has been brought to our knowledge that in the Department of the Meuse the enemy has committed acts of cruelty toward the French soldiers who were wounded and prisoners. We will set out

the facts of this at the end of the present report.

### MEURTHE-ET-MOSELLE

We arrived in the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle on the 26th of October, and visited a great number of communes in the arrondissements of Nancy and Lunéville.

Nancy, an open town into which the German Army has not been able to enter, was bombarded without formal warning during the night of the 9th and 10th of September. About sixty shells, fell into the middle of the town and in the southern cemetery—that is, in places where there is no military establishment. Three women, a young girl, and a little girl were killed; thirteen people were wounded; the material damage done was considerable.

The enemy's aviators have flown over the town twice. On the 4th of September one of them dropped two bombs, by one of which a man and a little girl were killed and six people wounded, in the Place de la Cathédrale. On the 13th of October three bombs were thrown on the goods station. Four persons employed by the Eastern Railway Company were wounded.

When we reached Pont-à-Mousson, on the morning of the 10th of November, seven shells had just been fired by the German batteries a few hours before. It was the 24th day of the bombardment, which began on the 11th of August. The evening before a young girl of 19 and a child of 4 had been killed in their beds by fragments of shells. On the 14th of August the Germans took as their special objective the hospital, from whose towers floated Red Cross flags, visible from a great distance. No less than seventy shells fell on to this building, and we have witnessed the damage they have caused.

About eighty houses were damaged by the different bombardments, all of which took place without any warning. Fourteen civilians, mainly women and children, were killed. There were about the same number of wounded. Pont-à-Mousson is not fortified. Only the bridge over the Moselle had been put in a

state of defense, on the outbreak of hostilities, by the Twenty-sixth Battalion of Chasseurs, who were then quartered in the town.

We experienced real horror when we found ourselves before the lamentable ruins of Nomeny. With the exception of some few houses which still stood near the railway station in a spot separated by the Seille from the principal group of buildings, there remains of this little town only a succession of broken and blackened walls in the midst of ruins, in which may be seen here and there the bones of a few animals partially charred and the carbonized remains of human bodies. The rage of a maddened soldiery has been unloosed there without pity.

Nomeny, on account of its proximity to the frontier, received from the beginning of the war the visits of German troopers from time to time. Skirmishes took place in its neighborhood, and on Aug. 14, in the courtyard of the farm de la Borde, which is a little distance off, a German soldier, without any motive, killed by a rifle shot the young farm servant, Nicholas Michel, aged 17.

On Aug. 20, when the inhabitants sought refuge in the cellars from the bombardment, the Germans came up after having fired upon each other by mistake and entered the town toward midday.

According to the account given by one of the inhabitants, the German officers asserted that the French were torturing the wounded by cutting off their limbs and plucking out their eyes. They were then in a state of terrible excitement. That day and part of the next the German soldiers gave themselves over to the most abominable excesses, sacking, burning, and massacring as they went. After they had carried off from the houses everything which seemed worth taking away, and after they had dispatched to Metz the product of their rifling, they set fire to the houses with torches, pastilles of compressed powder and petrol which they carried in receptacles placed on little carts. Rifle shots were fired on every side; the unhappy inhabitants, who had been driven from the cellars before

the firing, were shot down like game—some in their dwellings and others in the public streets.

MM. Sanson, Pierson, Lallemand, Adam Jeanpierre, Meunier, Schneider, Raymond, Duponcel, and Hazotte, father and son, were killed by rifle shots in the streets. M. Killian, seeing himself threatened by a sabre stroke, protected his neck with his hand. He had three fingers cut off and his throat gashed. An old man aged 86, M. Petitjean, who was seated in his armchair, had his skull smashed by a German shot. A soldier showed the corpse to Mme. Bertrand, saying: "Do you see that pig there?" M. Chardin, Town Councilor, who was Acting Mayor, was required to furnish a horse and carriage. He had promised to do all he could to obey, when he was killed by a rifle shot. M. Prevot, seeing the Bavarians breaking into a chemist's shop of which he was caretaker, told them that he was the chemist, and that he would give them anything they wanted, but three rifle shots rang out and he fell, heaving a deep sigh. Two women who were with him ran away and were pursued to the neighborhood of the railway station, beaten all the way with the butts of rifles, and they saw many bodies heaped together in the station garden and on the road.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the Germans entered the butcher shop of Mme. François. She was then coming out of her cellar with her boy Stub, and an employe named Contal. As soon as Stub reached the threshold of the entrance to the door he fell severely wounded by a rifle shot. Then Contal, who rushed into the street, was immediately murdered. Five minutes afterward, as Stub was still groaning, a soldier leaned over him and finished him off with a blow of a hatchet on the back.

The most tragic incident in this horrible scene occurred in the house of M. Vassé, who had collected a number of people in his cellar in the Faubourg de Nancy. Toward 4 o'clock about fifty soldiers rushed into the house, beat in the door and windows, and set it on fire. The



refugees then made an effort to flee, but they were struck down one after the other as they came out. M. Mentré was murdered first; then his son Léon fell with his little sister, aged 8, in his arms. As he was not killed outright, the end of a rifle barrel was placed on his head and his brains blown out. Then it was the turn of the Kieffer family. The mother was wounded in the arm and shoulder. The father and little boy aged 10 and little girl aged 3 were shot. The murderers went on firing on them after they had fallen. Kieffer, stretched on the ground, received another bullet in the forehead, and his son had the top of his head blown off by a shot. Last of all M. Strieffert and one of the sons of Vassé were murdered, while Mme. Mentré received three bullets, one in the left leg, another in the arm on the same side, and one in her forehead, which was only grazed.

M. Guillaume was dragged into the street and there found dead. Simonin, a young girl of 17, came out last from the cellar, with her sister Jeanne, aged 3. The latter had her elbow almost carried away by a bullet. The elder girl flung herself on the ground and pretended to be dead, remaining for five minutes in terrible anguish. A soldier gave her a kick, crying "Kaput!"

An officer arrived at the end of this butchery, and ordered the women who were still alive to get up, and shouted to them: "Go to France!"

While all these people were being massacred, others, according to an expression used by an eyewitness, were driven like sheep into the fields under the threat of immediate execution. The curé, in particular, owed his escape from being shot to extraordinary circumstances.

According to the depositions which we have received, all these abominations were committed chiefly by the Second and Fourth Regiments of Bavarian infantry. To explain them, the officers have alleged that civilians had fired on their troops. As our inquiry has established formally, this allegation is a lie, for at the moment when the enemy arrived all arms had been deposited at the Mairie,

and the part of the population which had not quitted the country had hidden itself in the cellars, a prey to the greatest terror. Besides, the reason alleged, even were it true, would assuredly be insufficient to excuse the destruction of a whole city, the murder of women, and the massacre of children.

A list of persons who were killed in the course of the burning and the shootings has been drawn up by M. Biévelot, Conseiller d'Arrondissement. The list includes no less than 50 names. We have not quoted all of them. For one thing, among the people whose death has been proved, some died under conditions which are not stated with sufficient precision; on the other hand, the dispersal of the inhabitants of the town which has now been destroyed made our inquiry very difficult. Our efforts will be continued. In any case, what we have already been able to establish beyond dispute is enough to give an idea of what was, on the day of Aug. 20, the martyrdom of Nomeny.

Lunéville was occupied by the Germans from Aug. 27 to Sept. 11. During the first few days they were content to rob the inhabitants without molesting them in any other way. Thus, in particular on Aug. 24, the house of Mme. Jeaumont was plundered. The objects stolen were loaded on to a large vehicle in which were three women, one of them dressed in black and the two others wearing military costumes and appearing, as we were told, to be canteen women.

On Aug. 25 the attitude of the invaders suddenly changed. M. Keller, the Mayor, went to the hospital about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon and saw soldiers firing in the direction of the attic of a neighboring house, and heard the whistling of the bullets, which appeared to him to come from behind. The Germans declared to him that the inhabitants had fired on them. He protested, and offered to go around the town with them in order to prove the absurdity of this allegation. His proposal was accepted, and as at the beginning of the circuit they came across in the street the body of M. Crombez, the officer commanding

the escort said to M. Keller, "You see this body. It is that of a civilian who has been killed by another civilian who was firing on us from a house near the synagogue. Thus, in accordance with our law, we have burned the house and executed the inhabitants." He was speaking of the murder of a man whose timid character was known to all, the Jewish officiating minister, Weill, who had just been killed in his house, together with his 16-year-old daughter. The same officer added, "In the same way we have burned the house at the corner of the Rue Castara and the Rue Girardet, because civilians fired shots from there." It is from this dwelling that the Germans alleged shots had been fired on to the courtyard of the hospital, but the position of the building makes it impossible for such a statement to be true.

While the Mayor and the soldiers who accompanied him were pursuing their investigation the fire broke out on different sides; the Hôtel de Ville was burned as well as the synagogue, and a number of houses in the Rue Castara, and the Faubourg d'Einville was in flames. The massacres, which were continued until the next day, began at the same time. Without counting M. Crombez, the officiating minister, Weill, and his daughter, whose deaths we have already mentioned, the victims were MM. Hamman, Binder, Balastre, (father and son,) Vernier, Dujon, M. Kahn and his mother, M. Steiner and his wife, M. Wingerstmann and his grandson, and, finally, MM. Sibille, Monteils, and Colin.

The murders were committed in the following circumstances:

On Aug. 25, after having fired two shots into the Worms Tannery to create the belief that they were being attacked from there, the Germans entered a workshop in this factory, in which the workman, Goeury, was working, in company with M. Balastre, father and son. Goeury was dragged into the street, robbed there and brutally ill-treated, while his two companions, who were found trying to hide themselves in a lavatory, were killed by rifle shots.

On the same day soldiers came to sum-

mon M. Steiner, who had hidden in his cellar. His wife, fearing some misfortune, tried to keep him back. As she held him in her arms she received a bullet in the neck. A few moments after, Steiner, having obeyed the order which had been given to him, fell mortally wounded in his garden.

M. Kahn was also murdered in his garden. His mother, aged 98, whose body was burned in the fire, had first been killed in her bed by a bayonet thrust, according to the account of an individual who acted as interpreter to the enemy. M. Binder, who was coming out to escape the flames, was also struck down. The German by whom he was killed realized that he had shot him without any motive, at the moment when the unfortunate man was standing quietly before a door. M. Vernier suffered the same fate as Binder.

Toward 3 o'clock the Germans broke into a house in which were Mme. Dujon, her daughter aged 3, her two sons, and M. Gaumier, by breaking the windows and firing shots. The little girl was nearly killed; her face was burned by a shot. At this moment, Mme. Dujon, seeing her youngest son, Lucien, 14 years old, stretched on the ground, asked him to get up and escape with her. She then saw that his intestines were protruding from a wound, and that he was holding them in. The house was on fire; the poor boy was burned, as well as M. Gaumier, who had not been able to escape.

M. Wingerstmann and his grandson, aged 12, who had gone to pull potatoes a little way from Lunéville, at the place called Les Mossus. in the District of Chanteheux, were unfortunate enough to meet Germans. The latter placed them both against a wall and shot them.

Finally, toward 5 o'clock in the evening, soldiers entered the house of the woman Sibille, in the same place, and without any reason took possession of her son, led him 200 meters from the house and murdered him there, together with M. Vallon, to whose body they had fastened him. A witness, who had seen the murderers at the moment when they were dragging their victim along, saw

them return without him and noticed that their saw bayonets were covered with blood and bits of flesh.

On the same day a hospital attendant named Monteils, who was looking after a wounded enemy officer at the hospital of Lunéville, was struck down by a bullet in the forehead while he was looking through a window at a German soldier who was firing.

The next day, the 26th, M. Hamman and his son, aged 21, were arrested in their own house and dragged out by a band of soldiers who had entered by breaking down the door. The father was beaten unmercifully; as for the young man, as he tried to struggle, a non-commissioned officer blew out his brains with a revolver shot.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon M. Riklin, a chemist, having been informed that a man had fallen about thirty meters from his shop, went to the spot indicated and recognized in the victim his brother-in-law, M. Colin, aged 68, who had been struck in the stomach by a bullet. The Germans alleged that this old man fired upon them. M. Riklin denied this statement. Colin, we are told, was a harmless person, absolutely incapable of an aggressive act, and completely ignorant of the means of using a firearm.

It appeared to us desirable to deal also at Lunéville with acts which are less grave, but which throw a peculiar light on the habits of thought of the invader. On Aug. 25 M. Lenoir, 67 years of age, together with his wife, were led into the fields with their hands tied behind their backs. After both had been cruelly ill-treated, a non-commissioned officer took possession of 1,800 francs in gold which M. Lenoir carried on him. As we have already stated, the most impudent theft seems to have formed part of the customs of the German Army, who practiced it publicly. The following is an interesting example:

During the burning of a house belonging to Mme. Leclerc, the safes of two inhabitants resisted the flames. One, belonging to M. George, Sub-Inspector of Waters and Forests, had fallen into the ruins; the other safe, belonging to M.

Goudchau, general dealer, remained fixed to a wall at the height of the second story. The non-commissioned officer, Weiss, who was well acquainted with the town, where he had often been welcomed when he used to come before the war to carry on his business of hop merchant, went with the soldiers to the place and ordered that the piece of wall which remained standing should be blown up with dynamite, and saw that the two safes were taken to the station, where they were placed on a truck destined for Germany. This Weiss was particularly trusted and esteemed by the persons in command. It was he who, installed at Headquarters, was given the duty of administering the commune in some sense, and was in charge of the requisitioning.

After having committed numerous acts of pillage at Lunéville, after having burned about seventy houses with torches, petrol, and various incendiary machines, and after having massacred peaceful inhabitants, the German military authorities thought it well to put up the following proclamation, in which they formulated ridiculous accusations to justify the extortion of enormous contributions in the form of an indemnity:

#### NOTICE TO THE POPULATION

On Aug. 25, 1914, the inhabitants of Lunéville made an attack by ambuscade against the German columns and transports. On the same day the inhabitants fired on hospital buildings marked with the Red Cross. Further, shots were fired on the German wounded and the military hospital containing a German ambulance. On account of these acts of hostility a contribution of 650,000 francs is imposed on the commune of Lunéville. The Mayor is ordered to pay this sum—50,000 francs in silver and the remainder in gold—on Sept. 6, at 9 o'clock in the morning, to the representative of the German military authority. No protest will be considered. No extension of time will be granted. If the commune



does not punctually obey the order to pay 650,000 francs all the goods which are available will be seized. In case payment is not made domiciliary searches will take place, and all the inhabitants will be searched. Any one who shall have deliberately hidden money or shall have attempted to hide his goods from the seizure of the military authorities, or who seeks to leave the town, will be shot. The Mayor and hostages taken by the military authorities will be made responsible for the exact execution of the above order. The Mayor is ordered to publish these directions to the commune at once.

Hénaménil, Sept. 3, 1914.

Commander in Chief,

Von FOSBENDER.

On reading this extraordinary document one is justified in asking whether the arson and murders committed at Lunéville on Aug. 25 and 26 by an army which was not acting under the excitement of battle, and which during its preceding days had abstained from killing, were not ordered on purpose to make more plausible the allegation which was to serve as a pretext for the exaction of an indemnity.

The village of Chanteheux, situated quite close to Lunéville, was not spared either. The Bavarians, who occupied it from the 22d of August to the 12th of September, burned there 20 houses in the customary manner and massacred 8 persons on the 25th of August, MM. Lavenne, Toussaint, Parmentier, and Bacheler, who were killed, the first three by rifle shots, the fourth by two shots and a blow with a bayonet; young Schneider, aged 23, who was murdered in a hamlet of the commune; M. Wingerstmann and his grandson, whose death we have recorded above in setting out the crimes committed at Lunéville; lastly, M. Reeb, aged 62, who certainly died as the result of the ill-treatment which he suffered. This man had been taken as hostage with some 42 of his fellow-citizens who were kept for 13 days. After having received terrible blows from the butt of a rifle

in his face and a bayonet wound in his side, he continued to follow the column, although he lost much blood and his face was so bruised that he was almost unrecognizable, when a Bavarian, without any reason, gave him a great wound by throwing a wooden pail at his forehead. Between Hénaménil and Bures his companions saw that he was no longer with them; no doubt he fell by the way.

If this unhappy man was to suffer the most cruel martyrdom of all, the hostages taken with him in the commune had also to suffer violence and insult. Before setting fire to the village, the hostages were set with their backs to the parapet of the bridge while the troops passed by ill-treating them. As an officer accused them of firing on the Germans, the schoolmaster gave him his word of honor that it was not so. "Pig of a Frenchman," replied the officer, "do not speak of honor; you have none."

At the moment when her house was burning Mme. Cherrier, who was coming out of the cellar to escape suffocation, was drenched with an inflammable liquid by some soldiers who were sprinkling the walls. One of them told her that it was benzine. She then ran behind a dunghill to hide herself with her parents, but the fire raisers dragged her by force in front of the blaze and she was obliged to witness the destruction of her dwelling.

Like Nomeny, the pretty town of Gerbéviller, on the banks of the Mortagne, fell a victim to the fury of the Germans under terrible circumstances. On the 24th of August the enemy's troops hurled themselves against some sixty chasseurs à pied, who offered heroic resistance, and who inflicted heavy loss upon them. They took a drastic vengeance upon the civilian population. Indeed, from the moment of their entrance into the town, the Germans gave themselves up to the worst excesses, entering the houses, with savage yells, burning the buildings, killing or arresting the inhabitants, and sparing neither women nor old men. Out of 475 houses, 20 at most are still habitable. More than 100 persons have disap-

peared, 50 at least have been massacred. Some were led into the fields to be shot, others were murdered in their houses or struck down in passing through the streets as they were trying to escape from the conflagration. Up to now 36 bodies have been identified. They are those of MM. Barthélemy, Blossé (Senior), Robinet, Chrétien, Rémy, Bourguignon, Perrin, Guillaume, Bernasconi, Gauthier, Menu, Simon, Lingenheld (father and son), Benoit, Calais, Adam, Caille, Lhuillier, Regret, Plaid (aged 14), Leroi, Bazolo, Gentil, Victor Dehan, Charles Dehan, Dehan the Younger, Brennevald, Parrisé, Yong, François, Secretary of the Mairie; Mmes. Perrot, Courtois, Gauthier, and Guillaume, and Mlles. Perrin and Miquel.

Fifteen of these poor people were executed at a place called "La Prêle." They were buried by their fellow-citizens on Sept. 12 or 15. Almost all had their hands tied behind their backs; some were blindfolded; the trousers of the majority were unbuttoned and pushed down to their feet. This fact, as well as the appearance of the bodies, made the witnesses think that the victims had been mutilated. We did not think we ought to adopt this view, the bodies being in such an advanced state of decomposition that a mistake on the subject might be made. Besides, it is possible that the murderers unbuttoned the trousers of the prisoners so as to incumber their legs, and thus make it impossible for them to escape.

On Oct. 16, at a place called Le Haut-de-Vormont, buried under fifteen to twenty centimeters of earth, we found the bodies of ten civilians with the marks of bullets upon them. On one of them was found a laissez passer in the name of Edward Seyer, of Badonviller. The other nine victims are unknown. It is believed that they were inhabitants of Badonviller, who had been taken by the Germans into the neighborhood of Gerbéviller to be shot there.

In the streets and houses, during the day of the sacking, the most tragic scenes took place.

In the morning the enemy entered the house of M. and Mme. Lingenheld, seized

the son, 36 years of age, who wore the brassard of the Red Cross, tied his hands behind his back, dragged him into the street, and shot him. They then returned to look for the father, an old man of 70. Mme. Lingenheld then took to flight. On her way she saw her son stretched on the ground, and as the unhappy man was still moving some Germans drenched him with petrol, to which they set fire in the presence of the terrified mother. In the meantime M. Lingenheld was led to La Prêle, where he was executed.

At the same time the soldiers knocked at the door of the house occupied by M. Dehan, his wife, and his mother-in-law, the widow Guillaume, aged 78. The latter, who opened the door, was shot point blank, and fell into the arms of her son-in-law, who ran up behind her. "They have killed me!" she cried. "Carry me into the garden." Her children obeyed and laid her at the end of the garden with a pillow under her head and a blanket over her legs, and then stretched themselves at the foot of the wall to avoid shells. At the end of an hour the widow Guillaume was dead. Her daughter wrapped her in a blanket and placed a handkerchief over her face. Almost immediately the Germans broke into the garden. They carried off Dehan and shot him at La Prêle, and led his wife away on to the Fraimbois road, where she found about forty people, principally women and children, in the enemy's hands, and heard an officer of high rank say: "We must shoot these women and children. We must make an end of them." However, the threat was not carried into effect. Mme. Dehan was set at liberty next day, and was able to return twenty-one days later to Gerbéviller. She is convinced, and all those who saw the body share her opinion, that her mother's body had been violated. In fact, the body was found stretched on its back with the petticoats pushed up, the legs separated, and the stomach ripped open.

When the Germans arrived M. Perrin and his two daughters, Louise and Eugénie, had taken refuge in a stable. The soldiers entered, and one of them,

seeing young Louise, fired a shot point blank at her head. Eugénie succeeded in escaping, but her father was arrested as he fled, placed among the victims who were being taken to La Prêle and shot with them.

M. Yong, who was going out to exercise his horse, was struck down before his own house. The Germans in their fury killed the horse after the master, and set fire to the house. Some others raised the trap-door of a cellar in which several people were hidden and fired several shots at them. Mme. Denis Bernard and the boy, Parmentier, 7 years of age, were wounded.

At 5 in the evening Mme. Rozier heard an imploring voice crying, "Mercy! Mercy!" These cries came from one of two neighboring barns belonging to MM. Poincard and Barbier. A man who was acting as interpreter to the Germans declared to a certain Mme. Thiébaud that the Germans boasted that they had burned alive in one of these barns, in spite of his entreaties and appeals to their pity, a man who was the father of five children. This declaration carries all the more conviction, since the remains of a burned human body have been found in the barn belonging to Poincard.

Side by side with this carnage, innumerable acts of violence were committed. The wife of a soldier, Mme. X., was raped by a German soldier in the passage of the house of her parents, while her mother was obliged to flee at the bayonet's point.

On Aug. 29 Sister Julie, Mother Superior of the hospital, whose devotion has been admirable, went to the parish church with a mobilized priest to examine the state of the interior of the building, and found that an attempt had been made to break through the steel door of the tabernacle. The Germans had fired shots around the lock in order to get possession of the ciborium. The door was broken through in several places, and the bullets had caused almost symmetrical holes, which proved that the shots had been fired point blank. When Sister Julie opened the tabernacle she found the ciborium pierced with bullet holes.

The excesses and crimes which were committed at Gerbéviller were principally the work of the Bavarians. The troops which committed them were under the command of the German General Clauss, whose brutality has been brought to our notice in other places.

On the 22d of August the Germans burned part of the village of Crévic, using torches and rockets. Seventy-six houses were burned, including in particular that of Gen. Lyautey, which the fire-raisers had entered, led by an officer, crying aloud: "We want Mme. and Mlle. Lyautey in order to cut their throats." A Captain, leveling his revolver at M. Voigin's throat, threatened to shoot him and throw him into the flames, together with one of his fellow-citizens, "whose brains," he said, "we have already blown out." He was alluding to the death of an old gentleman, M. Liégey, 78 years of age, whose body was found in the ruins with a bullet wound under his chin. The officer added, "Come and see the property of Gen. Lyautey, who is in Morocco—it is burning." Meanwhile a workman named Gérard was forced at the bayonet's point to go up to his garret. The Germans set fire to a heap of forage and obliged Gérard to remain near the blaze. When the soldiers were driven out by the intolerable heat, Gérard was able to escape through a little opening, but he had had one cheek already badly burned.

At Deuxville, where the enemy willfully set fire to fifteen houses, the Mayor, Bajole, and the curé, Thiriet, were arrested. L'Abbé Marchal, curé of Crion, saw them both in his parish in the hands of the Germans; he approached his colleague and asked the reason of his arrest. The latter replied, "I made signs." L'Abbé Marchal gave him a little bread and went away; but he had scarcely gone thirty paces when he heard the sound of a volley. The two prisoners had just been executed. The next day an officer who spoke our language perfectly, and said that for eight years he had been attached to the German Embassy in Paris, told L'Abbé Marchal that the curé of Deuxville had made signs and had admitted it. "As for the Mayor," he added, "I do not



believe the poor devil had done anything."

At Maixe the Germans burned thirty-six houses and murdered MM. Gauçon, Demange, Jacques, Thomas, Marchal, Chaudre, Grand, Simonin, Vaconet, and Mme. Beurton on the pretext that they had been firing at them. Gauçon was dragged from his own house and thrown on a dunghill, where a soldier killed him with a rifle shot in the stomach. Demange, who was wounded in both knees while in his cellar, succeeded in dragging himself as far as the kitchen. The Germans set fire to the house and prevented Mme. Demange from rescuing her husband, and left their victims to be burned in the blazing house.

Mme. Beurton was also in her cellar with her family when two soldiers came down into it; one of them carried a lantern and the other a rifle. The latter fired haphazard on to the group and hit the unhappy woman. Vaconet was struck by a bullet in the side at the foot of M. Rediger's staircase; as for Simonin, he was taken away in the direction of Drouville. A few days afterward a German officer handed to M. Thouvenin, Municipal Councilor of the commune, a note stating that Simonin had been shot and that his last wishes were expressed in a document which was in the hands of the General commanding the Third Bavarian Division. On this document, of which a copy has been sent to us, appears the signature of an officer of the Third Regiment of the Chevaux-légers. The other victims at Maixe met their deaths under conditions which we have been unable to ascertain.

In the same village, Mlle. X., aged 23 years, was raped by nine Germans during the night of Aug. 23-24. An officer was sleeping in the room above that in which this revolting scene was being enacted, but he did not consider it necessary to intervene, though he must certainly have heard the cries of the young girl and the noise made by the German soldiers.

The Château of Beuzemont was broken into on the 22d of August. On the fifteenth day of its occupation, the wives of several German staff officers arrived

in motor cars. Everything that had been stolen from the Château, especially plate, hats, and silk dresses, was loaded on the motor cars. On the 21st of October the Lieutenant Colonel commanding the — French Infantry Regiment took possession of this château. He found it in a state of disorder and revolting filth. The drawers of most of the furniture had been broken into and left open, and the floor of the billiard room was in a filthy condition. There was a disgusting smell in the bedroom occupied by the German General commanding the Seventh Reserve Division. The cupboard at the head of the bed contained body linen and muslin curtains full of excrements.

At Baccaret the enemy did not massacre anybody, but on the 25th of August they carried out a systematic pillage, and in order to be able to do this undisturbed they had ordered the population to assemble at the railway station. The pillage was carried out under the supervision of the officers. Clocks and various articles of furniture and objets d'art were carried off. When the inhabitants returned home they were ordered out again an hour later and informed that the town was to be burned. Indeed, the centre of the town was ablaze. The conflagration, which was started by torches and pastilles, destroyed 112 houses; only four or five were burned by shells. After the fire sentinels were placed, who prevented the owners from approaching the ruins of their houses, and when the blaze had abated the Germans ransacked the ruins themselves in order to gain access to the cellars. After this operation Gen. Fabricius, commanding the artillery of the Fourteenth Baden Corps, said to M. Renaud, the Acting Mayor: "I did not think that Baccaret contained such a quantity of fine wine. We found more than 100,000 bottles." One must, however, add that at the glass works the enemy really displayed comparative honesty, inasmuch as they only exacted, at the revolver's point, a reduction of 60 to 75 per cent. on the goods which they bought.

At Jolivet, on the 22d of August, M. Villemain was leaving M. Cohan's house with the latter and a M. Richard when Ger-

man soldiers fell upon M. Richard. Struck on the head by the butt of a rifle, Richard fell. Cohan rushed back to his house. Villemín went to look after his cattle, after having followed Richard for a short distance as the latter was being led away by his aggressors. At about 5 o'clock in the evening he went out to see a neighbor, but was immediately arrested and shot. His assassins threw his body over a fence into a garden.

On the 25th of August, in the same commune, Mme. Morin's house was pillaged. The Germans took linen, plate, furs, and hats. The next day the house was set on fire by lighting bits of wood found in packing cases.

At Bonvillers, on the 21st, 23d, and 25th of August, twenty-six houses were set on fire by the Germans, who made use of squibs and candles.

At Einville, on the 22d of August, the day the Germans arrived, they shot a Town Councilor, M. Pierson, whom they wrongfully accused of having fired on them. They also executed, without reason, MM. Bouvier and Barbelin, whom they had taken away a short distance from the village. They also massacred a poacher called Pierrat, whom they had found carrying a sack containing a small net and a gun in pieces. The wretched man was terribly tortured by them. Having dragged him beyond the village, they brought him back in front of Mme. Famôse's house. This lady saw him pass by in the midst of the Germans. His nose was nearly cut off. His eyes were haggard and, to quote the witness's remark, he seemed to have aged ten years in a quarter of an hour. At this moment an officer gave an order and eight soldiers went off with the prisoner. When they returned ten minutes later without him one of them said in French, "He was already dead."

On the 12th of September M. Dieudonné, Mayor of Einville, was taken off as a hostage with his assistant and another of his townsmen by the enemy at the time of their retreat. He and his companions were taken to Alsace, then into Germany, where they were kept until the 24th of October. Before his arrest, and during a fight which took place

around his commune, M. Dieudonné had been forced, notwithstanding his protests, to commandeer several of his townsmen in order to bury the dead. Three of the inhabitants of Einville thus forcibly employed on this duty were wounded by bullets; another, M. Noël, was killed by a fragment of a shell.

The farm of Remonville, situated within the boundaries of the same village, was burned down. The women were able to escape. Four men who were working on this estate must have been all killed. The bodies of two of them, Victor Chaudre and Thomas Prosper, were discovered two months later buried together near the buildings which had been burned. Both had been decapitated, and Thomas's head was smashed to pieces.

At Sommerviller the enemy's course on the 23d of August was marked by the sack of the cafés and grocers' shops and of several private houses, and by the murder of M. Robert, aged 70, and M. Harau, aged 65, who were killed by rifle shots. The latter at the moment when he received his death wound was quietly eating a piece of bread.

At Rehainviller, on the 26th of August, the Germans seized the curé, Barbot, and M. Noircler in the street. The bodies of these two men were found a long time afterward buried in the fields a few hundred meters from the village. Their bodies were in an advanced state of decomposition, and it was therefore impossible to ascertain the wounds which the curé had received; as for Noircler, his head was found in the grave by the side of the rest of his body, in a line with his hip.

In this commune twenty-seven houses have been burned. No one saw the fire lighted, but after the disaster a certain number of little fuse-sticks which the Germans frequently use for the purpose of fire-raising, and which the peasants call "macaronis," were collected.

At Lamath, on the 24th of August, the Bavarians shot an old man of 70, M. Louis, who had come out of his house to relieve the needs of nature. The unhappy man received at least ten bullets in the chest. His son-in-law, who was

in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, was taken and led away. No news has been received of him. Two other inhabitants of the commune who were made prisoners at the same time as this man are still in captivity in Bavaria.

The Abbé Mathieu, curé of Fraimbois, was arrested on the 29th of August on the false allegation that shots had been fired at the Germans in his parish. In the course of his captivity, which lasted sixteen days, he was present at the murder of two of our fellow-countrymen, M. Poissonnier of Gerbéviller and M. Victor-Meyer of Fraimbois; the former, an invalid who could scarcely stand, was accused of having followed the armies as a spy. The latter had been arrested because his little girl had picked up a bit of telephone wire broken by shrapnel. One morning toward 6 o'clock the Bavarian officers went through a travesty of justice, reading documents drawn up in German, collecting the votes of eight or nine young Lieutenants to whom voting papers had been given. The two men were condemned unanimously and warned that they were about to die, and the priest was requested to give them the consolations of religion. They protested their innocence with prayers and tears, but they were compelled to kneel down against the embankment of the road, and a platoon of twenty-four soldiers drawn up in double file fired twice at them.

The village of Fraimbois was pillaged, and the objects stolen were loaded on to vehicles. The Abbé Mathieu complained to Gens. Tanner and Clauss of the burning of his bee-house, and received from the former the simple reply, "What do you expect? It is war!" The latter did not even reply.

At Mont three houses were burned with petrol. At Hériménil, on the 29th of August, the enemy, who had arrived on the 24th, were guilty of monstrous acts. The inhabitants were asked to come to church and were kept there for four days, while their houses were sacked and the French bombarded the village. Twenty-four people were killed inside the church by a shell. As a woman, who had succeeded with great trouble in leav-

ing the church for a moment, was returning with a little milk for the children, a Captain, furious at seeing that this prisoner had been allowed to pass, cried out, "I meant that the door should not be opened! I meant the French to fire on their own people." This same Captain, a short time before, had been guilty of a revolting cruelty. He was present, eyeglass in eye, when Mme. Winger, a young woman of 23, was going to church in obedience to the general order, together with her servants, a girl and two young men, each of them 18 years old, and, considering their progress too slow, with a word he directed the soldiers to fire, and the four victims fell mortally wounded. The Germans left the corpses in the street for two days.

Next day they shot M. Bocquel, who was ignorant of the orders which had been given and had remained in his house. They also killed in his own house M. Florentin, aged 77. This old man, who received several bullets in the chest, was probably killed in consequence of his deafness, which prevented him from understanding what the enemy had ordered.

In this commune twenty-two houses were burned with petrol. Before setting fire to Mme. Combeau's house the soldiers dug up the floor of a cellar and disintegrated the sum of 600 francs, which they appropriated.

On the 23d of August young Simonin, aged 15½, living at Hadiviller, was going back from Dombasle when the Germans threatened him with their rifles and took him prisoner. They began by beating him unmercifully. Then, on the orders of an officer, he was led away by a soldier. As he went along he saw his father about 50 meters off calling to him. The soldier then tied him to a telegraph pole, and fired on Simonin's father, who fell vomiting blood, and soon after died as he lay. Meanwhile, the young man was able to free himself from his bonds, and succeeded in running the gauntlet of several shots, one of which tore his coat.

At Magnières, where one house only was burned, a German armed with a rifle entered, toward the end of August, the house of M. Laurent, and compelled a



girl of 12, young —, who had taken refuge there, to accompany him into a room, where he raped her twice, in spite of her ceaseless cries and groans. The poor girl was absolutely terrorized. In addition, the soldier was so threatening that M. Laurent did not dare to interfere.

At Croismare on the 25th of August, when the Germans were forced to beat a retreat, maddened by their check, they began to fire on everybody they met. A Uhlan officer killed with a rifle shot M. Kriegel, who had gone into the field to pull potatoes. He then saw MM. Matton and Barbier returning from their work. He rode up to them and ordered them to stop and stand up against an embankment. The two peasants thought at first that he was anxious to see them sheltered from the rifle shots that were being fired all around. But their delusion was soon dispelled when they saw him load his revolver. In the course of this operation three cartridges were dropped, and the officer ordered Matton and Barbier to pick them up. Barbier handed him one of the cartridges back with the words, "Do not do us any harm; we have just been working in the fields." "Nicht pardon, cochon de fran-zose, capout," replied the officer, and fired twice. Matton ducked quickly, and thanks to this movement was only hit in the right shoulder instead of full in the chest. As for Barbier, a bullet went through both his thumbs and ripped open his left forefinger.

At Réméréville on the 7th of September the enemy, alleging falsely that the inhabitants had fired on them from the steeple, set fire to the houses with the assistance of rockets. A few houses only escaped the flames. Before being burned the village had been bombarded by the Germans, who had taken as their objective an ambulance, whose flag they saw perfectly.

The commune of Drouville, which was twice occupied, was absolutely sacked on the 5th of September. The invaders burned thirty-five houses, using torches and doubtless petrol also, for they left on the spot a can which contained twenty-five to thirty liters.

At Courbesseaux arson and pillage

were also committed on the 5th of September. Nineteen houses were burned, and M. Alix, who was trying to put out a fire in a stack of luzerne on his property, was shot at several times and obliged to flee.

Finally, on the 23d of August, at Erbéviller, a Saxon Captain found a very practical means of getting money for himself. He collected the men in the village and tried vainly, by threatening to shoot them, to obtain a declaration from them that the sentries had been shot at, although he knew perfectly well that it was untrue. Then he shut them up in a barn. In the evening he had brought before him the wife of M. Jacques, a retired schoolmaster, who was one of the prisoners, and said to her, "I am not certain that these are the men who fired. They will be set at liberty tomorrow morning if you can give me a thousand francs in the next few minutes." Mme. Jacques gave him the amount, and in reply to her request he gave her a receipt for it, and the hostages were set at liberty.

The receipt drawn up by the officer reads as follows:

Erbéviller, 23d August, 1914.

#### RECEIPT

*As a punishment for being suspected of having fired on German sentries during the night of August 22d and 23d I have received from the Commune of Erbéviller one thousand francs, (1,000 fr.)* BARON — (illegible).

*haupt. reit. regim.*

In a commune of the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle two nuns were for several hours exposed without defense to the lust of a soldier. By terrorizing them he obliged them to undress, and after having compelled the elder to pull off his boots, he committed obscenities on the younger. We undertook not to publish the names of the victims of this abominable scene, or of that of the village in which it took place, but the facts were laid before us under the sanction of an oath by witnesses who deserve the fullest confidence, and we take the responsibility of pledging ourselves as to their accuracy.

During our stay at Nancy and Luné-

ville we had the opportunity of receiving a good deal of evidence with reference to crimes committed by the Germans in districts which were still occupied by their troops and which the majority of the inhabitants had been forced to evacuate. The most cruel of these acts took place at the village of Emberménil. At the end of October or the beginning of November an enemy patrol met near this commune a young woman, Mme. Masson, who was obviously pregnant, and questioned her as to whether there were French soldiers at Emberménil. She replied that she did not know, which was true. The Germans then entered the village and were received by our soldiers with rifle fire. On the 5th of November a detachment of the Fourth Bavarian Regiment arrived and collected all the inhabitants in front of the church. An officer then asked which person it was who had betrayed them. Suspecting that he referred to her meeting with the Germans some days before, and realizing the danger that all her fellow-citizens ran, Mme. Masson with great courage stepped forward and repeated what she had said, and declared that in saying it she had acted in good faith. She was immediately seized and forced to sit down on a bench beside young Dime, aged 24, who had been taken haphazard as a second victim. The whole population begged for mercy for the unhappy woman, but the Germans were inflexible. "One woman and one man," they said, "must be shot. Those are the Colonel's orders. What will you? It is war." Eight soldiers drawn up in two ranks fired three times at the two martyrs in the presence of the whole village. The house of Mme. Masson's father-in-law was then set on fire. That of M. Blanchin had been burned a few moments before.

Mme. Millot of Domèvre-sur-Vezouze has described to us the murder of her nephew, Maurice Claude, aged 17, of which she was an eyewitness. On the 24th of August, at the moment when the Germans arrived at Domèvre, this young lad was with his family in his father's house, at the foot of a staircase, when he saw that soldiers were aiming at him from the street. He stepped aside to

shield himself, but was not able to find shelter, and was struck by three bullets. Wounded in the stomach, in the buttock, and in the thigh, he died three days later, after having displayed admirable resignation. When he knew that he was dying he said to his disconsolate mother, "I can well die for my country."

The same day MM. Auguste Claude and Adolphe Claude, the latter aged 75, were also killed, and 136 houses in the village were burned by means incendiary cartridges. Further, two inhabitants, MM. Bretton and Labart, were taken as hostages. It is not known what has become of them since.

M. Véron, retired schoolmaster, at Audun-le-Roman, in the arrondissement of Briey, made a deposition before us which runs as follows:

"On the 21st of August, toward 5 in the evening, the Germans who had occupied for seventeen days the village of Audun-le-Roman began without any reason to fire upon the houses with rifles and machine guns. Four women, Mlle. Roux, Mlle. Tréfel, Mme. Zapolli, and Mme. Giglio, were wounded. Mlle. Tréfel was struck while she was giving a drink to a German soldier. Three men were killed: M. Martin, an agriculturist, aged 68, whose house was burned, was led out and shot in the street in the presence of his wife and children. M. Chary, aged 55, foreman roadmaker, was escaping from the conflagration, holding his wife by the hand, when he was killed by rifle shots. I have seen his body, which was riddled with wounds. M. Ernest Samen was struck by five revolver bullets at the moment when he was shutting the door of his coach house.

"I saw the enemy set fire to the Café Matte with petrol. Mme. Matte went out with a little bag in her hand containing her savings, about two thousand francs. She was robbed by a German officer, who snatched the bag away."

The witness added that the Mayor must have been carried off by a patrol, but in any case he had disappeared.

At Arracourt, M. Maillard was killed in the fields by a bullet which went right through him; five houses were burned.

The village of Brin-sur-Seille was almost entirely destroyed by fire lighted by cartridges and round fuses. Further, the wife of a man at Raucourt who is with the colors, Mme. X., declared to us that she had been raped in her own house in the presence of her little boy, aged 3½, by a soldier who had placed the point of his bayonet on her breast to overcome the resistance which she opposed to him.

### OISE

In the Department of Oise we have ascertained the following facts:

When on the 31st of August the Germans entered the village of Monchy-Humières a group of about fifteen people were in the street looking at them as they entered. No act of provocation was committed, but an officer believed that he heard some one say the word "Prussian." At once he directed three dragoons to fall out and order them to fire. Young Gaston Dupuis was killed, M. Grandvalet was wounded in the right shoulder by a bullet, and a little girl of 4 who belonged to a family of refugees from Verdun was slightly wounded in the neck.

Next day the commune of Ravenel was sacked, and the stolen objects were taken away in a carriage. A man named Vilette, while bicycling on the road near the village, met a motor car in which were several Germans. They began to fire at him without any reason. He jumped down from his machine and took to flight across country, but a bullet stopped him on his way. He died a few hours afterward, leaving a widow and two children.

On the same day, near Mèry, the enemy opened fire on some English guns which were drawn up at the place called Le Bout de la Ville, and an engagement began between the cavalry of the two armies. At this moment the Germans entered the sugar factory, which is situated in a hamlet of the commune. They seized the manager, his family, and all the staff of the factory, and, during the three hours which the engagement lasted, made them walk in a parallel line to themselves in order to protect

themselves against the fusillade which was catching them on the flank. Among the twenty-five people who were thus exposed to grave danger were women and children. A work girl, Mme. Jeansenne, was killed, and a foreman, Courtois, had a bullet through his left arm. At 10 in the evening the enemy returned in force to the village. They left the next day after having burned the houses and carried out a general sack.

On the 2d of September the Germans entered Senlis, where they were greeted by rifle fire from African troops. Alleging that they had been fired on by civilians, they set fire to two quarters of the town. One hundred and five houses were burned in the following manner: The Germans marched along the streets in a column; at a whistle from an officer, some of them fell out, and proceeded to break in the doors of the houses and the shop fronts; then others came along and lit the fire with grenades and rockets; patrols who followed them fired incendiary bullets with their rifles into those houses in which the fire was not taking hold fast enough.

While our soldiers were firing in the outskirts of the town, the hostages who had been taken into the streets by the Germans were forced to walk in the middle of the road, while the Germans prudently kept to the footpaths. M. Levasseur, Mme. Dauchy and her little girl aged 5, MM. Pinchaux, Minouflet, and Leymarie were among the number of the hostages who were thus exposed to death. Near the hospital Levasseur was killed. Soon Leymarie in his turn fell mortally wounded. As he was carrying him to lay him at the foot of a wall, Minouflet was struck by a bullet on the knee. An officer approached him, and told him to show his wound, and then suddenly fired with his revolver into his shoulder. At the same spot a witness saw another officer in the act of torturing a French wounded soldier by beating him in the face with a stick.

Meanwhile several murders were committed. M. Simon was dragged out of his house and killed by a rifle shot in the side. A 2 o'clock the Germans broke



in the door of M. Mégret's house. The latter came forward, promised to give them everything they asked for, and brought them ten bottles of wine. He was murdered by a shot full in the chest. MM. Ramu, Vilcoq, Chambellant and Gaudet, drawn by curiosity, went to look at the burning forage store to which the French troops had set fire as they retired. Enemy soldiers fired on them several times. Ramu was wounded, Gaudet was killed on the spot, Chambellant received two bullets, one in his right hand and the other below the groin, and died a week later. MM. Simon, Ecker, Chery, Leblond, Rigault, Louis, and Momus were also killed in Senlis.

At 3 o'clock the Mayor, M. Odent, was arrested at the Hôtel de Ville on the allegation, against which he protested, that civilians had fired on the German troops. While he was being led away the Secretary of the Mairie joined him near the Hôtel du Grand Cerf, and proposed that he should go and fetch his Deputies. "It is useless," he replied, "one victim is enough." The Magistrate was taken to Chamant, and during the journey was the butt of hateful brutality. His gloves were torn from him and thrown in his face; his stick was taken from him and he was violently beaten with it on the head. Finally, toward 11 o'clock, he was made to appear before three officers. One of them questioned him, persisting in accusing him of having fired or caused others to fire on the Germans, and warned him that he was about to die. M. Odent then went to his fellow-captives, handed them his papers and money, shook hands with them, and with great dignity made his last adieu. He then returned to the officers. On their order, two soldiers dragged him ten meters away and sent two bullets through his head. The murderers made a little hollow in the ground, and flung over the corpse a layer of earth so thin that it did not cover the victim's feet. A few hours before, 200 meters off, six other inhabitants of Senlis, MM. Pommier, Barbier, Aubert, Cottureau, Arthur Rigault, and Dewert, had already been shot and buried.

The same evening M. Jeandin, a baker, who had been arrested at 3 or 4 in the afternoon without any reason, and then taken by the Forty-ninth Pomeranian Regiment of Infantry to Villers-Saint-Frambourg, was fastened to a stake in a field and pierced repeatedly with the point of a bayonet.

It is unnecessary to say that the town of Senlis was pillaged. While the enemy sacked the houses they took pleasure in exciting the worst instincts of the populace by offering part of the booty to women in wretched circumstances.

At Villers-Saint-Frambourg the woman X. was raped by a soldier who got into her house. After the crime she took refuge in a neighboring house. The precaution was a wise one, for numerous comrades of the aggressor broke into Ler house and, furious at not finding the victim they sought, smashed the windows and seized the chickens, rabbits, and pig which they found in an outhouse.

On Sept. 3 at Creil, under the orders of a Captain who tried to force MM. Guillot and Demonts to show him the houses of the richest inhabitants, the Germans scattered among the houses, breaking in doors and windows, and gave themselves up to pillage with the complicity of their leaders, to whom they came constantly to show the jewelry which they had stolen. Demonts and Guillot were then led into the country, where they found about 100 inhabitants of Creil and Nogent-sur-Oise and the neighborhood. All these persons were forced to suffer the shame and grief of working against the defense of their country by cutting down a field of maize which hindered the firing of the enemy and by digging trenches intended to shelter the Germans. For seven days the enemy kept them there without giving them food. Some women of the neighborhood were, fortunately, able to give them a little.

Meanwhile in the town several people were put to death. M. Parent, who was escaping, was killed in the Rue Victor Hugo by a shot by a Uhlan. As soon as he fell, troopers hurled themselves upon him to search his clothes. M. Alex-

andre had his head shattered, at the intersection of the Rue Gambetta and the Rue Carnot. Germans entered the shop of M. Brèche, wine seller. Thinking, no doubt, that he was not serving them quickly enough, they dragged him into the courtyard of Mme. Egasse, his neighbor, where an officer accused him of having fired on the soldiers, and ordered, in spite of his denial, that he should be shot at once. Mme. Egasse tried to soften the murderers, but she was brutally ordered off. From the room to which she went she heard the reports, and through the window she saw Brèche's body stretched on the ground. When she came down she could not prevent herself from expressing her grief. The officer then said to her: "A dead man! We see too many to take any notice. Besides, wherever we are fired upon, we kill and burn."

A young man named Odener, carrying a bag of rice, had been taken from Liancourt to Creil. When he reached the Place de l'Eglise, worn out by fatigue and the ill-treatment which he had received, he put down his load and tried to escape. Two soldiers took aim at him, fired, and struck him down. A certain Leboeuf, who had been his fellow-prisoner, died at Creil a few days afterward in consequence of a wound which he had received on the way.

Gen. von Kluck's army arrived at Crépy-en-Valois on the 2d of September, and took four days to march through. The town was completely sacked under the eyes of the officers. In particular the jewelers' shops were ransacked.

Thefts of jewelry and body linen were committed in a house in which lodged a General commanding with some twelve officers of the General Staff. Almost all the safes in Crépy were gutted.

On the 3d of the same month, at Baron, an artist of great talent, Prof. Albéric Magnard, fired two shots from a revolver on a troop which was entering his property. One soldier was killed and another wounded. The Germans, who in so many places have committed the worst cruelties without any motive, here contented themselves with burning the property of their

aggressor. The latter committed suicide to avoid falling into their hands. None the less the commune was sacked. M. Robert, notary, was robbed of his jewelry, his linen, and of 1,471 bottles of wine, and forced to open his safe and allow an officer to take 8,300 francs which were locked up there. In the evening he saw another officer who wore on his finger nine women's rings, and whose arms were adorned with six bracelets. Two soldiers told him, besides, that they received a premium of four marks whenever they brought their commanding officers a piece of jewelry.

In this commune, Mme. X., a most respectable young woman, was violated by two soldiers in succession in the absence of her husband, who is with the colors. One of these two men ransacked a chest of drawers while his comrade was committing his crime.

At Mesnil-sur-Bulles on the evening of the 4th of September two Germans arrived in a carriage and one on a bicycle and went to the house of the Deputy Mayor, M. Gustave Queste. As the latter did not understand them, he asked his cousin, M. Queste, professor at the Lycée of Amiens, to act as interpreter for him. After having fulfilled this office the professor returned home. A few minutes afterward, hearing a shot, he went out to ascertain what was happening. He found himself in the presence of one of the three soldiers to whom he had just spoken in his cousin's house. This man, who was drunk, fired at him and killed him.

The same three soldiers, passing through Nourard-le-Franc, set fire to seven houses with torches which they had brought with them in their carriage. A few hours before their arrival at Mesnil-sur-Bulles a Uhlan patrol had already made a reconnoissance in this commune. Troopers entered the house of M. Amédée Queste, burst open a door, broke the furniture, and stole a quantity of jewelry as well as a sum of 60 francs.

At Choisy-au-Bac the Germans, who had been in the village since the 31st of August, willfully set fire on the 1st and

2d of September to forty-five houses under the grossly false allegation that they had been fired upon, and previously, in the presence of their officers, gave themselves up to a general pillage, the product of which was carried away in vehicles stolen from the inhabitants. Two army doctors, wearing the brassards of the Red Cross, themselves pillaged the house of Mme. Binder.

M. Morel, working carpenter, who was in his garden, was shot in the groin by a soldier who was passing on the road. He died next day. Four young men were taken as hostages and led away on the 8th of September. One of them was able to escape. His comrade, René Leclerc, is said to have been shot at Besme, in the Department of the Aisne; as for the other two, no one knows what has become of them.

At Compiègne, which was occupied by the enemy from the 31st of August to the 12th of September, the château suffered comparatively little; the thefts there were not very important. But a great number of houses were pillaged. The house of Comte d'Orsetti, which is situated opposite to the palace, was literally sacked, principally by non-commissioned officers. Plate, jewelry, and valuables were collected in the courtyard of the château, examined, inventoried, and packed up, and were then loaded in two removal vans on which had been placed the Red Cross flag.

Application was made to Capt. Schroeder to put an end to the burglary and the scandalous orgy which was going on in the villa, and at last he went to the place; but after having glanced at the interior of the pillaged houses he went off again, saying, "It is war, and besides I have no time."

On Sept. 4 a soldier, who had gone to pass the night at the house where Mme. X. was concierge, drove the husband with several of the former's relations out of the house, threatening them with his rifle, and then obliged Mme. X. to pass the night with him.

At Trumilly, where they remained from the 2d to the 4th of September, the Germans pillaged the commune and

carried off the product of their theft in artillery wagons as well as in carriages. The first day, Mme. Huet, on whom were billeted a part of the staff of the Nineteenth Regiment of Hanover Dragoons and a great number of soldiers, saw a non-commissioned officer take possession of a box containing her jewels to the value of about 10,000 francs. She went to complain to the Colonel, who contented himself with saying, with a smile, "I am sorry, Madame, it is war."

On the 3d of September the advance troops had left, but stragglers remained in the country. One of them, a soldier of the Ninety-first Regiment of Infantry, on whose medal was engraved the name of "Ahne," stole in Mme. Huet's house 115 francs from the servants, 300 francs from the mistress of the house, and 400 francs from M. Cornillet. This man then went to the house of Mme. X., whose husband was with the colors, and forced this woman to submit to him by threatening her with his revolver.

During the occupation of the commune by the Germans M. Cornillet, the victim of one of the thefts of which we have just spoken, had an officer billeted upon him. After the departure of this guest he discovered that the sum of 150 francs, which had been placed in the wardrobe of the room in which the German had slept, had disappeared. Finally M. Colas, an old man of 70, was searched in the street by a soldier, and robbed of about 30 francs.

One of the most serious acts of which we have been informed in the Department of the Oise was committed near Marquégglise, by an officer of high rank. Two young men of Saint Quentin, named Charlet and Gabet, who had left Paris to return to their native place with the object of obeying the summons to be enrolled for military service, met on the road two Belgian subjects making their way to Jemmapes, where they lived. The latter offered them a lift in their carriage, and the four men journeyed together as far as the village of Ressons, where they were arrested by a German detachment. They were bound, and then taken to the District of Marquégglise, and



brought before a superior officer, who questioned them. When he learned that two of them were natives of Belgium this officer declared that the Belgians were "sales gens"; then without any explanation he took his revolver and fired on each of the prisoners in turn. The two Belgians and young Gabet fell dead, struck in the head. As for Charlet, who was wounded in the neck and right shoulder, he pretended to be killed, and after the departure of the murderer, was able to drag himself a certain distance. Before being taken to Compiègne, where he died next day, the unfortunate man was able to describe to the Abbé Boulet, curé of Marquêglise, the cowardly deed of which his companions and himself had been the victims.

#### AISNE

In the communes of the Department of the Aisne which we have been able to visit we have everywhere found evidences of acts of pillage and numerous crimes against women.

At Connigis on the 8th of September at about 8 o'clock in the evening Mme. X. was the victim of grievous violence at the hands of two Germans, who had gone to her parents-in-law's house, where she was living in the absence of her husband, who had been mobilized. One of the Germans held M. X., the father, in front of the door while the other, threatening the young woman with his rifle, committed acts of revolting obscenity upon her in the presence of the mother-in-law. When he had accomplished his crime he took the place of his comrade, mounting guard over M. X., while the former in his turn outraged the young woman.

At Brumetz, where the occupation by the enemy lasted from the 3d to the 10th, the village was pillaged. One house, as well as the château of M. de Maleyssie, a Captain on the staff of the Sixth French Army Corps, were burned.

At Chierry, the Château of Varolles was burned with torches with petrol. The Château of Sparre was also set on fire after it had been completely pillaged, pictures taken from their frames, and

the tapestries cut up with blows of the sword.

At Jaulgonne, between the 3d and 10th of September, the Prussian Guard emptied the cellars, stole the linen, and did 250,000 francs' worth of damage. In addition, they burned a house on the allegation that the owner had fired on them when in reality he was hiding in terror in his cellar.

Two inhabitants of this commune were killed. One, M. Rempenault, aged 87, was found in the fields killed by a bullet; the other, named Blanchard, aged 61, had been arrested because the Prussians had seen him talking in a street with a French chasseur-à-pied, who, after having delayed in the village, had succeeded in taking to flight on a bicycle and escaped a rifle fusillade which was aimed at him. Blanchard was led into an outlying part of Jaulgonne and wounded with a bayonet by a soldier and then finished off by an officer, who shattered his head with a revolver shot.

At Charmel the Germans, from the moment of their arrival, entered the houses by breaking in the doors. They did not leave a bottle of wine in the cellars and they pillaged chiefly the empty houses, carrying away linen, money, jewelry, and other articles. At the house of the schoolmaster they took the funds of the School Savings Bank, which amounted to 240 francs. On the 3d of September, at 11 o'clock at night, they set fire to the château of Mme. de Rougé, and the same day one of them entered the house of Mme. X., seized her by the throat and violated her.

At Coincy, on the 3d and 4th of September, they emptied the cellars and sacked the empty houses and committed outrages on several women in the village.

At Bezu-St.-Germain, on the 8th of September, two soldier cyclists came to the farm of — and passed part of the night there. Having obliged the inhabitants to go to bed, and having forbidden them on pain of death to move, whatever sounds they might hear, one of them went to the room of the little servant girl, aged 13, and, putting his

hand on her mouth, committed a complete rape upon her. Hearing a loud cry, the farmer's daughter escaped through her window and called some officers who were lodging with a neighbor. One of them came down, had the two cyclists, who at that moment were coming from the farm, arrested and marched to headquarters. The next day, when the victim was asked to recognize the culprit and point him out, he had disappeared.

On the 3d of September, at Crézancy, the soldiers made young Lesaint, age 18, come out of his house, and an officer killed him with a revolver shot. One of the murderer's comrades declared later that this murder had been committed because Lesaint was a soldier, and when a man to whom he was speaking denied this, he added, "He was on the way to be one." He said also that the young man had stupidly caused his own death, because, with the intention of escaping, he had put out the candle which was lighted in his room. Now, this candle had not been put out by the unfortunate Lesaint, but had been removed by a soldier who wished to visit the house. In any case, the officer reluctantly admitted that his comrade had fired too soon.

In the same locality M. Dupont, "gérant du familistère," was arrested on the 4th of September because he had tried to protect his till against a soldier who was in the act of ransacking it. With a trooper's cap on his head, which they had drawn down to his chin, and both his hands tied behind his back, he was made the butt of the Germans, who amused themselves by forcing him to go on to a very high slope, raining blows upon him and pricking him with bayonets every time he fell down. He was taken on the 6th to Charly-sur-Marne with a convoy of military prisoners, and on the 8th of September, in the morning, his murderers in their retreat forced him to follow the column. As he could not drag himself along in consequence of the violence which he had suffered, the Germans struck him with redoubled vigor and pushed him along, holding him under the arms. A kilometer further on they killed him with

a blow from a lance or bayonet through the heart.

At Château-Thierry, where the German troops remained from the 2d to the 9th of September, the pillage was carried out under the eyes of the officers. Later on army doctors who remained in the town after the departure of the army were included in an exchange of prisoners, and their canteens were opened. They contained articles of clothing which were the product of the sack of the shops.

On the 5th of September the girl —, aged 14, met a soldier as she was coming back from fetching some bread for her parents. She was dragged into the shop of a shoemaker, and from there into a room where two other Germans joined the first. She was threatened with a bayonet, thrown on to a bed, and violated by two of these men. The third was prepared to follow his comrades' example, but allowed himself to be moved by the child's entreaties.

The aunt of this young girl was also the victim of serious crimes at Verdilly, where her family have the farm —. After having bound her husband four soldiers belonging to the heavy artillery chased her to the house of a neighbor, whom they terrorized with threats, and while one of them held her the others violated her in succession.

At Hartennes-et-Taux, in the Arrondissement of Soissons, the Germans, as everywhere else, pillaged the houses. At the hamlet of Taux they set fire to the straw with which they had stopped up the openings of an isolated cellar in which were three of the inhabitants whom they had taken for soldiers. The three men were suffocated by the smoke.

#### ACTS OF A MILITARY NATURE

Acts committed in the violation of the laws of war and affecting combatants, murder of wounded or prisoners, stratagems forbidden by international conventions, attacks on doctors and stretcher bearers, have been innumerable in all the places in which there has been fighting. We have not been able to verify the majority of them because the witnesses are for the most part soldiers,

who are obliged to move from place to place continually. Besides, these acts have been set forth in reports addressed by corps leaders to the military authorities, who may add them to the documents of our inquiry if they think fit to do so. Many are also attested by evidence collected by magistrates in hospitals, and we are engaged at this moment in analyzing them with a view to drawing up a supplementary report. A certain number, however, have been laid before us in the course of our investigation.

At Bar-le-Duc M. Ferry, the head surgeon, gave us a report of depositions made to him in the course of his duties. Sergt. Lemerre of the —th Infantry Regiment told him that on the 6th of September, when he was wounded in the leg at Rembercourt by a fragment of a shell, he had been left on the battlefield eight days by the German Red Cross people, although they knew quite well that he was there. On the fourth day this non-commissioned officer received a further wound by a soldier, who fired at him on the order of an officer who was going over the scene of action with his revolver in his hand. Moreover, he repeatedly saw near him German stretcher bearers firing on our wounded.

The soldier Dreyfus of the —th Infantry Regiment related the following story to Dr. Ferry:

"On the 10th of September at Somaine, as he was leaving the battlefield, wounded, he met three Germans. He told them in German that he had just been wounded, but these men answered that this was no reason why he should not receive another bullet, and they thereupon shot him point blank in the eye."

At Vaubecourt an infantry Sergeant and two soldiers were shot by the enemy. They alleged that one of the latter was found on the church tower in the village, from which he would have been able to exchange signals with our troops.

On the 22d of August a detachment of Germans arrived in the vicinity of Bouvillers in the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle at the farm of La Petite Rochelle, where the owner, M. Houillon,

had lodged some French wounded soldiers. The officer in command ordered four of his men to go and finish off nine wounded who were lying in the barn. Each one was shot in the ear. Mme. Houillon begged mercy for them, and the officer, placing the barrel of his revolver to her breast, told her to be silent.

On the 25th of August the Abbé Denis, curé of Réméréville, tended in the evening Lieut. Toussaint, who last July headed the list of candidates who left the School of Forestry. As he fell wounded on the battlefield this young officer was struck with bayonets by all the Germans who passed near him. His body was covered with wounds from head to foot.

At the hospital at Nancy we saw the soldier Voyer of the —th Infantry Regiment, who still bore traces of German barbarity, having been badly wounded in the backbone outside the Forest of Champenoux on the 24th of August, and paralyzed in both legs as the result of his wound. He was lying on his face when a German soldier turned him over brutally with his gun and hit him three times on the head with the butt of his rifle. Other soldiers passing by kicked him and hit him also with the butts of their guns. Finally one of them with a single blow caused a wound of about three or four centimeters under each eye with what Dr. Weiss, head doctor and Professor of Faculty at Nancy, thinks must have been a pair of scissors.

A hussar who was treated by the same doctor relates that, having fractured his leg falling off his horse, and being unable to extricate himself, he was assaulted by Uhlans, who stole his watch and chain after having taken his carbine and shot him in the eye with it.

Seven French soldiers, also treated by Dr. Weiss, told him that they had seen the enemy finish off the wounded on the battlefield. As they had feigned death to escape massacre, the Germans belabored them with the butts of their guns to see if they were still alive.

In the same hospital a German soldier wounded in the stomach told Dr. Rohmer



that his wound had been caused by a revolver shot fired by his own officer because he had refused to finish off a French wounded soldier. Again, another German, wounded in the back, the result of a shot fired point blank, told Dr. Weiss that a soldier had fired at him by order of an officer to punish him for having carried into a village near the battlefield several French wounded soldiers.

On the 25th of August, at Einvaux—the Germans fired at a distance of 300 yards at Dr. Millet, army doctor, belonging to the —th Colonial Regiment, just as, together with two stretcher bearers, he was attending to a man lying on a stretcher. As his left side was turned toward them, the enemy could

perfectly see his brassard. And, furthermore, they could not mistake the nature of the work upon which these three men were engaged.

On the same day Capt. Perraud of the same regiment, having noticed that the soldiers of a section of men upon whom his mitrailleuses were firing were wearing red trousers, ordered the firing to cease. Immediately this section fired on him and on his men. They were Germans in disguise.

Believe us, &c.,

G. PAYELLE, President.

ARMAND MOLLARD.

G. MARINGER.

PAILLOT, Rapporteur.

Paris, Dec. 17, 1914.

## A French Mayor's Punishment

From a Dispatch of The Associated Press.

**N**ANCY, (via Paris,) Jan. 30, 1915.—The Mayor of a large town in the vicinity of Nancy has been suspended from office for a fortnight for shooting at a German aeroplane as it was flying over his town.

In taking this measure the authorities at Nancy held that a civilian had no right to act as a combatant, as by so doing he only brought upon the heads of the civilian population severe reprisals.



# We Will Fight to the End

By René Viviani

*Premier of France*

*Premier Viviani delivered to Parliament an address upon the war which attracted worldwide attention. He served notice on Germany and Austria that France would not lay down her arms until she and her allies had won such a victory that they could dictate terms. Premier Viviani delivered his speech in the Chamber of Deputies on Dec. 22, 1914, while on the same day the speech was read in the Senate by M. Briand, Minister of Justice. It is as follows:*

**G**ENTLEMEN: This is not the usual communication in which a Government presenting itself for the first time before Parliament sets forth its policy. Just now there is only one policy—a relentless fight until we attain definite freedom for Europe by gaining a victory which shall guarantee peace.

Gentlemen, that was the cry uttered by all when, in the sitting of Aug. 4, a sacred union arose, as the President of the republic has so well said, which will throughout history remain an honor to the country. It is the cry which all Frenchmen will repeat after having put an end to the disagreements that have so often embittered our hearts and which a blind enemy took for irremediable division. It is the cry that rises from the glorious trenches into which France has thrown all her youth, all her manhood.

Before this unexpected uprising of national feeling, Germany has been troubled in the intoxication of her dream of victory. On the first day of the conflict she denied right, appealed to force, flouted history, and, in order to violate the neutrality of Belgium and to invade France, invoked the law of self-interest alone.

Since then her Government, learning that it had to reckon with the opinion of the world, has recently attempted to put her conduct in a better light by trying to throw the responsibility for the war upon the Allies. But through all the gross falsehoods, which fail to deceive even the most credulous, the truth has become apparent.

All the documents published by the nations interested, and the remarkable speech made the other day at Rome by one of the most illustrious representatives of the noble Italian Nation, demonstrate that for a long time our enemy has intended a coup de force. If it were necessary, a single one of these documents would suffice to enlighten the world.

When, on July 31, 1914, at the suggestion of the English Government all the nations concerned were asked to suspend their military preparations and enter into negotiations in London, France and Russia adhered to this proposal. But Germany precipitated matters. She declared war on Russia on Aug. 1, and made an appeal to arms inevitable. And if Germany by her diplomacy killed the germ of peace it is because for more than forty years she had untiringly pursued her aim, which was to crush France in order to achieve the enslavement of the world.

All the revelations are brought before the tribunal of history, where corruption has no place, and as France and her allies, despite their attachment to peace, have been obliged to endure war they will pursue it to the uttermost.

Faithful to the signature which she attached to the treaty of Sept. 4, 1914, and by which she engaged her honor, that is to say, her life, France, in accord with her allies, will not lay down her arms until she has avenged outraged right and regained forever the provinces which were torn from her by force, restored heroic Belgium to the fullness of her material prosperity and political in-

dependence, and broken Prussian militarism so that the Allies may eventually reconstruct a regenerated Europe founded upon justice and right.

We are not inspired, gentlemen, in this plan of war and of peace by any presumptuous hope, for we have the certainty of success. We owe this certitude to our army of all ranks and to our sailors, who, joined to the British Navy, secure for us the control of the seas, and to the troops who have repulsed in Morocco incessant aggressions.

We owe it also to the soldiers who defend our flag in those far-off French colonies, who from the very first outbreak of the war hastened back with their tender solicitude for the mother country.

We owe it to our army, whose heroism has been guided by incomparable leaders throughout the victory of the Marne, the victory of Flanders, and in many fights, and we owe it to the nation, which has equaled this heroism by a corresponding demonstration of silence and serenity during the critical hours through which the country has passed.

Thus we have shown to the world that an organized democracy can serve by its vigorous action the ideal of liberty and equality which constitute its greatness. Thus we have shown to the world, to use the words of our Commander in Chief, who is both a great soldier and a noble citizen, that "the republic may well be proud of the army that she has prepared." And thus this impious war has brought out all the virtues of our race, both those with which we were credited—of initiative, élan, bravery, and fearlessness—and those which we were not supposed to possess—endurance, patience, and stoicism.

Let us do honor to all these heroes. Glory to those who have fallen before the victory, and to those also who through it will avenge them tomorrow! A nation which can arouse such enthusiasm can never perish.

Sheltered by this heroism the nation has lived and labored, accepting all the consequences of the war, and domestic tranquillity has never been troubled.

The Minister of Finance has laid before you in a masterly statement the financial situation and has explained the resources that we have obtained from the issue of Treasury bonds and advances from the Bank of France, which have enabled us to bear the expenditure imposed by the war, so that we have not had any need to resort to a loan. The Bank of France is in a position, thanks to its excellent condition, to furnish resources to the Treasury and to aid in the resumption of the economic life of the country.

Everything serves to demonstrate the vitality of France, the security of her credit, the confidence which she inspires in all, despite the war which is shaking and impoverishing the world. The state of her finances is such that she can continue the war until the day when the necessary reparation has been obtained.

Gentlemen, it is not sufficient for us to salute the victims who have fallen on the field of battle. We must uncover also before the civil noncombatants and innocent victims who up to now have been protected by the laws of war, but whom, in order to terrify a nation which is and will ever remain unshaken, the enemy either captured or massacred. The Government has done its duty toward their families, but the debt of the country is not yet discharged.

Under the force of invasion, departments have been occupied and the ruins in them have accumulated. The Government solemnly undertakes before you—it has already partly carried it out, and has asked for a first credit of \$70,000,000—that France will rebuild again those ruins, and the carrying out of this work will certainly be borne in mind in the indemnities which we shall exact.

The day of a definite victory has not yet come. Our task until then will be heavy, and it may be long. Let us bring all our strength to bear in the carrying out of this task. Our allies know that we will do so, as well as the neutral nations, and it is in vain that a wild campaign of false news has been set on foot. If Germany at the outset pre-



tended to have any doubt as to the attitude of France, she no longer doubts.

Let Germany bear witness now that when the French Parliament reopened after over four months of war, it has renewed before the world the spectacle it offered on the day when, in the name of the nation, it took up the challenge.

To conquer, heroism at the frontier will not suffice. It is necessary also to have internal union. Let us continue to preserve this sacred union from any blemish today, as in the past, and in the future. Let us keep before our minds the one cry of victory, the vision of our motherland, and the ideal of right.

That is what we are fighting for and what Belgium is still fighting for, Belgium, who is giving to this ideal all the blood in her veins, and what also unshakable England is fighting for, as also faithful Russia, intrepid Serbia, and the audacious Japanese Navy.

Nothing more sublime has ever presented itself before the eyes of men than this struggle against barbarism and despotism, against a system of provocation and continual threats, which Germany called peace, against a system of murders and collective pillage, which Germany called war, against the insolent hegemony of a military caste. France with her allies has let loose the scourge of war against all these. France the emancipator and avenger has sprung up at one bound.

That is the issue at stake. It goes beyond the life of the present generation. Let us continue to have but one soul and one mind, and tomorrow, when peace is restored and when our opinions, now voluntarily enthralled, are again given their liberty, we will recall with pride these tragic days, for they have tended to make us more valiant and better men.

## NUITS BLANCHES

By H. S. HASKINS

*The diminishing of lights in Paris houses as a precaution against a raid by the enemy's aeroplanes is the new rule.—Cable Dispatch.*

The gaslights cast a saffron glow,  
The ghostly tapers sputter low,  
The lampwicks smolder, dimly red.  
(Beware the gray shapes overhead!)  
Lock tight the windows, bar the door!  
Have done with laughter, sing no more,  
For fear lays hand upon the throat.  
(Beneath the stars the airmen float.)  
Hush, hush, my babe, lest fiends that fly  
Shall come to still your hunger cry.  
Let grief not speak its tale aloud!  
(Black death is racing with a cloud.)  
Through heav'n's eternal window panes,  
Far, far above the swift air lanes,  
God's starlight shines forever more.  
(How restless glide the ships of war!)

# Unconquered France

## Story of Two Months' Combat with 2,000,000 Invaders

*Two million men were engaged on the German side in October and November when the Kaiser's forces hammered at the Allies' lines in an attempt to break through to Dunkirk and Calais. Around Ypres alone the invaders' losses were more than 120,000 men. These statements are made in a semi-official account of the fighting in Flanders, which takes up three pages of the Bulletin Français, copies of which reached New York on Jan. 11, 1915. As translated, the article in the December Bulletin appears below.*

THE hour has arrived when the balance of these last weeks can be established and the results clearly seen. The formidable attempt by the Germans, first to turn the left of ourselves and our allies, and then, that having been prevented, to break through, has entirely failed. By the effort the enemy tried to repair the defeats of the Marne, and they have only added another check to the failure of September.

Meanwhile, in order to invade our territory, according to their old plans the Germans have neglected nothing. On the front that extends from Lys to the sea they massed, in the beginning of October, fifteen army corps, including four divisions of cavalry. Their army heads, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Gen. Deemling, the Duke of Württemberg, have multiplied their exhortations and appeals to the troops in the effort to maintain the morale of their men.

We have found their orders on dead officers and prisoners, and always they are the same. It is a question of "a decisive action against the French left" or a question of "piercing the line at Dupres or Ypres," for, as one of these orders stated, "the decisive coup remains to be struck, and to accomplish this the allied line must be pierced." This, the orders stated, had to be accomplished at any price and in all haste. They wanted

a decision in the western theatre of war before turning to the east.

Then the Emperor himself was with his troops, hoping to animate the German soldiers with his presence. He announced to them that he would be at Ypres on Nov. 1, and that was the date fixed for the annexation of Belgium. In fact, everything had been taken into account, except, of course, the victorious resistance of the allied armies.

To make possible this effective resistance it was necessary for the Allies to oppose the enemy with a force which if not equal to theirs was nevertheless sufficient for the purpose in view.

What was the situation at the beginning of Oct. 1? The Belgian Army came out of Antwerp intact, but too exhausted to participate in the actions then pending. The English Army had left the Aisne to operate in the north. The army of Gen. de Castelnau did not extend on its left south of Arras. The army of Gen. Maudhuy stretched out from that point to the south of Lille. Further on were the territorial cavalry and the marines. This was not a sufficient force to meet the German advance.

Gen. Joffre, the Commander in Chief, ordered Gen. Foch to the command of the armies of the north. Reinforcements were sent him in the ensuing three weeks, and during that period the rail and auto-

mobile services operated day and night, hurrying up reinforcements. They arrived on time by divisions and by corps, every man being animated by an admirable spirit.

About Oct. 20 our battle line was from Nieuport to Dixmunde, between which places one of our divisions and the marines held the railroad. Meanwhile, just back of them, the Belgian Army was being reorganized. South of Dixmunde, and along the canal, our line stretched to the east, forming before Ypres a vast half circle occupied by four French and one British army corps. The line then descended toward the south of Messines to Armentières, forming two sections, the first held by the English and the second by the French.

The German attack had as its object the seizure of Dunkirk, which was necessary if Calais and Boulogne were to be reached. The purpose was to envelop us and cut the British lines of communication to the sea. All the heavy artillery was brought up from Antwerp and made ready for use against the Allies. What happened?

On Nov. 3 the attack was made and repulsed, crushing the enemy, who had managed to gain the left bank of the river. We then pushed the German rear guard into the water, and to this day German cannon and the carcasses of their animals can be seen half buried in the water and mud.

Finding it impossible to turn our left, the enemy tried to break through our lines. This was the battle of Ypres, a furious and savage struggle, with the German commanders hurling their organizations in enormous masses, regardless of the life of their men, sacrificing all for the end they hoped to attain.

This end was not attained. During the following three weeks we suffered and withstood their repeated and frantic attacks. All these attacks were repulsed, and this despite the fact that our front, with its circular form, was not easy to maintain.

In these actions about Ypres the armies of France and England worked

in the closest union, and this union, in which co-operation was so splendidly maintained, is worthy to be recorded on the brightest pages of military history.

On Nov. 12 the Germans were successful to the north of Ypres, and crossed the canal in two places. A day passed and they were thrown back to the other side. On the 12th also they gained a little ground south of Ypres, but this loss was quickly regained, and by the 15th their attacks had become fewer and our position by then was practically impregnable.

Subsequent actions by the Germans were likewise repulsed, and in these encounters we were brilliantly supported by our Allies. These actions have sealed the fraternity of the allied troops, and the energy of our resistance has likewise encouraged and strengthened the confidence of the Belgians.

The losses of the Germans certainly exceed 120,000 men. In certain trenches of 1,200 meters' length as many as 2,000 bodies have been found, and this is impressive when we take into consideration that the Germans take advantage of every opportunity to remove their dead from the fields of battle. These great losses explain the recent formation of new army corps in Germany.

The numerous artillery commands that we have put in action south of Ypres have opened great chasms in the German masses. All this marks the importance of our successes, and significance is added by the fact that the Germans have always regarded the taking of Ypres as one of the decisive features of the campaign.

If Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne had been taken, England would have found her lines of communication with her armies in France gravely endangered. In maintaining her lines from the sea to Arras we have obtained at the same time the best guarantee against the return of the enemy to Paris.

To measure the extent of the allied successes we must compare the line occupied by our left and the German right at the beginning of September and since the middle of November. When we consider this, it is plain that our successes



were not temporary, but have been a constant progress, rendering vain the attacks of the Germans.

It has been demonstrated by facts that Gen. Joffre has read the plans of the German commanders and is ready for them everywhere and always. As for the allied troops, they have gained the qualities they perhaps lacked most in the beginning, particularly as regards rapid organization for the defensive and the digging of trenches. Today our troops are as expert in trench work as are the soldiers of the enemy.

France remains unconquered. Since Sept. 6 she has registered only successes, in spite of the massing against her of fifty German army corps. These fifty German corps, it must be said, and said again, for such is the truth, are still facing us. Fifteen German army corps and the whole of the Austrian force are facing Russia. Yet the formidable mass which assails us has not made us flinch in any part of our line and in many cases our enemy has drawn back under the weight of the Allies' efforts.

## Four Months of War

### French Official Summary

*The Bulletin des Armées, the newspaper published by the French Government for the soldiers at the front, in the issue of Dec. 6, 1914, contained an article bearing the title, "Four Months of War," which was a summary account of the events that had taken place since the outbreak of hostilities. This document estimated as fifty-two army corps and ten cavalry divisions the military forces which Germany had hurled against France. In a chapter entitled "Our Reverses in August," it summed up the events that preceded the battle of the Marne, as presented below.*

OUR concentration had to be flexible enough to enable us to bring our chief effort to bear upon the spot where the enemy would prove most active. The violation of Belgium made us acquainted with the intentions of the German staff—the great conflict would take place in the north.

As we were obliged, before engaging in it, to wait for the coming into line of the English army, which was to take place only on Aug. 20, we at once took measures to retain the greatest possible number of German troops in Alsace and in Lorraine.

In Alsace our first attack, which was badly conducted, took us to Mülhausen, but we could not hold the city (Aug. 7.)

A second attack, led by General Pau, brought us back there. On Aug. 20 we held the road to Colmar through the

Vosges and the plain. The enemy had sustained great losses.

But from that time the unfortunate events in Lorraine and Belgium forced us to limit the field of operations in Alsace as well as the intensity of our efforts (Aug. 20.)

In Lorraine our offensive had first been brilliantly successful. On Aug. 19 we had reached Sarrebourg, Les Etangs, Dieuze, Morhange Delme and Château-Salins.

But on the 20th, 23d, and 24th we were intrenched on thoroughly fortified territory, resumed the offensive.

On the 22d, 23d, and 24th we were compelled to fall back on Grand-Courrenne de Nancy and south of Lunéville.

On the 25th simultaneous counter-attacks from the armies of Gens. Dubail

and Castelnau greatly strengthened our positions.

But seven or eight German army corps and four divisions of cavalry had overcome the magnificent resistance of Liège. Every one knows of the conditions under which the French took the offensive in Belgium with the armies of Gens. Ruffey and Langle de Cary.

As soon as the English Army was ready in the region of Mons we took the offensive in Belgian Luxemburg with the armies of Gens. Ruffey and Langle de Cary. This offensive was at once checked with great losses on our side.

Here again the ground had been strongly fortified by the enemy. There was also, in some of our army corps, a failure to transmit and carry out orders (Aug. 21-23.)

On the left of these two armies and in conjunction with the English army Gen. Lanrezac's army, anxious for its right wing, then fell back (Aug. 24) on the line that stretches between Beaumont and Givet.

On the 25th and 26th the English army, kept in check at Landrecies and Le Cateau, withdrew toward the Marne.

These days were marked by bloody contests. The enemy lost heavily, but constantly gained ground.

At that time we either had to hold the ground under the perilous conditions resulting from the retreat of our left wing or else retreat along the whole front until it were possible to resume the offensive under favorable conditions.

The Commander in Chief decided upon the latter alternative.

*The first object to attain was withdrawing in good order while weakening and delaying the enemy by constant attacks. Several of these attacks were brilliantly conducted, especially those of Lanrezac's army at Saint-Quentin and Guise, of Langle's army on the Meuse, and of Ruffey's army further east. They were supported from Nancy to the Vosges by Castelnau's and Dubail's armies. In order to prepare for the offensive a new army had been formed, that of Gen.*

*Maunoury. It was to be concentrated in the last days of August in the vicinity of Amiens.*

But the advance of the enemy, by stages of forty-five kilometers a day, was so swift that Gen. Joffre, in order to realize his plan for the offensive, had to order the retreat to be continued.

The army should withdraw to the Aube and as far as the Seine if necessary; everything should be subordinated to preparing a successful offensive.

On Sept. 5 the conditions which the General in Chief sought to realize were fulfilled—our left wing (Maunoury's army, the English Army, the army of Lanrezac which was now d'Espérey's army) was no longer in danger of being cut off.

On the contrary, the German right, (Gen. von Kluck,) marching to the south toward Meaux and Coulommiers, was exposing its right wing to Maunoury's army.

On the evening of the 5th the General in Chief ordered a general advance, adding: "The hour has come to advance at any cost and to die rather than fall back."

### VICTORY OF THE MARNE

As early as Sept. 8 the menace directed by Gen. Maunoury against the German right was beginning to tell.

The enemy brought back from the south to the north two army corps and wheeled about facing west.

Thus it presented a weak point to the English Army, which, having advanced from the line stretching from Rozoy to Lagny, (on the 6th,) straightened its line toward the north, crossed the Marne on the 9th, thus flanking the German Army already battling with Gen. Maunoury.

On the right of the British d'Espéray's army also crossed the Marne, forcing the enemy to retreat, and at the same time supporting the action of its neighbors, that is to say, the English Army on the left and Foch's army on the right.

For it was on our centre, made up of Foch's army, which had been constituted on Aug. 20, that the Germans were going

# Map of Operations in France During First Four Months of the War



- (1) Point where Germans failed to hold Nancy, Sept. 12, 1914.
- (2) Extreme limits of the dash to Paris, terminating Sept. 8, 1914.
- (3) Point to which the first unsuccessful flanking movement against the French left wing extended, Aug. 30, 1914.
- (4) Point of extension of similar flanking operations, balked Nov. 12, 1914.
- (5) Scene of frustrated efforts to break through French centre, Sept. 26, 1914.
- (6) Line of attacks upon Calais and Dunkirk, defeated Oct. 18, 1914.
- (7) Ypres, where desperate and fruitless assaults, ending Nov. 15, 1914, were made by the Germans.
- (8) Intrrenched line of battle, Feb. 1, 1915.



to seek revenge for the check of their right wing; if they had succeeded in cutting us off between Sézanne and Mailly, the situation would have been reversed with the advantage on their side.

From Sept. 6 to Sept. 9 Foch's army met with repeated assaults, but on the evening of the 9th the left of his army, shifting from west to east toward Fère-Champenoise, flanked the Prussian Guard and the Saxons who were advancing southeast of this town.

This bold manoeuvre insured success. The Germans withdrew in great haste, and on the 11th in the morning Gen. Foch entered Châlons-sur-Marne.

On his right Langle de Cary's army had also moved forward, and on the 12th, after spirited encounters, it joined, and added to, the line of Gen. Foch's army.

Meanwhile Ruffey's army (now Darraill's) had succeeded in stretching its lines north, and, although meeting with a stubborn resistance, hastened the German retreat, which was accelerated by the offensive taken by Castelnau's and Dubail's armies from Nancy to the Vosges.

Thanks to this strategic offensive, the campaign turned in our favor. We have maintained this advantage over the enemy ever since.

### THE RACE FOR THE COAST

*After Sept. 13 the German resistance, strengthened by strong defensive works prepared in advance, checked the French and English pursuit; then began the "race for the sea." During this long battle the German staff never lost the hope of turning the allied left wing, while we hoped to be able to outflank their right wing. The result was a race which at the end of October extended the fronts of the opposing armies as far as the North Sea.*

In this race the Germans had an advantage over us, namely, the concentric shape of their front which simplified the problem of carrying troops and supplies.

In spite of this advantage, the turning movement attempted by their right, with

twelve army corps, six reserve corps, and four corps of cavalry, utterly failed.

This failure confirmed the victory of the Marne.

As early as Sept. 11 Gen. Joffre had directed the effort of Maunoury's army against the German right wing. But this army was not large enough to cope with the situation.

So about Sept. 20 a new army was formed on the left of Maunoury's army and intrusted to Gen. de Castelnau.

This army strongly intrenched itself in the district which stretches over Lassigny, Roye, and Péronne. It was supported on its left by the territorial divisions of Gen. Brugère. (Sept. 21-26.)

But still it was inadequate to achieve our end, and on Sept. 30 further north than the army of Castelnau, Maud'huy's army came to the front, and occupied the region of Arras and Lens, extending toward the north to co-operate with the divisions coming from Dunkirk.

Nevertheless, all these troops, in presence of the strenuous exertions of the enemy, formed too thin a line, a line too extended to allow any breaking.

At that time and at the request of Field Marshal French the transportation of the English Army from the Aisne to the Lys region was decided upon.

The valiant Belgian Army which had left Antwerp on Oct. 9 thanks to the protection of the British and French marines was also on its way to the Yser region to reinforce the barrier which had to be created and maintained.

These moves took time. The English Army was only to come into action by Oct. 20. On the other hand, the Belgian Army, which had been fighting for three months, was momentarily lacking ammunition. Gen. Joffre ordered a new effort.

On Oct. 4 he had intrusted to Gen. Foch the mission of co-ordinating the operations of the armies in the north.

On the 18th he placed at his disposal reinforcements which, continually increasing until Nov. 12, were to form the French army of Belgium under the command of Gen. d'Urbal.

This army, in conjunction with the

Belgians and an English corps, was henceforth to fight between the sea and the Lys River.

The Journal de Genève, judging this phase of the war, has written that the French General Staff, by shifting so swiftly such huge bodies of troops, gave evidence that it had the situation splendidly in hand.

The result of this effort was a total failure of the German attack in Flanders.

#### GERMAN OFFENSIVE CHECKED

*This attack was especially violent; twelve army corps and four cavalry corps were massed between the Lys and the sea.*

*The Emperor was at the head of his armies. He addressed his men, stating that a "decisive blow" was to be delivered. For three weeks the German staff hurled furious assaults in mass formation. But as early as Nov 12 we were in a position to state that the outcome of these assaults had been a victory for the Allies.*

From the sea to Dixmude the Belgian Army, Gen. Grossetti and Admiral Ronarc'h held first the railroad from Nieuport to Dixmude, then the left bank of the Yser.

A hostile army corps, which had succeeded in reaching the left bank, was forced to withdraw. It has never been able to go further than Dixmude.

More to the south, from Dixmude to the north of Ypres, a like situation.

The Germans, on Nov. 12, had crossed the river at two points, were pushed back to the other bank, thus giving Gen. Humbert the command of the bridges.

East of Ypres, Gens. Dubois, Balfourrier, and Douglas Haig had not yielded an inch of ground.

Further south the German attack, aiming at our lines of communication, had been particularly violent, but the English and the French regained all the ground that had been momentarily lost and made it impregnable.

During the second half of November the shattered German attacks weakened.

The infantry engaged us less frequently and the artillery showed less activity.

The enemy, in the battle of Ypres alone, had lost at least 120,000 men.

Never had such a thoroughly prepared and spirited offensive undergone such a complete failure.

#### A WAR OF SIEGE

*Meanwhile, from the banks of the Lys to the ridges of the Vosges a war of siege was ceaselessly raging. The Bulletin des Armées says:*

*It is hardly necessary to emphasize the meritorious behavior of our troops in waging this war inch by inch, never yielding, progressing often in spite of the added difficulty of transporting important French and English contingents to the north.*

In close conjunction with the armies of the north the armies of Gen. Maud'huy and Gen. de Castelnau held without flinching in the slightest the line between the Lys and Noyon, from the middle of October till the end of November.

Their progress has been continuous since the end of October; our positions in Arras and La Bassée have been strengthened, Quesnoy-en-Santerre has been captured, and in all the encounters with the enemy our artillery and infantry have constantly made gains.

Between the Oise and the Argonne the armies of Maunoury, d'Espérey, and Langle de Cary were confronted with very strong positions, viz., the heights of the Aisne, of Berru, Nogent-l'Abbesse, Moronvilliers, and the wooded hills of Western Argonne.

In September they had to resist a very violent general attack. This attack was a failure, especially east of Rheims, (Sept. 26.)

The Emperor had witnessed this check of his troops just as a week later he was to witness the failure at Ypres.

Our armies, that is to say, Sarrail's and Dubail's, fulfilled with method and success the task intrusted to them, viz., to protect our right flank against attacks on the line from Metz to Thionville; to retain in front of them the greatest possible number of German Army corps;

to free as far as practicable the national territory that had been invaded, especially in the Woivre region and around Verdun.

In a first period (Sept. 13-29) the enemy had the upper hand, fortified themselves in St. Mihiel, reached the Hauts-de-Meuse, and threatened Verdun.

In the second period (Oct. 1 to Nov. 30) we regained the advantage.

We cleared the vicinity of Verdun. We advanced east of Nancy, which is now quite safe from German shells, to the north of Lunéville, and to the north-east and east of Saint-Dié.

In November we had recovered almost in its integrity the invaded territory between Belfort and the Moselle.

*In brief, the situation on Dec. 1 was as follows:*

In number of men, the French Army is equal to what it was on Aug. 2, as all the gaps have been filled up.

The quality of the troops is infinitely better. Our men now fight like veterans. All are deeply convinced of their superiority and have absolute faith in the final victory.

Several necessary changes were made among the commanding officers, and in the last three months none of those mistakes was committed that had been observed and punished in August.

Our supply in artillery ammunition has been largely increased. The heavy artillery which we lacked has been provided for and seen at work on the battlefield.

The English Army has been very heav-

ily reinforced in November. It is numerically stronger than at the outset of the campaign. The Indian troops have completed their apprenticeship in European warfare.

The Belgian Army has been reorganized into six divisions. It is ready and eager to reconquer the national territory.

#### A SERIES OF GERMAN REVERSES

The enemy have failed in their abrupt attack upon Nancy.

They failed in their swift march on Paris.

They failed to envelop our left wing in August.

They failed in the same attempt in November.

They failed to pierce through our centre in September.

They failed in their attack by way of the coast on Dunkirk and Calais.

They failed in their attack on Ypres.

*The Bulletin des Armées concludes its account in these words:*

Germany has exhausted its reserves in this fruitless effort. Her newly formed troops are raw.

Russia more and more asserts her superiority against Germany, as well as against Austria.

The German armies after this check are fatally doomed to retreat.

All this has been accomplished during the last four months. The moment had come to sum up these operations; the press is now free to comment upon them.

## LONG LIVE THE ALLIES!

By CLAUDE MONET

[From King Albert's Book]

**I** FEEL myself greatly honored by the opportunity given me to express all my admiration of heroic Belgium, and to offer a like admiration to the noble and valiant King of the Belgians.

Long live Belgium! Long live the Allies!  
Long live France!



# United States Fair to All

## Disclaimer of Bias Against Germany and Austria

By William J. Bryan

*American Secretary of State*

*The following letter is the most exhaustive document that has come from the Administration at Washington since the outbreak of the war dealing with any aspect of the relations of this country toward that conflict. It is intended as a categorical denial of the different charges that have been made and of the arguments current in German circles accusing the Administration of unfriendliness to Germany and Austria-Hungary. Senator Stone was interested in having these charges answered for two reasons: First, there is a large German population in St. Louis, the chief city of his State, and, second, he is Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Senator Stone wrote his letter of inquiry on Jan. 8, saying that he had received many letters from sympathizers with Germany and Austria who believed the United States Government had been showing partiality to England, France, and Russia.*

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1915.

*Hon. William J. Stone, Chairman Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.*

**D**EAR Mr. Stone: I have received your letter of the 8th inst. referring to frequent complaints or charges made in one form or another through the press that this Government has shown partiality to Great Britain, France, and Russia against Germany and Austria during the present war and stating that you have received numerous letters to the same effect from sympathizers with the latter powers. You summarize the various grounds of these complaints and ask that you be furnished with whatever information the department may have touching these points of complaint in order that you may be informed as to what the true situation is in regard to these matters.

In order that you may have such information as the department has on the subjects referred to in your letter, I will take them up seriatim.

(1) *Freedom of communication by submarine cables versus censored communication by wireless.*

The reason that wireless messages and

cable messages require different treatment by a neutral Government is as follows:

Communication by wireless cannot be interrupted by a belligerent. With a submarine cable it is otherwise. The possibility of cutting the cable exists, and if a belligerent possesses naval superiority the cable is cut, as was the German cable near the Azores by one of Germany's enemies, and as was the British cable near Fanning Island by a German naval force. Since a cable is subject to hostile attack, the responsibility falls upon the belligerent, and not upon the neutral, to prevent cable communication.

A more important reason, however, at least from the point of view of a neutral Government, is that messages sent out from a wireless station in neutral territory may be received by belligerent warships on the high seas. If these messages, whether plain or in cipher, direct the movements of warships or convey to them information as to the location of an enemy's public or private vessels, the neutral territory becomes a base of naval operations, to permit which would be essentially unneutral.

As a wireless message can be received by all stations and vessels within a given radius, every message in cipher, whatever its intended destination, must be censored, otherwise military information may be sent to warships off the coast of a neutral. It is manifest that a submarine cable is incapable of becoming a means of direct communication with a warship on the high seas; hence its use cannot, as a rule, make neutral territory a base for the direction of naval operations.

(2) *Censorship of mails and in some cases repeated destruction of American letters on neutral vessels.*

As to the censorship of mails, Germany, as well as Great Britain, has pursued this course in regard to private letters falling into their hands. The unquestioned right to adopt a measure of this sort makes objection to it inadvisable.

It has been asserted that American mail on board of Dutch steamers has been repeatedly destroyed. No evidence to this effect has been filed with the Government, and therefore no representations have been made. Until such a case is presented in concrete form this Government would not be justified in presenting the matter to the offending belligerent. Complaints have come to the department that mail on board neutral steamers has been opened and detained, but there seem to be but few cases where the mail from neutral countries has not been finally delivered. When mail is sent to belligerent countries open and is of a neutral and private character it has not been molested so far as the department is advised.

(3) *Searching of American vessels for German and Austrian subjects on the high seas and in territorial waters of a belligerent.*

So far as this Government has been informed, no American vessels on the high seas, with two exceptions, have been detained or searched by belligerent warships for German and Austrian subjects. One of the exceptions to which reference is made is now the subject of a rigid investigation, and vigorous rep-

resentations have been made to the offending Government. The other exception, where certain German passengers were made to sign a promise not to take part in the war, has been brought to the attention of the offending Government with a declaration that such procedure, if true, is an unwarranted exercise of jurisdiction over American vessels in which this Government will not acquiesce.

An American private vessel entering voluntarily the territorial waters of a belligerent becomes subject to its municipal laws, as do the persons on board the vessel.

There have appeared in certain publications the assertion that failure to protest in these cases is an abandonment of the principle for which the United States went to war in 1812. If the failure to protest were true, which it is not, the principle involved is entirely different from the one appealed to against unjustifiable impressment of Americans in the British Navy in time of peace.

(4) *Submission without protest to British violations of the rules regarding absolute and conditional contraband as laid down in The Hague Conventions, the Declaration of London, and international law.*

There is no Hague Convention which deals with absolute or conditional contraband and, as the Declaration of London is not in force, the rules of international law only apply. As to the articles to be regarded as contraband, there is no general agreement between nations. It is the practice of a century, either in time of peace or after the outbreak of war, to declare the articles which it will consider as absolute or conditional contraband. It is true that a neutral Government is seriously affected by this declaration, as the rights of its subjects or citizens may be impaired. But the rights and interests of belligerents and neutrals are opposed in respect to contraband articles and trade and there is no tribunal to which questions of difference may be readily submitted.

The record of the United States in the past is not free from criticism. When

neutral this Government has stood for a restricted list of absolute and conditional contraband. As a belligerent, we have contended for a liberal list, according to our conception of the necessities of the case.

The United States has made earnest representations to Great Britain in regard to the seizure and detention by the British authorities of all American ships or cargoes bona fide destined to neutral ports, on the ground that such seizures and detentions were contrary to the existing rules of international law. It will be recalled, however, that American courts have established various rules bearing on these matters. The rule of "continuous voyage" has been not only asserted by American tribunals, but extended by them.

They have exercised the right to determine from the circumstances whether the ostensible was the real destination. They have held that the shipment of articles of contraband to a neutral port "to order," from which, as a matter of fact, cargoes had been transhipped to the enemy, is corroborative evidence that the cargo is really destined to the enemy, instead of to the neutral port of delivery. It is thus seen that some of the doctrines which appear to bear harshly upon neutrals at the present time are analogous to or outgrowths from policies adopted by the United States when it was a belligerent. The Government, therefore, cannot consistently protest against the application of rules which it has followed in the past, unless they have not been practiced as heretofore.

(5) *Acquiescence without protest to the inclusion of copper and other articles in the British lists of absolute contraband.*

The United States has now under consideration the question of the right of a belligerent to include "copper unwrought" in its list of absolute contraband instead of in its list of conditional contraband. As the Government of the United States has in the past placed "all articles from which ammunition is manufactured" in its contraband list,

and has declared copper to be among such materials, it necessarily finds some embarrassment in dealing with the subject.

Moreover, there is no instance of the United States acquiescing in Great Britain's seizure of copper shipments. In every case in which it has been done vigorous representations have been made to the British Government, and the representatives of the United States have pressed for the release of the shipments.

(6) *Submission without protest to interference with American trade to neutral countries in conditional and absolute contraband.*

The fact that the commerce of the United States is interrupted by Great Britain is consequent upon the superiority of her navy on the high seas. History shows that whenever a country has possessed that superiority our trade has been interrupted and that few articles essential to the prosecution of the war have been allowed to reach its enemy from this country. The department's recent note to the British Government, which has been made public, in regard to detentions and seizures of American vessels and cargoes, is a complete answer to this complaint.

Certain other complaints appear aimed at the loss of profit in trade, which must include at least in part trade in contraband with Germany, while other complaints demand the prohibition of trade in contraband, which appears to refer to trade with the Allies.

(7) *Submission without protest to interruption of trade in conditional contraband consigned to private persons in Germany and Austria, thereby supporting the policy of Great Britain to cut off all supplies from Germany and Austria.*

As no American vessel, so far as known, has attempted to carry conditional contraband to Germany or Austria-Hungary, no ground of complaint has arisen out of the seizure or condemnation by Great Britain of an American vessel with a belligerent destination. Until a case arises and the Government has taken action upon it, criticism is



premature and unwarranted. The United States in its note of Dec. 28 to the British Government strongly contended for the principle of freedom of trade in articles of conditional contraband not destined to the belligerent's forces.

(8) *Submission to British interference with trade in petroleum, rubber, leather, wool, &c.*

Petrol and other petroleum products have been proclaimed by Great Britain as contraband of war. In view of the absolute necessity of such products to the use of submarines, aeroplanes, and motors, the United States Government has not yet reached the conclusion that they are improperly included in a list of contraband. Military operations today are largely a question of motive power through mechanical devices. It is therefore difficult to argue successfully against the inclusion of petroleum among the articles of contraband. As to the detention of cargoes of petroleum going to neutral countries, this Government has, thus far, successfully obtained the release in every case of detention or seizure which has been brought to its attention.

Great Britain and France have placed rubber on the absolute contraband list and leather on the conditional contraband list. Rubber is extensively used in the manufacture and operation of motors, and, like petrol, is regarded by some authorities as essential to motive power today. Leather is even more widely used in cavalry and infantry equipment. It is understood that both rubber and leather, together with wool, have been embargoed by most of the belligerent countries. It will be recalled that the United States has in the past exercised the right of embargo upon exports of any commodity which might aid the enemy's cause.

(9) *The United States has not interfered with the sale to Great Britain and her allies of arms, ammunition, horses, uniforms, and other munitions of war, although such sales prolong the conflict.*

There is no power in the Executive

to prevent the sale of ammunition to the belligerents. The duty of a neutral to restrict trade in munitions of war has never been imposed by international law or by municipal statute. It has never been the policy of this Government to prevent the shipment of arms or ammunition into belligerent territory, except in the case of neighboring American republics, and then only when civil strife prevailed. Even to this extent the belligerents in the present conflict, when they were neutrals, have never, so far as the records disclose, limited the sale of munitions of war. It is only necessary to point to the enormous quantities of arms and ammunition furnished by manufacturers in Germany to the belligerents in the Russo-Japanese war, and in the recent Balkan wars, to establish the general recognition of the propriety of the trade by a neutral nation.

It may be added that on the 15th of December last, the German Ambassador, by direction of his Government, presented a copy of a memorandum of the Imperial German Government which, among other things, set forth the attitude of that Government toward traffic in contraband of war by citizens of neutral countries. The Imperial Government stated that "under the general principles of international law, no exception can be taken to neutral States, letting war material go to Germany's enemies from or through neutral territory," and that the adversaries of Germany in the present war are, in the opinion of the Imperial Government, authorized to "draw on the United States contraband of war, and especially arms worth billions of marks."

These principles, as the Ambassador stated, have been accepted by the United States Government in the statement issued by the Department of State on Oct. 15 last, entitled "Neutrality and Trade in Contraband." Acting in conformity with the propositions there set forth, the United States has itself taken no part in contraband traffic, and has, so far as possible, lent its influence toward equal treatment for all belligerents in

the matter of purchasing arms and ammunition of private persons in the United States.

(10) *The United States has not suppressed the sale of dum dum bullets to Great Britain.*

On Dec. 5 last the German Ambassador addressed a note to the department stating that the British Government had ordered from the Winchester Repeating Arms Company 20,000 "riot guns," Model 1897, and 50,000,000 "buckshot cartridges" for use in such guns. The department replied that it saw a published statement of the Winchester Company, the correctness of which the company has confirmed to the department by telegraph. In this statement the company categorically denies that it has received an order for such guns and cartridges from or made any sales of such material to the British Government, or to any other Government engaged in the present war. The Ambassador further called attention to "information, the accuracy of which is not to be doubted," that 8,000,000 cartridges fitted with "mushroom bullets" had been delivered since October of this year by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company for the armament of the English Army.

In reply the department referred to the letter of Dec. 10, 1914, of the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company of New York to the Ambassador, called forth by certain newspaper reports of statements alleged to have been made by the Ambassador in regard to the sales by that company of soft-nosed bullets. From this letter, a copy of which was sent to the department by the company, it appears that instead of 8,000,000 cartridges having been sold only a little over 117,000 were manufactured and 109,000 were sold.

The letter further asserts that these cartridges were made to supply a demand for a better sporting cartridge with a soft-nosed bullet than had been manufactured theretofore, and that such cartridges cannot be used in the military rifles of any foreign powers. The company adds that its statements can be substantiated, and that it is ready to

give the Ambassador any evidence that he may require on these points. The department further stated that it was also in receipt from the company of a complete detailed list of the persons to whom these cartridges were sold, and that from this list it appeared that the cartridges were sold to firms in lots of 20 to 2,000, and one lot each of 3,000, 4,000, and 5,000. Of these only 960 cartridges went to British North America, and 100 to British East Africa.

The department added that if the Ambassador could furnish evidence that this or any other company is manufacturing and selling for the use of the contending armies in Europe cartridges whose use would contravene The Hague Conventions, the department would be glad to be furnished with this evidence, and that the President would, in case any American company is shown to be engaged in this traffic, use his influence to prevent so far as possible sales of such ammunition to the powers engaged in the European war, without regard to whether it is the duty of this Government upon legal or conventional grounds to take such action.

The substance of both the Ambassador's note and the department's reply have appeared in the press.

The department has received no other complaints of alleged sales of dum dum bullets by American citizens to belligerent Governments.

(11) *British warships are permitted to lie off American ports and intercept neutral vessels.*

The complaint is unjustified from the fact that representations were made to the British Government that the presence of war vessels in the vicinity of New York Harbor was offensive to this Government, and a similar complaint was made to the Japanese Government as to one of its cruisers in the vicinity of the Port of Honolulu. In both cases the warships were withdrawn.

It will be recalled that in 1863 the department took the position that captures made by its vessels after hovering about neutral ports would not be regarded as valid. In the Franco-Prussian war Pres-

ident Grant issued a proclamation warning belligerent warships against hovering in the vicinity of American ports for purposes of observation or hostile acts. The same policy has been maintained in the present war, and in all of the recent proclamations of neutrality the President states that such practice by belligerent warships is "unfriendly and offensive."

*(12) Great Britain and her allies are allowed without protest to disregard American citizenship papers and passports.*

American citizenship papers have been disregarded in a comparatively few instances by Great Britain, but the same is true of all the belligerents. Bearers of American passports have been arrested in all the countries at war. In every case of apparent illegal arrest the United States Government has entered vigorous protests with requests of release.

The department does not know of any cases except one or two, which are still under investigation, in which naturalized Germans have not been released upon representations by this Government. There have, however, come to the department's notice authentic cases in which American passports have been fraudulently obtained and used by certain German subjects.

The Department of Justice has recently apprehended at least four persons of German nationality, who, it is alleged, obtained American passports under pretense of being American citizens, and for the purpose of returning to Germany without molestation by her enemies during the voyage. There are indications that a systematic plan had been devised to obtain American passports through fraud for the purpose of securing safe passage for German officers and reservists desiring to return to Germany.

Such fraudulent use of passports by Germans themselves can have no other effect than to cast suspicion upon American passports in general. New regulations, however, requiring among other things the attaching of a photograph of the bearer to his passport,

under the seal of the Department of State, and the vigilance of the Department of Justice, will doubtless prevent further misuse of American passports.

*(13) Change of policy in regard to loans to belligerents.*

War loans in this country were disapproved because inconsistent with the spirit of neutrality. There is a clearly defined difference between a war loan and the purchase of arms and ammunition. The policy of disapproving of war loans affects all Governments alike, so that the disapproval is not an unneutral act. The case is entirely different in the matter of arms and ammunition because prohibition of export not only might not, but, in this case, would not, operate equally upon the nations at war. Then, too, the reason given for the disapproval of war loans is supported by other considerations which are absent in the case presented by the sale of arms and ammunition. The taking of money out of the United States during such a war as this might seriously embarrass the Government in case it needed to borrow money, and it might also seriously impair this nation's ability to assist the neutral nations which, though not participants in the war, are compelled to bear a heavy burden on account of the war, and, again, a war loan, if offered for popular subscription in the United States, would be taken up chiefly by those who are in sympathy with the belligerents seeking the loan.

The result would be that great numbers of the American people might become more earnest partisans, having material interest in the success of the belligerent whose bonds they hold. These purchasers would not be confined to a few, but would spread generally throughout the country, so that the people would be divided into groups of partisans, which would result in intense bitterness and might cause an undesirable if not a serious situation. On the other hand, contracts for and sales of contraband are mere matters of trade. The manufacturer, unless peculiarly sentimental, would sell to one belligerent as readily as he would to another. No general



spirit of partisanship is aroused — no sympathies excited. The whole transaction is merely a matter of business.

This Government has not been advised that any general loans have been made by foreign Governments in this country since the President expressed his wish that loans of this character should not be made.

*(14) Submission to arrest of native-born Americans on neutral vessels and in British ports and their imprisonment.*

The general charge as to the arrest of American-born citizens on board neutral vessels and in British ports, the ignoring of their passports, and their confinement in jails, requires evidence to support it. That there have been cases of injustice of this sort is unquestionably true, but Americans in Germany have suffered in this way, as Americans have in Great Britain. This Government has considered that the majority of these cases resulted from overzealousness on the part of subordinate officials in both countries. Every case which has been brought to the attention of the Department of State has been properly investigated, and if the facts warranted a demand for release has been made.

*(15) Indifference to confinement of noncombatants in detention camps in England and France.*

As to the detention of noncombatants confined in concentration camps, all the belligerents, with perhaps the exception of Servia and Russia, have made similar complaints, and those for whom this Government is acting have asked investigations, which representatives of this Government have made impartially. Their reports have shown that the treatment of prisoners is generally as good as possible under the conditions in all countries, and that there is no more reason to say that they are mistreated in one country than in another country, or that this Government has manifested an indifference in the matter. As this department's efforts at investigations seemed to develop bitterness between the countries, the department on Nov. 20 sent a circular instruction to its repre-

sentatives not to undertake further investigation of concentration camps.

But at the special request of the German Government that Mr. Jackson, former American Minister at Bucharest, now attached to the American Embassy at Berlin, make an investigation of the prison camps in England, in addition to the investigations already made, the department has consented to dispatch Mr. Jackson on this special mission.

*(16) Failure to prevent transshipment of British troops and war materials across the territory of the United States.*

The department has had no specific case of the passage of convoys or troops across American territory brought to its notice. There have been rumors to this effect, but no actual facts have been presented. The transshipment of reservists of all belligerents who have requested the privilege has been permitted on condition that they travel as individuals and not as organized, uniformed, or armed bodies. The German Embassy has advised the department that it would not be likely to avail itself of the privilege, but Germany's ally, Austria-Hungary, did so.

Only one case raising the question of the transit of war material owned by a belligerent across United States territory has come to the department's notice. This was a request on the part of the Canadian Government for permission to ship equipment across Alaska to the sea. The request was refused.

*(17) Treatment and final interment of German S. S. Geier and the collier Locksun at Honolulu.*

The Geier entered Honolulu on Oct. 15 in an unseaworthy condition. The commanding officer reported the necessity of extensive repairs which would require an indefinite period for completion. The vessel was allowed the generous period of three weeks, to Nov. 7, to make repairs and leave the port, or, failing to do so, to be interned. A longer period would have been contrary to international practice, which does not permit a vessel to remain for a long time in a neutral port for the purpose of re-

pairing a generally run-down condition due to long sea service. Soon after the German cruiser arrived at Honolulu a Japanese cruiser appeared off the port, and the commander of the Geier chose to intern the vessel rather than to depart from the harbor.

Shortly after the Geier entered the Port of Honolulu the steamer Locksun arrived. It was found that this vessel had delivered coal to the Geier en route and had accompanied her toward Hawaii. As she had thus constituted herself a tender or collier to the Geier, she was accorded the same treatment and interned on Nov. 7.

*(18) Unfairness to Germany in rules relative to coaling of warships in Panama Canal Zone.*

By proclamation of Nov. 13, 1914, certain special restrictions were placed on the coaling of warships or their tenders or colliers in the Canal Zone. These regulations were framed through the collaboration of the State, Navy, and War Departments and without the slightest reference to favoritism to the belligerents. Before these regulations were proclaimed war vessels could procure coal of the Panama Railway in the Zone ports, but no belligerent vessels are known to have done so.

Under the proclamation fuel may be taken on by belligerent warships only with the consent of the canal authorities and in such amounts as will enable them to reach the nearest accessible neutral port; and the amount so taken on shall be deducted from the amount procurable in United States ports within three months thereafter. Now it is charged that the United States has shown partiality, because Great Britain and not Germany happens to have colonies in the near vicinity where British ships may coal, while Germany has no such coaling facilities. Thus it is intimated the United States should balance the inequalities of geographical position by refusal to allow any warships of belligerents to coal in the Canal Zone until the war is over. As no German warship has sought to obtain coal in the Canal Zone the charge of discrimination rests upon a

possibility which during several months of warfare has failed to materialize.

*(19) Failure to protest against the modifications of the Declaration of London by the British Government.*

The German Foreign Office presented to the diplomats in Berlin a memorandum dated Oct. 10 calling attention to violations of and changes in the Declaration of London by the British Government, and inquiring as to the attitude of the United States toward such action on the part of the Allies. The substance of the memorandum was forthwith telegraphed to the department on Oct. 22, and was replied to shortly thereafter to the effect that the United States had withdrawn its suggestion, made early in the war, that for the sake of uniformity the Declaration of London should be adopted as a temporary code of naval warfare during the present war, owing to the unwillingness of the belligerents to accept the declaration without changes and modifications, and that thenceforth the United States would insist that the rights of the United States and its citizens in the war should be governed by the existing rules of international law.

As this Government is not now interested in the adoption of the Declaration of London by the belligerents, the modifications by the belligerents in that code of naval warfare are of no concern to it, except as they adversely affect the rights of the United States and those of its citizens as defined by international law. In so far as those rights have been infringed, the department has made every effort to obtain redress for the losses sustained.

*(20) Generally unfriendly attitude of Government toward Germany and Austria.*

If any American citizens, partisans of Germany and Austria-Hungary, feel that this Administration is acting in a way injurious to the cause of those countries, this feeling results from the fact that on the high seas the German and Austro-Hungarian naval power is thus far inferior to the British. It is the business of a belligerent operating on the high

seas, not the duty of a neutral, to prevent contraband from reaching an enemy.

Those in this country who sympathize with Germany and Austria-Hungary appear to assume that some obligation rests upon this Government, in the performance of its neutral duty, to prevent all trade in contraband, and thus to equalize the difference due to the relative naval strength of the belligerents. No such obligation exists; it would be an unneutral act, an act of partiality on the part of this Government, to adopt such a policy if the Executive had the power

to do so. If Germany and Austria-Hungary cannot import contraband from this country it is not, because of that fact, the duty of the United States to close its markets to the Allies. The markets of this country are open upon equal terms to all the world, to every nation, belligerent or neutral.

The foregoing categorical replies to specific complaints is sufficient answer to the charge of unfriendliness to Germany and Austria-Hungary.

I am, my dear Senator, very sincerely yours,

W. J. BRYAN.

## THE HOUSE WITH SEALED DOORS

By EDITH M. THOMAS

\* \* \* "A house with sealed doors, where a family of 7,000,000 sits in silence around a cheerless hearth. \* \* \* America opened the window \* \* \* and slipped a loaf of bread into the larder."—Frederick Palmer, in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MERCHANT ships many are on the main.

This that we send plies not for gain—  
Ship of the loaves! May her course be  
straight,  
When the starving millions her coming wait!

In a "Happy Province" beyond the sea  
("Happy" by fiat—a monarch's decree!)  
They have seized their lands, they have taken  
their stores,  
They have shut them up, they have sealed  
the doors!

The folk within—their table is bare,  
But why should the lords of the "Province"  
care?—

Myrmidons, myrmidons, first to feed;  
Afterwards think of the people's need.

Let the arm'd men eat, let the people wait,  
(Say the lords of the "Province" who parcel  
out fate,)

Let the arm'd men feed—that their strength  
endure,  
That their hearts be lusty, their grasp be  
sure!

In that "Happy Province" beyond the sea  
They are not bond and they are not free:  
In silence they sit by their smoldered hearth;  
But the winds bear their burden around the  
earth!

The winds and the waters are rolling along  
The rune of their sorrow (too cruel for  
song!) \* \* \*  
Bring food for the family robbed of its  
stores;  
Open a window where sealed are the doors!

Merchant ships many are on the main.  
This that we send plies not for gain—  
Ship of the loaves! \* \* \* Ye have given  
them lead,  
Ye lords of the "Province," but we give  
bread!



# Seizures of American Cargoes

By William J. Bryan  
*American Secretary of State*

*By agreement between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain the text of the American note, printed below, setting forth the views of this Government in opposition to British interference with American trade, was made public in Washington on Dec. 31, 1914, and simultaneously in London. At the same time copies of the American communication were for the first time delivered to the Ambassadors and Ministers of all the powers at Washington, and the note was cabled by them to their respective Governments. The communication sets forth clearly the conditions of which the American Government and people complain resulting from the frequent seizures and detentions by the British of American cargoes destined to neutral European ports.*

*The Secretary of State to the American Ambassador at London.*

Department of State,  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 26, 1914.

The present condition of American foreign trade resulting from the frequent seizures and detentions of American cargoes destined to neutral European ports has become so serious as to require a candid statement of the views of this Government in order that the British Government may be fully informed as to the attitude of the United States toward the policy which has been pursued by the British authorities during the present war.

You will therefore communicate the following to his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but in doing so you will assure him that it is done in the most friendly spirit and in the belief that frankness will better serve the continuance of cordial relations between the two countries than silence, which may be misconstrued into acquiescence in a course of conduct which this Government cannot but consider to be an infringement upon the rights of American citizens.

The Government of the United States has viewed with growing concern the

large number of vessels laden with American goods destined to neutral ports in Europe which have been seized on the high seas, taken into British ports, and detained sometimes for weeks by the British authorities. During the early days of the war this Government assumed that the policy adopted by the British Government was due to the unexpected outbreak of hostilities and the necessity of immediate action to prevent contraband from reaching the enemy.

For this reason it was not disposed to judge this policy harshly, or protest it vigorously, although it was manifestly very injurious to American trade with the neutral countries of Europe. This Government, relying confidently upon the high regard which Great Britain has so often exhibited in the past for the rights of other nations, confidently awaited amendment of a course of action which denied to neutral commerce the freedom to which it was entitled by the law of nations.

This expectation seemed to be rendered the more assured by the statement of the Foreign Office early in November that the British Government was satisfied with guarantees offered by the Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish Governments as to non-exportation of contra-

band goods when consigned to named persons in the territories of those Governments, and that orders had been given to the British fleet and customs authorities to restrict interference with neutral vessels carrying such cargoes so consigned to verification of ship's papers and cargoes.

It is therefore a matter of deep regret that, though nearly five months have passed since the war began, the British Government has not materially changed its policy and do not treat less rigorously ships and cargoes passing between neutral ports in the peaceful pursuit of lawful commerce, which belligerents should protect rather than interrupt. The greater freedom from detention and seizure which was confidently expected to result from consigning shipments to definite consignees rather than "to order" is still awaited.

It is needless to point out to his Majesty's Government, usually the champion of the freedom of the seas and the rights of trade, that peace, not war, is the normal relation between nations and that the commerce between countries which are not belligerents should not be interfered with by those at war unless such interference is manifestly an imperative necessity to protect their national safety, and then only to the extent that it is a necessity.

It is with no lack of appreciation of the momentous nature of the present struggle in which Great Britain is engaged and with no selfish desire to gain undue commercial advantage that this Government is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the present policy of his Majesty's Government toward neutral ships and cargoes exceeds the manifest necessity of a belligerent and constitutes restrictions upon the rights of American citizens on the high seas which are not justified by the rules of international law or required under the principles of self-preservation.

The Government of the United States does not intend at this time to discuss the propriety of including certain articles in the lists of absolute and conditional contraband which have been proclaimed

by his Majesty. Open to objection as some of these seem to this Government, the chief ground of present complaint is the treatment of cargoes of both classes of articles when bound to neutral ports.

Articles listed as absolute contraband, shipped from the United States and consigned to neutral countries, have been seized and detained on the ground that the countries to which they were destined have not prohibited the exportation of such articles. Unwarranted as such detentions are, in the opinion of this Government, American exporters are further perplexed by the apparent indecision of the British authorities in applying their own rules to neutral cargoes.

For example, a shipment of copper from this country to a specified consignee in Sweden was detained because, as was stated by Great Britain, Sweden had placed no embargo on copper. On the other hand, Italy not only prohibited the export of copper, but, as this Government is informed, put in force a decree that shipments to Italian consignees or "to order" which arrive in ports of Italy cannot be exported or transshipped. The only exception Italy makes is of copper which passes through that country in transit to another country. In spite of these decrees, however, the British Foreign Office has thus far declined to affirm that copper shipments consigned to Italy will not be molested on the high seas. Seizures are so numerous and delays so prolonged that exporters are afraid to send their copper to Italy, steamship lines decline to accept it, and insurers refuse to issue policies upon it. In a word, a legitimate trade is being greatly impaired through uncertainty as to the treatment which we may expect at the hands of the British authorities.

We feel that we are abundantly justified in asking for information as to the manner in which the British Government propose to carry out the policy which they have adopted in order that we may determine the steps necessary to protect our citizens engaged in foreign trade in their rights and from the serious losses to which they are liable through

ignorance of the hazards to which their cargoes are exposed.

In the case of conditional contraband, the policy of Great Britain appears to this Government to be equally unjustified by the established rules of international conduct. As evidence of this, attention is directed to the fact that a number of the American cargoes which have been seized consist of foodstuffs and other articles of common use in all countries which are admittedly relative contraband.

In spite of the presumption of innocent use because destined to neutral territory, the British authorities made these seizures and detentions without, so far as we are informed, being in possession of facts which warranted a reasonable belief that the shipments had in reality a belligerent destination, as that term is used in international law.

Mere suspicion is not evidence, and doubts should be resolved in favor of neutral commerce, not against it. The effect upon trade in these articles between neutral nations resulting from interrupted voyages and detained cargoes is not entirely cured by reimbursement of the owners for the damages which they have suffered, after investigation has failed to establish an enemy destination. The injury is to American commerce with neutral countries as a whole through the hazard of the enterprise and the repeated diversion of goods from establishing markets.

It also appears that cargoes of this character have been seized by the British authorities because of a belief that, though not originally so intended by the shippers, they will ultimately reach the territory of the enemies of Great Britain. Yet this belief is frequently reduced to a mere fear in view of the embargoes which have been decreed by the neutral countries to which they are destined on the articles composing the cargoes.

That a consignment "to order" of articles listed as conditional contraband and shipped to a neutral port raises a legal presumption of enemy destination appears to be directly contrary to the doctrines previously held by Great Brit-

ain and thus stated by Lord Salisbury during the South African war:

"Foodstuffs, though having a hostile destination, can be considered as contraband of war only if they are for the enemy forces; it is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used, it must be shown that this was in fact their destination at the time of their seizure."

With this statement as to conditional contraband the views of this Government are in entire accord, and upon this historic doctrine, consistently maintained by Great Britain when a belligerent as well as a neutral, American shippers were entitled to rely.

The Government of the United States readily admits the full right of a belligerent to visit and search on the high seas the vessels of American citizens or other neutral vessels carrying American goods and to detain them WHEN THERE IS SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO JUSTIFY A BELIEF THAT CONTRABAND ARTICLES ARE IN THEIR CARGOES; but his Majesty's Government, judging by their own experience in the past, must realize that this Government cannot without protest permit American ships or American cargoes to be taken into British ports and there detained for the purpose of searching generally for evidence of contraband or upon presumptions created by special municipal enactments which are clearly at variance with international law and practice.

This Government believes and earnestly hopes his Majesty's Government will come to the same belief, that a course of conduct more in conformity with the rules of international usage, which Great Britain has strongly sanctioned for many years, will in the end better serve the interests of belligerents as well as those of neutrals.

Not only is the situation a critical one to the commercial interests of the United States, but many of the great industries of this country are suffering because their products are denied long-established markets in European countries, which, though neutral, are contiguous to the



nations at war. Producers and exporters, steamship and insurance companies, are pressing, and not without reason, for relief from the menace to transatlantic trade which is gradually but surely destroying their business and threatening them with financial disaster.

The Government of the United States, still relying upon the deep sense of justice of the British Nation, which has been so often manifested in the intercourse between the two countries during so many years of uninterrupted friendship, expresses confidently the hope that his Majesty's Government will realize the obstacles and difficulties which their present policy has placed in the way of commerce between the United States and the neutral countries of Europe and will instruct its officials to refrain from all unnecessary interference with the freedom of trade between nations which are sufferers, though not participants, in the present conflict; and will in their treatment of neutral ships and cargoes conform more closely to those rules governing the maritime relations between belligerents and neutrals which

have received the sanction of the civilized world and in which Great Britain has in other wars so strongly and successfully advocated.

In conclusion, it should be impressed upon his Majesty's Government that the present condition of American trade with the neutral European countries is such that, if it does not improve, it may arouse a feeling contrary to that which has so long existed between the American and British people. Already it is becoming more and more the subject of public criticism and complaint. There is an increasing belief, doubtless not entirely unjustified, that the present British policy toward American trade is responsible for the depression in certain industries which depend upon European markets. The attention of the British Government is called to this possible result of their present policy, to show how widespread the effect is upon the industrial life of the United States and to emphasize the importance of removing the cause of complaint.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN,  
Secretary of State.

## German Crown Prince to America

[A Dispatch from The Associated Press]

**G**ENEVA, (via Paris,) Jan. 29.—Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany has sent to the local correspondent of The Associated Press, in response to a request for a statement on the war, the following reply, dated near Verdun, Jan. 22, 1915:

"You ask me to send a message to the American people. Being an officer and no diplomat, I have no right to do so, but if you like I will tell you three things:

"First—Every single German and Austrian is quite certain that we will come out on top, and will give his last drop of blood to this end.

"Second—We are convinced that the day will come when the people of Russia and France will find out that they are only doing the dirty work for England.

"Third—We expect from America absolutely fair play in all questions.

"These are my personal ideas, but a good many of my countrymen feel the same. Greetings.

"WILHELM, Kronprinz."

# The Official British Explanation

By Sir Edward Grey

*British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs*

*The State Department in Washington and the Foreign Office in London, by agreement, made public simultaneously on Jan. 10, 1915, the British reply to the American protest against the undue detention of American ships and cargoes seized for search for contraband. The answer, signed by Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was addressed to Walter Hines Page, the American Ambassador in London, who cabled it to Washington on Jan. 7. It was to be followed by a more detailed reply.*

*The British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the American Ambassador.*

FOREIGN OFFICE, Jan. 7, 1915.

Your Excellency: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your note of the 28th of December. It is being carefully examined and the points raised in it are receiving consideration, as the result of which a reply shall be addressed to your Excellency dealing in detail with the issues raised and the points to which the United States Government have drawn attention. This consideration and the preparation of the reply will necessarily require some time, and I therefore desire to send without further delay some preliminary observations which will, I trust, help to clear the ground and remove some misconceptions that seem to exist.

Let me say at once that we entirely recognize the most friendly spirit referred to by your Excellency and that we desire to reply in the same spirit and in the belief that, as your Excellency states, frankness will best serve the continuance of cordial relations between the two countries.

His Majesty's Government cordially concur in the principle enunciated by the Government of the United States that a belligerent, in dealing with trade between neutrals, should not interfere unless such interference is necessary to

protect the belligerent's national safety, and then only to the extent to which this is necessary. We shall endeavor to keep our action within the limits of this principle on the understanding that it admits our right to interfere when such interference is not with "bona-fide" trade between the United States and another neutral country, but with trade in contraband destined for the enemy's country; and we are ready, whenever our action may unintentionally exceed this principle, to make redress.

We think that much misconception exists as to the extent to which we have, in practice, interfered with trade. Your Excellency's note seems to hold his Majesty's Government responsible for the present condition of trade with neutral countries, and it is stated that, through the action of his Majesty's Government, the products of the great industries of the United States have been denied long-established markets in European countries which, though neutral, are contiguous to the seat of war. Such a result is far from being the intention of his Majesty's Government, and they would exceedingly regret that it should be due to their action.

I have been unable to obtain complete or conclusive figures showing what the state of trade with these neutral countries has been recently, and I can, therefore, only ask that some further consideration should be given to the ques-

tion whether United States trade with these neutral countries has been so seriously affected. The only figures as to the total volume of trade that I have seen are those for the exports from New York for the month of November, 1914, and they are as follows, compared with the month of November, 1913:

Exports from New York for November, 1913, and November, 1914, respectively: Denmark, \$558,000, \$7,101,000; Sweden, \$377,000, \$2,858,000; Norway, \$477,000, \$2,318,000; Italy, \$2,971,000, \$4,781,000; Holland, \$4,389,000, \$3,960,000.

It is true that there may have been a falling off in cotton exports, as to which New York figures would be no guide, but his Majesty's Government have been most careful not to interfere with cotton, and its place on the free list has been scrupulously maintained.

We do not wish to lay too much stress upon incomplete statistics; the figures above are not put forward as conclusive, and we are prepared to examine any further evidence with regard to the state of trade with these neutral countries, which may point to a different conclusion or show that it is the action of his Majesty's Government in particular and not the existence of a state of war and consequent diminution of purchasing power and shrinkage of trade, which is responsible for adverse effects upon trade with the neutral countries.

That the existence of a state of war on such a scale has had a very adverse effect upon certain great industries, such as cotton, is obvious, but it is submitted that this is due to the general cause of diminished purchasing power of such countries as France, Germany, and the United Kingdom rather than to interference with trade with neutral countries. In the matter of cotton it may be recalled that the British Government gave special assistance through the Liverpool Cotton Exchange to the renewal of transactions in the cotton trade of not only the United Kingdom, but of many neutral countries.

Your Excellency's note refers in particular to the detention of copper. The figures taken from official returns for

the export of copper from the United States for Italy for the months during which the war has been in progress up to the end of the first three weeks of December are as follows:

1913—Fifteen million two hundred and two thousand pounds.

1914—Thirty-six million two hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds.

Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland are not shown separately for the whole period in the United States returns, but are included in the heading "Other Europe"; that is, Europe other than the United Kingdom, Russia, France, Belgium, Austria, Germany, Holland, and Italy. The corresponding figures under this heading are as follows:

1913—Seven million two hundred and seventy-one thousand pounds.

1914—Thirty-five million three hundred and forty-seven thousand pounds.

With such figures the presumption is very strong that the bulk of copper consigned to these countries has recently been intended not for their own use, but for that of a belligerent who cannot import it direct. It is therefore an imperative necessity for the safety of this country while it is at war that his Majesty's Government should do all in its power to stop such part of this import of copper as is not genuinely destined for neutral countries.

Your Excellency does not quote any particular shipment of copper to Sweden which has been detained. There are, however, four consignments to Sweden at the present time of copper and aluminium which, though definitely consigned to Sweden, are, according to positive evidence in the possession of his Majesty's Government, definitely destined for Germany.

I cannot believe that, with such figures before them and in such cases as those just mentioned, the Government of the United States would question the propriety of the action of his Majesty's Government in taking suspected cargoes to a prize court, and we are convinced that it cannot be in accord with the wish either of the Government or of the people of the United States to strain the international code in favor of pri-



vate interests so as to prevent Great Britain from taking such legitimate means for this purpose as are in her power.

With regard to the seizure of foodstuffs, to which your Excellency refers, his Majesty's Government are prepared to admit that foodstuffs should not be detained and put into a prize court without the presumption that they are intended for the armed forces of the enemy or the enemy Government. We believe that this rule has been adhered to in practice hitherto, but if the United States Government have instances to the contrary we are prepared to examine them, and it is our present intention to adhere to the rule, though we cannot give an unlimited and unconditional undertaking, in view of the departure by those against whom we are fighting from hitherto accepted rules of civilization and humanity and the uncertainty as to the extent to which such rules may be violated by them in future.

From the 4th of August last to the 3d of January the number of steamships proceeding from the United States for Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Italy has been 773. Of these there are 45 which have had consignments of cargoes placed in the prize court, while of the ships themselves only eight have been placed in the prize court, and one of these has since been released.

It is, however, essential under modern conditions that where there is real ground for suspecting the presence of contraband the vessel should be brought into port for examination. In no other way can the right of search be exercised, and but for this practice it would have to be completely abandoned.

Information was received by us that special instructions had been given to ship rubber from the United States under another designation to escape notice, and such cases have occurred in several instances. Only by search in a port can such cases, when suspected, be discovered and proved.

The necessity for examination in a port may also be illustrated by a hypothetical instance connected with cotton, which has not yet occurred. Cotton is

not specifically mentioned in your Excellency's note, but I have seen public statements made in the United States that the attitude of his Majesty's Government with regard to cotton has been ambiguous and thereby responsible for depression in the cotton trade.

There never has been any foundation for this allegation. His Majesty's Government have never put cotton on the list of contraband; they have throughout the war kept it on the free list, and on every occasion when questioned on the point they have stated their intention of adhering to this practice. But information has reached us that, precisely because we have declared our intention of not interfering with cotton, ships carrying cotton will be specially selected to carry concealed contraband, and we have been warned that copper will be concealed in bales of cotton.

Whatever suspicions we have entertained we have not so far made these a ground for detaining any ship carrying cotton, but should we have information giving us real reason to believe in the case of a particular ship that the bales of cotton concealed copper or other contraband the only way to prove our case would be to examine and weigh the bales, a process that could be carried out only by bringing the vessel into a port. In such a case, if examination justifies the action of his Majesty's Government, the case shall be brought before a prize court and dealt with in the ordinary way.

That the decisions of British prize courts hitherto have not been unfavorable to neutrals is evidenced by the decision in the *Miramichi* case. This case, which was decided against the Crown, laid down that the American shipper was to be paid even when he had sold a cargo, cost, insurance, and freight, and when the risk of loss after the cargo had been shipped did not apply to him at all.

It has further been represented to his Majesty's Government, though this subject is not dealt with in your Excellency's note, that our embargoes on the export of some articles, more especially rubber, have interfered with commercial

interests in the United States. It is, of course, difficult for his Majesty's Government to permit the export of rubber from British dominions to the United States at a time when rubber is essential to belligerent countries for carrying on the war, and when a new trade in exporting rubber from the United States in suspiciously large quantities to neutral countries has actually sprung up since the war.

It would be impossible to permit the export of rubber from Great Britain unless the right of his Majesty's Government were admitted to submit to a prize court cargoes of rubber exported from the United States which they believed to be destined for an enemy country and reasonable latitude of action for this purpose were conceded. But his Majesty's Government have now provisionally come to an arrangement with the rubber exporters in Great Britain which will permit of licenses being given under proper guarantees for the export of rubber to the United States.

We are confronted with the growing danger that neutral countries contiguous to the enemy will become, on a scale hitherto unprecedented, a base of supplies for the armed soldiers of our enemies and for materials for manufacturing armament. The trade figures of imports show how strong this tendency is, but we have no complaint to make of the attitude of the Governments of those countries, which, so far as we are aware, have not departed from proper rules of neutrality. We endeavor in the interest of our own national safety to prevent this danger by intercepting goods really destined for the enemy without interfering with those which are "bona fide" neutral.

Since the outbreak of the war the Government of the United States have changed their previous practice and have prohibited the publication of manifests till thirty days after the departure of vessels from the United States ports. We had no "locus tandi" for complaining of this change and did not complain. But the effect of it must be to increase the difficulty of ascertaining the presence of contraband and to render necessary in the interests of our national safety the examination and detention of more ships than would have been the case if the former practice had continued.

Pending a more detailed reply I would conclude by saying that his Majesty's Government do not desire to contest the general principles of law on which they understand the note of the United States to be based, and desire to restrict their action solely to interferences with contraband destined for the enemy.

His Majesty's Government are prepared, whenever a cargo coming from the United States is detained, to explain the case on which such detention has taken place, and would gladly enter into any arrangement by which mistakes can be avoided and reparation secured promptly, when any injury to the neutral owners of a ship or cargo has been improperly caused, for they are most desirous, in the interest both of the United States and of other neutral countries, that British action should not interfere with the normal importation and use by the neutral countries of goods from the United States.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

E. GREY.

# Italy and the War

By William Roscoe Thayer

*William Roscoe Thayer is one of the leading authorities on Italy in this country. His works on Italian history include "The Dawn of Italian Independence," "Italica," "A Short History of Venice," and "The Life and Times of Cavour." The last named, published three years ago, made a marked impression and won for its author an enviable place as a historian. Mr. Thayer is a graduate of Harvard and has edited the Harvard Graduates' Magazine since 1892. Since 1913 he has been a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College.*

TOO little has been said about Italy's refusal to join Germany and Austria in their war for world power.

During the past five months we have heard German apologists offer the most contradictory arguments to prove, first, that Russia, next, that France and Belgium, and, finally, that England began the struggle. The Kaiser himself, with that disdain of fact which is the privilege of autocrats, declared that the sword was forced into his hands. And all the while the mere abstention of Italy from supporting Germany and Austria gave the lie to the Germanic protestations and excuses.

By the terms of the Triple Alliance every member of it is bound to communicate at once to the other members all international diplomatic transactions which concern the alliance. Germany and Austria failed to do this during the earlier stages in July, when they were preparing for the war. Only after they had laid their train so surely that an explosion was almost inevitable did they communicate the documents to Italy and call upon her to take her place in the field with them. But Italy refused; because, after examining the evidence, she concluded that Germany and Austria were the aggressors. Now, the terms of the Triple Alliance bind its members to

stand by each other only in case of attack.

Italy's verdict, therefore, threw the guilt of the war on Germany and Austria. She had testimony before her which does not appear even in the "White Papers" and other official diplomatic correspondence; and all the efforts of German zealots and casuists have not subtracted one iota from the meaning of her abstention. Germany and Austria were the aggressors—that is the Italian verdict which history will confirm.

On this side of the water the German apologists made as little as possible of Italy's withdrawal—they were too busy trying to persuade the American public that trivialities like the passage of a French aeroplane or of a French automobile with two French officers in it, across a corner of Belgium, thirty minutes before the German Army invaded Belgium, proved that the French and Belgians began the war. They sneered a little at Italian honor; they implied that scuttling off was all that could be expected of a decadent Latin people; and they hinted that, after the Kaiser had disposed of France, Belgium, England, and Russia, he would punish Italy for her "flight."

At Berlin, however, the importance—military, political, and naval—of Italy's



withdrawal from the Triple Alliance was appraised at its true value. The German Foreign Office employed alternately threats and blandishments upon her. They warned her that, if she refused to back up her allies, she would be treated without mercy at the end of hostilities. When the policy of terrorizing failed, seductive promises were held out—suggestions of an addition to Italian territory and of a subsidy for military expenses. These also failed. Italy could not be induced to send her million soldiers against the Allies. Then Germany labored to prevent her from actively joining the allies—and this effort Germany is keeping up at the present moment, under the direction of the sleek Prince von Bülow.

The Italians, who have in large measure a sense of humor, that clarifying quality which Prussianization has destroyed in the Germans, must have smiled when they heard the German envoys expatiate on the beauties of neutrality, and, although they are a polite people, they must have found it hard to keep from laughing when the agents of Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg, who had just declared that a treaty is only a scrap of paper, to be torn up at pleasure, tried to impress upon Italy the sacredness of the treaty which bound her to the Triple Alliance.

Not content with these official, or officious, manoeuvres, the German Government sent Socialist leaders into Italy to urge the Italian Socialists not to consent to a war in behalf of the Allies; but they, too, seem to have met with a chilly reception. The Italian Socialists, like the rest of the world, wondered why it was that 5,000,000 Socialists in Germany should allow themselves to be commandeered, apparently without a murmur, to uphold a war waged to preserve and extend military despotism.

In addition to these direct efforts to win Italy to their side, or at least to keep her from going over to the enemy, the Germans have been busy since early in August with their Press Bureau, which has pursued methods there similar to those they have made us familiar with here. But in Italy they have been more

guarded and less truculent, and they have not, like the preposterous Bernstorff and his associates, assumed that the public they were addressing was not only ignorant of the simplest facts of recent European history, but were also morally imbecile.

Although the Italians are not less susceptible than are other peoples to be swayed by sudden political gusts, they were not at the end of July, 1914, taken by surprise. For a long time past their King and statesmen had deliberated as to what ought to be Italy's course in case Germany should carry out her well-understood purpose of humbling England. The Italians were not deceived by the increase from year to year of the German Army. They knew perfectly well what the tremendous efforts of the Germans to create a great navy meant. They had no illusions as to the purpose of the strategic railways to the Belgian frontier on the west or to the Russian border on the east. They knew how narrowly a European war was averted during the Balkan cataclysm two years ago. They did not wrong the Kaiser by supposing that the immense fund which he had recently raised from "voluntary" 5 per cent. contributions on incomes was to be given to The Hague Tribunal to promote the cause of universal peace.

They logically and honorably decided that, if Germany provoked war, Italy would not support her. The bond of the Triple Alliance called for no other action on her part. Germany and Austria provoked the war; Italy stood by her agreement.

But a still further consideration influenced her. It was understood that, *if the war in which Germany and Austria engaged should involve England as an enemy, Italy's obligation to support the Triple Alliance would cease.* Since it would be suicidal for Italy to accept the liability of a *casus foederis* which should expose her to attack by the English and French Navies, her participation in the Triple Alliance always carried the proviso that it did not bind her to fight England.

Such is the substance of the statement

made by the dean of Italian statesmen, in a letter I received from him two months ago. No Italian could speak from a more thorough knowledge of the facts than he possessed, and that it has long been surmised that the Triplice could not drive Italy against England appears in various publications. Gen. Bernhardt, for instance, who knew so accurately the

intentions of the German General Staff and the secrets of the German Foreign Office, intimates more than once that Germany and Austria, in their war for world power, need not hope for Italy's support. Referring to Col. Boucher's book, "L'Offensive contre l'Allemagne," he says: "Modern French writers are already reckoning so confidently on the



withdrawal of Italy from the Triple Alliance that they no longer think it necessary to put an army in the field against Italy, but consider that the entire forces of France are available against Germany."\*

Why Italy made the reservation in the case of England will appear when we glance at the origin of the Triple Alliance.

In 1871 Bismarck thought that the Franco-Prussian war, by the military losses and by the immense indemnity which it inflicted on the French people, had rendered France powerless for a generation. But within four years she paid the indemnity and had so far recovered in her armament, commerce, and prosperity that the Iron Chancellor prepared to attack her again, and this time, to quote his butcher's phrase, "to bleed her white." Only the certainty that the other powers would interfere stayed his hand then.

So he set about circumventing France by other means. A league of the three Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia was the combination he preferred; but Russia proved an uncertain partner, as she feared Germanization, on the one hand, and, on the other, she was the encourager of pro-Slavic aspirations which ran counter to the Germans' ambition. Bismarck, therefore, looked about him for an alternative plan.

He would keep the friendship of Russia—even though Russia declined a formal league—and he would lure Italy into the Germanic alliance. England, he knew, could not be persuaded to enter a Continental combination. Her commercial interests pointed elsewhere, and she still clung to her policy of splendid isolation. But Italy was unattached; and while she was the least formidable of the six great powers, Bismarck saw that he could make good use of her for his own purposes. The adroitness by which he drew her into his net is in direct contrast to the bovine diplomacy by which Kaiser William II. and his subservient Chancellors

have succeeded, during the past twenty years, in smashing all their alliances and in alienating the sympathy of the civilized world.

After the completion of Italian unity in 1870, the new Italian Kingdom found itself harassed not only by the many details of solidifying the civil Government, but also by the perplexities of international relations. The abolition of the Pope's temporal power made her, in theory at least, an object of odium to zealous Roman Catholics throughout the world. Her nearest neighbors—France and Austria—having long been the most loyal supporters of the head of the Roman Church, Italy could not be sure that either or both of them might not intrigue against her in behalf of the restoration of the Papacy. There was also in Italy a group of patriotic Jingoists—the Irredentists—bent on "redeeming" from Austria territory whose inhabitants they claimed were Italian in language, ideals, and situation. The Irredentist propaganda naturally increased the rancor which Austria felt toward the Italians over whom she had recently despotized.

When Crispi, who was passing from his earlier character of conspirator and Radical to that of constitutional statesman, made the tour of the European Chancelleries, in 1877, he found Bismarck profuse in his expression of good-will toward Italy. If we are to believe Crispi, the Chancellor was ready then to draw up a treaty with her, and went so far as to hint that he approved of Italy's aspirations. Among these were the possession of Tunis and a foothold on the east coast of the Adriatic. The next year, at the Berlin Congress, however, Italy's interests were ignored, and, instead, Austria was encouraged to extend her dominion south of the Balkans, and the French were at least not discouraged from coveting a stronger position in the Mediterranean.

Finally, in 1882, France seized Tunis, to the immense indignation of the Italians, who had come to regard that as their predestined province. For it lay only a few hours by steamer from the southern coast of Sicily; it commanded

\*Bernhardi: "Germany and the Next War." English popular edition, Page 138.



the passage between the western and eastern Mediterranean; and, above all, it was the symbol of Italy's colonial ambition. To have a colony, if not several, was then regarded as the sign of being a first-class power; and that Italy should be tricked out of Tunis seemed to advertise to the world that she was not a first-class power. For her protests availed nothing.

The Italians did not know then, nor for a long time afterward, that *the French seizure of Tunis was directly due to Bismarck's instigation*. Lord Salisbury, also, who seems to have been in the plot, approved it for his own reasons. Bismarck's motives were plain—he wished to entangle France further in African colonial ventures. It had taken forty years, many thousand soldiers' lives, and great expenditures for France to make Algiers reasonably safe. As Tunis would increase the French burdens, it followed that every regiment needed there would diminish the strength of the armies with which France guarded herself from a German attack on her eastern frontier.

Having roused the Italians to wrath by this ruse, Bismarck had no difficulty in persuading them to join the Triple Alliance. He hardly needed to suggest that, if they had felt anxious at the possibility of French hostile pressure before, they had an even greater reason for such anxiety now that the French controlled the Mediterranean south of them. We may suspect also that Bismarck pointed out, as a special inducement, that, if Italy joined the alliance, she would be free from the likelihood of an attack by Austria.

Accordingly, in 1882, Italy entered into partnership with Germany and Austria for mutual defense. The only powers likely to assail them at that time were France and Russia; for England was still isolated, and Bismarck, although he felt a strong antipathy toward the English, was too shrewd a statesman either to scorn or to provoke them. As late as 1889, he approved of Italy's seeking an *entente* with England.

At the time Italy joined the Triple Alliance, she felt, no doubt, an unwonted sense of

security. Were not two powerful empires standing by, ready to defend her? Her wounded pride, also, was solaced by her admission on equal terms into such a league. Neither France nor any other nation could henceforth taunt her with being a second-rate power.

The immediate result of the alliance was the spread of German commercial and financial enterprises throughout the peninsula, and the steady growth of Italian bad feeling toward France. A large group of Italians made Gallophobia their guiding principle. They remembered that, in the sixties, Napoleon III. had maintained at Rome that French garrison which prevented them from emancipating the States of the Church from Papal control, and from completing the unification of Italy. They remembered that Napoleon annexed Nice—Garibaldi's birthplace—to France, and that the French *chassepots* at Mentana dispersed Garibaldi and his red shirts bent on capturing the Eternal City. In the eighties, the Italians had good reason to suspect that the French Clericals were busy devising some imbroglio through which the Pope might be restored to the temporal power.

A convinced Gallophobe and crafty intriguer like Crispi, therefore, easily inflamed Italian indignation, so recently excited by the seizure of Tunis and by Clerical intrigues, and he counted it a gay feather in his cap when, in 1889, he declared a tariff war on France. Hard times for Italy followed; the commerce of the country was dislocated, and although Crispi tried to get compensation by negotiating special terms for trade with Germany and Austria, the new customers did not make up for the old. Germany could not furnish capital as France had done. Paris was, and is, the financial capital of the European Continent.

On this side Italy lost and Bismarck gained by the Triple Alliance—for he had attained his purpose of splitting France and Italy apart. What advantage did the Italians derive from the agreement? The reply commonly given is, protection. But, we ask, protection from whom? Not from France, because it is clear enough

that, whether the Triplice existed or not, Germany would have attacked the French, if they had attacked the Italians; so that Italy had in Germany a logical protector, to whom she need not have sacrificed her initiative.

Her only other possible assailant was Austria, and it may fairly be argued that the alliance restrained Austria from attack; but Austria permitted herself every other unfriendly act toward Italy except open war; and Germany looked placidly on.

The fact that Germany, the chief Protestant nation in Europe, was the ally of Italy, might also be regarded as a support to the Italians in their long conflict with Papal pretensions; but how little Germany cared for Italy's welfare in this struggle appeared in 1903, when Kaiser Wilhelm prevented the election of Cardinal Rampolla as Pope. Rampolla, if not a Liberal, was a devoted Italian; Sarti, who defeated him, was a Reactionary, controlled by the Jesuits, hostile to Italy.

When we look at Germany's action in other affairs we find pleasant words but no tangible profit. From her geographical position Italy claimed an interest in the status of the Balkan Peninsula, and particularly in the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Germany pretended to favor her interests—according to Crispi, Bismarck even went so far as to ask, "Why don't you take Albania?"—but it was Austria that Germany steadily pushed on into the Balkans; and in 1908, when Austria, with Germany's connivance, appropriated Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Italians realized that they had been tricked again, as they were in the case of Tunis.

Since 1908 the Teutonic partners, growing more and more arrogant, have shown indifference to the concerns of their Italian ally, who, seeing no future for her in Europe, swooped down on Tripoli, the only stretch of North African littoral not already possessed by the French and by the English. Persons on the inside at Rome whispered that, if Italy had not occupied Tripoli when she did, Germany would have forestalled her; for the

Kaiser, furious at being thwarted in Morocco and at having failed to bully France into submission, as he had done in 1905, had determined to seize Tripoli, come what might. More than one Foreign Office has ample proof to settle this assertion.

Its plausibility is patent—Germany was already in close league with Turkey, and, looking forward to a war on England, she saw the advantage of owning territory and a naval base within easy reach of the Suez Canal.

Certain it is that both Germany and Austria frowned on Italy's Libyan enterprise, and that, in their intrigues in the Balkan Peninsula, in 1912 and 1913, they ignored their Italian partner.

And yet as long ago as 1895 Germany admitted that Italy was hardly getting a fair return from her bargain with her Teutonic allies. On March 5, 1895, Senator Lanza reported an interview he had just had with Emperor William, who said: "He had found Count Kálnoky (the Austrian Premier) \* \* \* still uneasy lest we (Italy) may come to consider the Triple Alliance insufficiently advantageous, merely because it cannot supply us, at once and in times of peace, with the necessary means of satisfying our desires with regard to the territories of Northern Africa and others as well. His Majesty \* \* \* added: 'Wait patiently. Let the occasion but present itself and you shall have whatever you wish.'"

In spite of the Kaiser's assurance, Italy has got less and less return from the Triple Alliance every year since 1895.

It appears, therefore, that Italy long ago opened her eyes as to the real profit the alliance brought her. When England loomed up as the objective which Germany resolved to destroy, Italy quite logically let it be understood that she would not engage in a fight against England. Over thirty years of political alliance had created no sympathy among the Italians for the Germans. Like all other Europeans, they resented the arrogance of the Teutons who strode over their country.

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\*Crispi's "Memoirs," iii., 326-7.

But deeper, far deeper than personal dislike of bad manners was the fundamental antagonism between the Italian and the Prussian ideal. The Italians were pledged to Liberty, the Germans to Autocracy, bulwarked by militarism. In their long struggle for independence the Italians had had the sympathy of the best Englishmen, and in Palmerston, and especially in Lord John Russell, they found very powerful political helpers. But never since Bismarck took the helm of Prussia had one word in behalf of Democracy and Freedom been lisped by Monarch or Minister. For Italy to abandon her democratic ideal and to revert to the feudal-despotic ideal of the Pan-Germanists is unthinkable.

If she goes into the war, as now seems probable, it will be to uphold the Allies, who are fighting against Teutonic am-

bition inspired by despotic aims. Self-preservation demands that choice—because, should Germany win, she will not spare Italy. A stronger reason than self-interest, or than fear, however, will guide the Italians. In their past civilization and in their modern ideals they belong with the Western powers. They know the origin of their national independence. And if any Ministry should attempt to send them to replenish the wasting armies of Germany and of Austria, they would invoke the memory of Victor Emmanuel and of Garibaldi, of Mazzini and of Cavour, and refuse to be partners in schemes to aggrandize the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns.

"I am the son of Liberty," said Cavour; "to her I owe all that I am." That, too, is Italy's motto, which she will not deny.

## HE HEARD THE BUGLES CALLING

By CAREY C. D. BRIGGS

THERE'S an old red mill at the foot of  
the hill;  
Hear the mill-wheel turning, turning  
To the drip of tears through the long, long  
years  
Of my heart's relentless yearning—  
Oh, the tender note of the catch in his throat,  
Oh, the tear that he dried with laughter;  
"I'll be back some day—  
Mind the mill while I'm away,"  
And he waved one last kiss floating after.  
Gone is the miller boy,  
Gone from the mill;  
Gone up the winding road,  
Gone o'er the hill;  
Gone with the drum-beat up over the hill,  
Where he heard the bugles calling.

There's no grist for the mill or siller for  
the till,  
But I've kept the mill-wheel turning  
To the rumble and the beat of a million  
marching feet,  
And my sad heart's muffled yearning.  
Oh, the road his brave feet trod, lit with  
glory up to God,  
Oh, the courage of his call shames my  
sorrow;  
"I'll be back some day—  
Mind the mill while I'm away,"  
And I caught one last kiss for tomorrow.  
Gone is the miller boy,  
Gone from the mill;  
Gone up the winding road,  
Gone o'er the hill;  
Gone with the drum-beat up over the hill,  
Where he heard the bugles calling.



# German Soldiers Write Home

## Letter of Prince Joachim

*The following letter was written by Prince Joachim of Prussia, son of the Kaiser, to Sergt. Karl Kummer of a Prussian Regiment of Guards, who had been sent, badly wounded, to his sister at Teplitz, and whom the Prince had known for years.*

**M**Y Dear Kummer: How sincerely I rejoiced to receive your very solicitous letter. I was sure of Kummer for that—that no one could hold him back when the time came to do some thrashing! God grant that you may speedily recover, so that you can enter Potsdam, crowned with glory, admired and envied. Who is nursing you?

The old proud First Guard Regiment has proved that it was ready to conquer

and to die. Kummer, if I can in any way help you I shall gladly do so by providing anything that will make you comfortable. You know how happy I have always been for your devotion to the service, and how we two always were for action, (Schwung.) I, too, am proud to have been wounded for our beloved Fatherland, and I regret only that I am not permitted to be with the regiment. Well, may God take care of you. Your devoted,  
JOACHIM OF PRUSSIA.

## Letter of Rudolf Herzog

*The following letter, written from the field by Rudolf Herzog, one of the leading German novelists and poets, was published in rhymed verse in No. 41 of Die Woche.*

**I**T had been a wild week. The storm wind swept with its broom of rain; it lashed us and splashed us, thrashed noses and ears, whistled through our clothing, penetrated the pores of our skin. And in the deluge—sights that made us shudder—gaunt skeleton churches, cracked walls, smoking ruins, piled hillock high; cities and villages—judged, annihilated.

Over there a stone pit; faces grown like the faces of beasts, a picked-up rabble of assassins. A short command. A howling of death. Squarely across the road we surge. A bloody grappling coil; batteries broken and shattered; iron and wood and bits of clothing and bones.

And upon the just and the unjust alike, the lashing rain for days and nights.

We rushed through the gray Ardenne Woods, the Chief Lieutenant and I, racing along day after day, wrapped up tightly, our rifles ready, through wood and marsh. No time to lose! No time to lose! Down into the valley of the Meuse!

Of twenty bridges, there remained but beams rolled up by the waters—and yawning gaps.

Now comes the order: In three days new bridges must be finished!

Haste, men! Haste! Rain or no rain, it must be done!

Pioneers and railway builders working together, hunt up material, drag and

hammer and ram it together; take the rain for the sweat of their brows; look like fat toiling devils; hang along the banks, lie in the water—after all, in this weather, no one can get any wetter! They speak very little, and never laugh. Three days are short. Nothing, nothing but duty!

Not a thought remained for the distant homeland and dear ones far away; the only thought, by day and by night—on to the enemy, come what may! No mind intent on any other goal. No time to lose! No time to lose! Haste! Haste!

And forward and backward and criss-cross through the gray Ardennes, the Chief Lieutenant and I, racing day after day. Laughter, when we tried it, died sickly on our lips. The bridges! the bridges! and nothing but the bridges! Empty belly, and limbs like lead. Once more, now; all together for a last great heave!

There lies Fumay on the smooth-flowing river; and next to the old bridge, a newly built one stretches from shore to shore—a German roadway, a roadway to good fortune!

Captain of the Guard! You? From the Staff Headquarters?

He shouts my name as he approaches. "Congratulations! Congratulations!"

And he waves a paper above a hundred heads.

"Telegram from home! Make way there, you rascal! At the home of our poet—I've just learned it—a little war girl has arrived!"

I hold the paper in my outstretched hand. Has the sun broken suddenly into the enemy's land? Light and life on all the ruins? \* \* \*

I see a new bridge reaching on—

Springtime scatters the shuddering Autumn dreariness.

My little girl! I have a little girl in my home! \* \* \*

You bring back my smile to me in a heavy time. \* \* \*

I gaze up at the sky and am silent. And far and near the busy, noisy swarm of workers is silent. Every one looks up, seeking some point in the far sky. Officers and men for a single heart-throb listen as to a distant song from the lips of children and from a mother's mouth—stand there and smile around me, in blissful pensiveness, as if there were no longer an enemy. Every one seems to feel the sun, the sun of olden happiness. And yet, it had merely chanced that on the German Rhine, in an old castle lost amid trees, a dear little German girl was born.

(Written Sept. 17, 1914, in the Field.)

## Letter of the Duke of Altenburg

*From a letter written from the front by the Duke of Altenburg on Sept. 5, 1914, and published in the Altenburger Zeitung.*

WE have lived through a great deal and done a great deal, marching, marching continually, without rest or respite. On Aug. 10 we reached Willdorf, near Jülich, by train, and from the 12th of August we marched without a single day of rest except Aug. 16, which we spent in a Belgian village near Liége, until

today, when we reached —. Those have been army marches such as history has never known.

The weather was fine, except that a broiling heat blazed down upon us. The regiment can point back to several days' marches of fifty kilometers —. Everywhere our arrival created great amazement, in Louvain as well as in

Brussels, into which the entire — marched at one time. At first we were taken for Englishmen in almost every village, and we still are, because the inhabitants cannot realize that we have arrived so early.

The Belgians, moreover, in the last few days almost invariably set fire to their own villages.

On Aug. 24 we first entered battle; I led a combined brigade consisting of —. The regiment fought splendidly, and in spite of the gigantic strain put upon it, it is in the best of spirits and full of the joy of battle. On that day I was for a long time in the sharpest rifle and artillery fire. Since that time there have been almost daily skirmishes and continual long marches; the enemy stalks ahead of us in seven-league

boots. On Aug. 26 we put behind us a march of exactly twenty-three hours, from 6:30 o'clock in the morning till 5:30 the next morning. With all that, I was supposed to lead my regiment across a bridge to take a position guarding a new bridge in course of construction; but the bridge, as we discovered in the nick of time, was mined; twenty minutes later it flew into the air.

After resting for three hours in a field of stubble, and after we had all eaten in common with the men in a field kitchen—as we usually do—we continued marching till dark.

The spirit among our men is excellent. Tonight I am to have a real bed—the fourth, I believe, since the war began. Today I undressed for the first time in eight days.

## Letter of Paul Oskar Hoecker

The German novelist, Paul Oskar Höcker, is a Captain of the Landwehr

I WANTED to write to you from the village of D., which we captured by storm. Hundreds of Frenchmen, upon the retreat of their troops, preferred to flee to the cellars, where they promptly transformed themselves into civilians. Our battalion had orders to conduct investigations, arrest those apparently liable to military service, and to take possession of all arms. Unexpectedly large stores of ammunition thus fell into our hands. Among these seizures were many chests containing dum-dum bullets and bearing the stamp of the ammunition factory where they were made. The cartridges were intended for use in carabines. Accordingly, it would seem to be chiefly a question of the unlawful use of these missiles, repulsive to the laws of nations, by bicycle and scout corps.

These bullets lay also in a factory

package in a writing desk next to a draft of the last will and testament which Monsieur le Capitaine wrote out on the first day of mobilization: He bequeathed his cash fortune of 110,000 francs, as well as his household furniture and his two hunting dogs, to Mme. Isabelle H. The forsaken Mme. Isabelle, who sought distant and clearer skies two days before our entry into the village, does not, however, seem to have been very fond of animals; for out of the forsaken house there rose piteously the whimpering and whining of the half-starved setters.

But what are the thousand bright recollections of the captured town, what are all the experiences of this campaign, compared to the heavy, heavy days of fighting which our battalion had to battle through near L.!

On Sunday, Oct. 4, the detachment



marched from D. in the direction of L. It had been known for some time that the enemy was attempting a movement around our extreme right flank. Continual detrainments of French troops were taking place at L. A further advance was to be permitted to them under no conditions. The march toward L. took place on various roads. A cavalry division cleared the territory north of the city, and dispatched, simultaneously with our own advance, a company of Jaegers and a company of bicycle men against L.

At 1 o'clock we received fire. The point of our column returns it. As ever in small towns and suburbs the skill of the French is great in street fighting, turning to best advantage every protruding corner and extension of a building, and utilizing every alley of trees for firing attacks. Then the Frenchman clears these spaces quickly and hurries for protection to the next block of houses, till he has lured the foe far enough forward to surprise him with a carefully prepared fire from the side.

By leaps and bounds we advance along the broad road to the heights of the two suburbs F. and R. Here for the first time there is a matching of fighting forces. Undoubtedly the foe is far superior to us numerically; and he seems firmly determined not to allow himself to be crowded out of his excellent sheltered positions.

Our battery rolls up, and lets her brazen tongue speak. The infantry fight ceases, until the foremost buildings are set aflame on all three sides. Troop at a time, the French now take to flight, most of them abandoning their cartridges, as is evidenced by the rattle of exploding ammunition on every floor of the buildings.

But R. holds out, while F., at the right of the roadway, and the houses afire on the road toward Lille itself are quickly cleared of the enemy. The bicycle patrol, which has undertaken a determined advance to F., meets no further foe.

But upon the two companies engaged on my right there is poured a murderous fire that presently exacts heavy toll;

and in the rough country hereabout it is impossible to discover the masked positions of the sharpshooters and machine guns. The Frenchman is an expert in the location of excellent hiding places, wire entanglements, and the like. He even puts forth infinite efforts to make his fortified positions extremely comfortable nests from which he can enjoy a view of all the points at which, in the irregular lay of the land, the enemy must necessarily halt; and thereupon the Frenchman meets the hesitating column of attack with his concentrated fire.

Four guns are nibbling at the edge of the village with their shells. Perhaps the machine guns, whose monotonous rattle lashes our nerves to the snapping point, may be hidden there in the church tower. But the battery commander hesitates to damage the house of God. So he leaves a gap there, and sweeps the smaller houses. Suddenly one of the machine guns ceases—it must have been concealed in the hedge close to the church; the gun squad serving it must have been found by the fire of our gunners; for presently there is noticeable in that quarter a foot race of red-trousered infantrymen. In the moaning of the shells there mingles the rattling of shrapnel. A whole group tumbles pell-mell; yonder one of them dashes madly this way and that, until a new load strikes him—they move like dolls in a miniature theatre; it is hard to realize at this distance that human lives are being crushed out here.

But an hour later we entered R. Night has fallen. Through the mighty gaps in the gabled roofs of the houses of the narrow street on which we enter shines the moon. Four men of the bicycle corps stand silent at the entrance to the village; the prisoners in their midst, infantrymen in uniform or in rapidly donned civil garb—the tell-tale red of the trousers shows under the short vest of one of them. In the streets lie curious bundles, the corpses of those who have fallen here. A wounded soldier drags wearily up to the subaltern officer's post, with hands raised above his head; it is a Frenchman who has thrown away his

blue coat, but still wears his cap. The steps of the incoming battalion ring out on the village pavement. Otherwise an icy silence, night, and the smell of blood and burning.

And now horror creeps over us. We greet Death. He greets us.

In R. scarcely a single house is still inhabited. All have fled to L. In the street that has been assigned to my company, I must have almost every house opened by force, in order that the men, worn out with marching and fighting, may rest. Here and there, in answer to prolonged knocking, one of the inhabitants comes to the door. When the shell fire began they took refuge in their cellars.

In the brightly tiled hall of a pretty house that has escaped damage I sit with the gentlemen for several hours over glasses of mulled wine. We are waiting for orders for the next day. The orders reach us at 1 o'clock that night; the detachment is to take its stand at 7 o'clock beside the church at R., in order to continue the advance toward L.

But during the hours of the night many changes have taken place. The troops driven out of R. have sent their patrols, the black scouts, to the very edge of the suburb again, under cover of darkness; and reports of our cavalry and bicycle men tell that during the night heavy detachments of troops sent from the north have reached L. They talk of 40,000 to 50,000 men, chiefly newly enlisted forces and territorials; but Englishmen, too, are said to be among them. Our assigned task does not include fighting a destructive battle. We are simply to compel the enemy to unfold his forces, for certain strategic reasons the nature of which, of course, we do not know. Accordingly, our small detachment must risk everything in order to lure upon itself as many as possible of the enemy's troops. That, too, is just what happened.

We take our former positions. The cavalry division has departed, with its artillery, its bicycle corps, its Jaegers, and its machine guns. New problems are

in store on the right wing for the brave division which has already distinguished itself throughout the entire campaign. We remain alone with our battery—the third battalion of the active regiment and our provincial Landwehr battalion.

It is going to be a heavy, heavy, heavy day of fighting.

Patrols establish the fact that F. is free of the enemy's forces. But as we enter the road toward L. the French machine guns at once announce themselves. They sing and whistle and whirr above our heads. After yesterday's losses (half a column of the Fifth Company is still busy burying our dead, laying our wounded in automobiles and wagons to be sent to the hospitals) our artillery will first shoot breaches in the enemy's lines before we advance.

But at midday the field artillery of the Frenchmen already replies to ours. They must have transshipped, at night, from their positions on the canal to L., in the belief that mighty forces were being assembled here for a further tremendous blow. The object of our assignment would in that case already have been for the most part accomplished. But all of us subordinate officers—who neither possess nor should possess an insight into the strategic movement—we have but a single desire: Forward!

For a few minutes, after the first thundering crash of the French artillery, there is deep silence. It seems as if nature itself were holding its breath. The crash had fallen in the alley of poplars along the road. The roadway is strewn with branches and twigs. Just beside the northern column of our battery the monstrous shell has buried itself in the clay soil. A hail of earth-crumbs has rained upon us. We cannot note any other damage. But all the companies that are still in closed formation spread out in order to offer no compact target.

For hours, now, there continues this terrible cannonading backward and forward, this dreadful argument of batteries. Horrible as is the devastation which such an instrument of murder can wreak, you gradually grow accustomed to the roaring storm. And you almost

smile because you still lower your head each time. Until you remember: We greet Death, and he greets us.

"Near the church tower southeast of L. where the railway bridge can be seen, are hostile riflemen, strength several companies."

Our cavalry patrol disappears again—a French machine gun fires at it without hitting—and the battalion commander calls to me:

"Company left across the road, right and left of the farmhouse, developing a column on each side, with wide intervals between!"

Quickly the right wing column darts across. My Turkish professor, the Chief Lieutenant, manages it beautifully. One sharpshooter always darts ahead, throws himself on his belly, creeps on; a second follows. At one, two kilometers, scarcely a headpiece is visible. The left column is less successful. Over the heads of the sharpshooters there at once whistle shells. They feel the air pressure; the tremendous noise grips them.

"Dodge! Lie down! Forward only one at a time, with long pauses! You'll betray our positions, fellows!"

And at this moment there is a clattering sound in the air above. A French airman!

"An airman, Captain!"

"Yes, yes, I have heard him."

The only thing that can help us is to keep from looking up. Only the rows of flesh-colored oval faces, that immediately turn up to greet each flight of an airman, permit the strength of forces to be estimated at such great distances.

Beyond any doubt the foe has overestimated our strength tenfold. Otherwise he would not have put forth these tremendous efforts. His strength, in such fortified positions, would have sufficed to hold an entire army corps in check. And our poor, weak brigade?

I lie on my belly, creeping forward. To remain standing would be suicide.

Ss-t-sst-teewheet — boom-buzz—tsha! Tack-tack-tack-tack!

It's a bad music. We are being rained upon with iron. We hear it whistle past our ears, we feel it whizz over our hel-

rets. Our artillery covers us in front, so that we cannot fire at the single bodies of advance riflemen. They are drawing to the left toward the entrance to F. Soon the infantry bullets are striking close among us.

Nothing to be seen! Nothing to be seen!

"We must advance further!" I shout into the line of sharpshooters. The battalion commander shouts it at the same time. He wouldn't let any one rob him of the honor of advancing in the foremost row of riflemen. We crawl forward on all fours. After thirty meters, halt. Still nothing to be seen. The land rises in front of us. Fifty meters further; eighty; a hundred. At last we have a clear view ahead. Rifles are advanced.

"Half way to the left, at the entrance to F., sharpshooters, stand!"

A few shots from our ranks. The blue figures falter, fall. But at the same time we have betrayed our position. And now the hail begins anew.

"They all shoot too high! Aim well, men! Every shot a bullseye!"

My voice reaches only the rows of riflemen nearest to me. The clatter and crashing is tremendous, but even more horrible is this singing and whizzing past of shells, especially when the enemy's machine guns sweep us.

"Are those some of our men?" my bugler beside me asks. "They are already standing half way down the road back of us!"

A shiver of horror creeps over us. Yes, they have enticed and held us fast in the midst of their artillery—and on the left their infantry, well protected, has advanced under cover to our flank. And now the French machine gun patters on our right, in monotonous rhythm, in this concert of hell.

Behind us there is no longer a sign of life. Our battery is gone; it must have shot away its ammunition.

"Order of the Brigade Commander: Company retire slowly!" A man at the end of our serried line near the roadside has called the order to me. The order travels by word of mouth along our line. It is a long time before it reaches the



rifleman furthest left. And as soon as the slightest movement is noticeable in the beet fields, the deadly hail rattles down upon us again.

My eyeglass is covered with sweat and dirt. I tear it away. Now, as the shells strike, clouds of dirt fly into my eyes. I close them. At my left, a rifleman, crawling along, nudges me:

"The dogs!" he mutters: "Now they've got us in a hell of a pinch!"

I can speak no more. We go crawling along another 500 meters. My revolver bangs along on the ground at my left; my fieldglass at my right. For a moment I think of the droll problem given to the officer at the military examination: "What would you do if you saw artillery unfold before you, infantry on your left, and artillery against your flank on the right?" Answer: "I'd order: Take off helmets and pray!"

Take off helmets and pray! Yes, there is now no help for it. Now it's a case of dying decently like gentlemen.

"No running away, men! We're no Frenchmen!"

A minute's stop to take breath, at yon hay-rick on the left. So, there they're advancing, in a gay company, the blue-frocks!

"Left, riflemen, along the church yard wall, stand! Rifle fire!"

And two groups are daring enough to stand upright and fire, although the machine-gun fire is sweeping us again. The man next to me is loading his gun; suddenly he throws up an arm:

"Hell! That's pretty warm!" A bullet has passed midway through the cover of his rifle barrel.

"Go on! Slowly! One at a time! Don't crowd!"

On the road we find a man of the second column, pressed against a tree.

"Where is the battalion?"

He points in the direction of R.

"There they are, still fighting, Captain."

Yes, there still stand some riflemen in a rifle fight. An officer with them.

"Forward!" and I point in their direction.

But over there the witches' caldron is

boiling more fiercely. The machine guns are nearer there. After a short consultation with the leader of the division I order: "Retire. Singly."

The narrow road through which we retire is swept continually with fire. I climb up to the ridge. Now nothing further matters. Only not to fall alive in the hands of those over there! To die! I stumble over a ridge in the field. A few moments of unconsciousness. Then again the tacktack-tacktack of the machine guns. God, our Lord, Thou art our refuge forever and aye! I pray Thee, I pray Thee, let me die an honest soldier's death. And not suffer long. Now, dear Lord, please; now! If only my fellows don't begin to run!

"Slowly, men; slowly. Halt at the brown stretch of field."

Panting, we lie there. "Rifles in position! Take aim! Fire!"

As soon as a few shots have been fired, there ensues a pause in the firing over there. We make good use of it. Then, "Down on your bellies again!"

I cannot go further.

"Go ahead without me, boys. Greet my people for me. God with you. You've fought well. Damn you, fellow, run, I tell you! Down on your faces! Take breath. Fire!"

When, long ago, I went to my confirmation lesson, the Superintendent once said—ah, what a remarkable man that was!—"I would like only to take a single look at my little garden. I'm a city child, and have grown so fond of the flowers, this little bit of earth!"—Hui! hui! there it whistles over our heads again. I greet Death. And my lips touch the ridge of the field furrow.

Of dust thou art; to dust thou shalt return.

"Boys, you're not afraid? Eh?" And I try to laugh.

"The apes over there! They don't know how to shoot. Such clowns! They'll hit the sky!"

Hui! hui! tack-a-tack-tacktack! Run on! The patent-leathered lackeys can't hit us!

But there lies one of the other company. Dead.

"Don't run! Keep halting! Fire!"

From the village a hail of shrapnel. From the opposite side, the same. But now nobody runs with lowered head. We are now used to the benediction of bullets. Further on, further on!

Of the brigade there's not a trace. When the artillery had shot away its ammunition, the order was given: "Retire, all!" It reached me, in front there with the rifle lines, fully an hour later than the rest.

Scattered stragglers join me.

"Where is our Chief Lieutenant?"

"Wounded in the neck; only a glancing bullet. Has returned slowly on an artillery horse. Midway among the shrapnels. Great fellow."

Nobody knows where the point of reunion is. I lead the rest of the battalion after the other companies. Night is falling. Somewhere a cavalry patrol tells us: They're to bivouac over there at the fort.

We march toward that. Bicycle men come to meet us. We hear from them—no one believed that a single man of us could escape that devil's caldron alive. My orderly (Bursche) comes riding to meet me. His eyes are wet.

"My Captain! My Captain!"

I must press many hands. I warm myself at the bivouac fire. The Quartermaster has brought me a half flask of champagne. There's red wine for the

men in the baggage division. It has already been mulled. A plate of rice soup. The earth-crumbs are still sticking to my lips. I swallow it down with the first draught of foaming wine: "I greet thee, Life! I greet thee, Earth!" And comrades come up and are glad to see me, old monster, again.

Thank God, my company has suffered only few losses! When I order the Sergeant Major to read the list, only a few are missing. But this one or that one has been seen by some one of his comrades after the fight. Well, then they are only scattered, and will find their way back by and by. The battalion in these two days of fighting lost thirty-eight dead and sixty-six wounded. That includes some light wounds from glancing bullets.

It all lies behind me like a confused dream. We are bivouacking in the case-mates of the fort. I awake several times in terror. Deep, deep silence. Only the pacing to and fro of the sentinel on guard. To and fro, to and fro. He is cold.

I creep deeper into the straw. Poor fellow, the sentinel. How soft I've got it! So warm here! I have hot eyes and hot cheeks, but ice-cold hands.

I pity all those who know life and death only from books. War is a great teacher. We learn to love the earth. And thus our homeland becomes so sacred to us.

## Damp Humor of the Night Watch

From a field postcard written by a German soldier in the Franco-Prussian war and sent home by one who recalled it under similar circumstances in the present one.

I guard this shed,

But who guards me?

Around my head

But night I see.

This only comfort sweet is mine,

To soothe my graveyard cough:

"This town will pay a lovely fine

If some one picks me off."

# War Correspondence

## The Place of Tombs

By Perceval Gibbon

**Z**YRDDOW, Poland, Received in London Jan. 19, 1914.—There is a spot above the river which must not be indicated too explicitly, but whose name signifies in Russian the place of tombs. It is thus christened by the troops who camp in a great forest which shadows the whole position. It is a point at which the new German plan of thrusting toward the railway instead of as hitherto toward the road has produced fighting of more than Homeric quality.

The Russians, who never misjudge the value of ground, were established here in well-made trenches, with the shelter of the forest at their backs for reserves and supports. Upon this iron front the Germans spent themselves in fruitless attacks, incurring crippling losses. It was only after repeated and disastrous failure of these tactics that they began a different method of approach.

Here, as everywhere else, they have a large amount of artillery, and under incessant shellfire they proceeded to sap their way toward the Russian trenches. Incidentally they expended shells enough to last an army through the whole of a small war, and where formerly six acres of trees projected from the main forest there are now no trees at all.

The parapet of their trench is only thirty-five paces from the Russian parapet, and the men crouching behind their shelter can hear the voices of their enemies. None dare lift head or hand to even the loopholes on the breastworks, since the worst shot in the world can send bullet after bullet through any loophole at that distance. The Russians are able

to throw hand grenades, with which their trenches are supplied, clear into the German trenches, while the German shelling has had to cease since their own men are in equal danger from any shell aimed at the Russian trenches.

I rode down through the forest in an effort to reach one of the trenches two nights ago, passing from the pale shine of the snow upon the bare fields to sheer darkness. I found the staff established in a spacious dugout some 400 yards behind the actual first line. Here, as always, was a straw-padded, candle-lit interior, with an orderly waiting, with telephone to ear, and all those rough-and-ready contrivances by which men live who have death forever at their elbow. Here, too, their faces disguised by weeks of beard and grimed with the smirch of war, were burly Russian officers, those adequate and quietly confident men who are the strength and inspiration of the Russian Army.

In all the gloom, where all life was balanced on a hair, one thing was steadfast and cordial, and that was the unshaken assurance of these cheerful, expert fighting men in their power to hold the Germans and presently to resume the offensive, to which each one of them looks forward, and advance at last toward the frontier of Germany. None underestimates the enemy. They criticise him in a spirit of absolute professional impartiality, admiring quite frankly the organization and courage of the German infantry, but condemning the artillery and pooh-poohing the cavalry.

Yesterday morning the Germans re-



newed their bombardment of the positions at Radziwillow, where the fine Russian trench is practically impregnable, and has already cost them huge losses in their attempts to assault it.

I had an illustration of their lack of system in artillery fire while returning along the rear of this position. Their shells sailed up across the woods to the south of the railway, bursting on an empty stretch of fields about a thousand yards away, and turned seven or eight hundred acres of virgin snow into an inferno of smoke and torn earth, but no single shell fell nearer than a thousand yards to any living soul.

During the last day or two I have seen a change in the nature of the fighting on this front. The German procedure has no longer its old character of desperate

decision, but has become more desultory, and their pressure flickers up and down the line as though in a panic of effort to find some point at which the defense is weak.

I learned here from prisoners that the Germans lately have been celebrating victories. Berlin and other cities are said to be gay with flags, and Gen. von Hindenburg has been acclaimed as a national hero. I can only keep my eyes on the small portion of the long front limited by Socahczew on the north and Mszczonow on the south, but in regard to this region I can offer my personal testimony that at no point have the Germans gained anything in the nature of a success nor made any attack which has not been immensely more costly in lives to them than to the Russians.

## Shelled Tsing-tao With Wireless Aid

By Jefferson Jones

*Staff Correspondent of The Minneapolis Journal and Japan Advertiser*

**T**OKIO, Dec. 15, 1915.—Far out in the Yellow Sea busy gunners on a Japanese battleship aimed a 12-inch gun at one of the German forts in Tsing-tao. Opening the breech, they removed the smoking cartridge case, put in another loaded one, and waited to learn whether the projectile had scattered death among the enemy or exploded harmlessly in soft earth. They were five or six miles from their target.

The gunners gazed toward the battleship's wireless masts. Presently came a sputter and crackle of electric sparks. An officer appeared in the turret and said, perhaps, "Very good. Put some more in the same place," or, "That one was fifty feet to the right or sixty feet too high." He had received a wireless message from the shore telling exactly where the shell had struck, probably for

the first time since naval warfare began. At the rear of the Japanese lines, where a naval lookout had been erected, I saw several marines focusing horned telescopes on the besieged forts. As soon as a shell landed one of the men would telephone the exact location to the naval wireless station at Sesheco, which relayed the message to the warships.

The fourth day of the siege was the most severe of the whole siege of Tsing-tao. Gen. Johoji on the extreme left, with Gen. Barnardiston of the British expeditionary force, was pressing the intrenched Germans near Moltke Fort. Early in the morning Gen. Johoji had sent a detachment against the triangular pumping station fort, as it was deemed wise not to turn the siege guns on the place, because the fort might be destroyed and the supply of water be cut

off in the city when the troops entered. The detachment approached the fort without any resistance from the Germans, and, surrounding it, discovered that there was a small garrison, which had barred itself inside. The Japanese commanded the men to surrender, threatening to dynamite the place. The steel door was opened and twenty-three Germans walked out.

The capture of this fort was the key for the final attack of the Japanese, as it left the central fort and redoubts exposed to fire.

Late in the afternoon the fire became extremely heavy. The Germans seemed to be making sharp resistance to the Japanese, lest they advance within the quarter-mile zone of the redoubt walls. The Japanese infantry, however, were sapping away, and as dusk settled over the field we saw the bright flash of bursting shrapnel from the German forts. It was the first shrapnel sent out by the Germans during the siege.

Ten, twelve, fifteen, and sometimes even twenty shrapnel shells could be counted bursting at one time, all in a straight line, over the Japanese front line, and then the big German searchlights would flash about the field. They would fall on fifteen or twenty Japanese sappers on the top of their trenches placing sandbags, and then the flash would disappear.

Thursday, Nov. 5, seemed only a repetition of what we had seen the day before. All night long the firing kept up, and it was evident that the German garrison at Tsing-tao was making stubborn and gallant resistance.

That night the Japanese forces advanced 200 yards under a heavy shrapnel fire from the Germans. A snowstorm, followed by rain, had filled the trenches with water a foot deep, and it was in these that the Japanese and British forces found themselves during the closing days of the siege.

Friday, Nov. 6, was a bitter morning. A forty-mile gale was blowing off the Yellow Sea, and with the thermometer at 2 below zero it was not any too comfortable, even for those of us who were

fortunate enough to get near a charcoal burner.

Toward midnight Gen. Yamada, whose men were intrenched in front of Forts 2 and 3, sent out a detachment to learn the condition of the German garrison opposing him. The men approached the redoubt walls of the forts, climbed ten feet to the bottom, and found themselves face to face with wire entanglements twenty yards wide and running the length of the wall. No Germans were seen. Reinforcements were called for while the scouts were cutting the entanglements. At 1 A. M., Nov. 7, Gen. Yamada with more than 300 men was behind the redoubt walls of Fort 3.

In the meantime, heavily protected on all sides by planks and sandbags, a detachment of 200 Germans with machine guns was watching the approach of Gen. Barnardiston's men, who had been stationed to the right of Gen. Yamada. The Germans were unaware that the Japanese had gained the wall, when suddenly a sentry heard Japanese voices. The signal was given and the Germans rushed from their sandbag houses into the shadow of the wall, hoping to reach their comrades, stationed 500 yards back along the casement walls.

Some, perhaps, reached their destination, but the majority of the men were shot down by the Japanese infantry.

The capture of Forts 2 and 3 by Gen. Yamada was quickly reported to Gen. Horiuchi, and within an hour his men had captured Forts 4 and 5 with very little resistance. Gen. Johoji, on the extreme left, with Gen. Barnardiston of the British force, also advanced with the news of the capture of the positions, but the Germans put up a stubborn resistance, and it was not until 6:30 A. M. that the attackers gained the coast fort and Fort 1.

With the capture of the redoubt fortifications there still remained the mountainous forts, Iltis, Bismarck, and Moltke, a quarter of a mile back toward Tsing-tao. With detachments of engineers and infantrymen, Gens. Horiuchi and Yamada ordered the general attack. The men rushed from their trenches for the base

of the forts. It was to be a hand-to-hand bayonet attack.

But two guns on the Iltis fort had already been silenced, the four big 28-centimeter mortars on the same fort were useless for use at the base of Iltis, while the other guns had been so placed and sandbagged at the rear of the fort that they could not be quickly brought forward and utilized for work along the

steep slopes leading to the forts. Rifles and machine guns were resorted to.

The Japanese, as they charged up the slope, were mowed down by the machine guns, but on they came from all sides—17,000 men against 3,800. The German garrison could not hold out, and the white flag was hoisted from Fort C, close to Gov. Gen. Meyer Waldeck's residence. The surrender came at 7:05 A. M.

## THE BROKEN ROSE

(TO KING ALBERT)

By ANNIE VIVANTI CHARTRES

[From King Albert's Book]

SHY, youthful, silent—and misunderstood,  
In the white glare of Kinghood thou  
didst stand.  
The sceptre in thy hand  
Seemed but a flower the Fates had tossed to  
thee,  
And thou wert called, perchance half scorn-  
fully,  
Albert the Good.

Today thou standest on a blackened grave,  
Thy broken sword still lifted to the skies.  
Thy pure and fearless eyes  
Gaze into Death's grim visage unappalled  
And by the storm-swept nations thou art  
called  
Albert the Brave.

Tossed on a blood-red sea of rage and hate  
The frenzied world rolls forward to its doom.  
But high above the gloom  
Flashes the fulgent beacon of thy fame,  
The nations thou hast saved exalt thy name  
Albert the Great!

\* \* \* \* \*

Albert the good, the brave, the great, thy  
land

Lies at thy feet, a crushed and morient rose  
Trampled and desecrated by thy foes.  
One day a greater Belgium will be born,  
But what of this dead Belgium wracked  
and torn?

What of this rose flung out upon the sand?

Behold! Afar where sky and waters meet  
A white-robed Figure walketh on the sea  
(Peace goes before Him and her face is  
sweet.)

As once He trod the waves of Galilee  
He comes again—the tumult sinks to rest,  
The stormy waters shine beneath His feet.

He sees the dead rose lying in the sand,  
He lifts the dead rose in His holy hand  
And lays it at His breast.

O broken rose of Belgium, thou art blest!



# The Emden at Penang

Pen Picture by a Correspondent of the Havoc She Wrought

**P**ENANG, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, Oct. 29, 1914.—The German cruiser Emden called here yesterday and departed, leaving death and destruction behind her. You will doubtless have learned long before this story of her visit, carried by the slow mails of the Far East, is read in the United States some account of the Emden's raid, but the cable can hardly carry a detailed picture of the destruction wrought in a brief hour or so yesterday in this busy harbor, and it seems worth while to describe for you how this sudden vision of war burst on Penang.

For those who do not know, the City of Penang lies on the western coast of the Malay Peninsula, just below the Siamese border. It is the shipping point of the Federated Malay States, where 65 per cent. of the world's tin is produced, as well as a great amount of rubber and copra. With a population of 246,000, it is growing by leaps and bounds and gives every indication of soon becoming one of the largest ports in the Far East.

The thing that makes this city a point of importance in the present war is the fact that it is the last port of call for ships going from China and Japan to Colombo and Europe. As a result, it has been made more or less of a naval base by the English Government. Large stores of Admiralty coal have been collected and all vessels have been commanded to stop here for orders before crossing the Bay of Bengal.

It was probably with the idea of crippling this base, from which her pursuers were radiating, that the Emden made her raid here. Had she found it temporarily undefended she could at one blow seriously have embarrassed the English

cruisers patrolling these waters and at the same time caused a terrific loss to English commerce by sinking the many merchantmen at anchor in the harbor.

It was early on Wednesday morning that the Emden, with a dummy fourth funnel and flying the British ensign, in some inexplicable fashion sneaked past the French torpedo boat Mosquet, which was on patrol duty outside, and entered the outer harbor of Penang. Across the channel leading to the inner harbor lay the Russian cruiser Jemtchug. Inside were the French torpedo boats Fronde and Pistolet and the torpedo boat destroyer D'Iberville. The torpedo boats lay beside the long Government wharf, while the D'Iberville rode at anchor between two tramp steamers.

At full speed the Emden steamed straight for the Jemtchug and the inner harbor. In the semi-darkness of the early morning the Russian took her for the British cruiser Yarmouth, which had been in and out two or three times during the previous week and did not even "query" her. Suddenly, when less than 400 yards away, the Emden emptied her bow guns into the Jemtchug and came on at a terrific pace, with all the guns she could bring to bear in action. When she had come within 250 yards she changed her course slightly, and as she passed the Jemtchug poured two broadsides into her, as well as a torpedo, which entered the engine room but did comparatively little damage.

The Russian cruiser was taken completely by surprise and was badly crippled before she realized what was happening. The fact that her Captain was spending the night ashore and that there was no one on board who seemed capable

of acting energetically completed the demobilization. She was defeated before the battle began. However, her men finally manned the light guns and brought them into action.

In the meantime the Emden was well inside the inner harbor and among the shipping. She saw the French torpedo boats there, and apparently realized at once that unless she could get out before they joined in the action her fate was sealed. At such close quarters (the range was never more than 450 yards) their torpedoes would have proved deadly. Accordingly, she turned sharply and made for the Jemtchug once more.

All the time she had been in the harbor the Russian had been bombarding her with shrapnel, but, owing to the notoriously bad marksmanship prevalent in the Czar's navy, had succeeded for the most part only in peppering every merchant ship within range. As the Emden neared the Jemtchug again both ships were actually spitting fire. The range was practically point blank. Less than 150 yards away the Emden passed the Russian, and as she did so torpedoed her amidships, striking the magazine. There was a tremendous detonation, paling into insignificance by its volume all the previous din; a heavy black column of smoke arose and the Jemtchug sank in less than ten seconds, while the Emden steamed behind the point to safety.

No sooner had she done so, however, than she sighted the torpedo boat Mosquet, which had heard the firing and was coming in at top speed. The Emden immediately opened up on her, thereby causing her to turn around in an endeavor to escape. It was too late. After a running fight of twenty minutes the Mosquet seemed to be hit by three shells simultaneously and sank very rapidly. The German had got a second victim.

It was here that the chivalrous bravery of the Emden's Captain, which has been many times in evidence throughout her meteoric career, was again shown. If the French boats were coming out, every moment was of priceless value to him. Nevertheless, utterly disregarding this,

he stopped, lowered boats, and picked up the survivors from the Mosquet before steaming on his way.

The English here now say of him, admiringly, "He played the game."

Meantime, boats of all descriptions had started toward the place where the Russian cruiser had last been seen. The water was covered with débris of all sorts, to which the survivors were clinging. They presented a horrible sight when they were landed on Victoria Pier, which the ambulance corps of the Sikh garrison turned into a temporary hospital. Almost all of them had wounds of one sort or another. Many were covered with them. Their blood-stained and, for the most part, naked bodies were enough to send shivers through even the most cold-blooded person. It was a sight I shall not forget for many a day. Out of a crew of 334 men 142 were picked up wounded. Only 94 were found practically untouched. Ninety-eight were "missing." It is not yet known how many of the crew of the 78 of the Mosquet were rescued by the Emden.

So much of the story I am able to write from personal observation and investigation. Here, however, is an account of what occurred from an officer who saw it all from closer range and more intimate conditions, for he was on the French torpedo boat destroyer Pistolet. I tell his story exactly as he told it to me:

"The Captain of the Pistolet had invited Capt. T. and myself to have a game of bridge whist on board. His ship was lying alongside the Government wharf, just inside the inner harbor. The game proved a most interesting one and time flew by unnoticed. Finally, just before 1 A. M., it came to a close, but, owing to the fact that our going home at that hour of the morning would mean a rikisha ride of over two miles, the Captain stretched a point and invited us to remain on board, which we did. Little did we know what our decision was to mean to us.

"At 5:25 the next morning, just as day was breaking, I was awakened by a deafening crash, followed by two others in rapid succession. Without waiting for

more, I pulled my ducks over my pajamas and hurried on deck. Right before us, at the entrance to the inner harbor, lay the Russian cruiser Jemtchug. Steaming toward her at full speed came the German cruiser Emden, her bow guns belching forth vast clouds of smoke, through which the flash of the guns could just be distinguished. She was less than half a mile away. After what seemed to me an interminable delay, the surprised Jemtchug started to reply with her small guns, and the din grew greater and greater.

"As the Emden came on she swerved slightly out of her course and steamed down the far side of the channel, thus bringing her broadside guns to bear on the Jemtchug, which by this time was literally spitting fire. The range now was less than 300 yards, and the execution being done must have been terrible. We noticed, however, that the greater number of the Russian shells were 'carrying over.'

"The Emden now changed her course again, to the right, and disappeared behind a group of several tramp steamers so as to enable her to turn around without unduly exposing herself. While she was doing this the firing diminished greatly, owing to the disinclination on the part of either, I imagine, wantonly to damage harmless merchant vessels. No sooner had she started on her way out of the harbor, however, than the din arose once more.

"Just at this time the French torpedo boat Fronde dropped back from her position alongside us and started in to take part in the mêlée with a machine gun. This caused the Emden to devote part of her time to us, and we were made the objective of a severe machine-gun fire which, owing to our position in the shadow of the pier and of the fact that the light was very poor, did little or no damage. Nevertheless, it was rather disconcerting to hear the rattle of lead on the corrugated iron sheds behind us.

"By this time the Emden must have realized that at such close quarters she was subject to the danger of a torpedo attack, (although as a matter of fact

no effort seemed to have been made along these lines,) and she accordingly started up the north channel toward the outer harbor at full speed, firing broadside after broadside at the Jemtchug, now badly crippled.

"Suddenly, as the two cruisers were abreast and no more than 150 yards from one another, there was a tremendous crash. The Jemtchug heaved up amidships, there was another detonation even louder than the first, and she sank before I could realize what had happened. All that remained was a large pillar of smoke to mark the spot where she had been. A German torpedo had found its mark, and the Emden sailed around the point without firing another shot.

"By this time—less than thirty minutes after the first shot had been fired—the *Pistolet* had cast off and we started across the harbor toward the place where we had last seen the Jemtchug, with the *Fronde* close behind us. It was slow work, as we had very little steam.

"As we neared the scene of the disaster I received my first impression of the horror of modern naval warfare. The water was strewn with wreckage, amid which heads were popping up and down like corks in a lily pond. It seemed as if it were alive with men. They were everywhere, hanging on to pieces of wood, clutching life preservers, clinging to débris of all kinds.

"When we reached them we immediately started in getting them aboard by means of boats, ropes looped at the end, by hand, and in any way possible. They were indeed a most terrible sight. Most of them were wounded, and those that were, were bleeding profusely. Practically none was wearing more than a pair of trousers, and a considerable number did not even have that. A few were frightfully lacerated, and we recovered one man who had had his leg blown off below the knee—he died five minutes after we got him on board. It was like living a frightful nightmare. Everywhere you turned you met a groaning, greasy mass of humanity.

"Discipline was thrown aside and Captain and men alike toiled in their



efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the Jemtchug's survivors. My partner at bridge the previous night, the doctor, asked my assistance, and together we went from man to man doing what emergency work we could. My pajama-decked costume was rapidly covered with blood. It was a case of everybody helping everybody else.

"Finally, when numerous launches of all sizes and makes had put out to relieve us, we returned to the Victoria jetty, which the ambulance corps of the Sikh garrison, aided by volunteers and local doctors, had turned into a temporary hospital. Here were removed what remained of the Jemtchug.

"While the last few men were taken off the Pistolet, another cannonading was heard. I hurried ashore, with no feeling of regret, I might say, and took a rikisha to the outer sea wall to see whatever fighting was going on. The ships were so far away that it was hard to tell with the naked eye exactly what was going on. We could see the little torpedo boat Mosquet trying to get beyond the range of the Emden's guns while the shells were throwing up water all around her. The chase had kept on for twenty minutes, I should say, when we saw the little craft sink by the bow. The Emden lowered boats to pick up any possible survivors, but, from the short time they were down, I imagine most of the crew were lost.

"I have tried to give you some little idea in the foregoing of the frightful encounter I have witnessed. It seemed like a nightmare afterward, although while it was actually going on you felt as if you were looking at a sham battle. Even when the bullets started in to rattle on the iron-covered sheds above our heads there was nothing terrifying about it. After the effect of the first few shots had worn off I felt as if I were watching a play. That quiet, staid Penang with her shaded streets and sampan covered harbor should be the scene of a naval engagement such as I witnessed today is almost unbelievable. Yet the sordid after effects are before our eyes.

"Only the masterly manoeuvring of

that gentleman of the German fleet—the Captain of the Emden—prevented the city from being the scene of a terrible carnage. His refusal to sink unarmed vessels while the crews were on board, his refraining from bombarding the town, his stopping to pick up the crew of the Mosquet, although every minute was valuable to him, at once made him 'that gentleman, the Captain of the Emden.' On all sides you heard 'I hope they sink the Emden, but it will be a shame if any of her crew are lost.'

"While steaming away from Penang he met the tramp Glen. Instead of capturing her, he sent her into Penang with the message: 'I tried not to hit the town. If I did so, I am very sorry, indeed.' Well, he 'played the game,' and he has made me, for one, feel extremely doubtful whether the much-talked-of German 'atrocities' are true, except where the exigencies of war have made them unavoidable."

Here you have the story of an engagement which will go down in history as a demonstration that, even under the conditions of modern naval warfare, it is possible for two ships of almost equal armament to fight by daylight at almost point-blank range without resulting in the disabling of both. A sight similar to that witnessed yesterday would be considered by most naval critics as impossible, or, rather, suicidal.

The sad, or, rather, disgraceful, part of the story has yet to be told. It was true that the Jemtchug was caught unprepared. Her Captain was spending the night ashore, her decks were not cleared, she was slow to get into action, and when she did so her marksmanship was poor. All this could hardly be excused, but it becomes insignificant when we consider the case of the French torpedo boats and the D'Iberville, whose help the Jemtchug had a right to expect. Here they lay in a harbor with fully ten minutes' warning that a hostile ship was approaching, yet they allowed that ship to enter the harbor, steam around it, turn, and make her escape without so much as firing a shot, when, if they had gone into action, the Emden could hard-

ly have escaped. The range was everything they could have desired.

What was the matter? Why did they remain silent? The answer is this: Although it was a time of war, a large percentage of the officers of these ships had been allowed to remain ashore over night. Not one of the ships had steam up. Their decks were not even cleared for action. Yet, even taking this into consideration, it is inexplicable that, when two or three torpedoes from any one of them would have saved the day none was fired. The ships need not have moved an inch to have done so. The range was ridiculously short—less than 200 yards at one time. But surprise,

lack of discipline, and general inefficiency seemed to hold them paralyzed.

The prevailing opinion here is that they did not wish to draw the Emden's fire on themselves—although one did use her machine gun toward the end of the engagement. Whatever is said, however, it is impossible to get away from the fact that the French Navy yesterday sustained a blow to its efficiency that it will take a long time to wipe out. Theirs was a "masterly inaction" caused by something which they do not attempt themselves to define. Both army and navy commanders here are one in their contemptuous condemnation of such a spectacle.

## The Belgian Soldier

By an Antwerp Correspondent of The London Times

**B**EFORE it fades I would like to record my impression of the Belgian soldier as I have seen him day after day through the two months ending with the fall of Antwerp.

I have seen him on every kind of duty and off, on the roads, in cabarets, in camp and barrack, on the march, in trenches, fighting from behind all sorts of cover or from none, on foot, on horseback, on bicycles, mounted proudly on his auto-mitrailleuse, or running behind his gun-team of dogs, each dog pulling and barking as if it would tear the whole German Army to pieces. I have seen him wounded on battlefields, by the roadside, and in hospitals; I have seen him, in the later days at Antwerp, brought back from the forts and from those terrible advanced trenches unwounded, but from sheer exhaustion in almost more serious plight than any of his comrades whom the shells had hit. And I have seen him dead.

As a result there has grown up in me an extraordinary affection for him. Greater even than my admiration of his

careless courage is my liking for the man. For all his manhood he has so much of the child in him; he is such a chatterbox and so full of laughter, and never are his laugh and badinage so quick as when he has the sternest work on hand. Unshaven, mud-bespattered, hungry, so tired that he can hardly walk or lift his rifle to his shoulder, he will bear himself with a gallant gayety which, I think, is quite his own and is altogether fascinating.

As time goes on perhaps it will be the faces of the dead and wounded that will live most clearly in the memory, but at present the pictures of the Belgian soldier which stand out sharpest are less lugubrious and more commonplace.

I walked one day back toward Antwerp, along that awful road which ran by Contich and Waerloos to Waelhem. Daily along that road the German shells fell nearer to the city, so that whenever one went out to the place that he had visited yesterday he was likely to find himself disagreeably surprised. One day I found myself (I would not have been

there had I known it,) perhaps a mile inside the range of the enemy's guns. A Red Cross car had dropped me and picked up wounded men instead, and there was nothing for it but to walk back along the road.

Along the road from the foremost trenches came a dozen Belgian soldiers, just relieved after twenty-four hours of what it is difficult to describe otherwise than as hell. Muddied from head to heel, they could hardly drag their feet along, and, glad of any company, I fell in and walked with the last straggler of the little band, while the shrapnel with its long-drawn scream—whew-ew-ew-ew-bang!—broke on either side of us.

At every whew-ew-ew-ew which came too near I dived for cover. If there was no friendly wall or vehicle or tree trunk at hand the ditch beside the road was always there. And every time I dived my companion stood in the middle of the road and shook with laughter—not unkindly, but in the utmost friendliness and good humor—waiting till I rejoined him and we resumed our walk.

A little man, shockingly bedraggled, worn out almost to the point of collapse, utterly indifferent to his own danger, and taking a huge, childlike delight in my care for my personal safety, the picture of him as he stood and laughed all

alone in the bare road amid the bursting shells seems to me curiously typical of the whole Belgian Army.

Another picture also—a composite photograph—I shall never forget. It is the same man—sometimes blonde, sometimes dark, but always the same smallish man—as, on picket duty, he stops you to examine your papers. He does not understand the papers in the least. The British passport begins with the words, "We, Sir Edward Grey, a Baronet of the United Kingdom \* \* \*" Sternly he wrinkles his brow over the formidable document, earnestly trying to do his duty. At last, "Votre nom, Edouard Gra-ee?" he asks. You explain that you wish that it was and call attention to the place where your own insignificant name is mentioned lower down. To his immense relief he has mastered the central fact, namely, that you are English. And his face lights up with the smile which one has come to know so well; a smile of real pleasure and good-will.

Sometimes he speaks a word of English, and with what pride he uses it! "All ri!" "Good night!" "How do?" And you go on into the night feeling that you are leaving a friend behind whom you would like to stop and talk to. And he, you know, has been cheered in his lonely duty by the mere contact with an ally.

## THE HEROIC LANGUAGE

By ALICE MEYNELL

[From King Albert's Book]

WHEN our now living languages are  
"dead,"  
Which in the classes shall be  
treasured?

Which will the masters teach?  
Kepler's, and Shakespeare's, and thy word,  
thy phrase,  
Thy grammar, thou heroic, for all days,  
O little Flemish speech!



# Cheerful Spirits in Trench Inferno

NORTHERN FRANCE, Dec. 20, 1914.—This week—a week of many significant things—has ended in the wildest whirl of weather imaginable. The rains have been terrific, blinding, tropical in their almost ceaseless roar and fury. Surely only madmen or fiends would fight in such an elemental maelstrom. We may be both, and perhaps we are, now that the whole world is topsy-turvy; for we are going savagely on at this dread business, half blind and wholly desperate. If the furious sky were to rain red-hot pitchforks the contending armies would still be undismayed and would crawl, if not fly, at one another's throats.

But there is no romance in trench fighting; it is sickening, demoralizing. Ask any soldier who has been at it for a time. He will pour a few plain truths into your shocked ear. Down at the railroad terminal today I met some of them—a queer mixture. There was a batch of German prisoners; there was a squad of wounded Belgians, and there were four lost, stolen, or strayed British soldiers from the Seventh Division—a Sergeant and three men. They were all so plastered over with dirt that it was difficult to sort out their nationality.

What struck me most was their absolute and undisguised cheerfulness. I have lively recollection of the first German prisoners I saw in the early days of the war. They were in a gray funk, which is several degrees more sheer than a blue funk. They absolutely believed that the next moment or two would be their last on this woeful earth and that they would be shot out of hand.

The young Prussians I met today said that they had been having a very thin time recently; that their food was bad,

and getting worse and more scanty every day; that pneumonia and rheumatism were rife in their trenches, to say nothing of the dreaded typhoid, and that they were tremendously glad to be out of it all. They understood that they were going to England. Anyway, they hoped so fervently.

The Belgian soldiers were all slightly wounded, mostly in the legs and arms. The mud and slime of the trenches north of Furnes had not yet dried upon their sodden clothes. They were cold and benumbed and desperately hungry, for their train had been held up for hours while certain private and confidential military scene changing was going on. In spite of the pain their hurriedly dressed wounds were giving them they, too, were cheerful.

"We are in great heart," said one of them, "for we are moving on surely and certainly. This week something new has come to us. The knell of retreat no longer sounds in our hearts; the tocsin rings there instead. We are marching on; we are driving the barbarians back. Every inch of our motherland regained is sweet and precious to us. Three days ago I saw our King. He was as muddy and stained, Monsieur, as I am now. An officer who was with him wanted to remove the mud from his clothes. 'But no,' said the King, 'let it stay. If my own land clings thus to me, let it stay; it is better that it should be so,' and he laughed as he passed on. We all cheered him, and he laughed the more, showing a shining face and bidding us take heart, as a brighter day was dawning.

"So we went into the fight that evening, afraid of nothing. In rain and mist we charged a small village with a mighty shout. Though our numbers were small, we charged. We were beaten back, and then we charged again. My bayonet

broke off short in the breast of a huge German, and then in the dark and mist a great crowd swept over us as we both went down. I came to in the dawn. Our men were singing the chant of victory. The gray enemy had gone. The village, smoking and shattered, was ours. Our guns were rattling up the street to take another and stronger position.

"A small victory, perhaps, but none the less sweet for that. Alas! I could not follow, and they brought me on here. The fortunes of war were hard."

He raised himself painfully. The big Sergeant from the lost legion, coming along at the moment, picked him up like a baby, hoisted him on his shoulders, and bore him along through mud to the clearing house beyond the station yard.

"Lucky chap," said the Sergeant. "He is going to have a warm, snug Christmas in a snug, warm hospital; and here's me only lorst in this bloomin' swamp, an' got to report for duty somewhere in the mornin'—Lord knows where!" he grinned ruefully at me.

## King George's Visit to the Troops

*An officer in the Indian Expeditionary Force sent the following description of an episode in the King's visit to the front to The London Times Dec. 8, 1914:*

A RED-LETTER day indeed—for the King turned up here at 10:45 this morning and stayed quite a long time, inspecting detachments of the Indian Army Corps. He only crossed from England last night, I believe, stayed with the General for breakfast, and saw us all before lunch, going on to the next army corps. It was quite the most informal show I have ever seen. He strolled up and down the ranks chatting with all and sundry. He asked two of our native officers how long they had been in the regiment, the General interpreting.

The secret of his visit was well kept. Last night after dinner the Adjutant biked over from Headquarters and said he and I and — had been chosen by lot from the officers, with thirty-three men from each of the three squadrons here, to represent the regiment at an inspection by the Commander in Chief. Well, we went off this morning, and found similar detachments from all the corps not in the trenches. It was a dull morning and the mud was awful, and

just before his Majesty was due a German aeroplane appeared heading straight for us. Our guns opened fire on it and it made off north, but it added excitement. Otherwise it was a quiet morning and hardly any firing from the trenches. The King and Sir James arrived in the first car, then the Prince of Wales driving his own car, and a crowd of staff officers. The two divisional staffs were presented, and then they started walking down the lines. My new horse is a real good 'un, but can't stand "Present arms!" under his nose, and he nearly backed into his Majesty as he came up from behind.

The Leicesters were in front of us. They had only come up out of the trenches at midnight and were in a lovely state of mud and unshavedness. The King simply reveled in them. He stopped and chatted to quite every one man in three; wanted to know all about trench fighting, and didn't seem to mind a bit their being covered with mud and unshaved for days. The Prince was just as interested. He wandered about at will, paying no attention to his father, and chatting with all and sundry. One man was wearing a pair of German boots which interested the King very much.

He spent quite twenty minutes with the Leicesters, and they deserved it. They have done splendidly all through.

After that he gave two V. C.s to gunners who had won them very early in the war, and then when he ought to have been moving on he began strolling up and down the line again, asking all sorts of questions and noticing everything. At last they got him into his car to move on to the next army corps. The General came back to give us his message. It was that he was very pleased with all he had seen and heard; that he wanted the troops to know that both he and the Queen always kept them in their thoughts, and that he meant to see all of them again, with his own eye, as soon as the war was over. The General gave it out very well, (he is fluent in Hindustani,) and it made a great impression on the men.

It was altogether a wonderful visit, so quiet and informal and businesslike; no apparent precautions or rehearsal; the King tramping about in the mud as though he were partridge shooting, while the Prince wandered about as he listed. My interpreter, a French Canadian, was amazed.

*A member of the London Scottish writes:*

IN THE TRENCHES, Nov. 11, 1914.

This is our third day in the trenches. We have not had an attack yet, though there has been hard fighting on our immediate right and left. We are fairly safe here behind barbed wire entanglements, and this would be an easy job if one could get used to the row and the watching through the night, which is rather nerve-racking. This trench is in a bonnie fir wood, just like bonnie Scotland, but the shellfire has damaged nearly all the trees. Today being windy, they are falling in all directions. We have not had a hot meal since we came here.

\* We are not allowed to build fires, and it is impossible to get anything hot. We have lost our blankets again in the meantime. I am just going to have my

lunch of "bully" and bread and plain water.

Nov. 18, 1914.

We have had a pretty rough time lately. Last night was the first for ten days that I have had a roof over my head. The weather has been atrocious—pouring rain and driving, cutting snow—but it did not get through my overcoat, which is richly caked with mud. We have had a fortnight's fighting and have marched back now from the firing line for a short rest to refit. It meant two days' marching through roads and fields ankle deep in clinging, porridgy mud, but we were all glad enough to put up with any hardship so long as we got away from the strain of flying shells and bullets. In the trenches we lost some more of our men, but not many. I just wish you could see our battalion now; what a change from the crowd that used to march through London. Every man, almost, has a beard, and you could not imagine the dirty, bedraggled crowd we are.

The strain of watching through the night in the trenches is pretty awful. The nights were pitch black, and the rain came pouring down, making the trenches an awful mess. One chap gave a loud cry in his sleep. Thinking it came from the wood in front, I blazed away. We sent a burial party out in front of us one morning. There must have been hundreds of Germans lying there, with thousands further on. All we could do was just to cover them with earth. It was a horrible sight, and it is impossible for you folks at home to realize anything of the awfulness of this war. This awful pace surely cannot last long. But despite all the discomfort I would not have liked to miss the chance of doing my part here.

Nov. 20, 1914.

The Prince of Wales visited us yesterday. We are billeted in a café, and he came in rubbing his hands with the cold. He looked jolly well, and has a fine, healthy, clear complexion. We have been living in the lap of luxury lately. Yesterday was just like Christmas Day. We were inundated with parcels from



home, and the room is one litter of all sorts of comforts, and any amount of sweets, shortbread, cake, &c. I cannot recollect two such happy days as these have been. You can have no idea how all these luxuries are appreciated after living on "bully" and biscuits. We have a perfect avalanche of cigarettes and tobacco.

We had a bit of a panic this morning, as we were under orders to move at any moment, but by good luck it did not come off, and we are looking forward to a few more days' rest. Our last week in the trenches was a picnic compared with our first experience. This is a grand, free life, a sight better than mooching around the city. I'm just going to have a tot of rum now and turn in—it warms the cockles of one's heart and makes one sleep like Rip Van Winkle.

Nov. 29, 1914.

I never felt so fit in my life and never had such a good time before. This is simply a splendid life, and I am very glad, indeed, I did not miss my chance of being here. We were inspected today by Sir John French, who is tremendously pleased with us. Rumor has it that we are still to be here a few days, which is giving us a fine long rest. Then we may be wanted again. One of our fellows has just gone past the window with a huge sack on his back. It is most laughable to see immaculate city chaps out here doing all sorts of "orra" jobs. We have been served out with fur coats, no less; what on earth will they give us next, I wonder? We are still living in the lap of luxury and are a most happy family. We have a march every morning, which in this fine cold weather is delightful.

## French Amenities

*An officer in the R. A. M. C. wrote to The London Telegraph Dec. 19, 1914, as follows:*

**F**IGURE to yourself (as Wells says, isn't it?) a country of flat plowed field, pollard willows and deep muddy ditches. Then we come along, and in military parlance "dig ourselves in." That is, with the sweat of the brows of hundreds of Tommies working by night deep narrow trenches five feet deep and at least with the earth thrown up another two and a half feet as a bank on top. These trenches are one and a half to two feet wide, and curl and twist about in a maddening manner to make them safer from shell-fire. Little caves are scooped in the walls of the trenches, where the men live about four to a hole, and slightly bigger dug-outs where two officers live. All the soil is clay, stickier and greasier than one could believe possible. It's like almost

solid paint, and the least rain makes the sides of the trenches slimy, and the bottom a perfect sea of mud—pulls the heels off your boots almost. One feels like Gulliver walking along a Liliputian town all the time. The front line of trenches—the firing line—has scientific loopholes and lookout places in them for seeing and firing from, and a dropping fire goes on from both sides all day long, but is very harmless.

Dec. 3, 1914.—I was just starting for my daily constitutional "on top" when the enemy began their bombarding, nearly one and a half hours earlier than usual, so I will postpone my little walk and finish this instead. Yesterday we had one man killed and two wounded, the first casualties for over a week. The story of one of the wounded is worth telling to show you the pluck of these men. He told me he noticed some new digging going on on the side of the enemy in

front of his firing post. One can see the spadeful of earth coming up from below the ground level when new trenches are being dug. Although this was in broad daylight, our man thought he would go and see what the Germans were up to, so he hops over the side of his trench and runs forward thirty yards to a ditch and crawls along it some hundred yards or so. He then spots a large shell-hole in the field on one side of the ditch, so doubles off and gets into that and has a good look around. Not satisfied with the point of view, he sprints to a line of willows nearer still to the enemy—within 250 yards of them indeed—and proceeds to climb up one of them. While doing this he gets shot through the shoulder. He told me he thought he had ricked his arm at first, as it felt numb and useless. Meanwhile a great pal of his in the regiment, hearing that he had gone out like this, hops over the parapet and sets off to look for him, and comes up just as he gets hit. The second man upbraids the first roundly for being a fool, carries his rifle for him, and brings him back. All this is done quite in the day's work and "sub rosa," as they would get punished for leaving the trench like that in the daytime if it was spotted. The pluck of these men is perfectly extraordinary, and the placid way life goes on under the risk of being sniped or shelled any moment is, until one gets used to seeing it, quite past belief. I must say the officers set the men a magnificent example.

*A young officer attached to the Yorkshire Light Infantry writes on Dec. 6:*

One wonders when one sees a German face to face, is this really one of those devils who wrought such devastation—for devastation they have surely wrought. You can hardly believe it, for he seems much the same as other soldiers. I can assure you that there is none of that insensate hatred that one hears about, out here. We are out to kill, and kill we do, at any and every opportunity. But, when all is done and the battle is over, the splendid universal "soldier spirit" comes over all the men, and we cannot help thinking that Kipling must have

been in the firing line when he wrote that "East is East and West is West" thing. Just to give you some idea of what I mean, the other night four German snipers were shot on our wire. The next night our men went out and brought one in who was near and getatable and buried him. They did it with just the same reverence and sadness as they do to our own dear fellows. I went to look at the grave the next morning, and one of the most uncouth-looking men in my company had placed a cross at the head of the grave, and had written on it:

Here lies a German,  
We don't know his name,  
He died bravely fighting  
For his Fatherland.

And under that, "got mit uns," (sic,) that being the highest effort of all the men at German. Not bad for a bloodthirsty Briton, eh? Really, that shows the spirit.

I don't believe there is a man living who, when first interviewing an 11-inch howitzer shell, is not pink with funk. After the first ten, one gets quite used to them, but really, they are terrible! They hit a house. You can see the great shell—a black streak—just before it strikes, then, before you hear the explosion, the whole house simply lifts up into the air, apparently quite silently; then you hear the roar, and the whole earth shakes. In the place where the house was there is a huge fountain-spout of what looks like pink fluff. It is the pulverized bricks. Then a monstrous shoot of black smoke towering up a hundred feet or more, and, finally, there is a curious willow-like formation, and then—you duck, as huge pieces of shell, and house, and earth, and haystack tumble over your head. And yet, do you know, it is really remarkable how little damage they do against earth trenches. With a whole morning's shelling, not a single man of my company was killed, although not a single shell missed what it had aimed at by more than fifty yards. That makes all the difference, that fifty yards. If you only keep your head down, you are as safe as houses; exactly, you will remark, "as safe as houses."

# The Things the Wounded Talk About

By a British Surgeon

IF you would realize fully what the war, as an event in the procession of events, means you must come to France and visit a military hospital. You must make this visit not as a sightseer, nor yet in the spirit of a philanthropist, but only as a friend. You must come prepared to listen to stories that have no relation to war and the affairs of war—most soldiers, I think, are reluctant to speak of the things they have seen—to stories that concern home ties and the doings, real and conjectured, of children—queer, sentimental stories woven around old ideas like the Christmas idea and the idea of home.

They will fill you with wonder at first, those unwarlike tales, because they belong to the truly unexpected, against which it is impossible to be prepared. It would not be an exaggeration to describe the first effect of them as startling. They kill so many illusions and they discredit so many beliefs. War, rendered thus the background of life, assumes a new proportion and a new meaning. Or, rather, it becomes vague and meaningless, like a darkness.

A few days ago I sat by the bedside of a wounded sapper—a reservist—and heard the story of life in a signal-box on a branch line in the north of England. The man was dying. I think he knew it. But the zest of his everyday life was still strong in him. He described the manner in which, on leaving the army originally, he had obtained his post on the railway. He told me that there were three trains each way in the day, and mentioned that on Winter nights the last train was frequently very late. This meant a late supper, but his wife saw to it that everything was kept hot. Sometimes his wife came to the box to meet him if it was a dry night.

In the next bed there was a young

Scotsman from a Highland district which I know very well. We were friends so soon as he learned that I knew his home. He was a roadman, and we talked of his roads and the changes which had been wrought in them of late years by motor traffic. He recalled a great storm, during which the sea wall around a certain harbor was washed away and the highway rendered impassable. Then, rather diffidently, he confessed that he had lost a foot and would be handicapped in his work—"at Ypres."

At the far end of the ward there was a German who spoke a little English. He was a married man and came from Saxony. His wife and children, he said, would miss him at Christmas. We spoke a long time on the subject of Christmas. I suppose by all the orthodox canons that this German should have told me that he was glad to be a prisoner or else should have declared his conviction that the German Army would speedily carry everything before it to victory. But somehow he forgot to say these things and I forgot to ask him about them. These things seemed far away in the quiet ward, even—and for this I beg forgiveness—grotesque and uninteresting.

I had the curiosity to return to the young Scot and to ask him if he regretted the decision which had led to his being maimed for life. He shook his head. "No, because I've had a good home. A man with a good home should fight for it." He added that his father had advised him very strongly to enlist.

By the touchstone of the men it has broken this war is judged, and the makers of this war. And more than ruined villages and desecrated churches these soldiers pronounce condemnation. They, who have given so much, are, in a sense, without joy and without enthusiasm;



rather they shun recollection. There is no zest in the killing of men. Their thoughts, especially at this season, are directed away from the dull, mechanic force which labors against its bonds

across Europe, and dwell in the homes it has threatened. The war is revealed as a thing gross and dull-witted, a crime even against the ancient, chivalrous spirit of war.

## Three Dying Foes Made Friends

*I have read nothing more tender and moving than the subjoined letter found by a Red Cross agent at the side of a dead officer and forwarded to the person to whom it was addressed. The writer was a French cavalry officer engaged to a young American girl in Paris. It was written as he lay dying from wounds received in a cavalry charge. Let it speak for itself.*

*E. P. P.*

**T**HERE are two other men lying near me, and I do not think there is much hope for them either.

One is an officer of a Scottish regiment and the other a private in the Uhlans. They were struck down after me, and when I came to myself, I found them bending over me, rendering first aid.

The Britisher was pouring water down my throat from his flask, while the German was endeavoring to stanch my wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to them by their medical corps. The Highlander had one of his legs shattered, and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side.

In spite of their own sufferings they were trying to help me, and when I was fully conscious again the German gave us a morphia injection and took one

himself. His medical corps had also provided him with the injection and the needle, together with printed instructions for its use.

After the injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we had lived before the war. We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. Both the German and the Britisher had only been married a year. \* \* \*

I wondered, and I supposed the others did, why we had fought each other at all. I looked at the Highlander, who was falling to sleep, exhausted, and in spite of his drawn face and mud-stained uniform, he looked the embodiment of freedom. Then I thought of the Tricolor of France and all that France had done for liberty. Then I watched the German, who had ceased to speak. He had taken a Prayer Book from his knapsack and was trying to read a service for soldiers wounded in battle.

And \* \* \* while I watched him, I realized what we were fighting for. \* \* \* He was dying in vain, while the Britisher and myself, by our deaths, would probably contribute something toward the cause of civilization and peace.

[The letter ends with a reference to the failing light and the roar of guns.]



# Chronology of the War

Showing Progress of Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events from Jan. 7 to and Including Jan. 31, 1915

## CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

- Jan. 8—Germans are trying to carry the Russian lines near Bolinow by the use of steel shields to protect riflemen.
- Jan. 9—Germans renew offensive from direction of Mława; fighting on the Rawka and in the north; Russians enter Transylvania; Austrians meet delays near Nida River.
- Jan. 11—Russians are strengthening their lines.
- Jan. 12—Russians are pressing the Austrians near the Nida; Austrians are fleeing from Bukowina.
- Jan. 13—Russians occupy several villages in the Masurian Lake region and threaten Mława; Austrians state that Russians lost heavily in Przemysl siege.
- Jan. 14—Russians push north from Warsaw; Germans retake several positions on Bzura River; it is reported that Germans are short of supplies.
- Jan. 15—New Russian army marches north in Poland; Germans near Mława are in peril; von Hindenburg declared in danger.
- Jan. 16—Austrians bring up heavy artillery to hold the Donajec River; Germans are on way to Budapest.
- Jan. 17—Russians take Kirlibaba Pass and progress along right bank of the Vistula; Germans pushed back on Plock.
- Jan. 18—Germans occupy Kielce; Russians fall back to Radom; Russian capture of Kirlibaba Pass flanks Austrians; Germans out of Plock.
- Jan. 20—Russians drive Austrians back in Hungary and march on Jacobeni.
- Jan. 21—Russians renew offensive against Mława; Austrians rout Russians from intrenchments on Donajec River.
- Jan. 22—New Russian army nears Prussia; invasion of Hungary halted; Russian advance is causing alarm in Budapest.
- Jan. 23—Germans are massing in Hungary; Russians advance in the north.
- Jan. 24—Russians checked in Transylvania

- Jan. 25—Armies are deadlocked in Central Poland; Austrians declare that Transylvania is safe; fierce fighting in Bukowina; Russians forced from trenches south of Tarnow.
- Jan. 27—Austrians report the recapture of Uzsook Pass; Russians seize Piskalen; ten army corps are gathered in southern Hungary, with many Germans in them.
- Jan. 28—Great struggle for the Carpathians is opening; Austro-German forces advance on eighty-mile front.
- Jan. 29—Russian wings advance in East Prussia and the Carpathians; Russians close in on Insterburg; Tilsit surrounded.
- Jan. 30—Russians cut railway between Memel and Tilsit, and enter Hungary.
- Jan. 31—Russians gain in Carpathians.

## CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE

- Jan. 8—Allies gain north of Soissons, near Rheims, and in Alsace; French Alpine troops use skis in gaining an advantage in Alsace.
- Jan. 9—Germans retake Steinbach and Burnhaupt; French take Perthes and gain near Soupir.
- Jan. 10—French cut German railway lines to prevent reserves from coming to the relief of Altkirch.
- Jan. 11—Allies, attacking from Perthes, are trying to cut German rail communications.
- Jan. 12—French attempt offensive near Soissons and Perthes; they are checked in Alsace; British forces at the front are steadily increasing in number.
- Jan. 13—Germans, reinforced, win victory at Soissons, forcing French to abandon five miles of trenches and to cross the Aisne, leaving guns and wounded; heights of Vregny are won in this fight by the Germans under the eyes of the Kaiser; Germans take 3,150 prisoners and fourteen guns in two days' fighting.
- Jan. 15—French are calm over the Soissons defeat; British gain near La Bassée.

Jan. 17—Allies take trenches in Belgium; deadlock at La Bassée; Allies closing on Lille.

Jan. 18—Fierce fighting at La Boisselle; both sides are claiming success at Tracy-le-Val.

Jan. 19—French advance in attempt to cut off St. Mihiel.

Jan. 20—French are nearer Metz; British take Freylinghuysen.

Jan. 21—Germans repulsed in Ardennes woods by French and Belgians; French retake trenches at Notre Dame de Lorette; Germans retake Le Pretre woods; it is learned that the Soissons battle was won by von Kluck's veterans, and that the Germans granted a half-hour truce while French Red Cross aided wounded.

Jan. 22—Fierce fighting in Hartmanns-Weltler region.

Jan. 23—Germans renew activity near Ypres and bombard left wing of Allies; fighting in Argonne region.

Jan. 24—Germans are bombarding Flanders towns; Allies leave St. Georges.

Jan. 25—Kaiser sends Prince Eitel Friedrich to capture Thann and direct fighting in Alsace; French gain toward Altkirch and destroy bridges over the Meuse at St. Mihiel; Germans forced to abandon Dixmude trenches because of floods.

Jan. 26—Another battle on at La Bassée; Germans gain ground by vigorous offensive near Craonne and in Alsace.

Jan. 27—Germans attack between La Bassée and Bethune, this being the Kaiser's birthday; the French claim that the German loss is 20,000; indecisive fighting near Ypres.

Jan. 28—French defeated at Craonne; Germans make gains in the Vosges and Upper Alsace.

Jan. 29—Germans checked in two attempts to cross the Aisne; they drain the Yser flood area.

Jan. 30—Germans win in the Argonne.

Jan. 31—Kaiser directs German assault on La Bassée; zouaves and Indians win the Great Dune west of Lombaertzyde.

### CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA

Jan. 9—French win in Kamerun.

Jan. 15—British take Swakopmund.

### CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR AND EGYPT

Jan. 9—Turks hasten construction of railway lines across Sinai peninsula.

Jan. 10—Turks are marching on Egypt; reserve Turkish army, trying to save Erzerum, repulsed at frontier.

Jan. 12—Erzerum road is being fought for; Noury Bey captured by Russians.

Jan. 13—Turks occupy Tabriz and report Arab victory over British troops on the lower Tigris.

Jan. 14—Armenian refugees cross Russian frontier; Turkish invasion of Persia continues.

Jan. 15—Turks advance in Persia.

Jan. 17—Turkish corps cut to pieces in the Caucasus.

Jan. 18—Turkish soldiers are being frozen to death.

Jan. 21—Turks are pushing plans for a strategic railway to the Egyptian frontier.

Jan. 24—Russians check Turkish advance on Erzerum.

Jan. 27—British defeat Turkish advance guard toward El Kantara on the Suez Canal; three Turkish army corps now marching on Egypt; British win at Korna.

Jan. 28—Turks, reinforced, attack Russians in the Caucasus.

Jan. 29—Turks fortify Erzerum, and order civilians to depart.

Jan. 30—Russians take Tabriz.

Jan. 31—Turks defeated near Sari-Kamysh.

### NAVAL RECORD

Jan. 11—Report from Vienna that French dreadnought Courbet has been sunk.

Jan. 12—Japanese cruisers are hunting the German converted cruiser Prince Eitel Friedrich off the coast of Peru.

Jan. 13—Dover forts drive off two German submarines; bombardment of the Dardanelles by the allied fleets continues.

Jan. 16—French submarine Saphir sunk by Turkish mine at the Dardanelles; Italian gunboat Coatit damaged in the Adriatic.

Jan. 20—Dutch naval patrol boat sunk by a mine, five men being lost.

Jan. 21—German cruiser Karlsruhe reported off Porto Rico.

Jan. 22—German submarine U-19 sinks British freighter Durward.

Jan. 23—German supply ship sunk by Australian cruiser.

Jan. 24—British patrolling squadron under Vice Admiral Beatty defeats German squadron attempting to reach English coast; German battle cruiser Blücher sunk and two other German battle cruisers damaged; British battle cruisers Lion and Tiger damaged; Germans claim three British ships were sunk.

Jan. 28—British Admiralty denies that any British ship was sunk.

Jan. 30—German submarine sinks three British steamers in Irish Channel and chases Liverpool passenger boat.

Jan. 31—German submarine sinks two British steamships in English Channel; third steamer escapes.

### AERIAL RECORD

Jan. 10—German aeroplanes threw thirty bombs on Dunkirk, damaging several houses; Belgian aviators give battle to the Germans at great altitude and finally drive them off; German aviator shot down by French near Amiens.



- Jan. 16—German hydroaeroplane lost in North Sea; nine aviators of the Allies drop bombs on Ostend.
- Jan. 19—German airships drop bombs on Yarmouth, King's Lynn, and other English towns; four persons are killed, ten wounded, and considerable property damage is done; it is reported that the German plant at Friedrichshafen produces a super-Zeppelin every three weeks.
- Jan. 21—Allies drop bombs on Essen.
- Jan. 22—Holland is to investigate a report that a Zeppelin violated her neutrality by flying over her territory.
- Jan. 23—Germans drop bombs on Dunkirk; it is reported that the American Consulate is damaged.
- Jan. 25—It is reported from Amsterdam that 400 German war automobiles were destroyed in the raid on Essen.
- Jan. 26—Russians bring down German airship that bombarded Libau.
- Jan. 28—Crew of German airship that bombarded Libau will be tried by military court and will not be treated as prisoners of war; bomb dropped on Belgrade.

### AMERICAN INTERESTS

- Jan. 24—Administration makes public in Washington a letter written by Secretary Bryan to Senator Stone of Missouri in which discrimination against Germany and Austria-Hungary is denied; twenty charges made by pro-Germans are taken up and the Administration's position and action on each are stated in detail.

### AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

- Jan. 17—Anti-war demonstrations in Vienna; Czech editor executed for treason.
- Jan. 20—Governor of Cracow orders partial evacuation of the city.
- Jan. 21—Archduke Charles Francis, the Austrian Crown Prince, is in Berlin, where he will be joined shortly by Baron Burian, the new Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs; plans of campaign against Russia are to be discussed with German officials.
- Jan. 23—Baron Burian leaves Berlin for German Army Headquarters to confer with the Kaiser.
- Jan. 25—Riots in many parts of Hungary.
- Jan. 28—Riot among Southern Slavs because of mobilization order.
- Jan. 29—Prisoners of war are to be employed in farm work.
- Jan. 30—Warning is sent to Rumania against agitation among Rumanian population of Transylvania.

### BELGIUM

- Jan. 8—Cardinal Mercier has been placed under restraint by the German authorities because of his pastoral, read in the churches on Jan. 3, in which he told the Belgians that they owe German author-

ity "neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience."

- Jan. 9—It is reported that Cardinal Mercier was arrested, but the report is denied by the Military Governor of Belgium; circulation of the Mercier pastoral is not being permitted.
- Jan. 10—The Mercier pastoral is read in English churches; Belgian refugees are proving a problem in England and Holland.
- Jan. 11—Admiration for Cardinal Mercier expressed by King Albert in a letter to the Pope.
- Jan. 12—It is reported from Rome that the Vatican has asked Germany for an explanation regarding the acts with reference to Cardinal Mercier.
- Jan. 22—Full text of the Mercier pastoral is printed in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

### CANADA

- Jan. 22—Major General Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defense, arrives in Vancouver to arrange for enlistment of third contingent.
- Jan. 30—First detachment of Canadian troops is in France; other detachments are en route; nine German prisoners escape from Halifax citadel; war fund of \$1,500,000 raised in five days in Montreal.
- Jan. 31—Six Canadians, including two officers, killed in La Bassée fight.

### EGYPT

- Jan. 10—Abbas Hilmi, deposed Khédive, calls upon Egyptians and Sudanese to rise against England.

### ENGLAND

- Jan. 8—House of Lords adjourns after discussion of recruiting and other phases of the war.
- Jan. 12—Government appeals to women to induce men to enlist.
- Jan. 15—War Office issues statement that letters destined for hostile countries will be held up unless they are unsealed.
- Jan. 16—Seven British naval officers, interned in Holland, escape, but five are recaptured.
- Jan. 23—Statement shows that total casualty list of officers up to Jan. 12 was 4,344, of whom 1,266 were killed, the rest being wounded and missing; many interned Germans and Austrians released on parole.
- Jan. 27—Two Hindu soldiers win Victoria Crosses; London financial papers deprecate a joint loan for the Allies.
- Jan. 27—Many Oxford "blues" are serving in the army.
- Jan. 31—There are 178 peers serving in the army.

### FRANCE

- Jan. 10—Government will surrender German surgeons and nurses held as prisoners of war only in equal exchange.

Jan. 14—Socialist Senator demands postponement of war discussion in Parliament and says speeches must give way to voice of cannon.

Jan. 18—Paris darkened by police order.

Jan. 22—Capt. Uhde, stated to be a relative of the Kaiser, is sent to concentration camp after being accused of having spied on the French fleet at Toulon.

Jan. 27—Many doctors have been killed, wounded, and taken prisoner, the reason for lengthy casualty list being stated to be that the French doctors do not desert their wounded on approach of the enemy.

Jan. 29—Officer stops Mrs. Asquith and party on way to the front for a week-end.

## GERMANY

Jan. 8—Government charges that San Marino has been encouraging espionage by its wireless station.

Jan. 9—Tobacco sent to French prisoners to be admitted free of duty.

Jan. 10—Retired Belgian General and Lieutenant sentenced to life imprisonment for aiding Belgians to escape to Holland; it is said that the Landsturm can still furnish 5,000,000 men; Socialist meeting prohibited in Saxony.

Jan. 11—Reports from Russia state that German women in men's uniforms have been taken prisoners in bayonet charges recently and that some of them are wounded and in hospital; sale of blankets forbidden in Berlin and Brandenburg; the stocks are to be placed at the disposal of the military authorities; French women and children taken from occupied territory are being sent home.

Jan. 12—The Pope is negotiating for better treatment of clerical prisoners.

Jan. 17—Official reports state that the prisoners of war held by Germany and Austria are now 800,000.

Jan. 22—Escaped British officer charges cruelty toward British prisoners.

Jan. 23—Money prizes are offered to the first invaders of England.

Jan. 25—Secretary Bryan makes public the text of German Government's notification of cancellation of exequaturs granted by Belgian Government to foreign Consular representatives, and the reply of the United States.

Jan. 27—Prince von Bülow tells Italian statesmen that Italy's preparations for war are resented and that an ultimatum may be sent; French charge that German soldiers reverse bullets for short-range fighting; wife of Greek Consul at Liège sentenced to prison for aiding Belgians to escape; all neutrals to be expelled from Upper Alsace; Gen. von Blissing orders all Englishmen in Belgium sent to Germany.

Jan. 30—Value of French territory occupied by the Germans is estimated at \$1,900,000,000 by the Inspector General of the Crédit Foncier, of 7.2 per cent. of the total value of all France; according to the census of 1911 3,255,000 persons, or 8.2 per cent. of the population of France, live in this territory; Berlin night life is under the war ban, yet the opera and theatres are open.

## ITALY

Jan. 11—Troops sent to garrison the Italian islands in the Aegean.

Jan. 12—Demonstration when the body of Constantino Garibaldi, killed while serving with the French, arrives in Rome; many applications for nationality by Germans are being refused; Committee of National Defense formed at Milan.

Jan. 13—Italians in all parts of the world are offering to enlist in event of war; a special police census shows 700,000 Austrians and Germans in the country; embassies advise them to leave.

Jan. 23—Vice Consul at Liège dismissed for aiding Belgians; prominent Italians appeal to neutral countries to take steps to preserve art treasures in belligerent countries.

Jan. 25—Radicals want war.

Jan. 29—Soldiers of the First and Third Categories are called to the colors; retired officers fit for service are liable to be recalled.

Jan. 30—Contracts for army and navy supplies are placed in the United States.

Jan. 31—Riots in Rome against neutrallists.

## RUMANIA

Jan. 8—The nation is mobilizing 750,000 men, of whom 500,000 form the field army.

Jan. 11—London experts think that Rumania will soon enter war on side of Allies, her army linking with the extreme Russian left.

Jan. 16—Students in Switzerland summoned home because of mobilization.

Jan. 22—Orders are placed with Swiss firms for medical supplies.

Jan. 26—Exportation of army supplies to Hungary recommenced.

## RUSSIA

Jan. 9—Girl fights with Cossacks and wins Cross of St. George.

Jan. 10—Only half the number of this year's recruits liable for military service are called out.

Jan. 20—It is reported that some members of the imperial family are opposed to the war.

Jan. 21—Troops are warned against bogus proclamations, bearing Czar's name, circulated by Austrians.

Jan. 22—Orders issued for expulsion of Austrian and German subjects.

Jan. 26—Foreign Minister Sazonof says there will be no peace while a single soldier of the enemy remains on Russian soil.

Jan. 29—Poles form legion at Warsaw.

### RELIEF WORK

Jan. 8—California's relief cargo is on the way to Rotterdam.

Jan. 9—To date the value of cargoes of food, clothing, and medical supplies delivered, in transit on the Atlantic, or arranged for from the United States to Belgium amount to more than \$14,000,000; milk and sugar are scarce in Belgium, the babies feeling the influence of the food crisis.

Jan. 10—Antwerp Council passes resolution of thanks to Americans, whose help "is literally saving us."

Jan. 11—American party sent to relieve German and Austrian prisoners in Russia is halted by the Russian Government pending negotiations.

Jan. 15—Large consignment of supplies is sent to Saloniki by American Red Cross; Virginia and Maryland send Belgian relief ships; Georgia is raising funds for a ship.

Jan. 21—American Red Cross issues report of its European activities from Aug. 1 to Jan. 9; war fund thus far amounts to \$1,188,000; forty-five American Red Cross

surgeons and 150 nurses are on war duty in Europe; Sing Sing prisoners are to knit socks for Polish destitute.

Jan. 23—Mme. Grouitch, wife of the Secretary General for Foreign Affairs of Serbia, arrives in New York seeking funds for seeds for the Servian Spring planting; Dr. Wickliffe Rose and Ernest Bicknell, who have been in Russian Poland for the American Red Cross, report from Berlin that conditions in Poland are worse, if anything, than those in Belgium.

Jan. 24—Commission for Relief in Belgium has thirty-five chartered steamships running between American ports and Rotterdam carrying supplies.

Jan. 26—American Red Cross ships large consignment of supplies for Constantinople and Servia.

Jan. 27—Commission for Relief in Belgium states that 76,000 tons of food, in addition to supplies in sight, are needed for next three months; there are now 1,400,000 destitute and the number is increasing daily.

Jan. 28—Committee of prominent American educators plans to have the 20,000,000 children of the United States help war sufferers through a new fund, to be called the Children of America's Fund.

Jan. 31—Rockefeller Foundation denies that it has withdrawn from Belgium relief work.

## To His Majesty King Albert

By WILLIAM WATSON

[From King Albert's Book]

**R**ECEIVE, from one who hath not lavished praise

On many Princes, nor was ever awed  
By empire such as groveling slaves applaud,

Who cast their souls into its altar-blaze—  
Receive the homage that a freeman pays  
To Kinghood flowering out of Manhood broad,

Kinghood that toils uncovetous of laud,  
Loves whom it rules, and serves the realm  
it sways.

For when Your people, caught in agony's net,  
Rose as one dauntless heart, their King  
was found

Worthy on such a throne to have been set,  
Worthy by such as They to have been  
crowned;

And loftier praise than this did never yet  
On mortal ears from lips of mortals sound.





**[REDACTED]**

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